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APPLETONS' JOURNAL:

A MONTHLY

MISCELLANY OF POPULAR LITERATURE.

NEW SERIES.—VOL. II.

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THE LOWER FALLS OF THE YELLOWSTONE.

"The Waterfalls of the Northwest."

APPLETONS' JOURNAL.

THE WATERFALLS OF THE NORTHWEST

THE cascades of the Northwest, being formed by rivers that take their rise in stupendous mountain-peaks, are characterized by their mighty leaps, the ruggedness of their surroundings, and their eccentric outlines; but the rigidity of some of these features is frequently softened by the luxuriance of the vegetation that envelops them in tangled masses, or by accessories of foliaceous trees, or the acerose, gloomy firs, pines, and cedars.

The entire area beyond the Rocky Mountains being principally of volcanic origin, the rivers are generally rather narrow, deep, and rapid, for it requires both volume and velocity to cut through the almost adamantine crags which obstruct their course; and, as a natural result, the cascades possess several interesting characteristics not peculiar to those of other sections of the continent. One of these is the numerous rocky islets that check the flow of the water ere it makes its final bound, and thus produce a series of boiling eddies and small leaps which add much to the picturesque effect of the main falls. Another is the suddenness with which the leap is made, and the brilliancy of the rainbows, which bloom and die with magical rapidity. The falls are generally convex in form, owing to the velocity with which the waters rush onward; and it is a very unusual case to find them flowing in flattened sheets, or straggling listlessly down their craggy beds. This vigorous motion gives them a pictorial effect seldom an accompaniment of those that have their origin in a granitic or sedimentary formation.



ROGUE RIVER FALLS

The outlines of the falls are modified by the character of their surroundings, so that a close observer, by noting the form of the country, can give an excellent and usually correct idea of their volume, height, and general appearance. Those, for instance, that pass through forests are usually narrow and small in volume; but they have the greatest altitude, and such velocity that they fiercely hiss as they bound from their shallow bed to fall on the crags beneath in a tissue of snowy foam; while those that flow through open or treeless regions are broad, deep, and massive. The former brawl, while the latter roar; one expresses picturesqueness, the other a wild, rude grandeur.

The number and varied forms of the waterfalls of the Northwest make one of its most interesting features, and add much to the noble scenery for which it is so justly famed. In describing them I shall confine myself to those that are the best types of the country.

Commencing with the region bordering the Pacific Ocean, north of California, we find the first im-

portant falls in Southern Oregon. These are called the Rogue River Falls, and, as a specimen of those that flow through forests, are one of the best to show outline, though not equal to the average in altitude. They are formed by the Rogue River, not far from where it breaks through the Coast Range of mountains on its way to the sea. This stream throughout its entire course is surrounded by magnificent firs, pines, and cedars, which give it the appearance of an undulating, silvery thread, stretched through a mass of foliage. Where it takes its abrupt leap the forest is so dense as to be almost impassable in summer, owing to the luxuriance of the shrubbery and undergrowth, and so dark and cool even in the warmest weather that one feels cold in a short time, as the place exhales a palpable humidity. This only adds to the weird charm of the falls; for solitude and foliage but render such scenes the more interesting.

Looking upward from their base, they are seen to emerge from a very narrow opening between two huge masses of dark crags; but, ere they reach the ground, they seem to be divided into three sections of foamy spray, owing to the interruption of the line of sight by the dense and tangled foliage. The best and the only satisfactory view of them that can be obtained is about ten yards on either side of the front, as the woods are there more open. Their actual height is estimated at two hundred feet, and it certainly seems all that from beneath, and their width at ten yards. Their volume of water in summer is not very great, but during the spring freshets they have a depth at the summit of ten feet. They are then in their finest condition, and the stream possesses such powerful velocity that it whirls heavy crags along its course as if they were mere pebbles. One of the most interesting features about the falls is the luxuriance of the mosses and lichens that grow wherever the spray falls. Their base is surrounded by cedars, junipers, alders, willows, which are covered with mosses to such an extent that the trunks and branches are almost concealed. This, of course, prevents much leafage, so that they present the appearance of a forest of gigantic mosses.

Desiring to avoid the spray, I tore away some of the mossy covering from a tree, and found between it and the trunk a capacious chamber large enough to hold ten persons, and thoroughly water-proof. In this snug retreat I had a fine opportunity of studying the delightful scene before me, which, in picturesqueness, excelled any of a similar character I had ever before seen. The water in its fall threw copious showers upon the firs, and these produced a permanent rainbow in the forest, which extended from the highest tree in the vicinity to the lowest shrubbery. This was the first effect of its kind I had noticed anywhere; and most pleasing it seemed, as the line of foliage through which it passed was brilliantly illumined with all the prismatic hues.

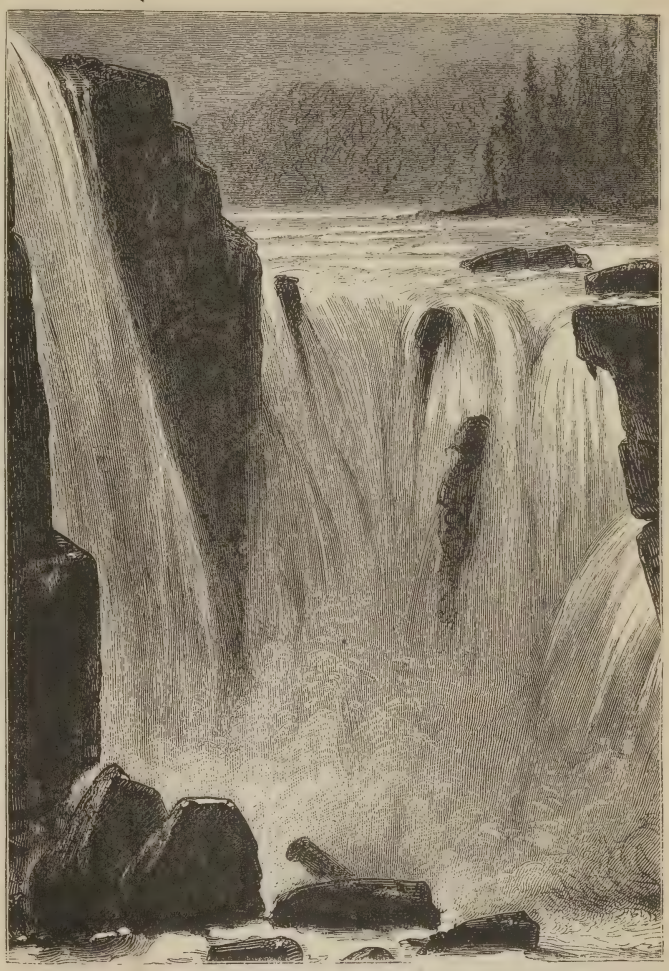
Passing through the beautiful Rogue River Valley, which seemed like a large copy of the vale of Chamouni, and the romantic glens of the Umpqua, which stand alone in their uniqueness outside of Norway, I found myself during the course of the second day at Oregon City, perched on a bank of the Willamette River where it leaps into a chasm thirty-six feet below. This bound produces the Willamette Falls, which, on a comparatively small scale, display the general characteristics of cascades



FALLS OF THE WILLAMETTE.

formed by the wearing away or the obstructions of trap-rocks. The falls are, in fact, a series of cascades for a distance of five hundred yards, and where they sweep downward, instead of moving in a solid column, they break into several falls, which vary in out-

line according to the form of the rocks through which they force a passage. Extending from one bank of the river to the other, some three hundred yards, they present a grand view in early spring, as they bear onward an immense mass of water produced by the melting snows of the mountains, and this, through its initial momentum, is hurled into the chasm with such a tremendous force that the spray is sent sailing upward to a height of many feet. Since the construction of a ship-canal around them to allow steamboats to pass up the river, they have worn new channels in the dark, basaltic islands which loom up in their course in several places, and have thus made their outlines more varied and picturesque. The general form of the main falls is concave, or like the inner side of a horseshoe, two ranges of basaltic crags forming the extension of the shape specified, and also the final impediments on the sides. During the summer, several rocky islets peer above the water at the leap; but during the freshet season every one is covered with a mass of boiling foam. The work of the falls for the last twenty years has produced some marked changes in the river, having worn away large islands which were once inhabited, cut deeply into one bank of the stream, and, by relieving the other from much pressure, developed islets of sooty, augitic basalt, incapable of producing even the most meagre vegetation.



SOUTHERN SIDE OF WILLAMETTE FALLS.

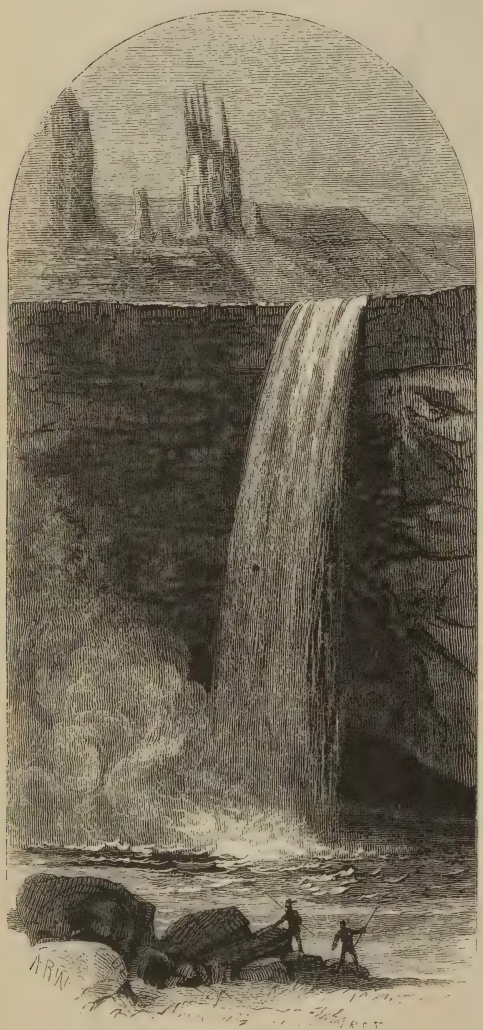
The tourist visiting Oregon can readily reach the falls by either rail or steamer, as they are only fifteen miles from Portland, the metropolis of the Northwest. The most interesting route is by way of the river, as pleasant rural vistas greet the vision at short intervals, and the first view of the falls from below makes them seem higher and whiter than they actually are, owing to the contrast which they present to the towering dark-green firs that surround them on every side. The steamers that ply on the river pass through the canal adjoining them, and, as the passage occupies half an hour, the tourist who is pressed for time will find this interval amply sufficient to enable him to appreciate their beauties, and, if gazing on them from above, to enjoy the novelty of having his head made dizzy by their boisterous, whirling motion.

If he has plenty of leisure, and is a disciple of Izaak Walton, he has an excellent opportunity of indulging in his alluring propensity, especially in April and May, as the river is then so thronged with salmon that they crowd each other ashore, or destroy themselves in trying to drag their wearied bodies over the rocky shoals. Few sights are more interesting than to behold thousands of these creatures launching themselves into the air in their efforts to scale the falls, but which result only in their own destruction.

Young's Falls are situated in a dense forest a few miles from Astoria, the oldest town west of the Rocky Mountains. To reach these one must go down the Columbia about one hundred and ten miles, and, after leaving the steamer there, secure one of the many fast and pretty yachts which can always be found at Astoria, to take him up Young's River as far as it can be navigated. The rest of the way to the falls must be made on foot, as the shrubbery is too heavy to permit the use of a horse. This is rather a tedious trip, owing to the entangling pro-

pensities of the innumerable rose and berry bushes that obstruct the path. When the journey is finished, however, the tourist forgets the annoyances he has experienced when he beholds the charming scene produced by a lovely waterfall that bounds suddenly from the midst of a mass of heavy undergrowth and gaudy flowers, and tumbles down into a dark pool in a white apron of water. It is exactly in the form of a child's pinafore, and is formed of two leaps, the first being about ten and the second about seventy feet. This form is also peculiar to trappean regions that are heavily wooded, as the course of the stream is impeded by shrubbery and trees, so much that it is only in the final bound that it can use its full force.

These falls are rendered unusually interesting by

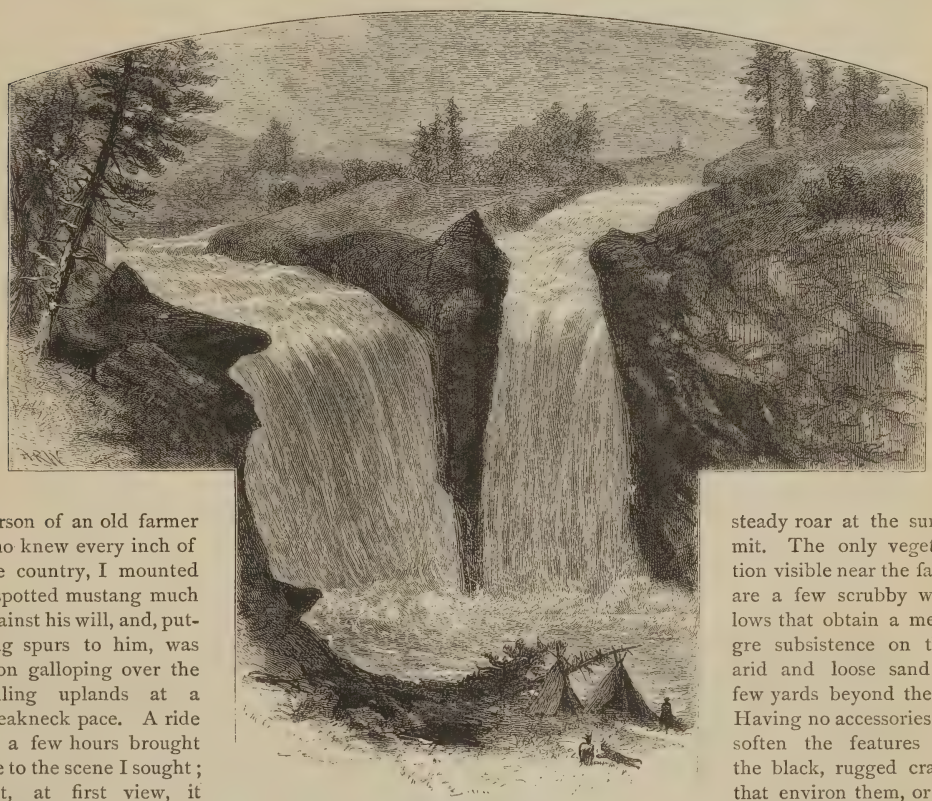


PELUSE FALLS.

the number of birds that frequent their vicinity, the profusion of the flora, and the towering altitude of the firs that environ them. Many of these firs are three hundred feet high, and from ten to fifteen feet in diameter—regular forest-giants, which are not excelled by any trees in the world except the *sequoias* of California. The first white visitors to these falls were Lewis and Clarke, who encamped in their vicinity in 1806, after completing a survey of the Columbia River from its source to its mouth. They are now frequented mostly by the Chinook Indians, who pitch their *tepées* near them in the berry-season to gather a store of fruit for the winter. The profusion of these berries is something marvelous, embracing many varieties unknown in the Atlantic States.

Returning up the Columbia River as far as Portland, I took the steamer that runs to the Cascades of the Columbia, some sixty miles distant. The trip up this noble stream is one of the most interesting that can be made. Heavy forests of firs, which extend to the horizon on every side, greet the eyes, and are reflected in gigantic spiral wreaths of foliage in the crystalline water, while far in the distance loom several snowy peaks, with fleecy cumulus-clouds hovering about their crests. These, and the nearer, rocky, fir-clad mountains, are also reflected with so much fidelity that you seem to be passing over them. Even the sky is so accurately photographed that one at first view instinctively withdraws from the railing of the steamer, as if he feared that he would fall *down* into the unfathomable depths of the clouds. Several small mountains of isolated and eccentric crags, and half a dozen waterfalls, add much to the beauty of the scenery, so that the attention is steadily riveted but never wearied by the kaleidoscopic pictures that unfold themselves in rapid succession. The most picturesque and the most important of the latter are Multonomah Falls, which plunge downward a distance of seven hundred feet in a ribbon of white, but long ere they reach their craggy bed or the heavy forests far beneath they are dissolved into snowy drops of spray, which are whirled in every direction by the lightest zephyrs. After uniting below, they plough their way in a tortuous course through moss-lined banks and tangled gorse until they make their final leap into the Columbia in a broad and thin sheet of silvery water. There is something exceedingly lovely about this miniature Niagara, as it seems like an enchanted scene, owing to the vivid emerald hue of the luxuriant grass, and the density of the coppices of young firs and cedars which grow in wayward wildness about the base of the first fall. These make one of the most picturesque dells imaginable ; one so fairy-like in character that a person would naturally select it as the abode of those weird and pleasant nymphs of the forest, the dryads and hamadryads ; for what more could they require than a charming spot which is never disturbed by aught save the notes of the wood-thrush and yellow-bird, or the purling, cadenced monotone of the falling water, while around, on all sides, are scenes that represent every variety of landscape beauty? The popular local name for this cascade is Horsetail Falls, owing to the supposed resemblance which the two leaps bear to the equine appendage.

Continuing my way up the noble stream, a run of forty miles by boat and rail placed me at the mouth of the White River, a mountain-stream that empties into the Columbia. Securing a guide in the person of an old farmer who knew every inch of the country, I mounted a spotted mustang much against his will, and, putting spurs to him, was soon galloping over the rolling uplands at a breakneck pace. A ride of a few hours brought me to the scene I sought; but, at first view, it seemed as if I had wasted my time and energy, for naught could be seen but a deep and gloomy precipice, whence issued a brawling sound. Moving farther up the stream to get an opportunity of fording it, we found, after several efforts, that the attempt would be a failure on account of quicksands. Foiled in this, we dismounted, and, crawling carefully down the abrupt sides of the cañon, found ourselves unexpectedly in front and below the White River Falls. These are formed by three leaps, the upper being about fifty, the second thirty, and the third sixty feet. During the dry season, in summer, the upper falls glide over the dark rocks in broad strings of white, but, uniting below, they spring in a concentrated body into a round, deep basin cut into the rocks, and, having acquired momentum here, they bound into a cool, dark pool, some sixty feet beneath. The water in its downward course changes its hue from a glaring white to a thick, blackish brown, owing to the disintegration of its volcanic bed by the persistent pressure and hammering from above. Ten yards from its last leap it resumes its first color, as its course is again obstructed by rocks, which lash it into a white anger.



SPOKANE FALLS.

The cañon through which the river pours has a depth in some places of one thousand feet, and, being quite narrow, has such acoustic effects that the brawl heard at its base is raised into a high, sharp, and steady roar at the summit. The only vegetation visible near the falls are a few scrubby willows that obtain a meagre subsistence on the arid and loose sand a few yards beyond them. Having no accessories to soften the features of the black, rugged crags that environ them, or to break the savage wildness of the landscape, they display little pictorial effect. Still continuing my route up the Columbia, I found several series of cascades along its course, some of them miles in extent, but, as they are produced by rocky obstructions, and have only a declivity of a few feet, they do not require special mention. The farther up the tourist moves the more frequent do the waterfalls become. There are two that are specially worthy the attention of the artist or tourist. These are the Peluse and Spokane Falls. The former are very unique on account of the eccentric character of the rocks that surround them—as they assume the outlines of chimneys, columns of all shapes, broken pinnacles, and sharp needles, while the banks are ranged in the form of terraces one above another, often to a height of one or two thousand feet. These falls are produced by the Peluse River, nine miles from where it mingles with the Snake River, the largest tributary of the Columbia. This stream flows through three cañons with great velocity, but it is in its passage through the second that it forms the falls. Where these have their birth the cañon is thirty feet wide, and out of this they come with an

angry hiss, and plunge downward a distance of one hundred and twenty-five feet. Still working their way through deep and tortuous precipices, they make another small leap a few miles below. Salmon ascend as far as the main falls, and this causes the spot to be chosen by the Peluse Indians as a fishing-ground. Their numerous *wickiupo* add much to the pictorial character of the scene, while the half-naked red-men, with lances poised, or bringing from the water the struggling salmon, form a most animated accessory.

The falls of the Spokane are formed of two leaps, the upper being about twelve and the second about one hundred feet. They seethe, and roar, and boil, for a distance of many feet before making the plunge, and continue it for quite a way after reaching the chasm which receives them. They are very picturesque, and, like the preceding, are surrounded by trap terraces, which extend many hundreds of feet above them. This cascade completes the most important series of the waterfalls along the Columbia River and its adjuncts, although they possess several more which excel the Falls of Minnehaha in altitude, and are twenty times their width.

Proceeding to Western Washington Territory, we find that its most interesting falls are situated on the shallow but picturesque and rapid streams that have their origin in the white-shrouded peaks of the tower-



SHOSHONE FALLS, SNAKE RIVER.

ing Cascade Range. Of these the most celebrated are the Snoqualmie Falls, called by way of distinction the "Niagara of the Northwest." This is assuming a little too much for them, as they are excelled by others in width and volume of water, though few exceed them in altitude. Their actual height is two hundred and seventy feet, and their width from twenty to eighty feet, according to the season of the year. During the spring freshets they occupy the full breadth of the cañon, and that is about the latter figure. Having heard their beauty depicted in the most glowing language by those who had visited them, I resolved to test the accuracy of their descriptions; so, as soon as I reached Puget Sound, I made preparations for my journey. Having learned that I could reach them by either land or water, I selected the latter route, as it promised the greatest amount of novelty and adventure, for I was to pass through regions seldom visited by white men, and never by mere tourists. Taking passage at Seattle on the steamer that carries the weekly mail to the hamlets along Possession Sound and the islands of the Washington Archipelago, I found myself, early in the afternoon, at Snokomish city, a mere handful of houses that looked as though they were dropped on the river-bank in a shower of rain. Here I engaged two Indians and a canoe to take me to the falls, some fifty miles distant.

Knowing that I could obtain no provisions along the route, I placed a supply of crackers, bacon, and tea and sugar, in the canoe, and, to prepare them for use, a teapot and frying-pan. The commissary stores of the Indians were limited to dried clams, strung together as dried apples are in New England, and a small quantity of smoked beef. We started for

our destination early in the morning, in order to have as much daylight as possible in crossing a series of turbulent whirlpools known to the Indians as *Skookum Chuck*, or Strong Water, which we should have to pass the first day.

After leaving the hamlet, we saw few houses, and those we did see were the rough, mud-plastered log-cabins of the hardy pioneers. Our onward course required the most careful attention of the boatmen, as we often passed between huge crags, around whose base the water boiled and whirled in a seething mass of foam, and in other places the current was so swift that we were compelled to hug the shore and use poles and the pendent boughs of trees to make even the most snail-like advance. After the first day we met no signs of human habitations, and the only indications of life around us were the occasional short, sweet notes of the little peewee, or the sharp scream of the wild-cat and panther. This droning solitude seemed oppressive, for not a word was uttered by the reddish-yellow statues that mechanically plied their paddles from morning till night, except to answer an occasional question by the affirmative grunt "Uch," or one or two monosyllables. We were compelled to land every night, to cook our food and make camp. Our bed was formed of the softest spot we could find under the shade of a tree, and our only shelter was a single blanket.



ISLAND FALLS, SNAKE RIVER.

By noon of the third day we came to a series of boisterous, foaming eddies, that extended over a distance of seven miles, and to pass these we had to ply pole and paddles with the utmost vigor. By making herculean efforts, we managed to crawl over them in eight hours; but, once past, we had tranquil waters until we came within hearing of the deep roar of the falls, which were now two miles distant. The large space over which they can be heard is due to the acoustic properties of the surrounding woods, and the echoes of the low, rocky hills beyond them. The resonance of these forests is something marvelous, and on first acquaintance rather startling, as an ordinary tone of conversation is heard several yards away, a laugh rings in vibratory undulations for a distance of at least an eighth of a mile, while the scream of the wild-cat is audible a mile off. It is this echoing characteristic of trees that causes the falls flowing through wooded regions to be heard over such a large area as they are; so we find that the Snoqualmie Falls, with only a tithe of the volume of Niagara, are heard many times the distance the latter are.

Having found all further progress by water checked by masses of trap-rock which were hurled together in the wildest confusion, we pushed our canoe ashore and made a comfortable encampment of boughs for ourselves under the umbrageous shelter of a spreading spruce that must have seen several centuries of life. Having prepared supper, and partaken of it with the keen relish peculiar to those who have labored hard, my guides led me through a forest so dense that it only permitted a few straggling rays of the moon to pierce its inky blackness in a few places. Our passage through it proved to be an exceedingly difficult one, as the shrubbery, matted as usual, tripped us quite frequently, and sent us sprawling on all-fours into apparently unfathomable masses of briers, while the tall and elastic undergrowth lashed our faces with incisive vigor. It took us two hours to reach the falls, as we were compelled to make many windings, and our only guide was their vibratory thundering. When I reached them, however, my fatigue disappeared immediately, for my surprise was as great as it was pleasing. I had expected much, but such a towering height, such rude grandeur, such a volume of water, and such weird beauty, I was not prepared to encounter in this wild retreat. The scene was actually sublime and bewildering in its variety. The water poured out of a deep cañon in a convex body of seething foam, and fell on the black, shattered crags below in a yellowish-white mass of glinting globules. After gazing at the magnificent picture, with its strong effects of light and shade, for half an hour, I returned to

camp, and, throwing myself an the ground beside the bright fire, listened in silence for some time to the rumbling music that rolled toward me in heavy volumes. Being struck by the wildness of the picture, I asked my swarthy guides to move some distance into the woods and chant the death-song of their tribe, that I might make a comparison of melodies characterized by simplicity and primitiveness, and the opposite of each other in color and expression. They promptly complied with my request, and in a few moments from out the plutonian depths of the forest issued their low, wailing song of sorrow. As this mingled with the ponderous monotone of the falls, the effect was intensely striking. After singing for half an hour in a deep, Gregorian tone, which harmonized well with the scene and the wild and massive melody of Nature, they returned to camp, and a few minutes later were rolled in their blankets and deep in the land of Somnus. I was so impressed with my surroundings that it was far past midnight ere I fell into a restless slumber, and then only to dream of strange and impossible waterfalls and stranger music.

We were astir before dawn the next morning, and, after breakfast, again visited the scene of the previous evening. I found that it seemed, if possible, more interesting, as every feature was clearly prominent; yet the misty haze of the night, which threw some portions into shadow, and thus rendered them more weird in appearance, was missed.

Probably the grandest cascades in the Northwest are the Shoshone Falls in Idaho, and for their volume they are the highest on the continent. They rank next to Niagara and the Grand Falls in massiveness, and exceed them in altitude by from forty to seventy feet, according to their estimated height—some persons placing it at one hundred and ninety-six, and others at two hundred and thirty feet. I have not been able to find anywhere an actual statement of their altitude, and an effort of my own to procure it by a sort of guess-work triangulation proved unsuccessful, owing to the sinuosities of the river. There are two modes of reaching these, one being by way of Oregon and Washington Territory, and the other over the Central Pacific Railroad. They are two days' journey by stage from Kelton, the nearest point on the railroad, and six from Portland, Oregon. To the Eastern tourist, the former is the most convenient route; but I reached them from the West, and made the tedious pilgrimage overland by stage for the special purpose of seeing them.

It may seem a waste of time and energy to make a special visit to this scenic Mecca; yet one who has seen it and Niagara can lay the flattering unction to his breast that he has feasted on nearly all the forms of mystic beauty that waterfalls can display. To reach them the tourist stops at Rock Creek Station, which is composed of one log-cabin, where the stage-passengers dine and horses are changed.

Having been furnished with a letter of introduction to the division agent of the stage company, he was kind enough to furnish me a yellow mustang that was said to be an adept at "bucking," and to refer me to a man in a mining hamlet, some eight miles distant, who he thought would readily act as guide. By jumping on the mustang's back before he guessed what I was about, laying a heavy stick over his flanks in a vigorous manner, and yelling like a Sioux brave on the war-path, I terrified him into a gallop before he knew what to do; but that he was unused to such a gait was made evident by the many attempts he made to halt, and his heart-broken grunting; but I gave him no opportunity to lag or change his mind, so reached the cañon of the Snake River in an hour's ride. The landscape the entire way was as desolate as one could imagine, for naught met the eye but a wearily-level, sage-clad plain, which extended to the snowy mountains far in the hazy distance. Arrived at the river, I tied my *cayuse* in a deserted and roofless miner's hut, and descended the deep precipice by a tortuous, dizzy path that led to Springtown, a hamlet composed of a few miserable Chinese huts, that lies buried at the base of the cañon five hundred feet below. Here I found two merchants who traded with the Chinese miners. Their residences differed from the others in having a canvas roof, and a few boards placed outside the mud-cemented stones that formed their dwellings and warehouses. Two enormous dogs announced my presence by loud barking and rather disagreeable grimaces, but ere they concluded to fasten their fangs in my flesh their owner came out, and, greeting me cordially, though a stranger, booted the animals to their kennels under his own bed. After stating the purpose of my visit, one of the merchants volunteered to lead me to my destination, and in less than ten minutes had his mustang saddled, and was leading him up the dangerous trail that led to the upper world.

Once above, we dashed over the plains at the best speed of our horses, now striking to the left to avoid becoming entangled in herds of half-wild mustangs, then to the right to flank masses of broken trap which were scattered over the ground in as much confusion as if they had only been thrown out of the fiery furnace a few months previously. After a gallop of three miles, my guide promised to show me the prettiest falls in the world, though, according to his assertion, no tourist ever visited them, and they were never referred to in any descriptions of the country. Turning sharp to the right, we struck an Indian trail, which wound round and down bluff after bluff, until it reached what is known as the Park, on the banks of the river. Opposite this, in the middle of the stream, is a small island covered with a few stunted junipers and masses of sunflowers, and on both sides of it the river plunges downward an estimated distance of one hundred and eight feet. By crawling carefully over a shelf of loose stones, and lying flat on the abdomen, I was enabled to obtain a fine view of these really picturesque falls. On the farther side the water flowed in a broad, white sheet; but on the near side it swelled into a convex mass, owing to the sudden contraction of its course by jutting shelves of rock.

Both displayed splendid rainbows that spanned the width of the river.

As my perch was a precarious one, owing to the loose stones of which it was composed, my volunteer guide held me by the feet, and, when my head was becoming dizzy from gazing at the struggling water below, kindly dragged me to *terra firma*, much to the detriment of my riding outfit. Asking him for the name of such charming falls, he said they had half a dozen names, and were known equally as the "Little Shoshone Falls," "Chinaman's Falls," and "Engineer Falls." Finding they had no regular cognomen, I undertook the work of baptism also, and, with his aid as sponsor, denominated them "Island Falls."

We left the Park by another trail that led us among deep, gloomy cavities formed by the river in the misty past, long ere it had contracted to its present limits. These were frequented by thousands of cliff-swallows and some sparrow-hawks that chattered and screamed incessantly; and from an occasional bunch of straggling shrubbery came the pleasant notes of the song-sparrow. These broke the monotonous silence of the forbidding precipices, and gave life to the otherwise dreary scene. Having reached the upper plateau once more, we galloped two miles farther, and halted to listen to the rough, hoarse, and muffled roar of the Shoshone Falls that were thundering far beneath us in the cañon. Half a mile beyond, we had a fine view of their outlines. Looking down from our elevated terrace, we could see around them all the elements of a beautiful landscape, gorse and meadow, plain and dell, an undulating park, rich in robes of many-hued flowers, a placid river, and a boiling, snowy cascade, and, in the background, towering terraces of barren crags—veritable mountains of stone. Dismounting, we led our horses down bluff after bluff, until we reached a small park skirting the river. This was covered with grass that reached to our knees, and sprinkled over it were many species of gaudy flowers new to me.

We followed the bank of the river until we reached a coppice of juniper that thrives wherever the refreshing spray falls, and, passing through this, found ourselves standing on Lookout Point, directly over the river where it plunges downward; and from this spot we had a magnificent view of the falls, as we could gaze directly down upon them, they being only four feet below us. Glancing up the stream, we could see that its sinuous course for half a mile was one mass of screaming rapids and small cataracts, which were numerously dotted with barren crags and flower-clad islets of many forms. By counting the larger leaps, we made out eight good falls within an area of two hundred yards, which averaged from six to twenty feet in height; and no two were alike in outline. Close to the shore the water formed deep lanes or canals of bubbling cascades through the rocks, and their gentleness contrasted strongly with the turbulence adjoining them. As these varied and diverging bodies approached the precipice they swung together to produce the Grand Falls, which are excelled only by Niagara and the falls of the Missouri in volume, while they outrank all in diversity of form and contrast of surroundings. Massive in power, and vigorous in action; warm in color, yet environed by gloom; picturesque in immediate accessories, yet encompassed by savage grandeur—they possess all the elements that make such scenes attractive to the lover of the beautiful. Their very situation in the midst of a desolate artemisian plain, and hemmed in by cañons whose dreary depths are impenetrable to the sunlight for many months in the year, adds to their interest and enhances their impressive magnificence. The main falls are estimated by those dwelling in their vicinity to be two hundred and twenty feet in height; but this is probably beyond the bounds, though, judging from appearance, not much. They have a width of three hundred yards by following the curve of their outline, but in a straight line they will not much exceed two hundred. They are of an irregular concave shape, somewhat like a reversed crescent; but during the spring freshets they assume a convex form, owing to the increased volume and velocity of the water. The pretty park with its luxuriant grasses, flowers, and coppices of junipers, gives a softness and color to the falls that are agreeably appreciated by the eye, as they impart the picturesque element so much needed; but on the opposite side the dark and towering terraces of trap, with the inevitable accompaniment of a heavy talus, loom up against the sky in black masses, and convey the most impressive idea of gloom and rugged wildness. While the falls are grand from every point of view, it is only at their base that one can fully appreciate them, and I found the attempt to reach that position a most hazardous one, as I had to descend the sheer face of the bowlders, and in several instances I could only find a light hold for my finger-tips and the toes of one foot. Had a bit of the rocks given way, I must have been dashed to pieces on the crags below. It was only by bracing every nerve and firmly clinching the teeth that I was enabled to make the descent; but I confess that even then a knee occasionally trembled, despite my utmost effort to be brave. After a toilsome struggle I reached a prostrate tree that lay against the bluff at a convenient angle, and this led me into a ravine which was covered with stunted junipers, briers, and a large, wiry grass. This even was so steep that it was only by leaning well back and falling against trees that I was prevented from being shot downward into the river by my own momentum. By clambering over bowlders, vaulting fallen trees, and making bridges of prostrate, water-polished trunks, I was enabled to get within forty feet of the falls; but further progress was checked by the smooth and perpendicular crags.

Selecting a mossy bank covered with a long, dank, and prostrate grass, I threw myself upon it, and for two hours gazed upon the stirring vista before me in a sort of half-dreamy mood; for it was too overpowering to allow the faculties to expand into full action. The longer I looked the more I desired to, for I was fairly captivated by the grand yet weird beauty that



SIOUX FALLS.

surrounded me. The water, in overleaping, sweeping waves of white, and with a vibrating sound that resembled that produced by many mills in motion, thundered steadily downward, and developed splendid rainbows that extended far above the falls and spanned the stream; while heavy showers of vapory spray slowly upward rose to a height of three hundred feet, then lazily floated away in clouds of darkish gray.

The Snake River boasts of several other smaller cataracts, the most important being the American Falls, some thirty feet high; but a few of its tributaries display the most unusual varieties to be found, perhaps, in the world. Some of these plunge down into the earth a distance of two hundred feet through irregular, rocky cavities, and, continuing their way underground for several miles, come again to the surface in the form of a boisterous river only to renew the leap. The most important of these are Lost Falls, some thirty or forty miles from Shoshone Falls. I cannot speak of them from personal observation, having passed them before I was made aware of their character, but, from what I could hear, they display some extraordinary features.

To reach the next great falls we must hie to that mysterious and sublime region, the Yellowstone Park in Montana. This magical land displays many scenes capable of arousing every emotion that can be impressed by landscape beauty, yet it has none that excels the Yellowstone Falls in all the elements necessary to win our admiration. Having their birth in the Grand Cañon, one of the most stupendous precipices in the world, and being the product of a rapid stream that primarily takes its rise in a snow-enshrouded pinnacle, they have many qualities to attract the lover of Nature; yet, on a first view, they only awaken our sense of awe and sublimity; but, as their picturesqueness reveals itself, the spectator gazes upon them with a feeling akin to familiarity. They unite in a remarkable degree sombre, savage grandeur, and bright, cheerful picturesqueness, so that one is swayed by opposite emotions, which take some time to comprehend. They have received the most extravagant praise from all who have visited them, and perhaps deservedly; yet they are inferior to the Pohono, Loya, and other falls of the Yosemite, in altitude, and have far less power than the Snoqualmie or Shoshone, so that the superlative laudation they have received must be due as much to their surroundings as to their own qualities. The falls are one-fourth of a mile apart, and the opposite of each other in character. Above the upper fall the river flows tranquilly down through a meadow-like valley until it approaches the precipice, when it breaks into fierce, roaring rapids, and makes a sudden bound of one hundred and forty feet into the chasm below. About the middle of its descent it is checked by a jutting ledge which carries it forward at such a sloping angle that it is thrown about thirty feet beyond the perpendicular base of the cañon. This double leap is exceedingly unique. The foaming water and dark clouds of floating spray produce rainbows in abundance, and on a fine day they are unusually brilliant. The smaller vegetation grows profusely wherever the mist is scattered, and its deep-emerald hue makes a most charming contrast to the glaring white of the falls and the sombre aspect of the walls of the precipice. After making this bound the river flows rapidly but smoothly through a cañon about four hundred feet deep, whose bed is apparently as free from obstructions as one of the aqueducts of the ancient Romans. As the water glides onward the cañon spreads out to almost double its breadth above the fall; then suddenly contracting to a width of perhaps one hundred and fifty feet, it piles the stream together in a solid, powerful body which defies all obstacles, and, rushing onward with a greatly-increased velocity, makes a sudden and unexpected bound down the sheer face of the precipice, a distance of three hundred and fifty feet. This gigantic leap does not seem so grand as it actually is, owing to the massiveness of the cañon. The large volume

and the intense force which it acquires in the terrific plunge cause the water to ricochet or rebound forward for about a distance of two or three hundred feet. After striking the chasm below, and having lost its power by this reaction, it is shattered into diverging bodies which tumble back with a loud thud, and, mingling with the boiling eddies, is again sent bounding onward in turbulent waves through the gloomy cañon. A heavy mist which constantly envelops the falls in showery clouds of darkness prevents a person from reaching any nearer the base than two hundred feet without being thoroughly drenched. It is denser on the western side than on the opposite, as the grasses, mosses, and sedges which thrive there seem to be more luxuriant, and of the most vivid green. This vegetation relieves the crags of their rude aspect, and introduces an element of gentleness that is much appreciated. Brilliant rainbows span the river and pierce the blackness of the spray, producing thereby a very novel effect, as one spot is all brightness and another all darkness. The falls present strong contrasts, being in fact the opposite of each other in expression; yet each has a beauty which harmonizes most appropriately with its surroundings.

The cañon through which they pour gives them, primarily, their element of magnitude, for, even in that land of chasms and precipices, it has no parallel; it is itself alone. Its average width below the lower fall is from two to five hundred yards, and its height nearly twelve hundred feet. Some twenty miles down it receives Tower Creek, which flows over its rocky bed for a distance of ten miles, then makes a sudden leap of one hundred and fifty-six feet about two hundred yards above its mouth. Deep in the cavernous gloom of this precipice, the tourist seems to be the merest pygmy; an atom so insignificant as to be unworthy the product of Nature. Buried in its sombre depths, he feels as if he were in a new land—the land of gnomes and monsters, who dwell amid scenes of terror and darkness; and this feeling is increased by the many hot springs of alum, soda, sulphur, and sulphate of copper, which exhale strange and strong odors, and send jets of steam sailing up into the heavy atmosphere.

From this region we must go abruptly to Dakota to meet any leaping water of much importance. The finest in this Territory, and, in fact, the only one between the Rocky Mountains and the Missouri River possessing any striking individuality, is situated on the Sioux River, which divides Dakota from Iowa. Opposite Sioux City the river pours over a ledge of bowlders in several streams, and plunges down a distance of one hundred feet into a rock-bound cavity filled with foam and seething whirlpools, that fiercely struggle to escape from their narrow prison. Contrasted with the Yellowstone, these falls seem picturesque rather than grand, and this character is heightened by the eccentric columns of rocks that surround them. They are somewhat tame in summer, but when reënforced by the spring freshets they assume vigor and action, breadth and massiveness. Brilliant rainbows adorn them at all seasons, and clouds of spray constantly envelop their base. The crags around them having been worked into many strange forms by the action of water, weather, and time, they give them a unique appearance. The most interesting of these crags is Table Rock, which rises out of the water below the fall to a height of perhaps forty feet. The Sioux Falls are not unlike those of the White River in character, but they are much more picturesque, owing to the fantastic forms of the rocks, and the cheerful landscape that environs them.

The last, though by no means the least interesting, of the cascades of the Northwest are the falls of the Missouri, situated on the muddy-red Missouri, some five hundred and fifty miles from its source. These are in reality a series of falls, as their declivity in a distance of a little over sixteen miles is three hundred and fifty feet. This entire extent is almost one mass of fierce rapids, which boil and brawl at all seasons of the year. There are four large cataracts within the limit mentioned, the first being twenty-six, the second forty-seven, the third nineteen, and the last eighty feet in height. The latter are called the Great Falls, as they extend the full width of the river, and receive the waters of all adjoining tributaries to the north. They are, perhaps, next to Niagara in volume, and excel it during the spring freshets. They are then grand in the extreme, and have a terrifying massiveness which must be seen to be comprehended. They resemble a fierce and mighty sea let loose rather than a shallow river, for not even the solid crags can withstand their overwhelming power and impetuosity. They have a savage grandeur that is awe-inspiring; and this effect is heightened by the steep bluffs that encompass them. They have none of the qualities of the picturesque—no quietude; all is fierce action and untamable wildness. They possess majesty of mien, grandeur of expression, and a power and strength that convey the most complete idea of the mightiness of force; but they lack many of those elements of beauty that characterize Niagara, and make it our ideal of a waterfall. Deficient in variety of outline, and devoid of any pleasing accessories to break the monotony of the dreary landscape that environs them, they display a harshness that becomes disagreeably dull after a short time, for their impetuous action and dazzling hue can hardly make amends for the flatness, tameness, and want of color, of their immediate surroundings. Were they fringed by a forest, or even a coppice or dell, their pictorial effect would be increased manifold.

THE HEIR OF MONDOLFO.

BY MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT SHELLEY,[1]

AUTHOR OF "FRANKENSTEIN," ETC.

IN the beautiful and wild country near Sorrento, in the kingdom of Naples, at the time it was governed by monarchs of the house of Anjou, there lived a territorial noble, whose wealth and power overbalanced that of the neighboring nobles. His castle, itself a stronghold, was built on a rocky eminence, toppling over the blue and lovely Mediterranean. The hills around were covered with ilex-forests, or subdued to the culture of the olive and vine. Under the sun no spot could be found more favored by Nature.

If at eventide you had passed on the placid wave beneath the castellated rock that bore the name of Mondolfo, you would have imagined that all happiness and bliss must reside within its walls, which, thus nestled in beauty, overlooked a scene of such surpassing loveliness; yet if by chance you saw its lord issue from the portal, you shrunk from his frowning brow, you wondered what could impress on his worn cheek the combat of passions. More piteous sight was it to behold his gentle lady, who, the slave of his unbridled temper, the patient sufferer of many wrongs, seemed on the point of entering upon that only repose "where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest." The Prince Mondolfo had been united early in life to a princess of the regal family of Sicily. She died in giving birth to a son. Many years subsequently, after a journey to the northern Italian states, he returned to his castle, married. The speech of his bride declared her to be a Florentine. The current tale was that he married her for love, and then hated her as the hinderance of his ambitious views. She bore all for the sake of her only child—a child born to its father's hate; a boy of gallant spirit, brave even to wildness. As he grew up, he saw with anger the treatment his mother received from the haughty prince. He dared come forward as her defender; he dared oppose his boyish courage to his father's rage: the result was natural—he became the object of his father's dislike. Indignity was heaped on him; the vassals were taught to disobey him, the menials to scorn him, his very brother to despise him as of inferior blood and birth. Yet the blood of Mondolfo was his; and, though tempered by the gentle Isabel's more kindly tide, it boiled at the injustice to which he was a victim. A thousand times he poured forth the overflowings of his injured spirit in eloquent complaints to his mother. As her health decayed, he nurtured the project, in case of her death, of flying his paternal castle, and becoming a wanderer, a soldier of fortune. He was now thirteen. The Lady Isabel soon, with a mother's penetration, discovered his secret, and on her death-bed made him swear not to quit his father's protection until he should have attained the age of twenty. Her heart bled for the wretchedness that she foresaw would be his lot; but she looked forward with still greater horror to the picture her active fancy drew of her son at an early age wandering forth in despair, alone and helpless, suffering all the extremities of famine and wretchedness; or, almost worse, yielding to the temptations that in such a situation would be held out to him. She extracted this vow, and died satisfied that he would keep it. Of all the world, she alone knew the worth of her Ludovico—had penetrated beneath the rough surface, and become acquainted with the rich store of virtue and affectionate feeling that lay like unsunned ore in his sensitive heart.

Fernando hated his son. From his earliest boyhood he had felt the sentiment of aversion, which, far from endeavoring to quell, he allowed to take deep root, until Ludovico's most innocent action became a crime, and a system of denial and resistance was introduced that called forth all of sinister that there was in the youth's character, and engendered an active spirit of detestation in his father's mind. Thus Ludovico grew, hated and hating. Brought together through their common situation, the father and son, lord and vassal, oppressor and oppressed, the one was continually ready to exert his power of inflicting evil, the other perpetually on the alert to resist even the shadow of tyranny. After the death of his mother, Ludovico's character greatly changed. The smile that, as the sun, had then often irradiated his countenance, now never shone; suspicion, irritability, and dogged resolution, seemed his master-feelings. He dared his father to the worst, endured that worst, and, prevented from flying by his sacred observance of his vow, nurtured all angry and even revengeful feelings till the cup of wrath seemed ready to overflow. He was loved by none, and loving none his good qualities expired, or slept as if they would never more awaken.

His father had intended him for the Church; and Ludovico, until he was sixteen, wore the priestly garb. That period past, he cast it aside, and appeared habited as a cavalier of those days, and in short words told his parent that he refused to comply with his wishes; that he should dedicate himself to arms and enterprise. All that followed this declaration—menace, imprisonment, and even ignominy—he bore, but he continued firm; and the haughty Fernando was obliged to submit his towering will to the firmer will of a stripling. And now, for the first time, while rage seemed to burst his heart, he felt to its highest degree the sentiment of hatred;

[1] This posthumous story by Mrs. Shelley has not before appeared in print. It was found among the unpublished papers of Leigh Hunt, and is authenticated by S. R. Townshend Mayer, Esq., editor of *St. James's Magazine*, London.—ED. JOURNAL.

he expressed this passion—words of contempt and boundless detestation were heaped upon Ludovico's head. The boy replied; and the by-standers feared that a personal encounter would ensue. Once Fernando put his hand on his sword, and the unarmed Ludovico drew in and collected himself, as if ready to spring and seize the arm that might be uplifted against him. Fernando saw and dreaded the mad ferocity his son's eye expressed. In all personal encounters of this kind the victory rests not with the strong, but the most fearless. Fernando was not ready to stake his own life, or even with his own hand to shed his son's blood; Ludovico, not as aggressor, but in self-defense, was careless of the consequences of an attack—he would resist to the death; and this dauntless feeling gave him an ascendency his father felt and could not forgive.

From this time Fernando's conduct toward his son changed. He no longer punished, imprisoned, or menaced him. This was usage for a boy, but the prince felt that they were man to man, and acted accordingly. He was the gainer by the change; for he soon acquired all the ascendency that experience, craft, and a court education, must naturally give him over a hot-headed youth, who, nerved to resist all personal violence, neither saw nor understood a more covert mode of proceeding. Fernando hoped to drive his son to desperation. He set spies over him, paid the tempters that were to lead him to crime, and by a continued system of restraint and miserable thwarting hoped to reduce him to such despair that he would take refuge in any line of conduct that promised freedom from so irksome and degrading a slavery. His observance of his vow saved the youth; and this steadiness of purpose gave him time to read and understand the motives of the tempters. He saw his father's master-hand in all, and his heart sickened at the discovery.

He had reached his eighteenth year. The treatment he had endured and the constant exertion of fortitude and resolution had already given him the appearance of manhood. He was tall, well made, and athletic. His person and demeanor were more energetic than graceful, and his manners were haughty and reserved. He had few accomplishments, for his father had been at no pains for his education; feats of horsemanship and arms made up the whole catalogue. He hated books, as being a part of a priest's insignia; he was averse to all occupation that brought bodily repose with it. His complexion was dark—hardship had even rendered it sallow; his eyes, once soft, now glared with fierceness; his lips, formed to express tenderness, were now habitually curled in contempt; his dark hair, clustering in thick curls round his throat, completed the wild but grand and interesting appearance of his person.

It was winter, and the pleasures of the chase began. Every morning the huntsmen assembled to attack the wild-boars or stags which the dogs might arouse in the fastnesses of the Apennines. This was the only pleasure that Ludovico ever enjoyed. During these pursuits he felt himself free. Mounted on a noble horse, which he urged to its full speed, his blood danced in his veins, and his eyes shone with rapture as he cast his eagle glance to heaven; with a smile of ineffable disdain, he passed his false friends or open tormentors, and gained a solitary precedence in the pursuit.

The plain at the foot of Vesuvius and its neighboring hills was stripped bare by winter; the full stream rushed impetuously from the hills; and there was mingled with it the baying of the dogs and the cries of the hunters; the sea, dark under a lowering sky, made a melancholy dirge as its waves broke on the shore; Vesuvius groaned heavily, and the birds answered it by wailing shrieks; a heavy sirocco hung upon the atmosphere, rendering it damp and cold. This wind seems at once to excite and depress the human mind: it excites it to thought, but colors those thoughts, as it does the sky, with black. Ludovico felt this; but he tried to surmount the natural feelings with which the ungenial air filled him.

The temperature of the air changed as the day advanced. The clouded sky spent itself in snow, which fell in abundance; it then became clear, and sharp frost succeeded. The aspect of earth was changed. Snow covered the ground and lay on the leafless trees, sparkling, white, and untrod. Early in the morning a stag had been roused, and, as he was coursed along the plain skirting the hills, the hunters went at speed. All day the chase endured. At length the stag, who from the beginning had directed his course toward the hills, began to ascend them, and, with various windings and evolutions, almost put the hounds to fault. Day was near its close when Ludovico alone followed the stag, as it made for the edge of a kind of platform of the mountain which, isthmus-like, was connected with the hill by a small tongue of land, and on three sides was precipitous to the plain below. Ludovico balanced his spear, and his dogs drew in, expecting that the despairing animal would there turn to bay. He made one bound, which conducted him to the very brow of the precipice—another, and he was seen no more. He sprang downward, expecting more pity from the rocks beneath than from his human adversary. Ludovico was fatigued by his chase and angry at the escape of his prey. He sprang from his horse, tied him to a tree, and sought a path by which he might safely descend to the plain. Snow covered and hid the ground, obliterating the usual traces that the flocks or herds might have left as they descended from their pastures on the hills to the hamlets beneath; but Ludovico had passed his boyhood among mountains: while his hunting-spear found sure rest on the ground, he did not fear, or while a twig afforded him sufficient support as he held it, he did not doubt to secure his passage; but the descent was precipitous, and necessary caution obliged him to be long. The sun approached the horizon, and the glow of its departure was veiled by swift-rising clouds, which the wind blew upward from the sea—a cold wind, which whirled the snow from its resting-place and shook it from the trees. Ludovico at length arrived at the foot of the precipice. The snow reflected and enhanced the twilight, and he saw four

deep marks that must have been made by the deer. The precipice was high above, and its escape appeared a miracle. It must have escaped; but those were the only marks it had left. Around lay a forest of ilex, beset by thick, entangled underwood, and it seemed impossible that any animal so large as the stag in pursuit could have broken its way through the apparently impenetrable barrier it opposed. The desire to find his quarry became almost a passion in the heart of Ludovico. He walked round to seek for an opening, and at last found a narrow pathway through the forest, and some few marks seemed to indicate that the stag might have sought for refuge up the glen. With a swiftness characteristic even of his prey, Ludovico rushed up the pathway, and thought not of how far he ran, until, breathless, he stopped before a cottage that opposed itself to his further progress. He stopped and looked around. There was something singularly mournful in the scene. It was not dark, but the shades of evening seemed to descend from the vast woof of cloud that climbed the sky from the west. The black and shining leaves of the ilex and those of the laurel and myrtle underwood were strongly contrasted with the white snow that lay upon them. A breeze passed among the boughs, and scattered the drift that fell in flakes, and disturbed by fits the silence around; or, again, a bird twittered, or flew with melancholy flap of wing, beneath the trees to its nest in some hollow trunk. The house seemed desolate; its windows were glassless, and small heaps of snow lay upon the sills. There was no print of footing on the equal surface of the path that led right up to the door, yet a little smoke now and then struggled upward from its chimney, and, on paying fixed attention, Prince Ludovico thought he heard a voice. He called, but received no answer. He put his hand on the latch; it yielded, and he entered. On the floor, strewed with leaves, lay a person sick and dying; for, though there was a slight motion in the eyes that showed that Life had not yet deserted his throne, the paleness of the visage was that of Death only. It was an aged woman, and her white hair showed that she descended to no untimely grave. But a figure knelt beside her which might have been mistaken for the angel of heaven waiting to receive and guide the departing soul to eternal rest, but for the sharp agony that was stamped on the features, and the glazed but earnest gaze of her eye. She was very young, and beautiful as the star of evening. She had apparently despoiled herself to bestow warmth on her dying friend, for her arms and neck were bare but for the quantity of dark and flowing hair that clustered on her shoulders. She was absorbed in one feeling, that of watching the change in the sick person. Her cheeks, even her lips, were pale; her eyes seemed to gaze as if her whole life reigned in their single perception. She did not hear Ludovico enter, or, at least, she made no sign that indicated that she was conscious of it. The sick person murmured; as she bent her head down to catch the sounds, she replied, in an accent of despair:

"I can get no more leaves, for the snow is on the ground; nor have I any other earthly thing to place over you."

"Is she cold?" said Ludovico, creeping near, and bending down beside the afflicted girl.

"Oh, very cold!" she replied, "and there is no help."

Ludovico had gone to the chase in a silken mantle lined with the choicest furs: he had thrown it off, and left it with his horse that it might not impede his descent. He hastened from the cottage, he ran down the lane, and, following the marks of his footsteps, he arrived where his steed awaited him. He did not again descend by the same path, reflecting that it might be necessary for him to seek assistance for the dying woman. He led his horse down the hill by a circuitous path, and, although he did this with all possible speed, night closed in, aud the glare of the snow alone permitted him to see the path that he desired to follow. When he arrived at the lane he saw that the cottage, before so dark, was illuminated, and, as he approached, he heard the solemn hymn of death as it was chanted by the priests who filled it. The change had taken place, the soul had left its mortal mansion, and the deserted ruin was attended with more of solemnity than had been paid to the mortal struggle. Amid the crowd of priests Ludovico entered unperceived, and he looked round for the lovely female he had left. She sat, retired from the priests, on a heap of leaves in a corner of the cottage. Her clasped hands lay on her knees, her head was bent downward, and every now and then she wiped away her fast-falling tears with her hair. Ludovico threw his cloak over her. She looked up, and drew the covering round her, more to hide her person than for the sake of warmth, and then, again turning away, was absorbed in her melancholy thoughts.

Ludovico gazed on her in pity. For the first time since his mother's death, tears filled his eyes, and his softened countenance beamed with tender sympathy. He said nothing, but he continued to look on as a wish arose in his mind that he might wipe the tears that one by one fell from the shrouded eyes of the unfortunate girl. As he was thus engaged, he heard his name called by one of the attendants of the castle, and, throwing the few pieces of gold he possessed into the lap of the sufferer, he suddenly left the cottage, and, joining the servant who had been in search of him, rode rapidly toward his home.

As Ludovico rode along, and the first emotions of pity having, as it were, ceased to throb in his mind, these feelings merged into the strain of thought in which he habitually indulged, and turned its course to something new.

"I call myself wretched," he cried—"I, the well clad and fed, and this lovely peasant-girl, half famished, parts with her necessary clothing to cover the dying limbs of her only friend. I also have lost my only friend, and that is my true misfortune, the cause of all my real misery — sycophants would assume that name—spies and traitors usurp that office. I have cast these aside—shaken them from me as yon bough shakes to earth its incumbrance of snow, not as cold

as their iced hearts; but I am alone—solitude gnaws my heart and makes me savage—miserable—worthless."

Yet, although he thought in this manner, the heart of Ludovico was softened by what he had seen, and milder feelings pressed upon him. He had felt sympathy for one who needed it, he had conferred a benefit on the necessitous, tenderness moulded his lips to a smile, and the pride of utility gave dignity to the fire of his eye. The people about him saw the change, and, not meeting with the usual disdain of his manner, they also became softened, and the alteration apparent in his character seemed ready to effect as great a metamorphosis in his external situation. But the time was not come when this change would become permanent.

On the day that succeeded to this hunt, Prince Fernando removed to Naples, and commanded his son to accompany him. The residence at Naples was peculiarly irksome to Ludovico. In the country he enjoyed comparative freedom. Satisfied that he was in the castle, his father sometimes forgot him for days together; but it was otherwise here. Fearful that he should form friends and connections, and knowing that his commanding figure and peculiar manners excited attention and often curiosity, he kept him ever in sight; or, if he left him for a moment, he first made himself sure of the people around him, and left such of his own confidants whose very presence was venom to the eye of Ludovico. Add to which, Prince Mondolfo delighted to insult and browbeat his son in public, and, aware of his deficiencies in the more elegant accomplishments, he exposed him even to the derision of his friends. They remained two months at Naples, and then returned to Mondolfo.

It was spring; the air was genial and spirit-stirring. The white blossoms of the almond-trees and the pink ones of the peach just began to be contrasted with the green leaves that shot forth among them. Ludovico felt little of the exhilarating effects of spring. Wounded in his heart's core, he asked Nature why she painted a sepulchre; he asked the airs why they fanned the sorrowful and the dead. He wandered forth to solitude. He rambled down the path that led to the sea; he sat on the beach, watching the monotonous flow of the waves; they danced and sparkled; his gloomy thoughts refused to imbibe cheerfulness from wave or sun.

A form passed near him — a peasant-girl, who balanced a pitcher, urn-shaped, upon her head; she was meanly clad, but she attracted Ludovico's regard, and when, having approached the fountain, she took her pitcher and turned to fill it, he recognized the cottager of the foregoing winter. She knew him also, and, leaving her occupation, she approached him and kisssed his hand with that irresistible grace that southern climes seem to instill into the meanest of their children. At first she hesitated, and began to thank him in broken accents, but words came as she spoke, and Ludovico listened to her eloquent thanks—the first he had heard addressed to him by any human being. A smile of pleasure stole over his face—a smile whose beauty sank deep into the gazer's heart. In a minute they were seated on the bank beside the fountain, and Viola told the story of her poverty-stricken youth—her orphan lot — the death of her best friend—and it was now only the benign climate which, in diminishing human wants, made her appear less wretched than then. She was alone in the world—living in that desolate cottage—providing for her daily fare with difficulty. Her pale cheek, the sickly languor that pervaded her manner, gave evidence of the truth of her words; but she did not weep, she spoke words of good heart, and it was only when she alluded to the benefaction of Ludovico that her soft dark eyes swam with tears.

The youth visited her cottage the next day. He rode up the lane, now grass-grown and scented by violets, which Viola was gathering from the banks. She presented her nosegay to him. They entered the cottage together. It was dilapidated and miserable. A few flowers placed in a broken vase was a type only of poor Viola herself—a lovely blossom in the midst of utter poverty; and the rose-tree that shaded the window could only tell that sweet Italy, even in the midst of wretchedness, spares her natural wealth to adorn her children.

Ludovico made Viola sit down on a bench by the window, and stood opposite to her, her flowers in his hand, listening. She did not talk of her poverty, and it would be difficult to recount what was said. She seemed happy and smiled and spoke with a gleeful voice, which softened the heart of her friend, so that he almost wept with pity and admiration. After this, day by day, Ludovico visited the cottage and bestowed all his time on Viola. He came and talked with her, gathered violets with her, consoled and advised her, and became happy. The idea that he was of use to a single human being instilled joy into his heart; and yet he was wholly unconscious how entirely he was necessary to the happiness of his *protégée*. He felt happy beside her, he was delighted to bestow benefits on her, and to see her profit by them; but he did not think of love, and his mind, unawakened to passion, reposed from its long pain without a thought for the future. It was not so with the peasant-girl. She could not see his eyes bent in gentleness on her, his mouth lighted by its tender smile, or listen to his voice as he bade her trust in him, for that he would be father, brother, all to her, without deeply, passionately loving him. He became the sun of her day, the breath of her life—her hope, joy, and sole possession. She watched for his coming, she watched him as he went, and for a long time she was happy. She would not repine that he replied to her earnest love with calm affection only—she was a peasant, he a noble—and she could claim and expect no more; he was a god—she might adore him; and it were blasphemy to hope for more than a benign acceptation of her worship.

Prince Mondolfo was soon made aware of Ludovico's visits to the cottage of the forest, and he did not doubt that Viola had become the mistress of his son. He did not endeavor to interrupt the connection, or put any bar to his visits. Ludovico, in-

deed, enjoyed more liberty than ever, and his cruel father confined himself alone to the restricting of him more than ever in money. His policy was apparent: Ludovico had resisted every temptation of gambling and other modes of expense thrown in his way. Fernando had long wished to bring his son to a painful sense of his poverty and dependence, and to oblige him to seek the necessary funds in such a career as would necessitate his desertion of the paternal roof. He had wound many snares around the boy, and all were snapped by his firm but almost unconscious resistance; but now, without seeking, without expectation, the occasion came of itself which would lead him to require far more than his father had at any time allowed him, and now that allowance was restricted, yet Ludovico did not murmur—and until now he had had enough.

A long time Fernando abstained from all allusion to the connection of his son; but one evening, at a banquet, gayety overcame his caution—a gayety which ever led him to sport with his son's feelings, and to excite a pain which might repress the smile that his new state of mind caused to make frequent visits to his countenance.

"Here," cried Fernando, as he filled a goblet—"here, Ludovico, is to the health of your violet-girl!" and he concluded his speech with some indecorous allusion that suffused Ludovico's cheek with red. Without replying he arose to depart.

"And whither are you going, sir?" cried his father. "Take yon cup to answer my pledge, for, by Bacchus! none that sit at my table shall pass it uncourteously by."

Ludovico, still standing, filled his cup and raised it as he was about to speak and retort to his father's speech, but the memory of his words and the innocence of Viola pressed upon him and filled his heart almost to bursting. He put down his cup, pushed aside the people who sought to detain him, and left the castle, and soon the laughter of the revelers was no more heard by him, though it had loudly rung and was echoed through the lofty halls. The words of Fernando had awakened a strange spirit in Ludovico. "Viola! can she love me? Do I love her?" The last question was quickly answered. Passion, suddenly awake, made every artery tingle by its thrilling presence. His cheeks burned and his heart danced with strange exultation as he hastened toward the cottage, unheeding all but the universe of sensation that dwelt within him. He reached its door. Blank and dark the walls rose before him, and the boughs of the wood waved and sighed over him. Until now he had felt impatience alone—the sickness of fear—fear of finding a cold return to his passion's feeling now entered his heart; and, retreating a little from the cottage, he sat on a bank, and hid his face in his hands, while passionate tears gushed from his eyes and trickled from between his fingers. Viola opened the door of her cottage; Ludovico had failed in his daily visit, and she was unhappy. She looked on the sky—the sun had set, and Hesperus glowed in the west; the dark ilex-trees made a deep shade, which was broken by innumerable fire-flies, which flashed now low on the grass, discovering the flowers as they slept hushed and closed in night, now high among the branches, and their light was reflected by the shining leaves of ilex and laurel. Viola's wandering eye unconsciously selected one and followed it as it flew, and ever and anon cast aside its veil of darkness and shed a wide pallor around its own form. At length it nestled itself in a bower of green leaves formed by a clump of united laurels and myrtles; and there it staid, flashing its beautiful light, which, coming from among the boughs, seemed as if the brightest star of the heavens had wandered from its course, and, trembling at its temerity, sat panting on its earthly perch. Ludovico sat near the laurel—Viola saw him—her breath came quick—she spoke not—but stepped lightly to him—and looked with such mazed ecstasy of thought that she felt, nay, almost heard, her heart beat with her emotion. At length she spoke—she uttered his name, and he looked up on her gentle face, her beaming eyes and her sylph-like form bent over him. He forgot his fears, and his hopes were soon confirmed. For the first time he pressed the trembling lips of Viola, and then tore himself away to think with rapture and wonder on all that had taken place.

Ludovico ever acted with energy and promptness. He returned only to plan with Viola when they might be united. A small chapel in the Apennines, sequestered and unknown, was selected; a priest was easily procured from a neighboring convent and easily bribed to silence. Ludovico led back his bride to the cottage in the forest. There she continued to reside; for worlds he would not have had her change her habitation; all his wealth was expended in decorating it, yet his all only sufficed to render it tolerable. But they were happy. The small circlet of earth's expanse that held in his Viola was the universe to her husband. His heart and imagination widened and filled it until it encompassed all of beautiful, and was inhabited by all of excellent, this world contains. She sang to him; he listened, and the notes built around him a magic bower of delight. He trod the soil of paradise, and its winds fed his mind to intoxication. The inhabitants of Mondolfo could not recognize the haughty, resentful Ludovico in the benign and gentle husband of Viola. His father's taunts were unheeded, for he did not hear them. He no longer trod the earth, but, angel-like, sustained by the wings of love, skimmed over it, so that he felt not its inequalities nor was touched by its rude obstacles. And Viola, with deep gratitude and passionate tenderness, repaid his love. She thought of him only, lived for him, and with unwearied attention kept alive in his mind the first dream of passion.

Thus nearly two years passed, and a lovely child appeared to bind the lovers with closer ties, and to fill their humble roof with smiles and joy.

Ludovico seldom went to Mondolfo; and his father, continuing his ancient policy, and glad that in his attachment to a peasant-girl he had relieved his mind from the fear of brilliant connections and able

friends, even dispensed with his attendance when he visited Naples. Fernando did not suspect that his son had married his low-born favorite; if he had, his aversion for him would not have withheld him from resisting so degrading an alliance; and, while his blood flowed in Ludovico's veins, he would never have avowed offspring who were contaminated by a peasant's less highly-sprung tide.

Ludovico had nearly completed his twentieth year when his elder brother died. Prince Mondolfo at that time spent four months at Naples, endeavoring to bring to a conclusion a treaty of marriage he had entered into between his heir and the daughter of a noble Neapolitan house, when this death overthrew his hopes, and he retired in grief and mourning to his castle. A few weeks of sorrow and reason restored him to himself. He had loved even this favored eldest son more as the heir of his name and fortune than as his child; and the web destroyed that he had woven for him, he quickly began another.

Ludovico was summoned to his father's presence. Old habit yet rendered such a summons momentous; but the youth, with a proud smile, threw off these boyish cares, and stood with a gentle dignity before his altered parent.

"Ludovico," said the prince, "four years ago you refused to take a priest's vows, and then you excited my utmost resentment; now I thank you for that resistance."

A slight feeling of suspicion crossed Ludovico's mind that his father was about to cajole him for some evil purpose. Two years before he would have acted on such a thought, but the habit of happiness made him unsuspicious. He bent his head gently.

"Ludovico," continued his father, while pride and a wish to conciliate disturbed his mind and even his countenance, "my son, I have used you hardly; but that time is now past."

Ludovico gently replied:

"My father, I did not deserve your ill-treatment; I hope I shall merit your kindness when I know—"

"Yes, yes," interrupted Fernando, uneasily, "you do not understand—you desire to know why—in short, you, Ludovico, are now all my hope—Olympio is dead—the house of Mondolfo has no support but you—"

"Pardon me," replied the youth. "Mondolfo is in no danger; you, my lord, are fully able to support and even to augment its present dignity."

"You do not understand. Mondolfo has no support but you. I am old, I feel my age, and these gray hairs announce it to me too glaringly. There is no collateral branch, and my hopes must rest in your children—"

"My children, my lord!" replied Ludovico. "I have only one; and if the poor little boy—"

"What folly is this?" cried Fernando, impatiently. "I speak of your marriage, and not—"

"My lord, my wife is ever ready to pay her duteous respects to you—"

"Your wife, Ludovico! But you speak without thought. How? who?"

"The violet-girl, my lord."

A tempest had crossed the countenance of Fernando. That his son, unknown to him, should have made an unworthy alliance, convulsed every fibre of his frame, and the lowering of his brows and his impatient gesture told the intolerable anguish of such a thought. The last words of Ludovico restored him. It was not his wife that he thus named—he felt assured that it was not. He smiled somewhat gloomily, still it was a smile of satisfaction.

"Yes," he replied, "I understand; but you task my patience—you should not trifle with such a subject or with me. I talk of your marriage. Now that Olympio is dead, and you are, in his place, heir of Mondolfo, you may, in his stead, conclude the advantageous, nay, even princely, alliance I was forming for him."

Ludovico replied with earnestness:

"You are pleased to misunderstand me. I am already married. Two years ago, while I was still the despised, insulted Ludovico, I formed this connection, and it will be my pride to show the world how, in all but birth, my peasant-wife is able to fulfill the duties of her distinguished situation."

Fernando was accustomed to command himself. He felt as if stabbed by a poniard; but he paused till calm and voice returned, and then he said:

"You have a child?"

"An heir, my lord," replied Ludovico, smiling—for his father's mildness deceived him—"a lovely, healthy boy."

"They live near here?"

"I can bring them to Mondolfo in an hour's space. Their cottage is in the forest, about a quarter of a mile east of the convent of Santa Chiara."

"Enough, Ludovico; you have communicated strange tidings, and I must consider of them. I will see you again this evening."

Ludovico bowed and disappeared. He hastened to his cottage, and related all that he remembered or understood of this scene, and bade Viola prepare to come to the castle at an instant's notice. Viola trembled: it struck her that all was not so fair as Ludovico represented; but she hid her fears, and even smiled as her husband with a kiss hailed his boy as heir of Mondolfo.

Fernando had commanded both look and voice while his son was within hearing. He had gone to the window of his chamber, and stood steadily gazing on the drawbridge until Ludovico crossed it and disappeared. Then, unrestrained, he strode up and down the apartment, while the roof rang with his impetuous tread. He uttered cries and curses, and struck his head with his clinched fist. It was long ere he could think—he felt only, and feeling was torture. The tempest at length subsided, and he threw himself in his chair. His contracted brows and frequently-convulsed lips showed how entirely he was absorbed in consideration. All at first was one frightful whirl; by degrees, the motion was appeased; his thoughts flowed with greater calmness; they subsided into one channel whose course he

warily traced until he thought that he saw the result.

Hours passed during this contemplation. When he arose from his chair, as one who had slept and dreamed uneasily, his brows became by degrees smooth; he stretched out his arm, and, spreading his hand, cried:

"So it is! and I have vanquished him!"

Evening came, and Ludovico was announced. Fernando feared his son. He had ever dreaded his determined and fearless mode of action. He dreaded to encounter the boy's passions with his own, and felt in the clash that his was not the master-passion. So, subduing all of hate, revenge, and wrath, he received him with a smile. Ludovico smiled also; yet there was no similarity in their look: one was a smile of frankness, joy, and affection—the other the veiled grimace of smothered malice. Fernando said:

"My son, you have entered lightly into a marriage as if it were a child's game, but, where principalities and noble blood are at stake, the loss or gain is too momentous to be trifled with. Silence, Ludovico! Listen to me, I entreat. You have made a strange marriage with a peasant, which, though I may acknowledge, I cannot approve, which must be displeasing to your sovereign, and derogatory to all who claim alliance with the house of Mondolfo."

Cold dew stood on the forehead of Fernando as he spoke; he paused, recovered his self-command, and continued:

"It will be difficult to reconcile these discordant interests, and a moment of rashness might cause us to lose our station, fortune, everything! Your interests are in my hands. I will be careful of them. I trust, before the expiration of a very few months, the future Princess Mondolfo will be received at the court of Naples with due honor and respect. But you must leave it to me. You must not move in this affair. You must promise that you will not, until I permit, mention your marriage to any one, or acknowledge it if you are taxed with it."

Ludovico, after a moment's hesitation, replied:

"I promise that, for the space of six months, I will not mention my marriage to any one. I will not be guilty of falsehood, but for that time I will not affirm it or bring it forward in any manner so as to annoy you."

Fernando again paused; but prudence conquered, and he said no more. He entered on other topics with his son; they supped together, and the mind of Ludovico, now attuned to affection, received all the marks of his father's awakening love with gratitude and joy. His father thought that he held him in his toils, and was ready to sweeten the bitterness of his intended draught by previous kindness.

A week passed thus in calm. Ludovico and Viola were perfectly happy. Ludovico only wished to withdraw his wife from obscurity from that sensation of honest pride which makes us desire to declare to the whole world the excellence of a beloved object. Viola shrank from such an exhibition; she loved her humble cottage—humble still, though adorned with all that taste and love could bestow on it. The trees bent over its low roof and shaded its windows, which were filled with flowering shrubs; its floor shone with marble, and vases of antique shape and exquisite beauty stood in the niches of the room. Every part was consecrated by the memory of their first meeting and their loves—the walk of snow and violets; the forest of ilex with its underwood of myrtle and its population of fire-flies; the birds; the wild and shy animals that sometimes came in sight, and, seen, retreated; the changes of the seasons, of the hues of Nature influenced by them; the alterations of the sky; the walk of the moon, and the moving of the stars—all were dear, known, and commented on by this pair, who saw the love their own hearts felt reflected in the whole scene around, and in their child, their noisy but speechless companion, whose smiles won hopes, and whose bright form seemed as if sent from heaven to reward their constant affection.

A week passed, and Fernando and Ludovico were riding together, when the prince said:

"To-morrow, early, my son, you must go to Naples. It is time that you should show yourself there as my heir, and the best representative of a princely house. The sooner you do this the quicker will arrive the period for which, no doubt, you long, when the unknown Princess Mondolfo will be acknowledged by all. I cannot accompany you. In fact, circumstances which you may guess make me desire that you should appear at first without me. You will be distinguished by your sovereign, courted by all, and you will remember your promise as the best means of accomplishing your object. In a very few days I will join you."

Ludovico readily assented to this arrangement, and went the same evening to take leave of Viola. She was seated beneath the laurel-tree where first they had made their mutual vows; her child was in her arms, gazing with wonder and laughter on the light of the flies. Two years had passed. It was summer again, and as the beams from their eyes met and mingled they each drank in the joyous certainty that they were still as dear to one another as when he, weeping from intense emotion, sat under that tree. He told her of his visit to Naples which his father had settled for him, and a cloud passed over her countenance, but she dismissed it. She would not fear; yet again and again a thrilling sense of coming evil made her heart beat, and each time was resisted with greater difficulty. As night came on, she carried the sleeping child into the cottage, and placed him on his bed, and then walked up and down the pathway of the forest with Ludovico until the moment of his departure should arrive, for the heat of the weather rendered it necessary that he should travel by night. Again the fear of danger crossed her, and again she with a smile shook off the thought; but, when he turned to give her his parting embrace, it returned with full force on her. Weeping bitterly, she clung to him, and entreated

him not to go. Startled by her earnestness, he eagerly sought an explanation, but the only explanation she could give excited a gentle smile as he caressed her and bade her be calm; and then, pointing to the crescent moon that gleamed through the trees and checkered the ground with their moving shades, he told her he would be with her ere its full, and with one more embrace left her weeping. And thus it is a strange prophecy often creeps about, and the spirit of Cassandra inhabits many a hapless human heart, and utters from many lips unheeded forebodings of evils that are to be: the hearers heed them not—the speaker hardly gives them credit—the evil comes which, if it could have been avoided, no Cassandra could have foretold, for if that spirit were not a sure harbinger so would it not exist; nor would these half revealings have place if the to come did not fulfill and make out the sketch.

Viola beheld him depart with hopeless sorrow, and then turned to console herself beside the couch of her child. Yet, gazing on him, her fears came thicker; and in a transport of terror she rushed from the cottage, ran along the pathway, calling on Ludovico's name, and sometimes listening if she might hear the tread of his horse, and then again shrieking aloud for him to return. But he was far out of hearing, and she returned again to her cot, and, lying down beside her child, clasping his little hand in hers, at length slept peacefully.

Her sleep was light and short. She arose before the sun, and hardly had he begun to cast long shadows on the ground when, attiring herself in her veil, she was about to go with the infant to the neighboring chapel of Santa Chiara, when she heard the trampling of horses come up the pathway; her heart beat quick, and still quicker when she saw a stranger enter the cottage. His form was commanding, and age, which had grizzled his hair, had not tempered the fire of his eye nor marred the majesty of his carriage; but every lineament was impressed by pride and even cruelty. Self-will and scorn were even more apparent. He was somewhat like what Ludovico had been, and so like what he then was that Viola did not doubt that his father stood before her. She tried to collect her courage, but the surprise, his haughty mien, and, above all, the sound of many horses, and the voices of men who had remained outside the cottage, so disturbed and distracted her that her heart for a moment failed her, and she leaned trembling and ashy white against the wall, straining her child to her heart with convulsive energy. Fernando spoke:

"You are Viola Arnaldi, and you call yourself, I believe, the wife of Ludovico Mondolfo?"

"I am so"—her lips formed themselves to these words, but the sound died away.

Fernando continued:

"I am Prince Mondolfo, father of the rash boy who has entered into this illegal and foolish contract. When I heard of it my plan was easily formed, and I am now about to put it into execution. I could easily have done so without coming to you, without enduring the scene which, I suppose, I shall endure; but benevolence has prompted me to the line of conduct I adopt, and I hope that I shall not repent it."

Fernando paused; Viola had heard little of what he had said. She was employed in collecting her scattered spirits, in bidding her heart be still, and arming herself with the pride and courage of innocence and helplessness. Every word he spoke was thus of use to her, as it gave her time to re-collect herself. She only bowed her head as he paused, and he continued:

"While Ludovico was a younger son, and did not seek to obtrude his misalliance into notice, I was content that he should enjoy what he termed happiness unmolested; but circumstances have changed. He has become the heir of Mondolfo, and must support that family and title by a suitable marriage. Your dream has passed. I mean you no ill. You will be conducted hence with your child, placed on board a vessel, and taken to a town in Spain. You will receive a yearly stipend, and, as long as you seek no communication with Ludovico, or endeavor to leave the asylum provided for you, you are safe; but the slightest movement, the merest yearning for a station you may never fill, shall draw upon you and that boy the vengeance of one whose menaces are but the uplifted arm—the blow quickly follows!"

The excess of danger that threatened the unprotected Viola gave her courage. She replied:

"I am alone and feeble, you are strong, and have ruffians waiting on you to execute such crimes as your imagination suggests. I care not for Mondolfo, nor the title, nor the possession, but I will never, oh! never, never! renounce my Ludovico — never do aught to derogate from our plighted faith. Torn from him, I will seek him, though it be barefoot and a-hungered, through the wide world. He is mine by that love he has been pleased to conceive for me; I am his by the sentiment of devotion and eternal attachment that now animates my voice. Tear us asunder, yet we shall meet again, and, unless you put the grave between us, you cannot separate us."

Fernando smiled in scorn.

"And that boy," he said, pointing to the infant, "will you lead him, innocent lamb, a sacrifice to the altar of your love, and plant the knife yourself in the victim's heart?"

Again the lips of Viola became pale as she clasped her boy and exclaimed, in almost inarticulate accents:

"There is a God in heaven!"

Fernando left the cottage, and it was soon filled by men, one of whom threw a cloak over Viola and her boy, and, dragging them from the cottage, placed them in a kind of litter, and the cavalcade proceeded silently. Viola had uttered one shriek when she beheld her enemies, but, knowing their power and her own impotence, she stifled all further cries. When in the litter she strove in vain to disengage herself from the cloak that enveloped her, and then tried to hush her child, who, frightened at his strange situation, uttered piercing cries. At length he slept; and Viola, darkling and fearful, with nothing to sustain

her spirits or hopes, felt her courage vanish. She wept long with despair and misery. She thought of Ludovico and what his grief would be, and her tears were redoubled. There was no hope, for her enemy was relentless, her child torn from her, a cloister her prison. Such were the images constantly before her. They subdued her courage, and filled her with terror and dismay.

The cavalcade entered the town of Salerno, and the roar of the sea announced to poor Viola that they were on its shores.

"O bitter waves!" she cried, "my tears are as bitter as ye, and they will soon mingle!"

Her conductors now entered a building. It was a watch-tower at some distance from the town, on the sea-beach. They lifted Viola from the litter and led her to one of the dreary apartments of the tower. The window, which was not far from the ground, was grated with iron; it bore the appearance of a guard-room. The chief of her conductors addressed her, courteously asked her to excuse the rough lodging; the wind was contrary, he said, but change was expected, and the next day he hoped they would be able to embark. He pointed to the destined vessel in the offing. Viola, excited to hope by his mildness, began to entreat his compassion, but he immediately left her. Soon after another man brought in food, with a flask of wine and a jug of water. He also retired; her massive door was locked, the sound of retreating footsteps died away.

Viola did not despair; she felt, however, that it would need all her courage to extricate herself from her prison. She ate a part of the food which had been provided, drank some water, and then, a little refreshed, she spread the cloak her conductors had left on the floor, placed her child on it to play, and then stationed herself at the window to see if any one might pass whom she might address, and, if he were not able to assist her in any other way, he might at least bear a message to Ludovico, that her fate might not be veiled in the fearful mystery that threatened it; but probably the way past her window was guarded, for no one drew near. As she looked, however, and once advanced her head to gaze more earnestly, it struck her that her person would pass between the iron grates of her window, which was not high from the ground. The cloak, fastened to one of the stanchions, promised a safe descent. She did not dare make the essay; nay, she was so fearful that she might be watched, and that, if she were seen near the window, her jailers might be struck with the same idea, that she retreated to the farther end of the room, and sat looking at the bars with fluctuating hope and fear, that now dyed her cheeks with crimson, and again made them pale as when Ludovico had first seen her.

Her boy passed his time in alternate play and sleep. The ocean still roared, and the dark clouds brought up by the sirocco blackened the sky and hastened the coming evening. Hour after hour passed; she heard no clock; there was no sun to mark the time, but by degrees the room grew dark, and at last the Ave Maria tolled, heard by fits between the howling of the winds and the dashing of the waves. She knelt, and put up a fervent prayer to the Madonna, protector of innocence—prayer for herself and her boy—no less innocent than the Mother and Divine Child, to whom she made her orisons. Still she paused. Drawing near to the window, she listened for the sound of any human being: that sound, faint and intermittent, died away, and with darkness came rain that poured in torrents, accompanied by thunder and lightning that drove every creature to shelter. Viola shuddered. Could she expose her child during such a night? Yet again she gathered courage. It only made her meditate on some plan by which she might get the cloak as a shelter for her boy after it had served for their descent. She tried the bars, and found that, with some difficulty, she could pass, and, gazing downward from the outside, a flash of lightning revealed the ground not far below. Again she commended herself to divine protection; again she called upon and blessed her Ludovico; and then, not fearless but determined, she began her operations. She fastened the cloak by means of her long veil, which, hanging to the ground, was tied by a slip-knot, and gave way when pulled. She took her child in her arms, and, having got without the bars, bound him with the sash to her waist, and then, without accident, she reached the ground. Having then secured the cloak, and enveloped herself and her child in its dark and ample folds, she paused breathlessly to listen. Nature was awake with its loudest voice—the sea roared—and the incessant flashes of lightning that discovered the solitude around her were followed by such deafening peals as almost made her fear. She crossed the field, and kept the sight of the white sea-foam to her right hand, knowing that she thus proceeded in an opposite direction from Mondolfo. She walked as fast as her burden permitted her, keeping the beaten road, for the darkness made her fear to deviate. The rain ceased, and she walked on, until, her limbs failing under her, she was fain to rest, and refresh herself with the bread she had brought with her from the prison. Action and success had inspired her with unusual energy. She would not fear—she believed herself free and secure. She wept, but it was with the overflowing emotion that found no other expression. She doubted not that she should rejoin Ludovico. Seated thus in the dark night—having for hours been the sport of the elements, which now for an instant paused in their fury—seated on a stone by the road-side—a wide, dreary, unknown country about her—her helpless child in her arms—herself having just finished eating the only food she possessed—she felt triumph, and joy, and love, descend into her heart, prophetic of future reunion with her beloved.

It was summer, and the air consequently warm. Her cloak had protected her from the wet, so her limbs were free and unnumbed. At the first ray of dawn she arose, and at the nearest pathway she struck out of the road, and took her course nearer the bordering Apennines. From Salerno as far south as the eye could reach, a low plain stretched itself

along the sea-side, and the hills at about the distance of ten miles bound it in. These mountains are high and singularly beautiful in their shape; their crags point to heaven, and streams flow down their sides and water the plain below. After several hours' walking, Viola reached a pine-forest, which descended from the heights and stretched itself in the plain. She sought its friendly shelter with joy, and, penetrating its depths until she saw trees only on all sides of her, she again reposed. The sirocco had been dissipated by the thunder-storm, and the sun, vanquishing the clouds that at first veiled its splendor, glowed forth in the clear majesty of noon. Southern born, Viola did not fear the heat. She collected pine-nuts, she contrived to make a fire, and ate them with appetite; and then, seeking a covert, she lay down and slept, her boy in her arms, thanking Heaven and the Virgin for her escape. When she awoke, the triumph of her heart somewhat died away. She felt the solitude, she felt her helplessness, she feared pursuers, yet she dashed away the tears, and then reflecting that she was too near Salerno—the sun being now at the sea's verge—she arose and pursued her way through the intricacies of the wood. She got to the edge of it so far as to be able to direct her steps by the neighboring sea. Torrents intercepted her path, and one rapid river threatened to impede it altogether; but, going somewhat lower down, she found a bridge; and then, approaching still nearer to the sea, she passed through a wide and desolate kind of pasture-country, which seemed to afford neither shelter nor sustenance to any human being. Night closed in, and she was fearful to pursue her way, but, seeing some buildings dimly in the distance, she directed her steps thither, hoping to discover a hamlet where she might get shelter and such assistance as would enable her to retrace her steps, and reach Naples without being discovered by her powerful enemy. She kept these high buildings before her, which appeared like vast cathedrals, but that they were untopped by any dome or spire; and she wondered much what they could be, when suddenly they disappeared. She would have thought some rising ground had intercepted them, but all before her was plain. She paused, and at length resolved to wait for dawn. All day she had seen no human being; twice or thrice she had heard the bark of a dog, and once the whistle of a shepherd, but she saw no one. Desolation was around her; this, indeed, had lulled her into security at first. Where no men were, there was no danger for her. But at length the strange solitude became painful—she longed to see a cottage, or to find some peasant, however uncouth, who might answer her inquiries and provide for her wants. She had viewed with surprise the buildings which had been as beacons to her. She did not wish to enter a large town, and she wondered how one could exist in such a desert; but she had left the wood far behind her, and required food. Night passed—balmy and sweet night—the breezes fanned her, the glowing atmosphere encompassed her, the fire-flies flitted round her, bats wheeled about in the air, and the heavy-winged owl hooped anigh, while the beetle's constant hum filled the air. She lay on the ground, her babe pillowed on her arm, looking upon the starry heavens. Many thoughts crowded upon her: the thought of Ludovico, of her reunion with him, of joy after sorrow; and she forgot that she was alone, half famished, encompassed by enemies in a desert plain of Calabria—she slept.

She awoke not until the sun had risen high—it had risen above the temples of Pæstum, and the columns threw short shadows on the ground. They were near her, unseen during night, and were now revealed as the edifices that had attracted her the evening before. They stood on a rugged plain, despoiled of all roof, their columns and cornices encompassing a space of high and weed-grown grass; the deep-blue sky canopied them and filled them with light and cheerfulness. Viola looked on them with wonder and reverence; they were temples to some god who still seemed to deify them with his presence; he clothed them still with beauty, and what was called their ruin might, in its picturesque wildness and sublime loneliness, be more adapted to his nature than when, roofed and gilded, they stood in pristine strength; and the silent worship of air and happy animals might be more suited to him than the concourse of the busy and heartless. The most benevolent of spirit-gods seemed to inhabit that desert, weed-grown area; the spirit of beauty flitted between those columns embrowned by time, painted with strange color, and raised a genial atmosphere on the deserted altar. Awe and devotion filled the heart of the lonely Viola; she raised her eyes and heart to heaven in thanksgiving and prayer—not that her lips formed words, or her thoughts suggested connected sentences, but the feeling of worship and gratitude animated her; and, as the sunlight streamed through the succession of columns, so did joy, dove-shaped, fall on and illumine her soul.

With such devotion as seldom before she had visited a saint-dedicated church, she ascended the broken and rude steps of the larger temple, and entered the plot that it inclosed. An inner circuit of smaller columns formed a smaller area, which she entered, and, sitting on a huge fragment of the broken cornice that had fallen to the ground, she silently waited as if for some oracle to visit her sense and guide her.

Thus sitting, she heard the near bark of a dog, followed by the bleating of sheep, and she saw a little flock spread itself in the field adjoining the farther temple. They were shepherded by a girl clothed in rags, but the season required little covering; and these poor people, moneyless, possessing only what their soil gives them, are in the articles of clothing poor even to nakedness. In inclement weather they wrap rudely-formed clothes of undressed sheepskin around them—during the heats of summer they do little more than throw aside these useless garments. The shepherd-girl was probably about fifteen years of age; a large black straw hat shaded her head from the intense rays of the sun;

her feet and legs were bare; and her petticoat, tucked up, Diana-like, above one knee, gave a picturesque appearance to her rags, which, bound at her waist by a girdle, bore some resemblance to the costume of a Greek maiden. Rags have a costume of their own, as fine in their way, in their contrast of rich colors and the uncouth boldness of their drapery, as kingly robes. Viola approached the shepherdess and quietly entered into conversation with her: without making any appeal to her charity or feelings, she asked the name of the place where she was, and her boy, awake and joyous, soon attracted attention. The shepherd-girl was pretty, and, above all, good-natured; she caressed the child, seemed delighted to have found a companion for her solitude, and, when Viola said that she was hungry, unloaded her scrip of roasted pine-nuts, boiled chestnuts, and coarse bread. Viola ate with joy and gratitude. They remained together all day; the sun went down, the glowing light of its setting faded, and the shepherdess would have taken Viola home with her. But she dreaded a human dwelling, still fearing that, wherever there appeared a possibility of shelter, there her pursuers would seek her. She gave a few small silver-pieces, part of what she had about her when seized, to her new friend, and, bidding her bring sufficient food for the next day, entreated her not to mention her adventure to any one. The girl promised, and, with the assistance of her dog, drove the flock toward their fold. Viola passed the night within the area of the larger temple.

Not doubting the success of his plan, on the very evening that followed its execution, Prince Mondolfo had gone to Naples. He found his son at the Mondolfo Palace. Despising the state of a court, and careless of the gayeties around him, Ludovico longed to return to the cottage of Viola. So, after the expiration of two days, he told his father that he should ride over to Mondolfo, and return the following morning. Fernando did not oppose him, but, two hours after his departure, followed him, and arrived at the castle just after Ludovico, leaving his attendants there, quitted it to proceed alone to his cottage. The first person Prince Mondolfo saw was the chief of the company who had had the charge of Viola. His story was soon told: the unfavorable wind, the imprisonment in a room barricaded with the utmost strength, her incomprehensible escape, and the vain efforts that had subsequently been made to find her. Fernando listened as if in a dream: convinced of the truth, he saw no clew to guide him—no hope of recovering possession of his prisoner. He foamed with rage, then endeavored to suppress as useless his towering passion. He overwhelmed the bearer of the news with execrations; sent out parties of men in pursuit in all directions, promising every reward, and urging the utmost secrecy, and then, left alone, paced his chamber in fury and dismay. His solitude was of no long duration. Ludovico burst into his room, his countenance lighted up with rage.

"Murderer!" he cried, "where is my Viola?"

Fernando remained speechless.

"Answer!" said Ludovico. "Speak with those lips that pronounced her death-sentence—or raise against me that hand from which her blood is scarcely washed.—Oh, my Viola! thou and my angel-child, descend with all thy sweetness into my heart, that this hand write not parricide on my brow!"

Fernando attempted to speak.

"No!" shrieked the miserable Ludovico; "I will not listen to her murderer. Yet—is she dead? I kneel—I call you father—I appeal to that savage heart—I take in peace that hand that often struck me, and now has dealt the death-blow—oh, tell me, does she yet live?"

Fernando seized on this interval of calm to relate his story. He told the simple truth; but could such a tale gain belief? It awakened the wildest rage in poor Ludovico's heart. He doubted not that Viola had been murdered; and, after every expression of despair and hatred, he bade his father seek his heir among the clods of the earth, for that such he should soon become, and rushed from his presence.

He wandered to the cottage, he searched the country round, he heard the tale of those who had witnessed any part of the carrying off of his Viola. He went to Salerno. He heard the tale there told with the most determined incredulity. It was the tale, he doubted not, that his father forged to free himself from accusation, and to throw an impenetrable veil over the destruction of Viola. His quick imagination made out for itself the scene of her death. The very house in which she had been confined had at the extremity of it a tower jutting out over the sea; a river flowed at its base, making its confluence with the ocean deep and dark. He was convinced that the fatal scene had been acted there. He mounted the tower: the higher room was windowless, the iron grates of the windows had for some cause been recently taken out. He was persuaded that Viola and her child had been thrown from that window into the deep and gurgling waters below.

He resolved to die! In those days of simple Catholic faith, suicide was contemplated with horror. But there were other means almost as sure. He would go a pilgrim to the Holy Land, and fight and die beneath the walls of Jerusalem. Rash and energetic, his purpose was no sooner formed than he hastened to put it in execution. He procured a pilgrim's weeds at Salerno, and at midnight, advising none of his intentions, he left that city, and proceeded southward. Alternate rage and grief swelled his heart. Rage at length died away. She whose murderer he execrated was an angel in heaven, looking down on him, and he in the Holy Land would win his right to join her. Tender grief dimmed his eyes. The world's great theatre closed before him—of all its trappings his pilgrim's cloak was alone gorgeous, his pilgrim's staff the only sceptre—they were the symbols and signs of the power he possessed beyond the earth, and the pledges of his union with Viola. He bent his steps toward Brundusium. He walked on fast, as if he grudged all space and time that lay between him and his goal. Dawn awakened the

earth, and he proceeded on his way. The sun of noon darted its ray upon him, but his march was uninterrupted. He entered a pine-wood, and, following the track of flocks, he heard the murmurs of a fountain. Oppressed with thirst, he hastened toward it. The water welled up from the ground and filled a natural basin; flowers grew on its banks and looked on the waters unreflected, for the stream paused not, but whirled round and round, spending its superabundance in a small rivulet that, dancing over stones and glancing in the sun, went on its way to *its* eternity—the sea. The trees had retreated from the fountain, and formed a circle about it; the grass was green and fresh, starred with summer flowers. At one extremity was a silent pool that formed a strange contrast with the fountain that, ever in motion, showed no shape, and reflected only the color of the objects around it. The pool reflected the scene with greater distinctness and beauty than its real existence. The trees stood distinct, the ambient air between, all grouped and pictured by the hand of a divine artist. Ludovico drank from the fount, and then approached the pool. He looked with half wonder on the scene depicted there. A bird now flitted across in the air, and its form, feathers, and motion, were shown in the waters. An ass emerged from among the trees, where in vain it sought herbage, and came to graze near these waters; Ludovico saw it depicted therein, and then looked on the living animal, almost appearing less real, less living, than its semblance in the stream. Under the trees from which the ass had come lay some one on the ground, enveloped in a mantle, sleeping. Ludovico looked carelessly—he hardly at first knew why his curiosity was roused; then an eager thought, which he deemed madness, yet resolved to gratify, carried him forward. Rapidly he approached the sleeper, knelt down, and drew aside the cloak, and saw Viola, her child within her arms, the warm breath issuing from her parted lips, her love-beaming eyes hardly veiled by the transparent lids, which soon were lifted up.

Ludovico and Viola, each too happy to feel the earth they trod, returned to their cottage—their cottage dearer than any palace—yet only half believing the excess of their own joy. By turns they wept, and gazed on each other and their child, holding each other's hands as if grasping reality and fearful it would vanish.

Prince Mondolfo heard of their arrival. He had long suffered keenly from the fear of losing his son. The dread of finding himself childless, heirless, had tamed him. He feared the world's censure, his sovereign's displeasure—perhaps worse accusation and punishment. He yielded to fate. Not daring to appear before his intended victim, he sent his confessor to mediate for their forgiveness, and to entreat them to take up their abode at Mondolfo. At first, little credit was given to these offers. They loved their cottage, and had small inclination to risk happiness, liberty, and life, for worthless luxury. The prince, by patience and perseverance, at length convinced them. Time softened painful recollections; they paid him the duty of children, and cherished and honored him in his old age; while he caressed his lovely grandchild, he did not repine that the violet-girl should be the mother of the heir of Mondolfo.

HEINRICH HEINE.

BY JUNIUS HENRI BROWNE.

HEINRICH HEINE was one of the wittiest of men, and the most un-German of Germans. It is remarkable, considering the influence and unquestioned force of his writings, how little is known in this country either of them or of him. His name and certain sharp sayings of his are familiar enough; but what manner of mortal he was, and what the nature of his work, very few are informed. Nor is England much better acquainted with him. The scholars there read him; many dislike him; most condemn him. The bulk of its educated people, however, if not ignorant of, are malevolent to him from his warm disapproval of their manners and institutions. Carlyle, who has done so much to interpret the German mind to the English-speaking race, has omitted Heine from his literary consecration; is dumb in print respecting him; and Heine, therefore, is accounted little by the worshipers of the rude iconoclast. Heine also is a breaker of idols; but, as the idols he breaks are not the idols Carlyle breaks, there is no sympathy between them. We must have the same enmities to be united in spirit. In order to love another we must have hatreds in common. It may be that the critic did not regard the poet as representatively German—and he was not, by any means—or, as is more probable, he did not rightly measure his intellect and its plastic power. The critic glorified Tieck, Novalis, Richter, and others of the romantic school. The poet detested the romantic school; satirized it ruthlessly; ridiculed it to death.

Heine's position was singular, and his character eccentric to the last degree. He was a German, and he despised the Germans, though he honored Germany. Without a drop of French blood, he loved France and the French. He admired English literature, and abhorred the English. He was born a Jew, and abandoned the Jewish faith. He turned Christian, and wholly rejected Christianity. He scoffed at sentiment, and beauty melted him to tears. He sneered at generosity, and opened his heart and purse to all who needed sympathy or aid. He delighted in the world, and waged incessant battle with it. He abused women, and was chivalrously

tender to his wife and mother. He had a sting for every virtue, and compassion for every suffering. A thorough skeptic as to faith, he was a religionist in art. Irritable and morbidly sensitive through life, he bore years of absolute helplessness and supreme pain with heroic fortitude. He so defied and derided death that it seemed afraid to take him. When saints might have murmured and moaned, this brilliant sinner was cheerful and jocose, and fairly conquered Fate by omnipotence of will. Entirely without hope, he had a patience beyond hope, and, scorning resignation, he was more than resigned. Believing nothing, and expecting nothing, spiritually, he supplied the place of belief and expectation with a mystical philosophy and a sublime egotism as measureless as it was imperturbable.

It is as hard to say what he was as it is easy to say what he was not, for he was stuffed with antagonisms, and his numberless kind acts were sarcasms on the cynicism he professed. His nature embraced the remotest eras: in soul he was an early Hebrew; in spirit an ancient Greek; in mind a republican of the nineteenth century. He misunderstood himself, and misinterpreted life often; but he saw truths which better men could not see, and was one of the first to catch the deep undertone of his time. He had great vices and great virtues mysteriously blended; he was completely secular, and so intensely human that he necessarily ignored the divine. Much that he did was intolerable and inexcusable, and yet his worst behavior was relieved by exceeding goodness, which he would never have owned. He had sovereign faith in the world and the flesh; but he surrendered the devil, as he said himself, to the theologians who invented him, and could never have got on without him. Nothing, unless it were beauty, was too sacred for his satire; he loved to drag the accepted sanctities in the dust, and, when the public was shocked, to shock it anew by showing that they were not real jewels, only worthless bits of colored glass.

Heine so completely discarded Germany, though France never fully adopted him, that he may be said to have been a man without a country, which he did not need, since he considered the world as his native land, and Paris as its capital and centre. "Give me the boulevards and the Champs Elysées," was one of his speeches, "and you may do what you like with the rest of civilization." Patriotism he declared to be the weakness of stupidity, and the ass's ears of provincialism. He had a happy faculty for making enemies, and he gave his faculty constant exercise.

"Never trust a man who has friends," is his gibe; "he is certain to be a hypocrite, and will some time betray you."

He was not content to turn individuals into foes; his ambition extended to whole countries and entire creeds. He exasperated Germany until it was at a white heat of passion. He rendered Great Britain hostile by ridiculing the conservatism of its subjects, and censuring the British Constitution itself; and the person who would do that would, to their mind, be capable of selling his own children, or of mentioning with irreverence the Tropic of Capricorn. He offended the Jews by his apostasy, and outraged the Christians by leaving them, and becoming an infidel. He angered the infidels by an apparent moderation of his opinions in accepting a peculiar form of theism, indefinite to himself, and unintelligible to others. In fact, the persons and causes he did not affront and shock were too few and too insignificant to be mentioned. If he kept any friends, it was not from lack of endeavor on his part to get rid of them; for he was inclined to treat them not as if they might some time be his enemies, but as if they had already become such. His notion of liberty was so extreme that he allowed it to degenerate into licentiousness, and his passion for independence was so irregular that he permitted no sense of gratitude, no claims of affection, to interfere with it. "True independence," he avers, "never looks back; never considers anything but what belongs to itself."

Quotations from Heine, it may be here remarked, are as contradictory as himself. Their great range and inconsistency may be illustrated by saying that they would excuse and condemn every act, noble and ignoble, of his checkered career. They were the offspring of impulse, and often merely the exercise of his understanding to keep himself well in practice.

This strange and gifted character was born in Düsseldorf, January 1, 1800 (different dates of his birth are given, but this seems to be the correct one), which is a significant fact, inasmuch as he so fully embodied the spirit of the nineteenth century. He came into the world the very last year of the past age, as if he were specially designed to illustrate the varied and opposing forces of the coming century by his wayward and wandering genius. The poet refers to his birthplace in the "Reisebilder:" "I first beheld the light on the banks of that beautiful stream (the Rhine), on whose emerald hills Folly grows, and in autumn is pressed and gathered into casks and sent to foreign lands. Yesterday, I assure you, I heard a man talk folly, which, in my childhood, lay in a bunch of grapes that I saw growing on the sunny slopes of the Johannisberg. Now I am again a child, playing with other children on the Satosplatz. There was I born. I mention this lest, after my death, seven cities—Bockum, Dülken, Göttingen, Krähwinkel, Polkinitz, Schilda, and Schaffenstadt—should contend for the honor of presenting me to the world. Düsseldorf is a town on the Rhine; sixteen thousand people live there, and hundreds of thousands have died there." His father was a Hebrew merchant in ordinary circumstances, and his uncle the rich Jewish banker, Salomon Heine, distinguished for his philanthropy. His bias toward literature was early shown. When he was in his eleventh year, he wrote an encomium in verse to Napoleon Bonaparte on the occasion of the emperor's visit to his native city. The visit greatly impressed the boy-poet, who was to the last an enthusiastic admirer of the wonderful Corsican. He has told us

that the emperor rode down the avenue of the Hofgarten in his dark-green uniform and world-famous cocked-hat, sitting grandly and gracefully on his white horse, holding the rein in one hand and caressing with the other the neck of the noble beast. "It was a handsome, marble-like hand; it gently patted the horse's neck; but it had firmly bound the hydra-headed monster Anarchy, in order to allay the war of races. His face was classically beautiful, a counterpart of the Greek statues. There was a serene, assuring smile on his lips, which, as we knew, had but to whistle and Prussia would be no more, and to whistle again to make the Holy Roman Empire dance to his order. On his brow was the shadow of his mighty thoughts — the seven-mile-boot thoughts, in which his vast spirit strode invisible over the world. Any one of those thoughts would have furnished a German author with material for the remainder of his life."

So spoke Heine in his worshiping mood—a rare one with him. Such words are worth chronicling; for in nearly all that he has said there is no honey without the sting.

Heinrich was sent to the College of the Jesuits in Düsseldorf, and made rapid progress, mastering English, French, and Italian. His father, thinking he had learning enough, sent him at fifteen to Hamburg, where his uncle lived, to be educated for a merchant. The youth detested trade in every form, and did not hesitate to avow his detestation. His kinsman believed that the aversion could be overcome, and labored zealously to that end. Heinrich read a great deal, wrote verses, drank wine, and wooed the girls indiscriminately; but he resolutely closed eyes, ears, and heart, to commerce. After three or four years of bootless effort, his uncle pronounced him a blockhead and vagabond, and, on consultation with his parents, decided to send him to study law at Bonn, imagining, perhaps, that stupidity and idleness were proper qualifications. They did not prove so, however. The young man had no more liking for law than for trade. He cultivated literature and dissipation for a number of months, and then expressed a preference for Göttingen, where the university had been recently founded. He thought that he might study there, and there he went, but only to abhor the place and most of its professors. He led rather a wild life, quarreled with many men, made love to many women, and was, finally, rusticated for dueling. The town and the university stuck like a bur to his memory, and, long after, he was accustomed to speak of them with bitterness. Professor Saalfeld, who wrote violent pamphlets against Napoleon, he never forgave or forgot.

This is one of his revenges: "It is noticeable that the three greatest haters of the emperor all had wretched ends. Castlereagh cut his own throat; Louis XVIII. rotted on his miserable throne; Professor Saalfeld is still professor at Göttingen."

One of the professors, the renowned August Wilhelm Schlegel, he liked very much — they became friends notwithstanding the difference of their ages; and his taste for poetry was greatly stimulated by Schlegel's influence and counsel. But one friend was not enough to keep him at the centre of pedantry and Philistinism, as he styles it, longer than six months. Then he hurried off to Berlin, which offered him the largest literary resources, and where he remained (including considerable journeying and certain visits to other cities) a number of years—a momentous period for him. He was twenty-one—a susceptible and formative period—when he took up his abode in the capital of Prussia. The great Hegel, having succeeded Fichte at the latter's death, occupied the chair of philosophy at the university—now, no doubt, the first of all the universities—and Heine became his pupil. He had for associates Chamisso, poet and naturalist, author of "Peter Schlehmil;" Elise von Hohenhausen, translator of Byron; Varnhagen von Ense, the soldier-historian; Rahel Levin, his wife, the brilliant conversationalist; Lamotte-Fouqué, creator of "Undine;" Bopp, the Orientalist, the virtual founder of comparative philology; Grabbe, the dramatist; Henrietta Herz, the wit and beauty; and others who, at that time, formed the literary centre of the city.

Such surroundings could not be other than favorable to his mental development, and in less than two years he published his first collection of poems—"Gedichte"—afterward appearing in his "Book of Songs" as "Youthful Sorrows." Prominent critics spoke highly of them, and Heinrich Stieglitz, then at the acme of his brief reputation, predicted the author's future greatness; but they got no general recognition, sorely to his disappointment, for he was persuaded of his genius, and had been from his fifteenth year. He compared himself with Byron—then alive—in respect to the reception of his first published poems, and declared that he would yet write *his* "Childe Harold," and compel the admiration of the world. The Englishman's works exercised a strong influence on the young German, but mainly through sympathy. He found in them, as so many intense, radical, liberal young men have, his own thoughts and feelings forcibly and musically expressed. Their temperaments were a good deal alike; naturally, they often struck the same keys, and produced the same notes. But there was no imitation on the part of Heine; he was as original as Byron; the muse of both was in their own brain and heart.

The burden of the "Gedichte" was somewhat Wertherian. It was the boyish disappointment in love for his cousin, Evelina van Geldern; and the continual recurrence of the theme, without monotony, shows his skill in numbers. He was then in the romantic chrysalis; he was, in truth, a gifted member of the romantic school which, subsequently, he so reviled and wellnigh demolished, both in his own land and in France. Disappointment, misunderstanding, clashing of the ideal with the actual, and lastly disease, drove the romance to a large extent out of his mind, but not out of his heart. A boy in love with his cousin is the essence of juvenile sentimentalism; and a man in love with his cousin is usually a confession of unattainable maturity. Later, Heine would

have been one of the first to excoriate such mewling passion. He retained the verses, and wisely; for they were excellent in art, however callow as to inspiration.

Berlin took all the nonsense out of Heine, and a good deal more. It so rudely pulled up many of his sensibilities by the roots that his faith and much of his affection and sympathy were torn up with them. There his disposition to satire and *insouciance* was clinched, and his prodigious audacity confirmed. All the fresh hue of his early life faded, and his constitutional irritability crystallized into sardonic humor. The lack of appreciation of his poems rankled in his breast; he could not forget it; it soured such sweetness as his youth had retained. He resolved to relinquish literature and pursue law. He returned to Göttingen, studied hard, and took his degree when he was twenty-five. About the same time he abjured Judaism, and is reported—there are different stories about this—to have been received into the Lutheran Church at Heiligenstadt. Whether he was or not, it made no change in his belief. All his life long, as has been said, he resembled the Israelite Sheridan speaks of, who, having left his creed without adopting any other, rested like the blank leaves between the Old and New Testament. Heine was a born pagan without the pagan's superstition; he had no theology whatever; he did not want nor need any. All faiths were alike to him, and all equally false. He was religious in his irreligiousness. His belief in total disbelief was positive. He felt assured in his own mind that all theologies were the invention of man, and that they were invented for the purpose of fettering mankind, who were better and freer without any such trammels. He had faith in morals, humanity, and the world; these were all-sufficient, as he conceived, for the advancement and happiness of the race. But religious systems, as such, were as external to him, and as unnatural, as Buddhism is, or would be, to a newly-converted Baptist.

Strange as this may seem to some persons, it was exactly so; Heine, in his complete no-faith, as the Germans would put it, was absolutely and invincibly sincere. In his later years he was suspected of having abandoned infidelity; and there was some reason for the suspicion, since he had the Bible read to him, and took great pleasure in it. But the pleasure was purely literary, and his love of paradox and mystification, as seen in his works, he preserved in his conversation, and thereby induced some of his friends to think he had become evangelical. But they who knew him best hold the very opposite, and their opinion is borne out by multiplied evidence in his writings and in his life, even to the very last, both of which prove that he had no actual belief in God, except in the broadest pantheistic sense.

After receiving his degree, Heine went to Hamburg, and set up law-practice; but he had only moderate success, for his mind was not, and never could be, in it. His rich uncle, who now saw that literature was his nephew's vocation, gave his consent to his pursuing it, and assisted him handsomely. At this time—he was twenty-six—he published the first part ("Harzreise") of his "Travel-Pictures" ("Reisebilder"), which did not attract any particular attention, and excited new rage in him at what he termed the superlative stupidity of the public. In a year and a half he went to Munich to edit with Dr. Linder the *Politische Annalen*, hoping to be better appreciated there. But as the Roman Catholic city of Southern Germany evinced no more fondness for his productions than the Protestant cities of Northern Germany, he determined to make a journey through Italy and England. He made it, and was delighted with the former picturesque country. Returning, he issued the second and third volumes of the "Reisebilder" (the fourth was issued some time after), and they had immediate success. He had made his assertion good; they proved to be his "Childe Harold." Henceforth he had no cause to complain. Germany accepted him at something like his own estimate. His work was prose and poetry combined, embracing graphic and striking impressions of his travel, and his reflections thereon, eloquent, charming, often pathetic, but mingled with the caustic irony and biting satire that are inseparable from his compositions. Very few books have had a more cordial and enthusiastic reception in Germany. Three months after the volumes had been issued, Heinrich Heine's name was known from the Pregel to the Rhine, and mentioned with the highest praise. This was a great consolation to him, especially after the deep wound to his pride caused by the almost total neglect of two dramas published not long before. They were "Almansor" and "Radcliff," and were really of mediocre merit, and had no dramatic interest. Their author had cherished great hopes of them; but he came to regard them as the public had regarded them—a rare thing with him concerning literature or anything else—and made no further attempts upon the theatre.

On the grand wave of general favor he was carried back to Berlin, anxious to triumph where he had appeared to fail. His self-love was abundantly gratified; but his success rendered him more haughty and insolent than usual to his social superiors, and the number of his dissensions was increased. It was there that he had his notorious quarrel with Platen, who had provoked him by a sharp satire. Heine's retort was the quintessence of wormwood; it was terrible, withering, annihilating. It showed the immense power of his sarcasm, his genius for stabbing with poisoned stilettos. Though Platen was the original offender, it is hard to avoid pitying him—long since dead—even now, when we read over that savage castigation. Heine, seeing that his time had come, made another collection of his poems, adding thereto those which had appeared in his first volume, but carefully pruning them of much that had given umbrage, and published the whole with the title, "The Book f Songs" ("Das Buch der Lieder"). They were eagerly and widely read, particularly by the students of the universities, and all who regarded themselves as the representatives of Young Germany. They were learned by heart, and sung

through the nation. The "Youthful Sorrows," which had met with so cold a reception at their first appearance, were now passionately admired; furnishing another of the many instances in literature that success is essential to success.

"The Book of Songs" even exceeded his "Travel-Pictures" in popularity; it pleased all sorts of people, despite its radicalism, its scoffing and skeptical spirit. It was essentially true to life, and the treatment was almost faultless. It had the perfume of true poetry; it is believed by many to be his best work. In simplicity and suggestiveness the production was Greek. Behind an airy lightness was the deepest import; a delicate touch undulated down to the heart of Nature. The most conventional people were won by its sweetness and charm; haughty aristocrats, believers in the divine right of titled tyrants, much as they hated the sentiments of the young republican, were moved by the grace and sensuousness of his verse. They detested him as a man, and loved him as a poet. Many hailed him as the legitimate successor of the great Goethe, who had so long ruled Germany from an intellectual throne he was so soon to quit. Indeed, his songs have never been equaled in that country by any one but the universally-acknowledged head of its literature; and often it is hard to tell to which of the two superiority should be awarded. Heine's powers were limited; he was essentially a lyric poet. But in this respect, and in respect to form, he has been surpassed by no German except Goethe, if even by him. His prose is beautiful, which can be said of very little German prose — generally careless of structure and finish—and has frequently been ranked even above that of the Many-sided One.

Goethe did not quite approve Heine, who was too full of unrest, of politics, of cynicism, to suit his calm, objective mind. He thought his chief fault was deficiency of love, though the younger writer might have retorted on the older in kind. He did not, however; he enthusiastically admired the author of "Faust." "Nature," he says, "wanting to see how she looked, created Goethe." "That personal accordance with genius," he says again, "which we always desire to see in illustrious men, was found in perfection in Goethe. His external appearance was just as imposing as the word which lives in his works. His form was symmetrical, noble, expressive of joy; one might study Greek art upon it, as upon an antique. His eyes were calm as a god's; they continued to the last as divine as they were in youth."

Up to 1830 Heine had not mentally revolted against Germany; the tone of his writings was not inconsistent with the tone of a loyal subject. But the French Revolution of that year awakened him, as it did so many young men of Europe, to a sense of oppression, and threw him into the ranks of the opposition. He published in Hamburg a fiercely sarcastic pamphlet, entitled "Kahldorf on the Nobility, in Letters addressed to Count de Moltke," which created a political stir, drew official attention to him, and, with his energetically avowed liberalism, impelled him to leave Prussia for France (1831), and make his residence in Paris. The exact cause of his self-exile is not known, although there is little doubt that he was obliged to choose between that and imprisonment. In his "Confessions" ("Geständnisse") he humorously suggests his reason for crossing the Rhine: "I knew in Berlin an old counselor who had passed many years in the citadel of Spandau, and who told me how disagreeable it was to wear irons during winter. It struck me as unchristian not to have warmed the irons. I inquired of the counselor if he had many oysters to eat. He said he had not; that Spandau was too far from the sea; that meat, moreover, was very scarce there, and that the only game was the flies which fell into the soup."

Heine loved Paris dearly, and, with the exception of brief visits to the Fatherland, staid there till his death. Its sensuous life, its atmosphere of art, its quickness of mind, its brilliant persiflage, its social and moral freedom, delighted him; it was the next best thing, he said, after the Athens of Pericles. "When God is weary," is one of his utterances, "he opens the windows of heaven and looks down on the boulevards of Paris." He began writing, after going there, a series of letters on the state of France, to the *Augsburg Gazette*, which he continued for several years. They were eagerly read, and subsequently reproduced in a volume, "Französische Zustände." They were, as may be supposed, strong and sparkling, deeply veined with irony, and abounding in predictions, some of which were remarkably verified. His portraits of certain prominent politicians brought upon him the not undeserved charge of ingratitude.

He evinced his capacity as a critic in "History of Modern Literature in Germany," "The Salon," and "The Romantic School," which he published in French—so written by himself, it has been asserted, although Parisian authorities aver, not truly, however, that he could not write French, and that all his editions in that language were done by Gérard de Nerval, Saint-Rène, Taillandier, and others. The latter work —printed in German also—was savage in its assaults, not on the romanticists alone, but on the philosophers and authors of his country generally. In sweeping condemnation, it was near akin to Byron's "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers." In it he laid about him on every side with supreme bitterness and deliberate malice, not even sparing his former master and friend, August Schlegel, whom he had lauded not long before as one of the heroes of German literature. The book excited a cyclone of wrath throughout the length and breadth of Germany: radicals and conservatives, the unbelievers and the orthodox, the scholars and the nobles, howled at it in a common key; the Teutonic people had not for years been so united on any one thing as on that production. Its author was obviously bent on exhibiting his talent for abuse, at the expense of truth, especially of contemporaneous writers, whom he hanged, drew, and quartered, and then hacked to fragments. His blows were mainly directed at Old Germany,

but he pounded Young Germany, too, with vehemence.

His next achievement—and a very disreputable one it was—was his virulent attack on Ludwig Börne, like himself a caustic writer, of Hebrew extraction, a convert to Christianity, and a German exile in Paris. The two had had a controversy concerning politics—they had both advocated liberalism and Young Germany—and Börne had denounced Heine as an apostate. But, when the latter printed his pamphlet, the former had recently died; so that his antagonist may be said to have torn open his grave to lacerate his remains. The fact was, that, when Heine took up a pen, the demon of evil controlled him, and all the gall in his nature ran to his ink. Composition inspired him with acerbity: he wrote what he did not believe, what was brutal to think, and often inhuman to express. All sense of justice and decency was absorbed in his mania for detraction. His paramount feeling was to wound. He would poniard with his pen the very man whom, had he been needy, he would have helped with his sympathy, his advice, and his purse. He was generous in act, and malevolent in manuscript.

Toward the dead Börne he went so far as to insinuate that he had had a *liaison* with a Madame Wohl, and the lady's husband challenged him therefor. There was no foundation, it was believed, for the charge; but, whether there was or not, he ought to have been killed for making it; and he was only wounded. Nothing that he had ever done alienated so many of his friends—he usually had some, albeit he did not retain them long—or so injured his reputation. There was basis for Börne's accusations. Heine was sincere in his liberalism; but it was not so deep nor so genuine as he himself believed. Not a little of it was founded on pique and social neglect; it was more a theory, a prejudice, than a vital faith. He had lived in Germany, where the nobility, having little culture and almost exclusively military notions, looked down upon a man of commercial antecedents and literary pursuits. Their views of things were material, his intellectual: they had no ideals, nor did they know what ideals mean. They were arrogant through their narrowness, and insolent by habit. He thought them contemptible; they did not think of him at all, and there was the incurable wound.

In Germany the caste-feeling is—or was in his day—very strong without any plausible reason for its existence. Men devoid of wealth or fortuitous reputation, ancestral lustre or personal dignity, claimed superiority because they bore certain titles founded on injustice and tradition, or because they held commissions in the army, and sacrificed good soldiers by their blunders. "To be a butcher and inordinately stupid," said the mordant poet, "is in my country the sole patent of nobility." On this account he was glad to see Germany invaded by the French, and her military pride humiliated. He believed that nothing less than the sword could cure her of her besottedness (*Bethörung*). He was a German, but a Jew; he sympathized with France because she had given the rights of citizenship to his race, and because her dominion in the Rhine provinces, where he had passed his youth, was approved and welcome. He held that she was the only nation of Europe really accessible to ideas, and to these he extended a ceaseless and joyous hospitality. Not to accept ideas, not to comprehend the spirit of the time nor to care for it, not to be conscious of the presence of the ninteenth century, was to be a Philistine—Philistinism was the curse of his country, and against Philistinism he battled all his life.

He loved, or thought he loved, equality, and therefore he disliked England as much for its class-conditions as for its Philistinism. During his visit there he told the verger of Westminster that he was glad to pay eighteen pence to see the abbey, for it proved that the great were mortal; but he would pay twice the fee if the collection were complete. "So long," he continued, "as all the aristocrats are not buried, so long does the contest between Birth and the People hang in doubt. The mass of the English are dolts; I hate them from my inmost soul. They seem not to be my fellow-mortals, but wretched automata, miserable machines driven by egotism. I imagine I hear the wheel-work that regulates their thinking, feeling, digesting, and praying. Their utterly stupid, wearisome Sunday is, above all, odious to me. I am fully persuaded that a blaspheming Frenchman is a spectacle more pleasing to the Deity than a praying Englishman."

"I might settle in England," he wrote after leaving Germany, "if I should not find there coal-smoke and Englishmen. What I can't endure in them is their genuine British narrowness" (*echtbritische Beschränktheit*).

Heine was not consistent in anything; he was a humorist, not a philosopher; his emotions tyrannized over him; his caprices swept him away. In the midst of all his theories of socialism he had a dread of the common people through his love of art, his passion for beauty, his sensuous, æsthetic Greek nature; fearing that they would be indifferent to, and destroy, if they should once get the upper hand, all the fair and graceful things he revered. He could not reconcile his radicalism and his interest in humanity with his luxurious taste and worship of the beautiful, and the two elements are ever clashing in his speech and writings. He is sensible of the antagonism; he sometimes boldly avows his dislike of the masses, as in these verses:[1]

> "Alas for the moth that has burnt his wings,
> And sunk to the dust of creeping things!
> In foreign dust with creatures to crawl
> That smell so strong, though they be so small.
>
> "The vermin-comrades that I must swallow,
> Because in the self-same mire I wallow;
> As Virgil's scholar of old knew well
> The poet of exile, the poet of hell.
>
> "I would to God I had never met
> That water-fly, that blue coquette,
> With her winning ways and wanton *taille*,
> The fair, the fair, the false *canaille!*"

[1] The translation of the verses quoted in this paper has been done by Wallis, Fane, and others. Heine's poems are hardly translatable on account of their peculiar and idiomatic quality.

At the age of forty-one the Aristophanes of Germany, as he has been named, married a Frenchwoman, of whom he speaks in his prose and verse as the sweet, the bewitching, the darling Mathilde; notwithstanding which public endearments, he did not mistreat her. He was not the kind of a man for a husband; but he seems to have been a very good one as husbands go, although little is known of his wedded life. His views of women are not connubial. He was very fond of them—too fond, perhaps—but it was from their emotional, affectional, passional side. He had no sympathy with their domesticity, their sense of duty, their conscientiousness. To his mind they were charming creatures to be temporarily adored and put into poetry, not permanent companions and helpers to be dragged through the prose of every-day life. "Never offend any woman," he says; "she may be your wife some day, and think then of her opportunities for retaliation!"

"Marriage is a comedy to those who observe it, but a tragedy to those that enact the part."

"Women are like cats. While they are purring in your arms, look out for their claws!"

"The greatest affront, in a woman's eyes, is a neglected opportunity."

"The whole catalogue of virtues in a man never appeals to a woman half so strongly as one irredeemable vice."

"All women are waiting impatiently in paradise for the coming of the Evil-One."

"God rewards good women with marriage, and punishes bad men by the same means."

"A woman is never so apt to tell the truth as when she thinks it a falsehood."

"Love is cunning; but he is easily lost in the purse of Plutus."

"The prayer at the altar is sadder than the prayer at the grave."

"When Nature instituted marriage, it was in revenge for what Love had refused to grant."

"Women may be weak; but they know how to make men weaker."

"There is a Lamia in every woman's heart, and woe to him who awakes it!"

"Women are delightful; but in the midst of our delights we shudder when we remember that they are women."

During his residence in Paris, a period of fifteen years, he wrote steadily both prose and verse; his torturing illness in no wise arresting his prolific pen. Among his works were "Shakespeare's Maids and Matrons," "New Poems," "Ballad on the Battle of Hastings," "Alta Troll," "Doctor Faust," "Miscellaneous Writings," and "Confessions of a Poet of New Germany," in French, which appeared in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. In the first he mentions Shakespeare as both Greek and Hebrew, and the complete combination of his spiritual and artistic faculties as the cause of his wonderful development. Heine was also both Greek and Hebrew; but those faculties were ever at war in himself, as his temperament and surroundings so frequently were. His "New Poems" contained many pieces that do not suffer in comparison with his charming songs; and that is high praise. "Alta Troll" is a satire of the highest order. Under the figure of a bear, he ridicules remorselessly the whims and peculiarities of his countrymen; and in fact in everything that emanated from his pen beauty and bitterness, sweetness and sarcasm, sensuousness and cynicism, are strangely and grotesquely grouped together.

When he crossed the Jordan for the New Jerusalem, as he calls crossing the Rhine for Paris, he surrendered all hope of liberating the German mind from its mediæval bondage. What would he say, or rather what would he not say, were he to return to the flesh and behold the new empire with William I. and Otto von Bismarck at its head? He paid his last visit to the Fatherland in 1843 to see his mother, who survived her devoted son three years. But he exercised a great influence on Young Germany until 1848, when the overthrow of Louis Philippe and the ransacking of his palaces disclosed the fact that Heine had been for twelve years in receipt of an annual pension of five thousand francs from the French Government. This shook the faith of Young Germany, and Old Germany declared that the pension explained the poet's reaction; that he had been the paid agent of the Orleans dynasty, and that his withdrawal from society (really the result of his disease) had been caused by his mortification at the exposure. The Julian of Poetry, as somebody has christened him, had criticised France none the less freely on account of the pension, which had actually been granted him through the influence of Adolphe Thiers, then Minister of Foreign Affairs, whom the brilliant Hamburger had delighted with his wit. He did not hesitate to take the money, for he was sincerely on the Orleans side, and the pension enabled him to defend at ease the cause he approved and the men he liked. There was nothing in the discovery to discredit him: he had faults enough, Heaven knows, without being saddled with those that did not belong to him.

Heine was rather under the medium height, and, before he lost his health, inclined to stoutness. His features were large, his hair and whiskers dark, and his gray eye so bright, expressive, and variable, that it often looked black. He had an extraordinary command of speech, talking very much as he wrote, and frequently breaking into irony and mockery that withered whatever it touched. His face was always questioning, with a deep shade of melancholy, and a smile half sad, half satirical, habitually played about his sensuous lips.

In his forty-eighth year Heine was attacked with a spinal complaint, which tortured him for eight years almost without intermission before death came to his relief. All that time he lay on a pile of mattresses—he called them his mattress-grave (*Matratzengrab*)—unable to move, exhausted by want of sleep, racked with pain, often rising to agony. His bitterest enemy would have pitied him; but pity was the last thing he wanted, or would have. His long, dark beard streamed over the counterpane; he was reduced

to a skeleton; he could be carried about like a child; his face was fearfully shrunken and ghastly pale; he was nearly blind, being compelled from muscular debility to lift with his finger the lid of the only eye he could use, before he could see anything. But he never complained; on the contrary, he was always cheerful, jocular, and welcomed all who visited him with more than his old-time kindliness and gayety. Wrapped in darkness, he thought and dictated things fully as brilliant as he had ever written, and jested constantly without the least assumption of stoicism. He naturally and necessarily longed for death; but the longing was confined to his verse, which had all the clearness, exactness, and finish, of his earlier work. There is hardly an example of such suffering sustained with such merry fortitude, and of literary activity prosecuted to the very end. Some of his final poems are wonderfully weird, shudderingly beautiful, reminding one of the later strains of Poe and Baudelaire. Here is one:

"I saw them sail, I heard them prattle,
I watched them pass away;
Their tears, life-struggle, and death-rattle,
Scarcely disturbed my day.

"I followed coffin after coffin
In different moods of mind,
Sometimes regretting, sometimes scoffing—
And then went home and dined.

"Now sudden, passionate remembrance
Flames up within my heart:
The dead are dead; but from their semblance
I cannot bear to part.

"And must one tearful recollection
Beset me, till it grows
Far wilder than the old affection
From whose decay it rose?

"A colorless, a ghastly blossom,
She haunts my fevered nights,
And seems to ask my panting bosom
For posthumous delights.

"Dear phantom, closer, closer press me!
Let dead and dying meet;
Hold by me, utterly possess me,
And make extinction sweet!"

This is from his "Book of Lazarus" (written during his distressing disease), the title taken from the "Lazarus-clapper," a kind of rattle by which in the middle ages the lepers announced their coming, that people might flee in time to avoid contagion. The eldrich author narrates that, in the fifteenth century, through all Germany were piped and sung certain songs sweeter than had ever been known, and that young and old, particularly the women, went mad over them. Those wonderful songs had been written by a poor clerk of Limburg afflicted with leprosy, who lived apart from the world, a wretched being shunned by all. "Often in the gloomy visions of my nights," says the poet, "I fancy I see before me the poor clerk, my brother in Apollo, and his sad, suffering eyes staring wildly at me from beneath his hood. But, at the same moment, he seems to vanish, and, shrilling through the distance like the echo of a dream, I hear the doleful tones of the Lazarus-clapper."

This piece, so gleefully terrible, is from the same source, and eminently Heinesque:

"Three hags on a seat
Where the cross-roads meet:
They mumble and grin,
They sigh, and they spin;
Great ladies they be,
Though frightful to see.

"One moistens the thread
In her pendulous mouth,
And the distaff is fed,
Though her lip has the drought.

"One dances the spindle
In fanciful ways,
Till the sparks from it kindle
Her eyes to a blaze.

"The third holds the shears
The discussion to close;
While, with voice hard and dreary,
She sings 'Miserere,'
And the rheum of her tears
Makes warts on her nose.

"Sweet Fate, prithee answer
My love with your knife—
And cut out this cancer
Of damnable life!"

The grand egotism of the Teutonic Voltaire, improperly so styled, never left him; no amount of pain could drive it out of him. Hear him: "The great Author of the Universe, the Aristophanes of Heaven, has resolved that the little author on earth, the so-styled Aristophanes of Germany, shall feel to his inmost soul what insignificant needle-pricks his most brilliant sarcasms have been, compared with the awful thunder-bolts which his divine humor can hurl against weak mortals."

His raillery and vivacity could not be dimmed by any amount of suffering. One day, when his nurse was carrying him in her arms from the bed to a sofa, a friend entered to inquire after his health. "I am not so very ill, my dear fellow; for, as you see, I am always fondled by women."

He read all the medical works that bore on his disease, though he remarked to an acquaintance who had found him so occupied, "I can't imagine what good my reading is to do me, unless it enable me to give lectures in heaven on the ignorance of physicians on earth concerning affections of the spine."

To some one asking him about his nerves in 1855, the year of the Great Exhibition in Paris, he answered, "They are so magnificently miserable, that I feel assured that they will get the first medal for miserableness at the Exposition!"

"Can you whistle (*siffler*, as is well known, means both to whistle and to hiss)?" asked his French physician only a few minutes before the poor patient died. "Alas, no!" was whispered back; "not even a comedy of Eugène Scribe." Scribe, it will be remembered, was in high favor with the French Philistines, and the poet's reply shows that he waged war with the race of Philistines, literally, to his latest breath.

Poor Heine died February 17, 1856, in his fifty-seventh year; cruel Fortune seeming to have emptied all her quiver on him, without extracting from

him a single groan. Among the few who attended his funeral were Mignet, Thiers, Théophile Gautier, and the elder Dumas. He was buried in Montmartre (his monument is very simple, with little more than his name), all religious ceremonies being dispensed with, as he had specially directed. He ordered that his remains should never be removed to Germany; that they should rest south of the river (the Rhine) which, in his phrase, divides the consecrated country of freedom from the land of the Philistines.

Heine wished that a sword might be laid on his coffin, for "I have been," he says, "a brave soldier in the war for the liberation of humanity." To a certain extent he was such; many persons regarding him as the continuator of Goethe's mind-emancipating work, and the veritable introducer of the modern spirit into literature. Brave he unquestionably was, but not always a true soldier, nor was he a skilled politician. He was a better wit and poet than either, and in such capacity will be remembered. His whole career, which might be named the history of a human enigma—explicable, like all enigmas, to the thoughtful—may be indicated in his own verse:

"What lovely blossoms on each side
Of my youth's journey shone neglected,
Left by my indolence or pride
To waste unheeded or respected!

"Now when I scent the coming grave,
Here, where I linger sick to death,
There flowers ironically wave,
And breathe a cruel, luscious breath.

"One violet burns with purple fire,
And sends its perfume to my brain;
To think I had but to desire,
And on my breast the prize had lain!

"O Lethe, Lethe! thanks to Heaven,
That your black waves forever flow!
Thou best of balsams, freely given
To all our folly and our woe."

LAKE-TRAVEL BY DOG-SLEDGE.

I.

A MEMORY which refuses to associate with ordinary remembrances, and has an odd preference for the company of sportive and incongruous dreams, is that of a certain consular gentleman, of extremely pedantic bearing, careering wildly over a frozen Northern prairie in a dog-sledge. He was the proprietor and determined wearer of the only silk hat within a radius of four hundred miles, and still adhered to the use of a shawl as an outer covering long years after it had ceased to be employed as an article of wear. Added to this was an irreproachable suit of black broadcloth, the like of which was not to be encountered within the same radius, and a pair of tight boots, that would have frozen the feet of a half-breed runner. In this civilized apparel he was essaying his first ride in a dog-sledge, and a more incongruous spectacle it has never been my lot to behold.

Seated in a cariole resembling in shape a heelless shoe, the unfortunate gentleman was whirling over the drifted plain in rapid but tortuous course. Having, in the confidence of perfect ignorance, refused the proffered services of a driver, lest he should excite ridicule by being guarded and guided like an infant in a baby-cab, he was now reaping the fruits of his rashness in a series of the most remarkable gyrations of which the human body is capable. The dogs being unacquainted with the language of their freight, and evidently animated by the spirit of evil, wandered at their own sweet will over the snow-covered plain; their will generally prompting them to plunge headlong into every drift, or to skirt the steep sides of the long ridges. Under these depressing circumstances, it behooved the neophyte to use his utmost endeavor to retain an upright position, in order to avoid a sledge-ride in which his own body would be used as the runners, and the cariole assume the place of passenger. Being limited by the construction of the sledge to the use of his hands alone, hitherto employed in holding his shawl, he was forced to drop that favorite covering in order that, by swaying rapidly from side to side and plunging his hands in the snow, he might right the sledge. This continuous seesaw, and the crowning incongruity of the silk hat, gave him at length the appearance of a jumping-jack, or "the gentleman in black," as he starts suddenly from the box and swings pendulous from side to side. His frantic shouts of "Whoa!" availed nothing; the dogs, having been sent out to give their passenger a ride, were evidently bent upon doing it, and wandered vaguely about on the drifting snow. At length, a more than usually vertical drift being reached, the tired arms gave out, and the cariole, left without support, poised a moment in mid-air, then turned over, leaving the recumbent *voyageur* with his legs still fastened to the sledge, but with arms thrust deep into the snow and head calmly pillowed in the depths of his hat. From this position he was powerless to move, except at the will of the dogs, who had now faced about in their harness, and seated themselves to gaze imperturbably upon the wreck. The spectacle of this representative of a higher civilization, lying stranded upon a thin board in a limitless ocean of snow, proved too much for half-breed courtesy; and there he lay until the owner of the cariole had sufficiently recovered from successive convulsions of laughter to run to his assistance.

A determination to avoid a like experience led the writer, some time afterward, before undertaking a winter's journey across the frozen expanse of Lake Winnipeg, to pursue a little judicious training, surreptitiously undergone upon an unfrequented by-road, before even attempting to decide upon the merits of the various teams presented for that service.

II.

To begin my journey, I purchased a board about nine feet long and sixteen inches wide, which was duly steamed and turned up at one end. To it wooden bows were fastened, while over it was stretched a stout covering of raw-hide. This accomplished, the board resembled the front of a slipper. To complete the likeness, a heel-top was made by attaching an upright back about two feet from the rear end, and extending the raw-hide covering to it. Then the shoe was submitted to an Indian friend, who decorated its outer surface with mystical emblems in red and yellow pigments, covering the whole with a coating of oil. When the motive power was furnished, the ship would be ready to sail.

The selection of the propelling force was more difficult of accomplishment. Dogs of high and low degree were brought for inspection; for dogs in the North have but one occupation—to haul. From the Esquimaux down through all the stages of canine life to the Indian mongrel, all are alike doomed to labor before a sledge of some kind during the winter months; all are destined to howl under the beatings of a brutal driver; to tug wildly at the moose-skin collar; to haul until they can haul no longer, and then to die. When I look back at the long line of seared and whip-marked heads, whose owners were put through their best paces in demonstration of their perfect fitness for the work, what a host of sadly-resigned faces rises up before me! There were heads lacking an ear, an eye; heads bearing the marks of blows with sticks, whips, the heels of boots; heads that had been held down and beaten out of all semblance of life; and heads yet all bleeding and torn with the brutal lashings thought necessary to impart an air of liveliness before a probable purchaser! The same retrospect brings up the hybrid drivers of those dogs, upon the majority of whose countenances a painful indifference to suffering and an inherent brutality were plainly visible — dusky, athletic fellows, whose only method of dealing with the poor dog, who gave up everything in life for him, was by blows and fierce invective.

For a time all teams submitted for inspection seemed wanting in some essential quality. At length, however, my prospective driver informed me of a half-breed acquaintance who was the possessor of a team which he thought would answer the purpose. His mongrel friend resided sixty miles away; but distance and time go for naught in the North—in fact, are about the only possessions with which the inhabitants are plentifully endowed; so we compassed the space and purchased the dogs. There were four of them—long-haired, clean-legged, fox-headed animals, with more the appearance of wolves than of dogs. With them came four sets of harness, each set having a tinkling row of bells in its back-band, which, being of different tones, rang a merry chime as their wearers trotted briskly along. This completed the passenger accommodation; now for the baggage-van.

Another board, ten feet in length and fourteen inches wide, was purchased, steamed, and turned up at one end. But, instead of the raw-hide covering, shoe-latchets were inserted in the outer edges of the board, which would tie down tightly to its surface the load of provision, bedding, and camp-equipage, necessary for the journey. For this sledge the motive power was selected less critically; strength was the requisite, not symmetry; so dogs of strong sinew and large bone were chosen, regardless of looks. For provision, we had pemmican—the pounded dried meat of the buffalo mingled with fat—and black tea; the dogs had frozen white-fish.

My driver was a heathen Cree. He was, moreover, a linguist, speaking several aboriginal dialects and a kind of mongrel French. Five golden sovereigns constituted the bond of union between us. He was a lank, muscular man, the bones of whose huge frame stood out conspicuous at the joints and angles, and the muscles showed distinctly in his gaunt meagreness. He had yellow paint on his face, and was arrayed in rather bewildering apparel. His headgear was the luxuriant *chevelure* with which Nature had endowed him. On his feet he wore moccasins; on his limbs he wore leggins, which extended only a certain way above the knee, leaving that Providence which "tempers the wind to the shorn lamb" a dreary waste of yellow-mottled skin upon which to experiment; on his body he wore a cotton shirt perennially innocent of soap. Attached to this shirt, and stretched straight and taut across the pit of his stomach, he wore a brass watch-chain. Over all, like the mantle of Charity, was strapped a green blanket. Thus attired, he resembled a settled melancholy, or a god of bile from a dyspeptic's *inferno*. Nevertheless, he could travel from forty to sixty miles a day, running alongside the sledge.

III.

It was the 10th of December when we left Fort Garry, bound down the Red River of the North, across the frozen length of Lake Winnipeg, to Norway House, at its northern extremity. There started with us the four dog-trains and two drivers which constitute the Great Northern Packet of the Hudson's Bay Company, and which, with its connecting links, scatters news over all that vast region lying between the forty-ninth and sixty-seventh parallels of latitude, in North America, and reaching east and west from Labrador to Alaska. Our route being the same, we joined company with the hybrid Mercuries, and began our journey amid much cracking of whips, howling of dogs, and profanity discreetly veiled by delivery in the heathen tongues.

To the novice the spectacle presented by a number of gayly-accoutred dog-trains gliding merrily by is a cheerful one. The tiny bells keeping time to the foot-falls of the shaggy train; the cariole fantastically decorated in bright, warm colors; the passenger cozily wrapped in furs and woolens of shades suggestive of warmth and comfort; the active driver trotting unweariedly alongside, until the sledge with all its belongings becomes a mere speck of black upon the limitless expanse of snow—all conspire to commend dog-sledging to the transient spectator as

the ideal of winter travel, the veritable poetry of motion. The swan-like motion of the sledge as its thin bottom yields in graceful curves and undulations to adapt itself to inequalities of surface beneath it is strangely suggestive of the progress of a canoe over waters faintly ruffled by a passing breeze. To lie in such a cradle, and be gently rocked over a varying landscape hour after hour, would seem an idyllic life in which satiety could never come. But, suppose the cold to be of that intensity which it is neither possible to picture nor describe; of that degree in which, after having spoken of the whip-handle which burns the hand that touches it, the tea that freezes while it is being drunk; in which an instant's exposure of the face leaves the cheek or the classical nose upon which one prides himself white and rigid as a piece of marble; in which the traveler, with head bowed to meet the crushing blast, goes wearily on, as silent as the river and forests through which he rides, and from whose rigid bosom no sound ever comes, no ripple ever breaks, no bird, no beast, no human face appears—a cold of which, having said all this, there is a sense of utter inability to convey any adequate idea, except that it means sure and certain death, with calm and peaceful face turned up to the sky, and form hard and unimpressible as if carved from granite, within a period whose duration would expire in the few hours of a winter's daylight if there were no fire or means of making it upon the track.

Suppose, too, that the gently-undulating motion of the sledge, in accommodating itself to the inequalities of the frozen surface, which seemed so suggestive of a canoe floating cork-like upon rippling water, felt, now that one is seated in the sledge, like being dragged over a gravel-walk upon a sheet; or that the track has been completely snowed up, and the wretched dogs are unequal to the emergency. Mistatim, the leader, is willing, but young, thin, and weak; the middle one, Shoathinga, is aged and asthmatic; and the shafter, Kuskitaostiquarn, lame and lethargic. From morning till night the air resounds with howling and the cries of the drivers anathematizing Shoathinga and Kuskitaostiquarn. The sledges constantly upset from running against a stump or slipping over a hillside; and, when one hauls and strains to right them, the dogs lie quietly down, looking round at him, and not offering to pull an ounce to help. When the driver, aggravated beyond endurance, rushes up, stick in hand, and bent on punishment, they make frantic exertions, which only render matters worse, resuming their quiescent attitude the moment he returns again to haul at the sleigh; and all this time, perhaps, the unfortunate passenger lies, bound and helpless, half buried in the snow. Under these conditions the scene changes, and the envious spectator of the poetry of motion retires with more sympathy for those old *voyageurs* of the fur-trade who used to pay stipulated sums to the happy inventors of new and strange oaths.

IV.

THE fall of snow on land being insufficient for sledding-purposes, we followed the frozen channel of the river as a track, the six trains gliding smoothly over the first stage of their journey. Harnessed in tandem fashion, one after another, the twenty-four dogs and accompanying sledges formed a long line, and presented a gallant spectacle. Four dogs to each sled form a complete train as used in the Northern country, and are harnessed to the cariole by means of two long traces. Between these traces the dogs stand one after the other, with a space intervening between them of perhaps a foot. A round collar, passing over the head and ears and fitting closely to the shoulder, buckles on each side to the traces, which are supported by a back-band of leather. This back-band is generally covered with tiny bells, the collar being hung with those of larger size, and decorated with party-colored ribbons or fox-tails. In no single article of property, perhaps, is greater pride taken than in a train of dogs turned out in good style; and the undue amount of beads, bells, and ribbons, frequently employed to bedizen the poor brutes, produces the most comical effect when placed upon some terror-stricken dog, who, when first put into harness, usually looks the picture of fear.

The dogs composing our teams, however, were all accustomed to the work, and bore their honors bravely. Fresh from a long rest, they trotted gayly along, affording their drivers but little pretext for blows or imprecation in the breath-taking pace they attained. True, the gaunt Cree dealt Whiskey a merciless flick, from time to time, and urged upon Brandy the necessity of minding his eye; but I fancy it was owing more to a desire to keep his hand in play, and his vocabulary of invective in memory, than from any defect in their work. Nevertheless, such casual and indifferently-bestowed abuse revealed the fact that, of the eight animals who were doing their best, individually and collectively, to haul me and my baggage over that waste of ice, five rejoiced in the names of Brandy and Whiskey, while the remaining three distributed Coffee and Chocolat between them. This knowledge was a blow under which I reeled. An apostle of temperance sweeping past lonely dwellings, and dashing with a wild scurry through Indian camps, shrieking for strong drink, and followed by a wild retainer opposing his demands with suggestions of coffee and chocolate, would likely convey to the startled dwellers on the plain the idea of a migratory delirium tremens, or a peripatetic advertisement of "The Bar-tender's Own Book." Upon inquiry, however, my misery was found to have abundant company; for, of the sixteen dogs attached to the packet-trains, no fewer than eleven reveled in an alcoholic nomenclature. The reasons assigned by the drivers for so general use of spirituous appellations was, that the mere sound of these names was suggestive of warmth, comfort, and good cheer; from which the wearied driver doubtless derived a satisfaction equal to washing

> "... his hands with invisible soap,
> In imperceptible water."

Still, upon second thought, it may be held that, as certain colors are suggestive of warmth and comfort—a stove painted red about the base ofttimes de-

ludes the casual visitor with the idea of heat—so may the influence of certain names be productive of a like genial effect upon the imagination. However it may be, I know that if such nomenclature be adopted without well-founded reason on the part of the dog-driver, it is the only thing in the many curious phases of his life that is so accepted. Not a thread in the web of his existence but has its use.

V.

TWENTY miles below our point of departure, and perched upon the lofty and precipitous bluffs of the river, we caught sight of one of those impossible pictures of mediæval fortification which so often adorn the lids of snuff-boxes, or the pages of ancient albums. There were the same peaked roofs and turrets, the same bleak view of unadorned stone-wall, with bastions, ramparts, gates, and all, as in the original. But no plumed knight or trusty squire issued from its portals, nor double-handed sword or glittering armor decked its halls. It was the abode of Dives, and Dives trades in beads and gilt, in furs and tobacco, in cattle and calico. As a company's trading-post it proved a somewhat extensive collection of residences, shops, and stores. These were all inclosed within a stone-wall, pierced throughout its entire circuit with loop-holes, so arranged as to suggest the inquiry whether, in the extremely improbable event of the place being besieged, they would present greater facilities to the defenders of the establishment, or to the assailants in firing through them at the garrison within.

The banks hereabouts were high and densely wooded. Some miles below, however, the woods disappeared, and the banks, which gradually sank to a lower level, were covered with long, reedy grass. Indian tents, surrounded even at that late season by nets hung up to dry, indicated the pursuits of their owners. The stream, after reaching the low country, split into numerous channels, through several of which its waters found their way into Lake Winnipeg.

At the outlet of the main channel our sledges were run ashore. The bank here was a long strip of shingle running out into the lake, the frozen waters of which extended northward out of sight. We had accomplished over forty miles; the night was closing in, and this was the last available camping-place before setting out upon the long stretches from islet to islet, or point to point, of the lake's shore. So the drivers loosed their dogs, and proceeded to gather drift-wood for the night. The twenty-four dogs, meanwhile, surveyed each other grimly, discovered points of etiquette upon which they could not agree, and fell into a general fight, threatening disastrous consequences until the loaded whip-stocks of the men separated them.

The snow having been cleared away by the aid of a snow-shoe used as a shovel, and our own supper prepared and eaten, we turned our attention to the dogs who had borne the burden if not the heat of the day; for the sledge-dog's day is one long tissue of trial. Put to a task from which his whole nature revolts, he is driven to the violation of every instinct by the continual lashings of a driver's whip. Before Night has lifted her sable mantle to shroud the stars, the sledge-dog has his slumbers rudely broken by the summons of his master. Close by the camp, under the protecting lee of stump or fallen tree, he has lain coiled in the roundest of balls during the night. Perhaps, if his lines are cast in pleasant places, he has encroached upon his driver's blanket, and contributed his vital heat to the comfort of that merciless functionary. Perhaps, too, the fast-falling flakes of the snow-storm have covered him in their soft folds, adding to his sense of warmth, and revealing his presence only in the shape of a rounded hillock of snow. He may, perchance, dream the dreams of peace and comfort, or imagine that his soft covering will render him undistinguishable from the surrounding mass of white; to be awakened from his delusion by blow of whip-stock, a kick of the driver's foot, and the stern command to find his place in the gaudy gear of moose-skin and bells awaiting him—an ornamented and bedizened harness that mocks the pathos of his whip-marked face and trembling figure. Then comes the start. The wooded copse is left behind, and under the incipient dawn he plods along through the snow. The sleepy driver seeks to dissipate the morning cold by rapid motion, and mercilessly urges the dog to his utmost effort. The crisp air resounds with the crack of his whip and the echoes of his dire imprecation. The dog, not yet nerved to his uncongenial labor, cunningly takes every advantage to shirk, refusing to pull when it is most required, and showing wonderful speed and alacrity, rushing off with the heavy sledge when the distracted driver comes near to punish. The day dawns, sun rises, morning merges into mid-day, and it is time to halt for a dinner in which the hauling-dog cannot share; then on again in Indian file, as before. If there be no path in the snow, the driver travels before to beat one with his snow-shoes, and the "foregoer," or leading-dog, follows close behind. But if there be a track, however faint, the animal follows it himself; and, when lost to sight by wrack and drift of tempest, his sense of smell enables him to keep it straight. Thus through the short hours of the winter's day they travel on, in withered woods through which the wind howls and shrieks, or on the endless expanse of snow, the glare of whose unsullied whiteness blinds the vision of the lake-traveler; through solitudes which, save when the occasional dog-sledge with its peals of bells in winter, or the swiftly-passing boat-brigade resonant with the songs of the summer *voyageurs*, intrudes, with its momentary variation, upon the shriek of the all-penetrating wind, the ripple of the stream, the roar of the thunder-toned waterfall, or the howl of the wild beast of the woods, are abandoned to the undisturbed possession of the Indian hunter and his prey.

When the winter's day draws to a close, and the twilight landscape has warned the traveler to choose his resting-place for the night, the sledge-dog finds relief from his harness, and his day's work is at an end. His battered and disfigured face loses in some

slight degree its rueful look, to assume an air of expectation. He stretches and rolls in the powdery snow, then lies down to watch the preparation of the evening meal, in faint hope that some meagre portion may slip from his master's hand, or be left a moment unguarded. Soon, however, his watch merges into unconsciousness, and he sleeps. But the termination of his master's meal, followed by the sound of the axe striking the block of pemmican, or the unloading of the frozen white-fish from the provision-sledge, at once wakens him to life and vigor. He leaps quickly up, an alert, vicious animal, with every instinct centred in an eager craving for food. In the plain-country a daily ration of two pounds of pemmican is thrown him; in the region of forest and stream, where fish forms the staple food, he receives two large white-fish raw. In his diet he prefers fish to meat, and betrays its superiority in his work. His one daily meal is soon dispatched: no pleasures of deglutition are his. A quick snap, followed by a moment's rapid munching, and the pemmican has disappeared; the same short snap, a few convulsive throes, and the frozen fish is bolted almost whole, and the wistful eyes turned up for more. Not finding it, he indulges in a season of growling and snapping at his fellows, then lies down out in the snow to sleep, or, perchance, to dream of that day, which never comes for him, when the whip shall be broken and hauling shall be no more. Thus he remains till morn, unless some old shafter, grim and gray, rising at midnight on his haunches, inaugurates a chorus to the skies; or a pack of wolves, seated like sentries in a huge circle about the camp, challenge him by quick barks to renew their hereditary feud.

VI.

THE preparations for repose were of the simplest description. As the wind swept down the lake from the north, our heads were placed in that quarter, with feet in dangerous proximity to the fire. On the summit of the heap of snow formed in digging out our camping-ground were placed, as a protection against the fierce blasts, the inverted dog-sledges, which assumed amid that dreary landscape the likeness of head-stones, marking our resting-place with a rude "Hic jacet." Descending into bed from the surface of the snow, and muffled in unlimited bedding, the sensation given by the surrounding banks and overhanging sledges was that of sleeping in a gigantic four-poster with a highly-decorated headboard. The three drivers lay close together, but for certain sanitary reasons their freight chose to form a single spoke in the wheel, and reclined at an angle of his own.

Sleep comes soon to the traveler in arctic winters; but a beautiful dream of a little maiden who was wont to disport upon my knees was rudely broken by a visible perception of peril—a consciousness of the hovering presence of evil. How to describe these feelings I know not; but, as, if the eyes of a watcher are steadily fixed upon the countenance of a sleeper for a certain length of time, the slumberer will certainly start up, wakened by the mysterious magnetism of a recondite principle of clairvoyance, so it was that, with closed eyes and drowsed-up senses, an inward ability was conferred upon me to detect the presence of danger near me—to see, though sleep-blind, the formless shape of a mysterious horror crouching beside me. And, as if the peril that was my night-mate was of a nature to be quickened into fatal activity by any motion on my part, I felt in my very stupor the critical necessity of lying quite still; so that, when I at last awoke and felt that, as I lay with my face to the sky, there was a thick, heavy, shivering thing upon my chest, I stirred not, nor uttered a word of panic. Danger and fear may occasionally dull the sense and paralyze the faculties, but they more frequently sharpen both; and when I say that the whole of my chest and even the pit of my stomach were covered with the heavy proportions of the thing, its considerable size will be acknowledged. A cold sweat burst from every pore. I could hear the beating of my heart, and I felt, to my increased dismay, that the palsy of terror had begun to agitate my limbs. "It will wake," thought I, "and then all is over!"

At this juncture there sounded above my head a prolonged howl, caught up and reiterated in varying chorus by a circle of hoarse voices surrounding our couch. And upon this the thing rose up on my chest with a quick start, and joined the dismal refrain with a barytone of remarkable power; while the voice of my protecting Cree rang out in sudden anger: "Whiskey, marche! Sacre chien, passe partout!" and the warmth-seeking Whiskey shrank quickly from his living pedestal to join his brethren of the mystic circle on the snow above. Thus relieved from the weight of the sledge-dog, who had presumed upon a gentler nature to increase his own comfort, I peered cautiously up and beheld a scene the most grotesque.

Seated upon the highest inverted sledge, with a look of utter dejection and overpowering anguish of soul, sat the aged leader of a packet-train, lifting up his voice in a series of heart-rending howls in deep bass. Seated in a like manner at regular intervals about him, and forming a huge circle inclosing the camp, were the remaining twenty-three dogs, taking their cue from the leader, and joining the chorus in dismal tenor and rasping soprano. The weird melancholy of that howling brought a sense of utter loneliness and desolation. The echoes reverberated over the lake, and died away in mournful, wailing cadences on the night-wind. The isolation seemed to deepen, and become palpable. Above, the sky was spangled with such myriads of stars as are only seen in northern latitudes; around lay a dreary waste of grayish white, empty, desolate, and void of life; no sound save the dismal howling of the dogs. Soon, however, there was intermingled with it much heathen profanity and objurgation, delivered in various tongues. The chorus had awakened the drivers, who were endeavoring to quiet the dogs by imprecations, in order to avoid the necessity of rising and using the whip. "Brandy! Brandy! sacre démon!" "Coffee! ye ould sinner, pren' garde!" "Chocolat,

crapaud that ye aire, Chocolat!" "Whiskey! ah, sal-au-prix!" "Whiskey!" "Ah, Coffee! you will catch it presently!" "Capitaine! Mistatim!" "Brandy! 'cre démon!" Then followed an outburst of profanity, and a hasty, furious shout to the whole circle, resembling a call for mixed drinks which has had no equal since the "opening" of the first bar on the Pacific slope. All this, however, proved of no avail, and the distracted drivers were finally forced to leave their warm beds and grasp their whips, upon which the wretched animals darted off in agonies of fear.

VII.

THREE hours before dawn we arose and prepared for departure by eating a fat breakfast and swallowing a great many cups of tea. Then my uncivilized driver of dogs, who joined the second-sight of a weather-seer to his other accomplishments, took an inventory of the weather, and predicted a storm before nightfall. However, the morning was as favorable as one could wish, and, incased in robes and blankets, I slid into the shoe-like sledge and was off, the central figure of the six sledges and a herd of howling dogs and drivers. The point at which we had encamped became speedily undistinguishable among the low line of apparently exactly similar localities ranging along the low shore. On in the gray snow-light, with a fierce wind sweeping down the long reaches of the lake; nothing spoken, for such cold weather makes men silent, morose, and savage.

Lake-travel, though rapid, is exceedingly harassing on account of the high winds which perpetually sweep over the immense plain of their frozen surface, intensifying even moderate cold to a painful degree. The ice is always rough, coated with snow of varying thickness, or drifted into hillocks and ridges, alternating with spots of glass-like smoothness, which are constantly upsetting the sledges. And this same upsetting, a trifling matter enough on shore, is likely to prove a serious annoyance where the hardness of the ice nearly breaks one's bones. The same hardness, too, increases the fatigue of sledge-travel, which at its best may be likened to sitting on a thin board dragged quickly over a newly-macadamized road. Then, too, the pedestrian on a frozen lake labors under peculiar disadvantages. Where the snow lies deeply, the crust gives way at each step, precipitating the driver to the bottom with a sudden jar; where it lies thinly on the surface, or is drifted away, the hardness of the ice injures even the practised *voyageurs*, causing swellings of the ankles and soles of the feet, and enlargement of the lower back sinews of the legs. Again, the winter traveler speedily discovers that very slight exercise induces copious perspiration, which, in the most momentary halt, gets cold upon the skin; in fact, in a high wind, the exposed side will appear frozen over, while the rest of the body is comparatively warm and comfortable. Once cold in this way, it is almost impossible to get warm again without the heat of fire, or the severest exercise; and, should the latter be adopted, it must perforce be continued until a camping-place is reached. Moreover, to a strong man, there is something humiliating in being hauled about in a portable bed, like some feeble invalid, while the hardy *voyageurs* are maintaining their steady pace from hour to hour, day to day, or week to week; for fatigue seems with them an unknown word.

VIII.

TOWARD noon there were indications that the prophetic skill of my heathen driver was about to be verified. The wind still kept dead against us, and at times it was impossible to face its terrible keenness. So great was the drift that it obscured the little light afforded by the sun—which was very low in the heavens—through a cloudy atmosphere. The dogs began to tire out; the ice cut their feet, and the white surface was often dotted with the crimson icicles that fell from their bleeding toes. The four canines hauling the provision-sled turned back whenever opportunity presented, or faced about and sat shivering upon their haunches. Under these circumstances the anathemas of the Cree grew fearful to the ear; for, of all the qualifications requisite to the successful driving of dogs, none is more necessary than an ability to imprecate freely and with considerable variety in at least three different languages. But, whatever number of tongues be employed, one is absolutely indispensable to perfection in the art, and that is French. Whether the construction of that dulcet tongue enables the speaker to deliver profanity with more bullet-like force and precision, or to attain a greater degree of intensity than by other means, I know not; but I do know that, while curses seem useful adjuncts in any language, curses delivered in French will get a train of dogs through or over anything. For all dogs in the North it is the simplest mode of persuasion. If the dog lies down, curse him until he gets up; if he turns about in the harness, curse him until he reverts to his original position; if he looks tired, curse him until he becomes animated; and, when you grow weary of cursing him, get another man to continue the process.

As the education of the Cree, so far as regarded the French language, had seemingly been conducted with an eye single to the acquirement of anathemas, which long practice enabled him to use with such effect that the dogs instinctively dodged them as if they had been the sweep of a descending lash, our speed at first was not materially affected by the attempted haltings of the weary animals. But, as the storm increased in violence, and the swirl of powdery snow swept in their faces, the dogs turned about more frequently, and seized every opportunity of shirking. Then ensued that inhuman thrashing and varied cursing, that howling of dogs and systematic brutality of drivers, which make up the romance of winter-travel, and degrade the driver lower than the brutes. The perversion of the dog from his true use to that of a beast of burden is productive of countless forms of deception and cunning; but a life of bondage everywhere produces in the slave vices with which it is unfair to blame him. Dogs are often stubborn and provoking, and require flogging until

brought into subjection ; but lashings upon the body while laboring in the trains, systematic floggings upon the head till their ears drop blood, beatings with whip-stocks until nose and jaws are one deep wound, and poundings with clubs and stamping with boots till their howls merge into low wails of agony, are the frequent penalties of a slight deviation from duty.

Of the four dogs attached to the provision-sledge, three underwent repeated beatings at the hands of the Cree. By mid-afternoon the head of Whiskey was reduced to a bleeding, swollen mass from tremendous thrashings. Chocolat had but one eye wherewith to watch the dreaded driver, and Brandy had wasted so much strength in wild lurches and sudden springs, in order to dodge the descending whip, that he had none remaining for the legitimate task of hauling the sledge. But one train of dogs out of the six sledges fared better, and that one was composed of animals of the Esquimaux breed. Fox-headed, long-furred, clean-legged, whose ears, sharp-pointed and erect, sprang from a head imbedded in thick tufts of woolly hair, hauling to them was as natural as to watch is natural to the watch-dog. And, of the whole race of dogs, the Esquimaux alone should be made a hauling-dog. He alone looks happy in his work, and is a good hauler ; and, although other dogs will surpass him in speed for a few days, only he can maintain a steady pace throughout a long journey, and come in fresh at its end.

IX.

At length the violence of the storm forced us to seek the shore, and camp for the night ; and no sooner had this been accomplished, and supper over, than the Cree, fearing a continuance of the storm, summoned a driver of the packet-trains to assist in performing a solemn invocation to the Manitou to stay the tempest. Rattles made of bladders, with pebbles in them, were brought out from their limited luggage ; "medicine" belts of wolf-skin donned, and other "medicine" or magic articles, such as ermine-skins, and musk-rat skins, covered with beads and quills. Then the Cree and his companion drummed and rattled, and sang songs, finishing, after some hours, by a long speech, which they repeated together, in which they promised to give the Manitou a feast of fat meat, and to compose a new song in his praise immediately upon the cessation of the storm. After this performance they fell asleep. Long before daylight, however, I was awakened by the conjurers, who, in high glee, were cutting off tidbits of pemmican an dcasting them into the fire as the promised offering to the Manitou, at the same time chanting monotonously, and sounding their rattles. Then they engaged in feasting, and banished sleep by the persistency with which they sang the new song they pretended to have composed for the occasion, which they continued to sing over and over again without cessation until morning. As they had both been fast asleep all night, it is shrewdly suspected that they attempted to impose upon their Manitou by making shift with an old hymn, for they certainly could have had no opportunity for composing the new one promised. However this may be, the Manitou performed his part, for the storm was much abated.

At an early hour a start was again made in the usual manner — the harsh command "Marche !" followed by deep-toned yells from the crouching dogs ; then, a merciless beating and thumping, and the cowering animals at length set off with the heavy loads, howling as if their hearts would break. After the thrashing came the abuse and curses. Coffee would be appealed to "for the love of Heaven to straighten his traces." Chocolat would be solemnly informed that he was a migratory swindle, and possessed of no character whatever. Brandy would be entreated to "just see if he couldn't do a little better ;" that he was the offspring of very disreputable parents, and would be thrashed presently. The passenger's only occupation was to keep from freezing. Vain task ! Though buried head and all in two robes and a blanket, the wind found its way through everything, and the master, sitting still in his wraps, suffered more from cold than his man who was running against the wind, and suffered, besides, under the depressing sense of his idle helplessness, while the driver felt the cheering influence of hardy toil.

Thus we journeyed on, the incidents of one day being but an iteration of that preceding. For eight days our course led from point to point of the lake's shore, upon the immense surface of which our six fleeting sledges seemed the veriest crawling insects. Nevertheless, we passed in rapid flight, at last sweeping up the rocky promontory and within the palisade of Norway House, like the ghostly stormers of the Rhenish castle. In this hospitable shelter we halted for a time, while the great Northern packet journeyed on toward the unknown land of the far North. The dogs slept quietly in their kennels ; the heathen Cree, with his hardly-earned sovereigns, arrayed himself in more intricate apparel, and stalked a green-and-yellow apparition among the squalid *tepées* of a neighboring Indian camp.

TANGLED THREADS.

I HEARD to-day a tale of Christmas-tide,
Wherein a father placed a silken clew
In children's hands ; and, like a Theseus new
By Ariadne led in paths untried,
Each sought the end : at first the threads spread wide,
Then met and tangled, but the laughing crew
Untied them, went their ways, and breathless flew
Up stairs and down, until with open-eyed
Delight they found their father's gifts concealed ;
But every child must needs to others yield
The treasure on his thread, and from the hand
Of brother take his own. Kind Fate has reeled
Our life-threads, love, and let them tangled stand :
We have each other ; need we gifts demand ?

C. M. Hewins.

THE TOWER OF PERCEMONT.[1]

BY GEORGE SAND.

IV.

HENRI slept late the next morning, and I had no leisure to talk with him. At nine o'clock my wife announced to me the arrival of the Countess de Nives. I was just getting ready to shave myself, and begged Madame Chantabel to entertain this client until I was ready.

"No," she said, "I dare not. I am not fashionable enough. This lady is so beautiful, she has so noble an air, with so magnificent a carriage and horses—ah! true English horses, a coachman who appears like a lord, a footman in livery!"

"All that dazzles you, lady of Percemont!"

"This is not the time to jest, M. Chantabel. What are you doing there, trying your razor a dozen times? Make haste!"

"I cannot cut my throat to please you. To-day how eager you are to see me run after this countess! Yesterday you blamed me for accepting her as a client so quickly!"

"I had not seen her. I did not think she held so high a position in the fashionable world. Well! here are your white cravat and your black coat."

"No, indeed! we are in the country; I will not appear in full dress at nine o'clock in the morning."

"Yes, yes!" cried my wife, putting on, in spite of me, the dress-cravat. "I wish you to look like what you are!"

To cut the matter short, I was obliged to yield, and I passed into my private room, where Madame de Nives awaited me.

I had never seen her excepting at a distance, and did not expect to find her still so young and beautiful. She was a woman of about forty years of age, tall, blond, and slender. Her manners were excellent. Excepting for the romance of her life, which I knew *grosso modo*, her reputation was irreproachable.

"I come, sir," she said, "to ask counsel in a very delicate affair, and you will allow me to tell you my story, of which you probably do not know the details. If I encroach upon your time—"

"My time is yours," I replied, and, having seated her in an easy-chair, I listened.

"My name is Alix Dumont. I belong to an honorable but poor family, who brought me up with the expectation of earning my own living. I was a teacher in various boarding-schools for young ladies. When I was twenty-two years old I entered the service of the Countess de Nives, as governess for her only daughter, Marie, then ten years old.

"Madame de Nives treated me with much esteem and confidence. Without her kind consideration, I could not have endured Marie's undisciplined character and fantastic caprices. She was an unreasonable and heartless child, whom no one could restrain. This sad duty was very painful to me; and when, two years later, Madame de Nives died, commending her daughter to my care, I begged the Count de Nives to spare me a task beyond my strength: I wished to go away.

"He would not allow me to leave; he entreated, said that without me his way of living would be broken up, and his daughter abandoned to the chances of an education that he did not know how to direct. I was obliged to yield. He placed me at the head of his house; and Marie, who knew she would be obliged to enter a convent if I left, put more restraint upon herself, and begged me to remain.

"The Count de Nives, after having been a widower for a year, announced to me that he wished to marry again, and that he had chosen me for the companion of his life. I refused, on account of the child, whose aversion, I foresaw, would be always ready to burst forth; and, when he insisted, I took flight, without letting him know where I went. I remained concealed for several months with some of my old friends. He discovered my retreat, and came to entreat me once more to accept his proposal. He had sent Marie to a convent. She accuses me to this day of having separated her from her father. On the contrary, I did my best to bring her back to him. The count was inflexible toward her even on his death-bed.

"Beset by a passion which in spite of myself I began to share, pressed by my friends to accept the honorable offer of M. de Nives, I became his wife, and am now the mother of a daughter. Her name is Léonie; she is seven years old, and the living portrait of her father.

"I was happy, for I always cherished the hope of reconciling my husband with his elder daughter, when he met with a fall while hunting, which he survived only a few days. He left a will in which he made me Marie's guardian, conferring upon me the use of his whole income during my life; but the income is not large; M. de Nives's fortune came from his first wife. The estate that I control, and where I live with my daughter, belongs entirely to Marie, and the time approaches when this young person will demand the account of my guardianship, contrary to her father's intention, after which she will turn us out of the house."

Here Madame Alix de Nives was silent, and looked at me to find out my opinion without giving expression to her own thoughts.

"You wish to know," I said, "some means for eluding this sad necessity. There are none. By M. de Nives's will he bestowed upon you the use of all his property, relying upon your character and loyalty to provide for the wants and the establishment of

[1] This novelette began in the number of the JOURNAL for December, 1876.

his two daughters. He could not confer upon you the right to dispose of the estate of his deceased wife. Have you brought the will and the two marriage-contracts of the Count de Nives?"

"Yes, here they are."

When I had examined the documents, I saw that the deceased had deluded himself with the idea that he had a right to share to a certain point in his first wife's property. He believed that he had power to control the income of the De Nives estate as long as the landed property, which returned by law to Marie, was not deteriorated or encroached upon.

"My husband took advice before drawing up this will," said the countess, with a doubtful air, seeing me shrug my shoulders.

"He could take advice, madame, but no trustworthy lawyer could have given him counsel to make a will like this."

"Pardon me, it was—"

"Do not tell me who, for I am forced to insist that this lawyer, if he is a lawyer, greatly misled him."

The countess bit her lips with vexation.

"M. de Nives," she resumed, "always regarded Marie as a person without judgment or reason, and incapable of managing her affairs. He destined her for the cloister. If he had lived, he would have obliged her to take the vows."

"M. de Nives was the victim of an illusion in this case also; ancient families sometimes neglect to gain information on present usage. I have heard that M. de Nives did not always take into account what has been introduced into legislation since 1789; but you, madame, who are still young, and must by your education have overcome certain prejudices, do you admit that a legitimate heiress can be forced to resign her rights and enter a convent?"

"No, but the law can place her in custody and deprive her of the power to exercise her civil rights if she has given proof of insanity."

"That is another question! Is Mademoiselle Marie de Nives really insane?"

"Did you never hear of it, M. Chantabel?"

"I have heard that she was odd; but they say so many things!"

"Public opinion has, however, its value."

"Not always."

"You astonish me, sir; public opinion is on my side; it has always done me justice; it would still be for me if I invoked it."

"Take care, madame! one must not risk too much the good reputation that it has taken long to acquire. I believe that if you should apply for a judgment of deprivation of civil rights against Mademoiselle de Nives, you would make partisans on her side who would go against you."

"Does that mean, sir, that you are already prejudiced against me?"

"No, madame; I have the honor to speak to you to-day for the first time, and I have never seen Mademoiselle de Nives. But examine your situation. Poor and without name, but beautiful and educated, you enter into a house whose chief, soon a widower, marries you after having sent away a witness whose hostile presence could create for you nothing but trouble and sorrow. This witness is only a child, but it is his own daughter whom he sends away, and who attributes her exile to you. You did, you say, your best to bring her back again. It is unfortunate that you did not succeed; it is unfortunate, also, that your husband's will reveals a preference for you that effaces all paternal affection from his heart. Certain persons might think that Mademoiselle Marie's misfortune is your work, and, if she is insane, that you have done everything to make her so."

"I see, M. Chantabel, that your ear is open to cruel insinuations against me."

"I swear that it is not so, madame! My judgment springs from the situation in which you are placed and the counsel you ask of me. Let us go on. What are the proofs of insanity given by your stepdaughter?"

"There are more than I could ever tell you. Ever since she was ten years old, she has been rebellious against all discipline, furious against all restraint. Her nature is abnormal, capable of every kind of misconduct. I dare not tell you—"

"Tell me everything or nothing."

"Very well. I believe that, in spite of the seclusion of the convent, she found means more than once to have guilty relations with—?"

"You believe this—"

"And you, you doubt? Very well! I must trust you with a very grave secret. While she lived with the nuns at Riom she was discovered to be carrying on an intrigue with some person outside. I had her transferred to the convent of Clermont, which is more severe in its discipline. Do you know what she did there? She disappeared entirely, sending me a letter in which she declares that she cannot stay in that convent—that she is going to Paris to enter of her own free-will the convent of the Sacré-Cœur, where she will remain until the day of her majority."

"Indeed! You must allow her to do so."

"Yes, I ask nothing better, but I must be assured that this pretended change of community does not conceal an elopement or something still worse. I begged at once the nuns of Clermont to say that she ran away to return to my house, and then I went immediately to Paris. Marie was not at the Sacré-Cœur; she was not in any other convent of the city nor its environs. She has evidently fled with some man, for the traces of very large feet were seen on the gravel-walk of the garden from which she took her flight."

"This is not insanity, as it is understood in legal medicine. It is simply misconduct."

"This misconduct imposes upon the guardian the duty of finding the guilty person and reinstating her in some convent of the most severe order."

"Agreed! Have you accomplished this?"

"No. I passed a whole month in useless search, and, tired out, I returned to my little Léonie, from whom I could not be separated any longer. I did not wish to trust to any one the sorrowful secret that

you have just heard, but it is necessary that I should act, and I came to ask you what I ought to do. Must I apply to the courts, to the police, or in what proper quarter, in order to have Marie discovered and snatched from infamy? Or rather must I keep silent, conceal her disgrace, and suffer her to ruin me and drive me away from my husband's house? In case this wicked girl should be declared incapable of managing her affairs, she will still have to thank me for defending her immodesty under the plea of insanity. In case I let her go unpunished, should I fulfill my duty to my own daughter, who will be banished and despoiled without my having made an attempt to save her?"

"You must give me time to reflect, and to review the facts with you, before I pronounce judgment."

"But time presses, sir! Marie will be of age in twenty-nine days. If any attempt is to be made, it would be proper to announce to the court and the public the fact of her disappearance before she gets the start of me by putting in her claims and entering into possession."

"If she is ready to put in her claims, and reappears at the appointed time, she is not insane, and every one will believe that she is in full possession of her reason. You would then have nothing but the charge of misconduct against her. This will be of no avail from the day when your guardianship ceases. No text of law can deprive of her rights and liberty a girl twenty-one years of age who was simply guilty of a folly a month before. Something else would be necessary to prove that she was deprived of reason besides a love-affair through a grating, and an escape over the walls of a convent."

Madame de Nives listened to me attentively, and her glance questioned me with grievous intensity. Was she avaricious of money and comfort to such a degree as to risk everything to escape restitution? Was she moved by maternal love or by one of those feminine spites that prevent the understanding from following a prudent course? Her beauty had at the first view a character of distinction and serenity. At this moment she was so agitated inwardly that she caused in me a vague sensation of fright, as if the devil in person had come to ask me how to set the four corners of the world on fire.

My scrutinizing look made her own hesitate.

"Sir," she said, rising and taking a few steps, as if she had cramps in her limbs, "you are very hard to persuade. I expected to find in you counsel and support. I find an examining magistrate who wishes to be more sure than I am myself of the goodness of my cause."

"It is my duty, madame. I am not at the commencement of my career; I have no need to gain a name by putting my talent at the service of the first occasion that presents itself. I do not like to lose a suit, and all the eulogies which the whole world could heap upon me for having pleaded skillfully would not console me for having accepted the defense of a bad cause."

"It is because such is your character," replied Madame de Nives, in a caressing tone, "it is because you have a reputation for scrupulous integrity, it is, finally, because a cause sustained by you is almost always a cause gained beforehand, that I desired to trust mine to you. If you refuse, it will be a great precedent against me."

"If I refuse, madame, it is very easy to keep secret the step you have taken in coming to see me. Choose whatever course you please, and I will act in conformity with your purpose."

"Then you refuse to go further?"

"I have not refused—I am waiting for you to furnish me with proofs that will satisfy my conscience."

"You wish for more details about Marie de Nives? Well, this is her history. I have told you her character; here are the facts."

The countess sat down again in the easy-chair, and spoke thus: "At eleven years of age this unhappy child was already an inexplicable compound of delirious folly and profound dissimulation. You think these two traits of character are incompatible. You are mistaken. Marie pretended to adore her mother, and perhaps she did love her after her own fashion. But she never cared for the trouble she caused her if she could only run at random and play truant with the little peasants of the neighborhood. Neither did she care for her mother's suffering when she risked her life in dangerous sports with boys. She mounted the horses in the fields, and galloped without saddle or bridle, at the risk of serious accidents. She climbed trees; she fell, and came home with her clothes torn to pieces; often she was wounded. Here was the delirium, the passion of a violent nature."

"It was a little, I have been told, the character of her father."

"Possibly, sir. He was passionate and impetuous; but he was sincere, and Marie is skilfully deceitful. She will invent all kinds of stories to lay upon others the blame of her faults. When her mother died she was a prey to a despair that seemed to me sincere, but a few days after she began again to play and to run wild."

"She was eleven years old! At that age one cannot weep for a long time without a violent reaction in the direction of active life; that sometimes happens even to grown-up persons."

"Very well, sir; you are pleading for her!"

"I tell you I am not acquainted with her."

"It is certain that you are prepossessed in her favor by some one. Wait a moment—you have a relation, a niece, I think, who was with her at the convent at Riom—it was a young lady—pardon me, I have forgotten her name. Marie called her the dear little Miette."

I could not help starting, such a lively commotion was produced in my brain. The person concealed the evening before at Emilie's house—concealed, perhaps, for a month—to whom she had said, "*Do not let him see you!*"—the *quid pro quos* between Jacques and my son—that hope of marriage announced by Jacques to be, perhaps, confided to my

son *in a month*—those prints of great boots on the gravel-walk of the garden of the Clermont nuns! Was the great Jacques Ormonde the perpetrator of the abduction? Was Miette Ormonde, the long-time friend of the convent, the receiver?

"What is the matter, M. Chantabel?" said Madame de Nives, who was watching me. I had instinctively put my hand to my forehead to collect my ideas. "Are you tired of listening to me?"

"No, madame; I am trying to remember. Truly, I cannot recall that Mademoiselle Ormonde, my niece, has ever spoken to me of Mademoiselle de Nives."

"Then I will continue."

"Do so. I am listening."

"When Marie saw that I sincerely mourned for her mother, she seemed to change her opinion in regard to me, and, bursting into tears, she embraced me, thanking me for having taken faithful care of the dying. I believed that better feelings had taken possession of her heart: she deceived me. When she heard her father beg me to remain, she became disagreeable and outrageous. I then resolved to go away, and announced my determination; but her father said she should go into a convent, and she threw herself at my feet to beg me to remain. Two days later she resisted and abused me again. Her fear of the convent could not overcome her hatred and wickedness."

"Bad character, aversion, provoked perhaps by yours, natural impetuosity, the unreasonableness of childhood, inconsistency in passion; I grant all this, but I do not yet see any proof of mental alienation."

"Wait. When her father, during my absence, had put her in the convent, telling her that she should never come out, there were, I am told, outbursts of despair. The nuns treated her with great gentleness and kindness. She very quickly made up her mind, and, as they talked to her of the happiness of a religious life, she told them that she was inclined to try it. She appeared really to be very pious, and the nuns were fond of her. When M. de Nives, after our marriage, brought me home, I went to make inquiries concerning her. She was entirely engrossed with amusements, and very idle; she learned nothing, but they believed her good and sincere. I asked to see her. She received me kindly, for she imagined I was going to take her home. I was obliged to tell her that I would give a good account of her conduct to M. de Nives, and would plead her cause, but that I had received no permission to carry her away immediately.

"When the superior called me *madame* as a mark of respect, Marie asked why she did not say *mademoiselle*. It was wrong to allow her to remain ignorant of my marriage, and that I was henceforth Madame de Nives. It was necessary to explain the matter to her. She fell into a transport of ungovernable rage, and had to be carried away by force, and shut up. Her fury subsided as quickly as it came. She was thirteen and a half years old. She wished to enter at once upon her novitiate, and could hardly be made to comprehend that she was too young, and that while waiting she must strive to improve.

"She worked for a year, but without method, and like a person whose brain is not susceptible of the least application. The teachers tell me that she was not malicious, but slightly idiotic. They were only half mistaken—she is idiotic and malicious.

"I tried to believe them, and was the dupe of her submission. She wrote a letter to her father, deficient in composition and orthography, such as a child six years old would have written, to tell him that she had decided to take the vows next year, and that she only asked to see once more the room where her mother died, and to embrace her little sister Léonie. I begged M. de Nives to grant her this favor, and offered to go for her. He refused emphatically. 'Never!' he said. 'On the day after her mother's death she threatened to set the house on fire if I married again. She wished me to swear not to give her a step-mother. She had her head full of the servants' gossip in regard to you. She declared if I had other children that she would strangle them. She is mad, dangerously mad! She is well off at the convent; religion is the only restraint that can calm her. Write to her that I will go to see her some years hence, when she has taken the veil.'

"In the mean time, M. de Nives died without having revoked his decision. Marie manifested a violent sorrow, but resisted the advice of the nuns, who wished her to write to me. They told her, from me, that I was disposed to take her home if she took the least step to conciliate me. She rejected the advice with perfect fury, saying that I had killed her father and mother, and that she would rather die than put her foot in the house."

"Does she really accuse you of this?"

"She accuses me of almost every crime. How can this furious hatred and these outrages be reconciled with the devotion she manifested at the same time? However, I still believed in her religious vocation. These terrible and insane beings can only find alleviation in the mystic life."

"I think exactly the opposite. The mystic life exasperates the troubled mind. It is no matter; go on."

"Notwithstanding her apparent devotion to religion, Marie began, as she grew older, to long for worldly joys, and one day it was discovered that she was carrying on an amorous correspondence outside of the convent with a student whose name was unknown, but whose orthography was parallel with her own. Therefore, I removed Marie, who was becoming too large to incur such dangers (she was nearly fifteen years old), to the cloistered convent of the nuns of Clermont. She seemed at first rebellious, afterward very gentle, and then very much taken up with amusements. She changed her character and disposition every fortnight. I have all the letters of the superior, which describe her as a person whose insanity is beyond question. Marie is not even fit for a nun. She will never be restrained by any rule; she is wanting in intelligence, and the least reasoning exasperates her; she has also nervous attacks, which border

on epilepsy; she cries, appears as if she would tear herself in pieces, tries to kill herself. She inspires such fear that they are forced to shut her up. This convent will furnish all the proofs I need, and I have already a certain quantity that I will place in your hands if you accept the defense of my legitimate interests."

"And if I did not accept, what would you do, madame? Would you renounce a pursuit that offers serious dangers to the honor of both parties? I am willing to believe that the proofs held by you in reserve are overwhelming against Mademoiselle de Nives. Even if I admit that you could succeed in finding out her hiding-place, and that you have the means of dishonoring her in establishing the truth of a shameful folly, do you not fear that the advocate who will defend her cause will impute to you the misfortune of this young woman, sacrificed by her father, repulsed, persecuted (it will be said), driven to despair by your hatred? If you wish to follow my advice, you would go no further, you would ignore Mademoiselle de Nives's flight, and await her approaching majority. If she should not appear at that time, your cause would become better, perhaps good. You would have a right to search out the place of her concealment and to put the police on her track; then we should probably find incontestable proofs of her incapacity. We would make the most of them. I should have no more conscientious scruples. Reflect, madame—I beg you to reflect!"

"I reflected before I came here," replied Madame de Nives, in an unmoved tone, "and I have fully resolved to listen to no counsel that will result in both my own and my daughter's ruin. If I await events, they may indeed be favorable; but if they are not so—if Marie, in spite of her misconduct, is acknowledged to be capable of managing her property—I have no defense against her."

"And you positively wish for it? Whether she is innocent or not, you wish for her fortune at any price?"

"I do not wish for her fortune, which remains inalienable. I want the management of it, according to my husband's desire."

"Very well! You are not taking the path that leads to success, if you attempt to bring dishonor upon the heiress. In your place I should wait for her appearance, and then endeavor to make a compromise with her."

"What compromise?"

"If her reputation is really lost, you can make her feel the price of the generous silence you have kept, and perhaps induce her to refrain from demanding the accounts of your guardianship up to the present day."

"Sell my generosity? I would rather have open war; but, if there is no other means of saving my daughter, I must resign myself to it. I will reflect, sir, and, if I follow your advice, will you promise to serve me as an intermediate agent?"

"Yes, if you can fully prove that your step-daughter's reputation is lost, and that your silence is necessary. I shall then act in her interest as well as yours, for you do not appear to be generous for the pleasure of being so."

"No, sir; I am a mother, and I will not sacrifice my daughter in order to be acceptable to my enemy. But you speak of the account of my guardianship. Has she, then, a right to demand a very strict account?"

"Without any doubt; and, as she has been brought up in the convent, it will be easy to establish very nearly what you have spent for her education and maintenance. It will not be a large sum, and, if I am rightly informed, the income of the De Nives estate exceeds thirty-five or forty thousand francs a year."

"That is exaggerated!"

"The rents will give evidence. Suppose it only thirty thousand francs. Have you calculated the amount during the twelve years that you have enjoyed the income?"

"Yes; if I am forced to restore this income, I am absolutely ruined. M. de Nives did not leave a hundred thousand francs of principal."

"With that, if you are not forced to make restitution for the past, and if, as I believe, you have been prudent enough to be economical in your expenditure, you will not live in poverty, madame. You are considered an economical and orderly person. You have education and talents, you will yourself attend to the education of your daughter, and you will learn to do without luxury, or procure it by your labor. At all events, you will both enjoy an independent and worthy existence. Do not involve yourself in the disastrous issue of a lawsuit which will not bring honor to your character, and will cost you very dear, I forewarn you. There is nothing so long and so difficult as to exclude from the exercise of her civil rights one even much more alienated in mind than Mademoiselle de Nives appears to be."

"I will reflect," replied Madame de Nives, "as I promised. I thank you, sir, for the attention you have given me, and I ask pardon for the time you have lost in listening to me."

I conducted her to her carriage, and she set out for the De Nives estate, situated five leagues from Riom, on the road to Clermont. I remarked—for I have a habit of remarking everything—that the English horses that had dazzled my wife were thoroughly worn-out animals, and that the servants in livery were very shabby. It was evident that this woman sacrificed nothing to luxury.

V.

My wife and son were waiting breakfast for me.

"I shall not take breakfast," I said to them. "I will merely swallow a cup of coffee while Bibi is being put into the tilbury. I shall not return till three or four o'clock."

While I gave my orders, I examined my son stealthily. His features seemed distorted.

"Did you sleep well?" I asked.

"Never better," he replied. "I found my pleasant chamber and my comfortable bed delightful."

"What are you going to do this afternoon?"

"I will go with you, if I am not in your way."

"You would be in my way; I speak frankly. I hope to tell you this evening that you will never be in my way again. And even now—I ask you not to go away, because I may return at any moment to give you this information."

"You are going to see Emilie, father? I beg you not to question her, not to speak to her of me. I should suffer mortal agony to have her come back to me after having welcomed another. I have reflected: I do not love her, I never have loved her!"

"I do not expect to see Emilie. I am going on professional business. Not a word of Emilie before your mother!"

Madame Chantabel returned with my coffee. While taking it, I asked Henri to examine the old château and choose the apartment he wished to have arranged as a rendezvous for hunting. He promised not to think of anything else, and I took my seat alone in my little cabriolet. I needed no servant to drive the peaceable and vigorous Bibi, and desired no witness of the step I was about to take.

I set out on the road to Riom, as if I were going to the city; then, turning to the left, I penetrated the sandy and shady roads that lead to Champgousse.

I marked out my course, but, as in giving counsel it is necessary to take into account the character and the temperament of persons more than the facts and the situation, I reviewed in my mind the antecedents, qualities, and faults of my nephew, Jacques Ormonde. The son of my sister, who was the most beautiful woman in the country, Jacques had been a very beautiful child, and, as he had good-nature, we all adored him. It is a misfortune for a man to be too handsome, and to be constantly told of it. The child was idle, and the young man grew foppish. What can be more agreeable, at the age when one thinks of love, than to read a welcome, bold or bashful, in earnest in every case, in all the women's eyes? Jacques had a precocious success; his herculean strength did not exert an unfavorable influence upon his character, but his intellectual strength succumbed to this captious reasoning: "If, without cultivating my moral being, I attain with the greatest ease the triumph which is the feverish aim of youth, why need I spend time and trouble in improving myself?"

Thus he did not study, and his utmost attainment was some knowledge of his own language. He possessed natural intelligence, and that kind of facility that consists in assimilating the top of the basket without caring for what there is in the bottom. He could talk about everything in a lively way, and pass for an eagle in the eyes of the ignorant. As he was brought up in the country, he was well acquainted with the produce and the culture of the land. He knew all the secrets of the horse-jockeys, and made the most of his cattle and commodities. The peasants looked upon him as a sharp fellow, and consulted him with respect. His proverbial honesty with honest people, his familiar and cordial frankness, and his unwearying desire to oblige, made him a general favorite. It was a common saying among the peasants that the great Jacques was the best, the handsomest, and the most intelligent man to be found among the farms and villages in the neighborhood.

After finishing his college course, where he had learned nothing, he went to Paris to study law, where he devoted himself to a life of worldly pleasure. His years of study were a perpetual *fête*. Rich, generous, eager for a good time, and always ready to do nothing, he had numerous friends, squandered his income, wasted his youth, health, brain, and character, and gave us great uneasiness while seeing him prolong indefinitely his pretended studies.

But at the bottom of all this thoughtlessness my beautiful nephew inherited with his blood an effective means of safety. He had an inborn love of property, and when it was plain that he must quit this gay life or encroach upon his capital, he returned to the country, and did not again leave it.

His estate of Champgousse was well rented, but the lease had run out, and he managed to renew it, with a considerable increase in the rent, without driving away his tenants; even under these conditions he found out the secret of making himself much beloved. He formed a plan for building a fine house, but he was in no hurry to carry it out. Vignolette, the paternal mansion, fell to his sister Emilie's share. It was a habitation charming for its simplicity—a luxuriant inclosure of flowers and fruits, in a country adorable for freshness and beauty in that fertile region that extends between the river Morge and the latest eruptions of lava from the Dome Mountains toward the north. Miette was so tenderly attached to this dwelling, where she had closed the eyes of her parents, that she preferred to give up to her brother the larger portion of the landed inheritance, and keep the vineyard and house of Vignolette. She lived there alone with my aged sister Anastasie during Jacques's absence, and cared tenderly for this good aunt, who died in her arms, leaving to her all her property, consisting of a hundred thousand francs invested in government funds.

As soon as Miette came in possession of this legacy she wrote to her brother, then in Paris: "I know that you are in debt, as you have directed our notary to sell your meadow and woodland of chestnut-trees. I do not want you to encroach upon your property. I have money; if you wish for a hundred thousand francs, they are at your service."

Jacques's debts did not amount to half that sum. They were paid, and he returned, resolved never to run in debt again.

He decided to live at Vignolette with Emilie, who was left entirely alone by the death of her aunt, and he put off his plan of building at Champgousse until Emilie's marriage took place.

During the two years that he had lived with her his gay life had taken on a character strangely practical. He carefully concealed his wild adventures from the good Emilie; this was easily accomplished, as she lived in absolute retirement, and hardly ever left her home. He had hunting rendezvous in all directions, and he joined with his friends in pleasure-parties in every season of the year.

Jacques had nearly reached his thirtieth year and had never spoken of marriage. He was so happy in his liberty, and used it so well! He was growing very stout; his complexion, once fair as a girl's, had taken a purplish lustre in striking contrast with his silver-blond hair. He had one of those faces that one sees afar off, with high color, large features, an aquiline nose, which was set off by two natural marks on the skin once charming, now looking a little like warts. The expression was always lively, amiable, but too sparkling to become tender. The mouth remained healthy, but the charm of the smile was effaced. It was easy to see that wine and other excesses had cut down the flower of a youth still susceptible of abundant growth, and Henri defined very justly the impressive, agreeable, and slightly grotesque appearance of his cousin when he said, "He is a buffoon, still young and good."

Having recapitulated all this, to know how I should open fire with him, I arrived at the entrance of the farm. The workmen told me that M. Jacques was in a wood near by, and offered to call him. I intrusted Bibi to their care, and went quickly in search of my nephew.

VI.

I EXPECTED to see him engaged in hunting, and I found him extended on the turf, and sleeping under a tree. He slept so soundly that I was obliged to touch him lightly with the end of my cane to waken him.

"Ah, uncle!" he cried, starting with a bound upon his great feet, "what a pleasant surprise, and I am so glad to see you! I was just thinking about you!"

"That is to say, you were dreaming about me?"

"Yes, perhaps; I was asleep? It is no matter; you were in my thoughts. You seemed to be angry with me; that is not true, is it?"

"Why should I be angry?"

"Because it is a very long time since I have been to see you; I am so busy here."

"I see that plainly. Fatigue has overpowered you, and you are therefore forced to take a *siesta* no matter where."

"Come and see my plans, uncle; you must give me advice."

"Another time. I come now to ask you for information. You know, I am told, a young person whose name is Mademoiselle de Nives?"

Jacques started at this brusque attack.

"Who told you so, uncle? I am not acquainted with her."

"But you know persons who are acquainted with her, since Miette is one of them. She must talk to you sometimes of her old friend at the convent?"

"Yes, no—stay! I cannot remember. You would like—what would you like to know?"

"I want to know if she is an idiot."

This brutal word fell like a second stone on Jacques's head, and his vermilion complexion grew slightly pale.

"Idiot! Mademoiselle de Nives an idiot! Who pretends to think so?"

"The head of a family who came to consult me this morning, as one of his sons wishes to demand this young person in marriage as soon as she comes out of the convent. Well, this father had heard that the young lady was not in the possession of her reason, that she was epileptic, insane, or imbecile."

"Indeed," replied Jacques, who, scarcely recovered from his surprise, began to put himself on guard, "I do not know. How should I know?"

"Then, if you do not know anything, I must find Miette, who will be better informed, and will be willing to give me the information I desire."

Here was a new trouble for Jacques.

"Miette will go to your house, my uncle. There is no need of your going to see her."

"Why should I not? It is not very far."

"She is probably not at home to-day. She had some purchases to make at Riom."

"It is no matter; if I do not find her I will leave word that she may expect me to-morrow."

"She will make you a call, uncle. I will let her know that you want to see her."

"So you are very much afraid that I shall go to Vignolette?"

"It is for the sake of sparing you useless trouble, uncle."

"You are very good. I rather think that you are afraid I shall find out a secret."

"I? How? Why do you say that?"

"You know very well that no longer ago than last evening Henri discovered that Miette concealed a secret very painful to him, and consequently to me."

"For you—for him? I cannot comprehend it."

"What comedy are you playing? Did you not confess everything to Henri?"

"He told you? I confessed nothing at all."

"You confessed to him that Miette had a lover whom she preferred, and that my son had nothing to do but to retire from the field."

"I confessed that? Never! never! My sister has no other lover. Is it possible that you doubt Miette's uprightness and modesty? A lover at her house when I was not there! If any one but you had said that—"

"Then the person concealed at Vignolette is a woman."

"It cannot be a man; I swear that the thing is impossible, and that it is not true."

"You must, then, be sure of it. You go often to Miette's—"

"I have not put my foot in the house for a month."

"That is strange! Has she forbidden you to go there?"

"I have had no time."

"How is that? You find time to attend all the fairs in the vicinity."

"For my business, not for my pleasure. I am not going to waste my time any longer; it is the solemn truth."

"You are thinking of getting married?"

"Perhaps so."

"With an heiress?"

"With a person whom I have loved for a long time."

"And who is not an idiot?"

"To love an idiot! How horrible!"

"You are not like the young man who seeks Mademoiselle de Nives for her fortune, and who does not care whether she knows her right hand from her left. You can conceive the uneasiness of the father who has consulted me on this point. He would think his son dishonored if this were certain."

"It would be a mean, base deed, certainly; but who has circulated this report about Mademoiselle de Nives? It must be her step-mother."

"You are acquainted, then, with her step-mother? Come, tell me what you know."

"But I know nothing at all. I only know what every one says, what you have heard a thousand times. The Count de Nives married an adventuress, who drove away and persecuted the child of his first wife. It is even said that this young girl died in a convent."

"Ah! you thought she was dead?"

"I have heard such a report."

"Very well. I can tell you that she is living, and, if my inferences do not mislead me, for she has escaped from the convent, she is now concealed at Vignolette."

"Ah! she escaped?"

"Yes, young man, with a lover who has very large feet."

Jacques Ormonde looked involuntarily at his feet, and then at mine, as if to make a comparison that had never entered his mind before. Perhaps until this moment he had never suspected that there could be any imperfection in his *physique*.

I saw plainly that he was foiled, and that if I pushed him a little further he would tell me everything; but my object was to search out his exact position in regard to the case, not to gain his confidence. I changed the conversation abruptly.

"Tell me about your sister," I said. "Is it true that she is angry with Madame Chantabel?"

"My aunt has hurt her feelings very much by giving her to understand that she did not look favorably upon her marriage with Henri."

"I know there is a misunderstanding between them, as there is between Henri and you. I hope everything will be made up, and, as you are sure that Miette has formed no other plans—"

"I will take my oath of it."

"Well, I am going to talk with her. Come with me as far as Vignolette."

"I will go half-way, for I have masons here who disarrange all my plans the moment my back is turned."

When we were at a little distance from Vignolette, Jacques begged me to let him return to his work. He seemed afraid to go any farther. I gave him his liberty, but, after watching his progress for a little while, I discovered that he was not returning to Champgousse. He made his way stealthily among the vines, as if to watch the result of my visit to his sister.

I whipped up my horse, and made him redouble his pace. I did not wish Jacques to arrive before me by the narrow footpaths, and to forewarn his sister of my arrival. However, as I must drive around the farm in order to enter it by the carriage-road, I was not certain that, with his great limbs and the habits of a hunter who overcomes all obstacles, he had not been beforehand with me, when, without announcing myself, I entered my niece's garden.

She came to me, with a basket of peaches, that she had just gathered, in her hands, and putting them upon a bench, in order to give me a cordial welcome.

"Sit down here," I said; "I want to talk to you;" and, in order to sit down, I took up a white-silk umbrella lined with rose-color, that was lying on the bench. "Is this pretty plaything yours?" I asked. "I did not know you cared for fine things like this."

"No, uncle," she replied, with the frank decision that was at the bottom of her soul and her character. "This plaything is not mine; it belongs to some one who is staying with me."

"And who has run into the house?"

"She will return if you will consent to see her, and hear what she has to say; she wants to talk to you, for last evening I convinced her that this was her wisest course."

"Have you seen your brother to-day?"

"Yes, uncle. I know Henri found out the existence of some secret here. I do not know what he told you, nor what he thinks of it; but I am unwilling to have any secrets with you, and was obliged to tell the person who has trusted hers to me that I would not tell you any falsehoods. You have come to question me, dear uncle; I am ready to answer all your questions."

"Indeed, my child," I resumed, "I will only ask you those to which you can reply without betraying anything. I will not demand the name of the person—I believe I know it—neither will I ask to see her. I am interested solely in what concerns your brother and you personally, for it is of great importance that Jacques should not make you an accomplice in a piece of folly the consequences of which will be disagreeable if not serious."

"I assure you, uncle, that I do not understand what you are talking about. Jacques has nothing to do with my decision to receive this person and protect her as long as it is in my power."

"You say Jacques has nothing to do with it—and you assure me, Emilie, you have never told me an untruth?"

"Never!" replied Miette, with that all-powerful expression of truth that needs no proof to impress its claims.

"I believe you, dear girl—I believe you!" I cried. "Thus Mademoiselle de—we will not call her by name—came to you, a month since, alone and of her own free-will; that is to say, no one brought her to you, persuading her to come here, and no one helped her to escape from the walls of her prison?"

Before replying, Miette hesitated a moment, as if what I said gave birth to a suspicion that had not before occurred to her.

"The truth that I can swear to," she replied, "is this: One evening last month I was here alone. Jacques had gone to the fair of Artonne. He had been away more than a week, when I heard some one ringing at the gate. I thought at first it was he, but, while getting up to go to the door, I guessed who it must be; for I had received a letter announcing a plan, a hope of escape, and asking for an asylum and secrecy. I did not arouse my domestics, who were asleep, but I ran to the door, and found the person I expected. I welcomed her cordially, and led her to the room already prepared for her. Old Nicole was my only confidante, and I am as sure of her fidelity as of my own."

"And this person was alone?"

"No, she was accompanied by Charliette, her nurse, who had planned for a long time and at last succeeded in effecting her escape."

"What has become of this woman?"

"She did not remain here. She is in Riom, where she is living with her husband. I am not much pleased with her appearance, but she comes to see Marie occasionally, to tell her what her stepmother is doing, for she has taken it upon herself to watch her movements."

"Tell me what Jacques did after you had received your friend."

"Jacques returned in two days, but did not see my recluse. I met him on the road, and said to him: 'You must not put your foot in our house, for this would cause a scandal. I have there a friend who cannot see any one. You must sleep at Champgousse. To-morrow I will bring you everything you need, and help you to get settled there. You are anxious to commence building; begin now; do not come home for a month, and keep the most absolute secrecy.' Jacques promised not to try to see my friend, and not to speak of her to any one. He has kept his word."

"You are sure of it?"

"Yes, uncle, even though you should think I am mistaken," replied Miette, firmly; "I know all the levity for which my brother is reproached, but he is blameless where I am concerned. He feels, indeed, that if he came here he would quickly be accused of paying court to my friend, and that I should play a villainous *rôle*."

"What villainous *rôle*, my dear? This is the sole point that interests me. What should you think of your situation if Jacques made pretensions to this young woman?"

"Jacques cannot have the least pretension; he is not acquainted with her."

"But suppose—"

"That he has deceived me? It is impossible! it would be unpardonable! This young lady is rich, noble, and has a social position above Jacques. If, to make such an alliance possible, he had tried to become acquainted with her, to win her affection, to profit by her abode with me to compromise her character, I should pass for the accomplice of a base intriguer, or for a ridiculous dupe. Is not this your opinion, uncle?"

In my turn I hesitated to reply. The great Jacques seemed to me both frivolous enough and positive enough to deceive his sister.

"My darling," I said, embracing her, "no one will ever accuse you of being concerned in any intrigue whatever, and, if there were persons ill-advised enough for that, your uncle and cousin would box their ears."

"But my aunt Chantabel!" replied Miette, with an expression of sorrowful pride. "My aunt is prejudiced against me, and perhaps she has already spread unfavorable reports in regard to me?"

"Your aunt has not heard anything. Forget what she said to you, for she will make amends for her thoughtlessness. I cannot deny that my dear wife is thoughtless; but she is good and has a high esteem for you."

"She does not love me, uncle; that was plain the last time I saw her, and she has prejudiced Henri's mind against me."

"But am I of no account? I am here, and I love you enough for four. Tell me one thing: do you still love Henri?"

"Yes, I love the Henri of old times; now, I cannot tell—I must make his acquaintance over again. He has changed in form, language, and manners. It will take time to gain a knowledge of his character, but he cannot come to my house for some weeks, neither can I go to yours; you now understand the reason why."

"Well! put off for a few weeks the examination you wish to make, and answer a final question. Do you know well the person to whom you are giving an asylum?"

"Yes, uncle."

"You love her?"

"Very much."

"And you esteem her?"

"I firmly believe that she has never done anything that merits serious disapprobation."

"Has she a good mind?"

"Yes, both mind and intelligence."

"Is she well instructed?"

"As well as one can be in a convent; she reads a great deal now."

"Has she sound common-sense?"

"Much more than the person who has brought her misfortunes upon her, and who still persecutes her."

"Enough! I do not want to know any more at present, neither do I desire to see your friend until I have something important to tell her"

"Ah, uncle!" cried Miette, who was not deficient in penetration — "I guess! You have been consulted; you are commissioned to—"

"I have been consulted, but I am entirely free to act as I intend. I would not enter upon a case, for anything in the world, where your name would be used in the pleadings; but there will be

no case, you may be sure, and, if there were, I would refuse to plead against one who is your dependent and *protégée*. As it is now a question of compromise, I have the right to give good advice to both parties. Tell your friend that she has done a very imprudent thing in quitting her convent when she would so soon have the full right to leave it of her own free-will; and let me tell you that, in encouraging her, you have been guilty of a foolish act of which I did not believe you capable."

"No, uncle, I have been deceived by appearances. Marie wrote: 'I am of age, but see no prospect of regaining my liberty. My only resource is in flight, and you are the only person in the world who can give me an asylum. Are you willing to receive me?' I could not refuse. When she arrived, she told me that she should not be of age for several weeks. I was well acquainted with Marie, and knew she was a month younger than I, but did not know the day of her birth. After I found this out, I fully understood that she must be closely concealed, and took all possible precautions. I had succeeded until now. Marie does not go out of the inclosure, and my farmers are reliable and devoted. They do not know her name, have not seen her, and, without being in my confidence, are distrustful enough to make no reply to any questions that might be asked them."

"Ah, well! my dear girl, redouble your precautions, for at the present time Mademoiselle Marie is still under her guardian's control. She has power to take her home, or force her to return to the convent—between two gendarmes, as they say!"

"I know it, uncle, I know it! therefore I sleep with one eye open. If such a thing should happen —poor Marie! I would follow her; I should be seen conducted through the country by the gendarmes."

"As Jacques would not endure this—nor I, any more than he, if I were there, we should be in fine business! Friendship is a good thing, but I find that your friend has well used not to say abused yours."

"She is so unhappy, uncle! If you knew—ah! how I wish she could talk to you, and tell you the story of her life!"

"I do not wish to see her, and I must not. It is impossible for me to be the confidant of her presence here. Remember this would spoil everything, and destroy my power of being useful to you. Now I am going away. I have not seen her, you have not told me her name, I know absolutely nothing. Embrace me, and say to your recluse that she must not leave her umbrellas in your garden."

"Take this basket of peaches, uncle; my aunt likes them."

"No! your peaches, though superb, are less velvety and fresh than you are; and as I shall not speak at home of having seen you, I do not wish to carry anything away. Allow me only to say to Henri that you will consent to renew your acquaintance with him next month?"

"You are going to tell him, then, that you have seen me?"

"Yes, him alone, but he will not know anything of your secret."

"Then, dear uncle, tell him—tell him—tell him nothing; learn, before all else, what my aunt has against me. As long as she feels unkindly toward me, I cannot think of anything."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE HOLLY.

IMPERISHABLY green the holly-leaves,
And bright as blood the berry red that weaves
Its brilliance through the tangled branches dense;
No bird can build within its spiked fence,
Nor sun in-penetrate its leafy deeps
Where the undying tree-bound spirit sleeps.
It stands within the churchyard where the graves
Rise in their grassy ranks, like broken waves,
And sturdier grows as man in death is laid
Pulseless beneath its black, unvarying shade.
The Summers call with song, and bee, and flower;
Its leaves shake off the touch of vernal shower;
The Autumn flings her radiance far and wide
Till earth is garbed in beauty as a bride—
Yet ever stands the holly dark, severe,
Like a grim warder o'er a fickle year.
The Winter comes: gone is the leafy shade,
That, late, earth's Orient tent of splendor made;
The vines, like serpents fiery-eyed, turn brown,
And blossoms throw their garlands, withered, down;
Still shines the holly with its thorny hedge,
And redder berries flash along its edge;
The snows, new-fallen, doth it lightly toss
To gleam, like emerald, for the Christmas cross.
Now is its victory! In the festive hall
Its glittering leaves enwreath the pictured wall;
Above the fireplace where the hickory glows,
Its spirit, framed, forgets the threatening snows;
Upon the board, where wine and wit are throned,
It, rustling, laughs at churchyard wind that moaned;
And where it hangs on high, o'er maiden's head,
It hears the Christmas vows of lovers said.

Strange type of life art thou, O holly brave!
With strong roots, coral-like, round mouldering grave,
Bearing the winter's storm, the summer's sun,
While changing decades of man's race are run;
Twin of grim Death, whose shadow mocks our way,
And chosen comrade of our Christmas-day!

MARIE LE BARON.

BETWEEN TWO FIRES.

BY ALBERT RHODES.

THERE was a family consultation to consider the future of Robert Ramsey, consisting of the person named, his father Allen Ramsey, and his maiden aunt Miss Flora MacGowan. The head of the family had met with a disaster to which even the prudent are sometimes subject in the commercial world. It left him a poor man, comparatively, he having saved but a meagre competency from the wreck of his fortune. The son had been brought up as a rich man's heir—that is, without a vocation. A year had passed since the loss of fortune, and there was no longer any hope of retrieving it. During this time the maiden aunt had been employed as a woman's companion to Mrs. Katherine Carrol, a widow of twenty-five, well gifted by Nature and fortune.

The Ramsey family were of Scotch descent, as their name indicates, and possessed of the characteristic wariness of their ancestors. This was especially true in the case of Miss Flora MacGowan, who had contrived to make a comfortable nest for herself in the heart of Mrs. Carrol.

At the family council, Mr. Ramsey informed his son that he did not know what to do for him, in view of his ignorance of special callings. He was aware that Robert was an efficient conductor of Germans, as well as a good rider, he was fine-looking and well-mannered; but these were qualities which, from a material point of view, were unproductive. He further gave the young man to understand that he would be obliged to look out for himself thereafter. Robert himself recognized the necessity of doing something. The three were in accord on this point; but no satisfactory conclusion was reached concerning the object of their deliberations. The senior Ramsey retired from the fruitless meeting, leaving his sister and son together, between whom there was more freedom of speech than when the head of the family was present.

There was one subject on which the son was silent as long as the father was there, being probably considered by him as something too tender for the paternal ear. It was love. To Miss Flora was confided the condition of his heart; the object of his secret worship was Mrs. Carrol, the mistress or employer of his aunt.

He went on in the way usual with lovers about the perfections of his idol; but he had little hope. She was far beyond him. She was rich, surrounded by worthy friends, and unapproachable to a man like him who had neither fortune nor talent. He said this and much more to the practical spinster who listened to him. When he reached the bitter conclusion of the futility of his passion, Miss Flora held out some hope.

Her mistress, Mrs. Carrol, possessed a fortune which required looking after. She was dissatisfied with her man of business, whom she did not see so frequently as her interests demanded. Mrs. Carrol was then entertaining the idea of employing a man to devote himself entirely to her affairs. This was the more desirable as there was no man in the house, and she felt that the presence of a trusty person of this kind would be a protection as well. Mrs. Carrol's notion was to secure the services of some one who would combine the qualities of secretary and business man, but, as it was not customary, in the society of which she was a part, to employ a man in such private capacity, she had not yet made up her mind. In a word, what Mrs. Carrol really needed was, what is known in the Old World as a private secretary.

The subject had been more or less discussed in the Carrol mansion. As Miss Flora enjoyed the confidence of her mistress, she was invited to participate in the discussion, which she had not cared to do. But since she saw the benefit which her nephew might derive from the execution of the project entertained, she determined to use her influence in favor of it. She thought, by the exercise of some ingenuity, Robert might secure the place which would probably be created. This would bring him near to Mrs. Carrol, whom he might woo at his pleasure. This astute aunt could not have suggested a more joyful surprise to Robert Ramsey.

The Rev. Mr. Clark, her pastor, was much esteemed by Mrs. Carrol, she attaching some importance to his opinions. Miss Flora thought that if Robert were recommended by him, the probabilities were that he would succeed in getting the place, where, once installed, he would be able to follow out her instructions in the love-campaign. To facilitate this, Miss Flora was to be his enemy. She said deception would have to be practised, but hoped the end would justify the means. She had nobody in the world that she was as fond of as she was of her nephew, and she was determined to do her best for him.

In pursuance of the marital project, Robert presented himself at the residence of Mrs. Carrol, who dwelt in the same house with her aunt, Mrs. Simpson. He was ushered into the front drawing-room by a footman, who told him his mistress would be down directly. While waiting, he sauntered through the front to the back drawing-room, and looked out of an open window on a cheerful garden; and, as he thus stood, he unconsciously offered an agreeable portrait for the eye of a woman to rest upon. As Mrs. Carrol entered the front-room, she asked James the footman who the gentleman was who was looking out of the window, and was informed it was Mr. Robert Ramsey, whose name he had just taken up. She thought there must be some mistake, but she was respectfully assured that there was none. She walked back to where he was; he turned round at the *frou-frou* of her dress, and bowed.

"You are the person recommended to me by the Rev. Mr. Clark?"

"I am, Mrs. Carrol."

"You are hardly the kind of— Do you have an idea of the duties to be performed in the employment you seek?"

He believed he had. She intimated that some of the duties might not be of an agreeable nature to a person like him. He felt assured that any task that Mrs. Carrol might assign to him would be performed cheerfully. She told him that if he felt like trying the secretaryship for a few days, to see how he liked it, she would be glad to have him do so. He looked at her submissively, and said he would hold himself at her orders: he would like to begin at once. She asked him to walk into the study with her, and she would give him a couple of letters to answer as a beginning. He followed her through the hall into the study in which Miss Flora MacGowan was seated, to whom he was presented by Mrs. Carrol: Miss MacGowan treating him with coldness. At the first opportunity, which was in about an hour, when the two women were alone, Mrs. Carrol asked her companion why she treated the new secretary with such coldness. Did she know anything about him?

To which Flora emphatically responded:

"I do."

"What do you know about him, pray?"

"He is madly in love."

"Well, that is unfortunate; but it is not a vice."

"But it is *you* the young man is in love with."

A slight blush appeared in the face of Mrs. Carrol as she said:

"Ah! that changes the question. I cannot keep him, in that case. It will not do to have a secretary with me in that condition. How do you come to know this?"

"He is my nephew. You noticed how coldly I treated him. This very subject has led to an estrangement between us. He has for the last year been following you about, and when he sees you he thinks it is complete happiness. He has rhapsodized time and again to me about your perfections, always winding up about my great privilege in dwelling near you as I do. It is strange you never remarked him hanging about church-doors, and any place where you happened to go in or out. I have known the fellow to wait for three or four hours on the pavement, on a bitterly cold night, before a house where an entertainment was going on, to catch a glimpse of you as you passed into your carriage. I caught him once kissing an object which you handled for a few moments in a shop. He goes on like a crazy man. You are an angel—a queen—to kiss the hem of your garment would be a boon, to behold you an hour or two every day would be celestial —and all that sort of thing. You see the young man is cracked. I am sick of his nonsense. He is content to behold you. He will never dare to speak to you of his love. He says it would be sacrilege. And so he used to rave to me until the thing became intolerable, and I firmly told him I would not have anything more to do with him. Besides, Mrs. Carrol, you are aware of my devotion to you. I wish to preserve you from the persecutions of this madman."

"What a strange creature he must be!" observed Mrs. Carrol.

"You understand," continued Miss MacGowan, "how you would be annoyed if you had a man like him about you. He would be a continual note of admiration in your presence and a subject of ridicule. Besides, you have not definitely engaged him, and you can still withdraw. You had better take the man whom your aunt recommended to you; that would settle the question at once."

"I shall think about it," said Mrs. Carrol, musingly.

After attending to his commissions, Robert returned with a submissive air to the presence of Mrs. Carrol. She looked at him curiously. His infatuation hardly appeared in his manner; his eyes were modest and downcast.

"I forgot to say," observed Mrs. Carrol, "that it is hard for me to make a definite engagement with you, as my aunt also recommended a person to me for the employment, and it is due to her to show some respect for her counsels."

Disappointment overspread the face of Robert, as well as stifled anguish.

"A little while ago you encouraged me to hope that I was going to have the place. Have I done anything to displease you, Mrs. Carrol?"

"No," said she, with a shade of pity in her voice.

"Then let me beg you not to send me away."

"But if you were provided with a better position?"

"There can be none better for me."

"One better fitted to your capacity?"

"There can be none, Mrs. Carrol. Promise me that you will not send me away!"

This was said like a subject pleading before his queen.

Mrs. Carrol glanced at this eager face with compassion, and said:

"Well, I shall not come to any decision at once. Meanwhile, you may perform the duties." Saying this, Mrs. Carrol turned her back, picked up a book, and began to read. She read for five or ten minutes, then turned quickly round and saw Robert Ramsey's eyes fixed on her with the expression of a lover of Nature who looks out on a new and wondrous horizon. As his eyes encountered hers, they dropped in confusion. The sexes had changed places. Her intent regard bent on one that was downcast.

Mrs. Carrol raised her book and resumed her reading, after thus reducing the eye-battery of admiration to inaction. Her reading had continued fifteen or twenty minutes, when the downcast eyes of Ramsey began to rise furtively from the carpet to the hem of her skirts, then up to the hands and to the book. When they got there, they encountered another pair looking straight at his from over the top of the volume. Down went the eyes of the man from worshipful radiance to confusion, as before.

Presently Mrs. Carrol left the room and sought Flora, who said to her, eagerly :

"Well, you must see that he loves you to distraction."

"Poor young man!" observed Mrs. Carrol.

"Such a person would be unbearable in the house," pursued Flora. "I hope you have discharged him?"

"How impatient you are, Flora! I am afraid you are prejudiced against him."

"I can see nothing but annoyance in his presence here, Mrs. Carrol, and I wish to save you that. I hope you do not think that I am guided by any personal motive?"

"No, Flora ; I know that you mean well. But I cannot put a man like him out of the house immediately. It would be both unkind and unjust."

Nearly a week passed, during which several times Mrs. Carrol discovered Ramsey in ecstatic contemplation of her. In one instance she had been toying with a rose-bud which fell on the floor. She went out of the room, and, returning quickly in quest of something she had forgotten, she caught him kissing the bud with ardor. As she went out again, her eyes swept over him with compassion.

Mrs. Carrol was of a just and generous nature, as may be inferred from the leniency with which she treated a man who was laboring under what she deemed a misfortune, and when Flora again returned to the charge to have the admirer dismissed, she betrayed anger.

"I cannot understand the persistency with which you pursue Mr. Ramsey, Flora. You are positively destitute of that natural affection which an aunt should have for a nephew. Speak no more of his discharge, for I am resolved to keep him."

Mrs. Simpson, Mrs. Carrol's aunt, was apprised of the new secretary's secret worship for the mistress of the house through Flora, whose side she naturally espoused, and *she* proceeded to remonstrate with her niece.

"To keep in your employ a man who is in love with you is to encourage him," said Mrs. Simpson.

"He does not know that I know he is in love with me."

"But it will not be long before he will let you know it in one way or another."

"I do not think so, aunt. Besides, it will be time enough to act when he does that."

"But people will talk, Katherine. Just think of the gossip going round that Mrs. Carrol's secretary is in love with his mistress, and that she knows it!"

"I am determined to do what is right by Mr. Ramsey, regardless of what society says," said she, with considerable warmth.

The double advice stirred up a spirit of opposition in the heart of Mrs. Carrol, and, as she got to battling in the cause of the secretary, she took an interest in him. As they were still talking with some warmth, the subject of their conversation entered. Mrs. Simpson retired, but, before doing so, she exhibited her antipathy to him in such a marked manner that Mrs. Carrol felt called upon to notice it. She observed :

"Aunt Simpson, I must insist on every one under this roof treating Mr. Ramsey with that courtesy which belongs to a person who is in the enjoyment of my confidence."

"Permit me to beg, Katherine, that in insisting on what you do you will not forget the respect that is due to your mother's sister."

With this rejoinder, Mrs. Simpson went out of the room. Had this not been a Parthian arrow, Mrs. Carrol would have continued in the same spirit, but the retreat of the elder closed the discussion. There was an expression of pain in the face of Ramsey.

"Believe me, Mrs. Carrol," said he, "that it afflicts me sorely to be the cause of so much trouble to you."

"It is not your fault," said she, softening as he spoke to her. "I regret the annoyance on your account as much as on my own."

He bowed submissively but with quiet dignity.

"All that is nothing, Mrs. Carrol, so long as I am suffered to remain in your employment."

Mrs. Simpson had a motive for her opposition to the presence of a secretary who, from his services, was brought into intimate relations with his employer; he was without talent or fortune, but he was fine-looking and well-bred, and the possession of these qualities might lead to serious results. She was afraid of such a contingency, however remote it might appear, and, at any rate, it was prudent to take precautions against it. There was a suitor for the hand of her niece whom she encouraged, whose name was Maurice Rogers. He was not only a man of some talent, but the possessor of considerable fortune, and was generally considered as a desirable husband. Rogers had seen a good deal of the world, and was gifted with a fair share of penetration.

About a week after Ramsey had been employed in his new functions, Rogers made a call on Mrs. Carrol. Before he saw her, the aunt went into the drawing-room where he was waiting to inform him of her fears. He thought there was little or no foundation for her apprehensions. He added, however, that he would satisfy himself about them as soon as Mrs. Carrol and the secretary made their appearance together. Presently they did so, Mrs. Carrol first and Ramsey following. The mistress of the house extended the cordial welcome to Rogers which she was in the habit of doing. While they entered into conversation Ramsey retired to one corner. After talking about different topics for fifteen or twenty minutes, Rogers made reference to some current news concerning which she asked a question. He answered that they would probably find something about it in the evening paper, and, as he said so, he turned his hand in the direction of Ramsey, with—

"Young man, would you please bring us the evening paper—the last edition?"

"Mr. Rogers," said Mrs. Carrol, quickly, flushing with anger, "you are not speaking to a servant, but

to one who is a gentleman like yourself. This, sir, is Mr. Ramsey."

"Ah, I beg your pardon, Mr. Ramsey—a thousand pardons! But, really, they get the servants up so much like their masters nowadays, it's sometimes hard to tell the difference."

As he said this he looked significantly toward the aunt. At the demand for the evening paper, Ramsey had started up with indignation, but when Mrs. Carrol replied as she did, he sank back into his seat. Here was cause for new mortification, but he bore it with unruffled dignity the moment that Mrs. Carrol poured over his wound the balm of a sympathetic glance, which, by-the-way, was not lost on Rogers, who was a man of quiet observation. The prompt pacification of Ramsey—the quick subjection of his rising wrath—was probably taken by Mrs. Carrol as another evidence of the power of his love for her, and she smiled upon him with a gentle sadness.

The conversation after this, confined to the two women and the visitor, took a social range. In half an hour Rogers went away, and Mrs. Simpson retired to her room, leaving Mrs. Carrol and the secretary together.

"Do you take much interest in society matters, Mr. Ramsey?"

"Very little," said this somewhat misanthropical Romeo.

"But you were not always so, I fancy, from what your aunt tells me?"

"It is true. It is only since—"

"Since when, Mr. Ramsey?"

"Really, I cannot recollect the date when society ceased to interest me."

This evidently was an effort made to bring Ramsey to avow the commencement of his love.

"At any rate," continued he, "I am now content and glad to devote myself entirely to your interests — to shut myself out completely from the world, if I can only remain in your service."

"But what do you find particularly attractive about it, Mr. Ramsey?"

"I can hardly explain, Mrs. Carrol."

"I think I can get you a better position than what you have here."

"Excuse me, madam, I prefer to remain where I am. If you are satisfied with me, I will not change it for any other."

There was almost a gentle reproach in his eyes as she thus urged him to better himself, which brought the dew of sympathy into hers.

The graceful and good-looking secretary continued to go about his duties with a subdued manner. He was quiet and unobtrusive. As Mrs. Carrol looked at the calm surface of his exterior, she could not help thinking of the passionate admiration, doubtless, boiling beneath, which he struggled to hide. He was a martyr to his love. Would he never confess it? Probably never. He was content to offer up incense to his idol in secret; this was the height of his hope.

After the secretary left the drawing-room, Miss MacGowan entered it, saying that she had discovered something about that infatuated nephew of hers. He had carried on a flirtation with Miss Caroline Holland, the banker's daughter, which she had taken seriously.

"Do you mean that handsome and accomplished girl that I met a few weeks ago at Mrs. Crampton's dinner?" asked Mrs. Carrol.

"The same."

"And he paid attention to her?"

"Yes; until he saw you. Then he abruptly ceased."

At this a blush passed over the face of Mrs. Carrol.

"The other day in my brother's house," continued Flora, "I found one of Miss Holland's letters addressed to my nephew, and here it is."

As she said this she produced a letter, unfolded, and handed it to Mrs. Carrol, who answered that she would rather not look at it, when Flora observed that it was her duty to inform herself concerning the character of the person in her employment. It was plain that she was anxious to read the letter, and the observation of Flora satisfied the demands of conscience and curiosity. The letter was a confession of love, which, after reading, Mrs. Carrol folded up and put in her pocket, observing, as she did so, that she would like to look over it again.

At this point the secretary entered the room, on which Flora said that, as she had no secrets for Mrs. Carrol, she had a communication to make to her nephew on the part of her brother, and would do so in her presence. On Ramsey asking what it was, she answered that her brother had, after considerable effort, secured a very desirable place as secretary of a wealthy corporation for his son Robert.

"I am sorry that my father has given himself so much trouble on my account," said Ramsey; "but it is useless."

"Why is it useless?" asked Flora, with warmth.

"Because I shall not accept it."

"You surely cannot know what you are doing. This is a position desirable to a man in any rank of life; it is the opening to a prosperous career. To refuse it is to fly in the face of Providence."

Ramsey shook his head, and there was a dilation of the nostril in the face of Mrs. Carrol.

"Robert Ramsey, if you persist in this refusal," continued Flora, "your father will never forgive you."

"I have given the only answer that I can," said he.

"Your senses have left you, Robert," said Flora. "You are acting under a misleading, obstinate impulse, which one day you will bitterly regret. You are not only ruining yourself, but estranging yourself from your father. Come, reflect."

"It pains me to do so, but I must refuse."

"I have done my duty by you," said Flora, in anger. "Henceforth I shall let you reap the consequences of your folly, without saying one word more. What I have now said was rather in behalf of your father than in yours."

Saying this, Flora retired from the room with a cold and angry demeanor. Mrs. Carrol looked at him a few moments, and then said:

"If I thought that any words of mine would change your decision, I would speak them."

His manner, which a moment before had been cold, was now as submissive as that of a spaniel.

"Please do not ask me to go away," said he, beseechingly.

Mrs. Carrol was penetrated with the sacrifice, and her emotion was visible.

"My friend," said she, with stifled feeling in her voice, "I am afraid you are making a grievous mistake."

"It is a mistake that I wish to live and die in," said he, in a burst of passion; then quickly recovering his self-control, he said, in as ordinary a tone as he could assume: "It is a matter of taste—I prefer my present employment."

She said no more about the promising future on which he had turned his back, but each time that her eyes turned on him they bore in them a deeper interest. She found occupation for him in the same room where she sat. When he worked an hour or two at any task she showed a solicitude about tiring him, and asked him to leave off. He was a good reader, and occasionally she varied his duties by getting him to read to her, and in doing so he invested the tender passages with a new and deeper meaning for her. His eyes glowed upon her with a sentimental mysticism, in the words of passion, which stirred her heart.

Another visit came from Maurice Rogers, who, with the quiet observation characteristic of him, took in a general notion of the state of affairs. He was careful to treat Ramsey as if he stood on an equal social footing with himself, and it was evident that his so doing was pleasant to Mrs. Carrol.

"How agreeable," observed Rogers, in the course of conversation, "to have a gentleman near you like Mr. Ramsey, to perform the clerical and business duties which you require!"

"Ah! he has become indispensable," said Mrs. Carrol.

"You are very kind," was the grateful remark of Ramsey.

When Rogers went out in the hall and was looking for his cane, he met Mrs. Simpson.

"Well?" asked she, with some anxiety.

"The sentimental wheel is running smoothly. We must put a spoke in it. But so far, Mrs. Simpson, you have made a mistake."

"How have I made a mistake? From the very first I have tried to turn her mind against him—tried to induce her to discharge him."

"That's it. You aroused her combativeness and made an object of sympathy of *him*. It's as clear as Croton water. My dear Mrs. Simpson, you have unwittingly helped to bring about the present condition of things."

"Is it possible?" said she, her eyes considerably opened.

"You must change your plan. Please do not irritate her any more with your opposition, for it is playing into the hands of the enemy."

"What do you propose to do?"

"I want first to learn everything that has been going on."

She took him into the study and made him acquainted with what she had seen herself, and what she had gleaned from Flora—the letter of Caroline Holland, the name of the corporation which had offered the position of secretary, and other less important matters which had fallen under her notice. In concluding her information, she asked him if he thought Ramsey had progressed to the speaking-point—if he had made a declaration. Rogers did not think he had.

"Do you still love her, Maurice?"

"More than ever."

"And you are not discouraged?"

"Not yet."

"And you do not think of giving up?"

"What! without striking a blow? I expect to make war on the enemy, and that speedily."

"How are you going to do it?"

"That I shall let you know to-morrow. I want to turn a plan over in my mind."

With this he walked out of the house with the equanimity which was part of him, and Mrs. Simpson watched him as he went out with an interest that was nearly maternal.

Meanwhile the mistress and the secretary sat in the drawing-room. She kept herself in countenance with a piece of embroidery. Her first fear, when made acquainted with his unfortunate passion through Flora, was to prevent him at all hazards from declaring himself, not only in the annoyance it might cause her, but in the mortification to which it would subject him. This fear had given place to another feeling, somewhat characteristic of her sex. She was curious to see if he would push to the point of making a declaration—to hear from his own lips if he really did love her as much as Flora pretended that he did—to learn if he would really dare, after his solemn assurances to Flora that he would never open his lips on the subject to her. She determined to make him lay his heart bare by a compulsory process, and, as she was making up her mind to this, she looked up from her embroidery and asked:

"How do you like Mr. Rogers?"

"I neither like nor dislike him—he is indifferent to me, Mrs. Carrol."

"He merits something more than your indifference, Mr. Ramsey, since he is an intimate friend of mine."

"I trust he deserves your friendship, madam."

"And he is a man of talent and fortune," added she.

"So much the better for him; he cannot know how disheartening the contest of life is without them."

"And you must have remarked, Mr. Ramsey, that he is distinguished in manners and appearance."

"He is everything that you desire, madam."

"He is also a great friend of my aunt."

Ramsey inclined his head, as much as to say that he was listening.

"Well, I intend to give you a mark of my confidence this evening, and ask your advice."

"I assure you, Mrs. Carrol, that I feel deeply honored."

"Mr. Rogers is something more than a friend."

At this communication the secretary turned a trifle paler, and exclaimed:

"Indeed!"

"Yes, he has been attached to me for some time—in short, loves me. But it is only lately that the proposal has been made to me. No answer was made to it, except to ask him to give me time to reflect. As my secretary and man of business, I thought I ought to consult with you before taking an important step one way or the other."

"I am afraid this is too delicate a matter for me to pronounce upon," said the pale secretary.

"I do not think it is. I have learned to attach some weight to your opinion. Have you any objection to urge against Mr. Rogers?"

"None."

"Do you not think he is entitled to general esteem?"

"I do not know anything to the contrary."

"My aunt favors his suit, and strongly counsels me to accept him."

"Your aunt counsels you to accept him?" repeated the secretary, hardly knowing what he was saying.

"She thinks I could not have a more desirable husband."

Here she looked at him intently. It was plain that he was suffering. But she looked resolute, and doubtless said to herself that he *must* speak or submit to further torture.

"Well, Mr. Ramsey, do you advise me to marry Mr. Rogers?"

After a great effort, he said:

"There is perhaps too much precipitation: would you not do well to wait a while to inform yourself more fully?"

"It is hard for me to be informed more fully. I know all that it is necessary for me to know."

"Still, it seems to me that I would delay a little—" spoke the perturbed secretary, afflicted with contending emotions.

"If there was anything to be gained by delay, I might do so. Otherwise, what is the use? Have you anything else to offer?"

"Nothing, Mrs. Carrol."

"Then I have made up my mind to act at once. I have favored the suit of Mr. Rogers, and I think of accepting him."

The secretary looked like a man wrecked in a sea of misfortune.

"Let us go into the study," said she, and they went into it. She asked him to seat himself at his table, as she wished to avail herself of his services. The dejected secretary did so.

"I wish to send a note to Mr. Rogers," said she, "which I will dictate. Are you ready, Mr. Ramsey?"

He had mislaid the paper, and could not find it. She showed him where it was.

"Are you ready now?" continued she.

His pen was bad—he must have a new pen—he did not know where he had put the pens. She showed him where they were, as she thus persistently pressed him to the wall.

"Are you provided with a pen that suits you?"

The troubled secretary inclined his head in assent.

"Then let us begin. Write: 'My dear Maurice.'

The hand of the writer trembled so much that the three words were hardly legible.

"Have you written that?"

"I have," were the two weak words of a man overcome with emotion.

"'As you know,'" said she, dictating, "'I have always thought that marriage was a matter for grave consideration; hence I have taken time to reflect over the tender avowal that you have made to me. Your attachment is recip—'"

Here she was interrupted by the secretary rising to his feet, coming to her and kneeling down in an attitude of supplication.

"Oh, do not pronounce that fatal word for another," cried he, "or it will kill me! Your poor secretary has dared to raise his eyes to you—he has dared to love you!"

There were footsteps in the hall. He quickly rose to his feet. The door opened, and Mrs. Simpson entered. She saw two persons laboring under an excitement they could not altogether hide, but the woman was calmer than the man. She remained in the room until after Ramsey retired, then she said:

"Katherine, something unusual has occurred."

"What do you refer to?" asked Mrs. Carrol, innocently.

"There has been some tender nonsense going on between you and Ramsey."

"What makes you think so, aunt?"

"Katherine, please do not trifle with me."

"How could I think of such a thing?"

"You cannot deceive me, niece. But I will question you no further. Keep your own counsel if you desire to do so. I ask, however, that you will continue to have some faith in my desire for your happiness. You ought to know, Katherine, that, as your nearest kin, I would do more than any one else to save you from the pain of an ill-considered action. I hope you have never doubted of my affection for you."

At this Mrs. Carrol put her arm around her aunt and kissed her. After this affectionate demonstration, Mrs. Simpson said:

"Katherine, I want you to do me a favor. I do not know what has passed between you and Mr. Ramsey, but I am alarmed lest it should prove to be something that may cause you much unhappiness."

Mrs. Carrol's arm was still around her waist.

"I am satisfied, Katherine," she went on, "that he said something to-night which affected you

strangely. I at once inferred that he was pressing his suit, for he was wrought up in a way that showed something of that kind had occurred."

Mrs. Carrol's head was reposing on the shoulder of the aunt.

"Pet, I am sure he proposed to you."

"He did, aunt," was the *naïve* confession of the niece, with her head still on the aunt's shoulder.

"Did you encourage him?"

"Ah! that is hard to say."

"Did you tell him that you returned his attachment?"

"No; I am still a free woman."

"You must have said something."

"I hadn't the time."

"How was that?"

"Because you came in at that juncture."

"Thank Heaven! Now, this is the request I have to make of you: that you will say nothing to Mr. Ramsey concerning his proposal for one week, it being understood that at the end of that time you can do as you please, untrammeled by me or any one else. Do you promise, Katherine?"

"I do, aunt."

As soon as Mrs. Simpson was alone, she dispatched a note to Rogers, thus written:

"MY DEAR MAURICE: Make haste; for whatever you are going to do must be done within a week. Be prepared to take your first step to-morrow when you dine with us, if you can. S."

The feelings of Mrs. Carrol had not changed toward Ramsey, but it is probable, on reflection, that she was not dissatisfied with the interruption of her aunt. The next day Mrs. Simpson organized a shopping-excursion, and took her niece with her; and when they returned she hardly allowed her to be alone until the hour of dinner. Mrs. Simpson had a word or two with Rogers in the drawing-room before the repast was served, and he was made acquainted with what had passed between Mrs. Simpson and her niece the previous evening.

Rogers was at his best. The tie of his white cravat was artful, and the exposition of linen was as pure as snow. In a word, he was faultlessly attired. He was as self-possessed and as observing as usual, and when he took his seat at table he resolved on his plan of action. Mrs. Carrol was looking remarkably well, and, as his eyes dwelt on her, he felt strengthened to undertake almost anything in order to win her. He discovered, in short, that he was more deeply in love than ever. The glances of admiration which sparkled in his eyes from time to time were not without effect on Mrs. Carrol.

Even in the social talk which went around the table it is probable that Mrs. Carrol discovered certain signs of his mental strength which did not belong to Ramsey, for a woman so placed between two men is naturally given to comparisons. She felt, in a word, that there was an intellectual grip in the talk of Rogers which was not to be found in that of Ramsey.

After dinner, through the manœuvring of Mrs. Simpson and Rogers, he succeeded in getting Mrs. Carrol to himself in a corner of the drawing-room. He managed, after some general skirmishing, to turn the conversation upon Ramsey. He had felt considerable interest in him, especially when he saw that Mrs. Carrol had taken an interest in him, and he had tried to do something for him, feeling as he did that he was worthy of a position suited to superior capacity. He had applied to his friend, the president of a wealthy corporation (here he named the corporation, which, according to Miss Flora, had offered its secretaryship to her nephew), to know if Mr. Ramsey could not be placed in his company's office as secretary. His friend the president replied that it was not vacant, and that it could not be made so on any account, as the position was held by a trusty and indispensable man who had been serving in the same capacity for ten or twelve years.

The astute Rogers paused and observed the effect of his words. Mrs. Carrol could not altogether repress a slight movement of surprise.

"Then the place has not been vacant?" observed she.

"Not for ten or twelve years."

"Are you quite sure?"

"Positive."

"How unfortunate!" remarked she, in her ordinary tone. "It would have been such good fortune for Mr. Ramsey to have secured a place like that! It was kind of you to think of him, Mr. Rogers."

"Don't mention it."

When, during the evening, Mrs. Simpson got near Rogers, she asked him if he had done anything.

"I have fired my first shot," said he.

"I am glad of it," returned she.

"Yes," continued he; "I think I have wounded the enemy."

"Well," said she, "I shall give you an excuse to come back to-morrow to fire another shot. Will you be prepared?"

"I shall be on hand, my dear Mrs. Simpson, charged and primed. But I think the next shot should be fired by you."

"Please explain, Maurice."

Which Maurice did in a low tone. The result of this explanation was, that Mrs. Simpson determined to persuade her niece to go with her and make a call on Miss Caroline Holland the next day. Mrs. Simpson and Rogers understood each other thoroughly, and counted on something decisive within forty-eight hours. She assured him that she would follow out his instructions faithfully. A part, at least, of the weight was removed from his mind when he left the house that night.

The next day, in the morning, he ascertained that a messenger had been sent to make inquiries at the office of the corporation which had been in question, as to whether there had been any change in the secretaryship of the company, within the month. As soon as Rogers learned this, he easily guessed from whom the messenger came, and that

she sought corroborative evidence. This, in short, was something he apprehended, and he was satisfied.

The first time Mrs. Carrol saw Ramsey after the conversation with Rogers in the drawing-room corner, her face expressed a doubt which made him feel uncomfortable. Their talk was restricted to commonplaces; besides, Mrs. Simpson gave them little chance for anything else.

Mrs. Simpson induced her niece to go with her to the house of Miss Holland, as she had hoped. She also persuaded her that it would be nothing more than right and honorable that she should return Miss Holland's letter—which had been addressed to Ramsey—to her, as it was of a nature to compromise the writer of it, or at least make unpleasant scandal in the event of its falling into indiscreet hands. In short, the niece became convinced that it was nothing more than her duty to return the letter to the writer of it.

They sat out and were fortunate enough to find Miss Holland at home. The usual fashionable topics were discussed. At length Mrs. Carrol said:

"A letter of yours has fallen into my hands. I thought it would be safer in yours, and I have brought it to you."

Saying which, she drew the letter from her pocket and handed it to Miss Holland, who was evidently somewhat surprised. She excused herself a moment while she ran her eye over it. When she got to the end and saw her own name affixed thereto, her amazement was extreme.

"Why," said she, "Mrs. Carrol, I never wrote this letter. It's a forgery. In the next place," added she, with a blush, "I am incapable of writing in that way to any man."

It was Mrs. Carrol's turn to be surprised, and she exclaimed:

"Is it possible?"

"It does not even resemble my handwriting. Look," said she, handing an open letter which she picked up from the table and showed to Mrs. Carrol. In effect, on comparing the two handwritings, Mrs. Carrol saw there was no resemblance.

"I do not even know the man to whom the letter is addressed," added she, and then asked, "Pray, whom did you get it from?"

Mrs. Carrol remained silent, and looked at Mrs. Simpson, who observed that Miss Holland's question ought to be answered with candor.

"You are right," said Mrs. Carrol. "The person who gave me the letter is in my employment as a companion; she is Miss Flora MacGowan, and is the aunt of the man to whom the letter is addressed."

When Mrs. Carrol and her aunt returned home, they entered the front drawing-room, which was dark, to talk a few minutes over the singular incident which had just occurred. Their words were arrested on hearing the approach of footsteps. The two women were screened by the darkness, and presently Ramsey and Flora, whose voices they recognized, entered. The two listening women kept quite still. They heard the voice of Flora, saying:

"Robert, I think victory is within our grasp. The Holland letter, the offer of the secretaryship, and your skillful courtship, have worked like a charm."

"If it had not been for that old Simpson," responded the voice of Ramsey. "I should have secured her promise the other night—confound her!"

"She is completely taken with you, that's plain."

"Yes," observed he, with a complacent voice; "I think I have won her as quickly as it was possible to do."

At this, there was a face that burned in the darkness.

"You will hold to your agreement with me, Robert?"

"All right. It's understood that I am to pay you six months after the marriage—that is, as soon as I can get hold of some of my wife's money."

After these words he went into the hall, thence into the street, and Flora mounted the stairs. As soon as they went out of the room, the niece threw herself into the arms of Mrs. Simpson, and wept. After the relief which came from the shedding of tears, she repaired to the study, and wrote a note to Flora and another to Ramsey, in which they were both informed that their services would be no longer required. She ordered her maid to pack a trunk, as she was going to see a friend in Boston, where she would remain a day or two.

"That is the best way," said Mrs. Simpson, approvingly, "for then we shall have no scenes."

Before the week expired Mrs. Carrol returned to her house, which had been freed from the presence of the two conspirators. And, before long, Rogers, without any reference to what had occurred, asked her to name the day, which she did.

THE CHURCH-CLOCK.

SUGGESTED ON PASSING TRINITY CHURCH, BROADWAY, NEW YORK, IN EARLY SUMMER.

WHEN winter winds are cold, and trees are bare,
The church-tower clock displays the time exact;
Each hour, each minute, plainly indexed there,
Instructs us clearly when and how to act;
But when the sunshine foliage clothes the church,
And summer joys enrich the hidden spire,
We see not then, for then we vainly search
To find, how swift or slow the days expire.

Thus fortune at its height conceals the guide
That daily should direct our upward way,
And prosperous growths and flowery tendrils hide
The hand which marks and measures every day;
But when a hapless change despoils our power,
And scatters far the pomp that dimmed our view,
We read our duty clearly every hour,
And know, O God! the time to look to you.

CORNELIUS MATHEWS.

TURKISTAN AND ITS PEOPLE.[1]

FOR more than two centuries Russia has pursued her vast schemes of conquest and aggrandizement in Northern and Central Asia. Steadily, almost stealthily, she has crept eastward to the bleak Pacific coasts of Kamtchatka, and southward to the fertile slopes of the Thian Shan and the Beloor Tagh, until now her Asiatic dominions comprise at least one-third of the largest of the world's continents. As long ago as the time of Peter the Great, who may be regarded as the founder of the Russian Empire, his sway comprised the greater part of Siberia; and whatever may be thought of the authenticity of his alleged will, enjoining greater Asiatic advances as well as the conquest of Constantinople upon his successors, it is at least certain that his bold and enterprising brain foresaw the extension of Russian dominion even beyond the limits to which it has as yet attained. No modern historic fact is more striking and significant than this Russian progress in Asia. A glance at the map of that continent will show that the Russian arms have traversed thousands of miles, over dreary wastes and difficult mountain-ranges, far beyond the access of railways and telegraphs, into rugged wildernesses inhabited by strange peoples; along the course of far-reaching rivers, and to the seats of ancient Asiatic empires; until to-day Russian troops are stationed within sight of that lofty range of the Hindoo Koosh, which alone shuts out from their view the northernmost provinces of Hindostan. The two great rivers of Central Asia, the Oxus and the Jaxartes, are hers, and Russian vessels sail to-day upon their waters; the two great Central Asian inland seas, the Sea of Aral and the Sea of Balkash, are also hers; of the three great khanates of Turkistan, two, Khiva and Khokand, are virtually Russian provinces, while Bokhara, the third, is destined to fall into Russian hands ere the lapse of many years; and the two noble and historic cities of Samarcand and Tashkent are at this moment ruled over by Russian governors and "protected" by Russian garrisons.

Russia has only been able to make these vast conquests by degrees and at long intervals. Between Semipatalinsk and Akmolinsk, the southernmost of the Siberian provinces, and the rich and fertile khanate of Khokand, lie the vast and dreary deserts of the "Great" and "Little Hordes" of the Kirghiz. Between the Caspian and the Khivan capital are other deserts, which once, at least, proved a waste too formidable to be crossed even by a well-equipped Russian army. Nature seems to have thrown every difficulty within her resources in the way of the Russian military progress. Yet, by patience, perseverance, and repeated effort, Russia has absorbed the Central Asiatic provinces one by one, as the Austrian emperor did the artichoke leaf by leaf, until but three sovereign states of formidable proportions separate her dominions from those of Britain in India. These three are Bokhara, Kashgar, and Afghanistan. The first two are in all probability destined to be subjugated by Russia at no distant period; for the third, however, she will have to fight with England.

The subject of the Russian conquests in Asia has a not very remote connection with what is called "the Eastern question" in Europe; and it is of peculiar interest now, when the Eastern question is pressing urgently upon the great powers for a solution, which may be peaceful and may only be attained by the arbitrament of war. Mr. Schuyler's volumes, therefore, are published at an opportune moment. As the testimony of a most intelligent witness of the country and the people of Turkistan, who accompanied the Russian expedition to Khiva, whose official residence in Russia and knowledge of the language gave him rare opportunities to observe the tenor and sound the meaning of Muscovite policy, his book on Turkistan is a very valuable as well as timely contribution to the useful literature of the day. Many books have been written upon Turkistan, notably Vambéry's "Travels in Central Asia," R. B. Shaw's "Kashgar," Dr. Henderson's travels in Yarkund, Ravenstein's "Russians on the Amoor (Oxus)," Jaubert's "Voyage à Bukhara," Muravief's "Journey to Khiva," and Von Hellwald's "Russians in Central Asia;" but in none of these have we that complete historical, political, and social survey of the peoples of Turkistan afforded by Mr. Schuyler's book. He tells us much more about manners and customs than we could have learned from any other source; we at last feel that we really know something of the singular and interesting races of the deserts and steppes of the Great and Little Hordes, of historic Samarcand and picturesque Tashkent, of desert-bound Khiva and fruitful Khokand. Despite the number and variety of previous works, we were but little familiar with those far-off and obscure regions; it needed the graphic pen which Mr. Schuyler wields to bring the Central Asiatic scenes and people vividly and familiarly before us.

On the subject of the designs of Russia in her Asiatic conquests, Mr. Schuyler presents a different view from that generally adopted—at least, in England, and from England received in this country. What is her motive in extending her frontiers thousands of miles across arid deserts and wild steppes, to an enormous distance from her settled dominions, including nomadic races, vast tracts which are nonproductive, and countries which cannot be made emporiums of commercial communication for generations to come? The English, almost with a single voice, say that it is with three important objects in view: to thereby flank and thus finally take Constantino-

[1] Turkistan; Notes of a Journey in 1873, in the Russian Province of Turkistan, the Khanates of Khokan and Bokhara, and Provinces of Kuldja. By Eugene Schuyler, Ph. D., Consul-General at Constantinople. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co. 1876.

ple ; to gradually draw near to, and on an opportune occasion to invade, India ; and to obtain the full control and monopoly of Oriental commerce. This magnificent scheme, suggesting an ambition at once for military greatness and for boundless wealth, the English attribute to the inspiration of Peter the Great, and to the movements and policy of every czar and czarina since the founder of the Muscovite Empire. The whole course of English action has been for a century based upon this theory. But Mr. Schuyler tells us that this theory is a grave mistake. Russia, he says, has no "plot to dominate the whole of Asia." There is no "settled intention on the part of the Russian Government of making an attack upon India, nor is there any desire for the possession of India." The successive conquests of Russia in Turkistan Mr. Schuyler attributes to "what yearly and almost daily changing circumstances dictate." Yet he plainly says that if a war were to arise between Russia and England, and Russia found it practicable to make a "diversion" on India, there is every probability that she would not hesitate to do so ; and he goes on to show that not only did the Emperor Paul propose an invasion of India to Napoleon, but that such a design was seriously entertained half a century later by the Emperor Nicholas. It may be surmised that Mr. Schuyler's residence in Russia has inclined him to take up her defense as against England, and has thus led him to adopt an opinion which is certainly at variance with the whole tenor of Russian history and tradition for two centuries. But the political features of Mr. Schuyler's volumes, though full of important information and valuable suggestions, are less novel and less interesting than his graphic descriptions of the peoples and places he saw during his sojourn in Central Asia ; and we willingly turn from the complex and stormy political problems relating to the East, which have so long puzzled the brains of cabinets and diplomats, to glance at some of the customs and characteristics of the conquered races of Turkistan.

The Russian, pursuing his career of conquest from Siberia southward, and from the Caspian eastward, came first upon the great nomadic tribe of the Kirghiz. This strange, wandering people, Mohammedan in faith, Turkish, probably, in origin, and once forming a powerful and warlike nation comprising several millions of people, which carried its conquests as far south as Tashkent, are divided, as has been said, into vast "hordes," and tend their flocks and herds amid the solitudes of the desert and the steppe. In all the "hordes," of which there are four, the Kirghiz number between twelve and thirteen hundred thousand. They are described as speaking a tongue much resembling the Tartar, while their physiognomies are a curious mixture of Turk and Mongolian. They have intermarried extensively with women of Western China, which probably accounts for their partial resemblance to the Mongolian type. "The Kirghiz," says Mr. Schuyler, "are in general short of stature, with round, swarthy faces, insignificant noses, and small, sharp, black eyes, and the tightly-drawn eyelid which is seen in all the Mongol tribes."

The Kirghiz usually lives in a tent made of light felt, with a felt flap for a door, a fire in the middle, and the sides of the tent decked off with ribbons the year round. Sometimes, however, he prefers an underground hut, wherein his family, his calves, and his dogs eat, sleep, and while away the time together. Around his tent or hut he hangs his carpets and clothing, and, when he is rich, you may also see his silver utensils and the trappings of his horses dangling from the felt. He shaves his head close, and wears what beard Nature vouchsafes to him. For clothing he is content with one or two very simple garments. A pair of baggy breeches, and a rough shirt with a very large collar, are enough for the ordinary class of Kirghiz. But these nomads have their aristocracy, and the Kirghiz nabob is often a very magnificent fellow, displaying his wealth upon his person with gold-embroidered velvet cloaks, and skull-caps richly laced, and silver-mounted belts ; while his horses are adorned with equally elaborate saddles and bridles, in which gems as well as gold and silver glitter. The Kirghiz women wear loose jackets and trousers, and, like other Mohammedan women, are curiously swathed about the head and neck with cotton folds. The Kirghiz young girls reverse a recent fashion of American ladies ; for they wear their hair closely cropped *behind*, while in front it flows down long, and plaited into graceful braids. Of the women, Mr. Schuyler tells us that "they spin, embroider very well, cook, and do most of the work—as the men are too lazy to do more than look after their horses." The Kirghiz is, it seems, a shiftless and improvident person ; he goes without drink for a day, and without food for several, and then gorges himself to stupidity. He eats mutton and horse-flesh, and is prodigiously fond of tea ; being content, however, with a very poor quality of that beverage. He also stupefies himself on a strange drink composed of fermented mare's milk.

The Kirghiz is as slack in his religion as he is shiftless in his vocation. It is to be feared that the Prophet would scarcely recognize the rites, and he certainly would be loath to accept the superstitions, of his Kirghiz followers. Their Mohammedanism is as vague and as little spiritual as the Christianity of the Montenegrin peasants. A stranger, meeting a group of Kirghiz astride of their horses on the steppe, is apt to be more terrified than there is need at their wild and swarthy appearance. He is, in truth, on better acquaintance, a not unamiable and very childlike person. Mr. Schuyler speaks of him as superior to all other Central Asian races. He is generous, hospitable, social ; as much of a gossip as American village-folk ; credulous, yet not himself very punctilious as to telling the truth ; fickle, and easily persuaded ; timid in war, preferring scout-duty to service at the front ; a marauder when he has a chance, but never wantonly murderous. He delights, above all, in his horses, and is most happy when on horseback ; indolent when on the ground, he is no sooner astride his steed than he can travel great dis-

tances without weariness. The Kirghiz, too, it is pleasant to hear, is fond of music, and sings a great deal; no singing people can ever be very depraved. There is a Kirghiz poetry, and the favorite instruments are the guitar and the drum.

He is a merry animal, and makes of every important event—a circumcision, a wedding, a funeral—an occasion of festivity. "These men," says Mr. Schuyler, "will sometimes ride one or two hundred miles for the mere chance of regaling themselves for two or three days at another's expense, and take their share of gorging on whole-roasted sheep and horses." Races of horses, camels, and dromedaries, compose the principal features of these festivities; while wrestling and other games are indulged in. Among the sports is one called the "Love-Chase," which is thus described: "The bride, armed with a formidable whip, mounts a fleet horse, and is pursued by all the young men who make any pretensions to her hand. She will be given as a prize to the one who catches her; but she has the right, besides urging on her horse to the utmost, to use her whip, often with no mean force, to keep off those lovers who are unwelcome to her, and she will probably favor the one whom she has already favored in her heart." Mr. Schuyler attributes this custom to the ancient one of marriage by capture.

But we must hasten from the Kirghiz, a people having many interesting traits and many curious customs, to a very different community of Central Asians—a people of commerce and some thrift, of a lower order of moral qualities, perhaps, than the Kirghiz, but more industrious, and who have built cities and created emporiums. Tashkent and Samarcand are the two most important cities of Turkistan which so far have fallen under Russian sway. Tashkent is in many respects the most interesting. There is a Russian town and a native town, and the latter presents on every hand the varied aspect of a settlement that has been built up during many ages by various races. The streets are tortuous; the town is everywhere adorned by gardens; and the walls of the city, celebrated in its sieges, are sixteen miles long, and from twelve to fifteen feet high. Lovely gardens beautify the suburbs beyond the walls. The houses are neat, white buildings, and the Russian town, at least, is supplied with many European and all the Asiatic luxuries. The population of the city is stated at somewhere in the vicinity of one hundred and twenty thousand. This population includes a curious variety of races, and in this respect Tashkent somewhat resembles Bombay. First and most numerous are the Uzbeks, a people who prevail largely throughout Central and Southern Turkistan. Then there are the Tadjiks, and some Kirghiz, Tartars, Jews, and Hindoos. The Uzbeks, like their more restless neighbors the Kirghiz, are the descendants of Turkish tribes who wandered from the west into the upper valley of the Jaxartes centuries ago. They are divided into clans, each clan comprising a family with its near and remote degrees of relationship. The Uzbek regards his race as the aristocratic one, and he holds all the other races in contempt. He is usually tall and rather gaunt, with a long and expressively sober face. The Tadjik, on the other hand, is stocky and full in form, with long, black beard and sly, black eyes. He is far less thrifty and industrious than the Uzbek, and is a poor worker and an apt liar. But while the races are very different in character, their customs and even dress are similar, and some familiarity with the community is necessary before they can be distinguished. The men of Tashkent, like the Kirghiz, wear long, baggy trousers, bound to the waist with a girdle or belt, over which they wear a long gown extending to the ankles, with long, loose sleeves—a garment much like that worn by the Parsees. Around the waist a scarf is sometimes worn, sometimes a shawl; the Jews resident in Tashkent have to use cords as girdles, this being a sign of ignominy. A very complicated affair is the turban with which the citizens of the city burden their heads, requiring much skill to wind them around the cranium so as to make a presentable appearance. The priests wear white turbans, but the merchants prefer more showy colors. As for the women, they dress not unlike their lords, except, as is the case with the gentler sex everywhere, they wear bright and varied tints. Like all Asiatic women, those of Tashkent are extravagantly fond of personal decoration. They wear a profusion of necklaces, ear-rings, pendants in the hair, and now and then a swarthy damsel is to be observed with a ring in her nose. The Mussulman custom of veiling themselves closely when in the street is maintained by the women of Tashkent, though it is observed that their curiosity often gets the better of them, and they are fain to take a sly peep at the Europeans as they pass. This is, however, a very venial sin, as it is not so wicked for a woman to let her face be seen by an infidel as by one of the faithful.

The favorite articles of food throughout Turkistan are rice and mutton, made into a sort of stew. This dish is eaten with the hands. The people of Tashkent are not horse-eaters, as are the Kirghiz. Like the Kirghiz, however, they are exceedingly fond of tea, and drink it at all hours of the day. Wine is quite unknown, but the Russians have taught the Tashkentees the unwholesome fascinations of "fire-water." They have a sort of beer, too, made of grain, called *buza*, which is intoxicating and stupefying in its effects, and, according to Mr. Schuyler's experience, "not unpleasant to the taste." Of course, the use of tobacco is prevalent; the Tashkentee smokes from a small gourd, brass-mounted, the tobacco being "a fine dark-green powder." Opium is not much used, but a narcotic called *bang*, made of Indian hemp, is smoked.

The Central Asians appear to have but few of those recreations with which most nations beguile their leisure. Their favorite pastimes are those in which their horses perform a part, for everywhere fondness for the horse is a conspicuous trait. Yet they adopt many methods of passing away the time with which the rest of mankind is familiar, and some of which, no doubt, they have derived from

their Russian conquerors. The children are seen playing with knuckle-bones, and the little girls nurse rather uncomely specimens of dolls. The elders play chess, cards, and dice; and they have a way of gambling, by sitting in a circle, and putting down copper coins, and betting as to which coin will be the first upon which a fly will alight. Dancing, too, is in vogue among the Central Asians, though it is supposed to be forbidden by the sacred laws of the Koran. Of music of a certain tedious, monotonous sort they appear to be very fond, the principal instruments being two, three, or four stringed guitars, and tambourines made of goat-skins. They have also rude clarionets, trumpets, and drums. The dances are for the most part performed in private, and by *batchas*, or dancing-boys. These boys are held in high esteem in Khokand and Bokhara, where they seem, indeed, to be almost worshiped. They are addressed in terms as high-flown as "your majesty," and as they pass through the bazaars are humbly saluted by the stall-keepers. An aristocrat in Turkistan does not regard his household as complete without a *batcha*, and always has a *bazem*, or dance, performed when he gives a party or feast. The dance is a very wild and complicated one, and is often performed by the *batcha* in girl's costume, "with long braids of false hair and tinkling anklets and bracelets." Public dances very rarely take place; but, though it is an infrequent event, girls and women do dance more or less in Turkistan towns, despite the restrictions upon the custom. This, however, only happens in the most select and private parties, or else in the women's courts, where they are only witnessed by persons of their own sex, and the master of the house. There is no such thing, properly speaking, as a theatre in that country; the nearest approach to one being the exhibitions of clowns with whitened faces and ludicrous costumes, enacting scenes from life in monologues.

Customs of courtship and marriage are always entertaining, to whatever country, civilized or barbarous, they may appertain. Somehow, all races attach certain symbolisms and ceremonies to the event which crowns successful love, and by which man sets out on his career as the head of a family. We do not fail to observe some similarity between the methods of Central Asia and those of some far more enlightened countries in binding young couples by the marriage-tie. Of course, this tie is rather more loose and more unequal among a semi-civilized, rather gross, Mohammedan people. A man of Tashkent or Samarcand, for instance, is permitted by sacred and by civil law to wed four wives. More he cannot have, unless, indeed, he choose to divorce one of those he has already; and the law of divorce there is even more liberal than it is in our own liberal State of Indiana. A man may divorce himself from any of his wives by merely declaring his wish to do so, and by returning the lady, to be thus summarily dismissed, her dowry, and the money which he himself settled upon her at marriage. On the other hand, a man must consent to a divorce if either of his wives simply requests it. All she has to do is to "tell him she wishes to marry a man who is better than he." It appears that there are certain epithets, also, which, if a man use them to his wife, entitles her to a divorce. It will be seen by this how lightly the marriage-tie binds in Turkistan. Moreover, the wives of the Turkistanee are regarded as his inferiors and servitors, and the instruments of his pleasures, and not as his equals; but it is sometimes found that, as in Hindostan, the wife acquires, by superior intelligence, an influence and control over her husband. It is creditable to this people that they give some education, at least, to their girls, though it is far inferior to that received by the boys. The women of warm climes like Turkistan mature at a much earlier age than those of northern and colder countries. A Turkistanee woman of thirty is old and homely. Girls are therefore regarded as quite marriageable when they are eleven or twelve, and are turning the corner of old maidhood at twenty. Pride of race and rank, and a prudent eye out for worldly goods, operate in much the same manner in regard to marriages, in Tashkent and Khokand, as in France. Matches are made by the female relatives of the would-be bridegroom, in negotiation with those of the destined bride. Perhaps the existence of mutual love, or the probabilities of marital happiness, are less often discussed at these conferences in the women's court than matters of social standing and pecuniary adjustment. If these are satisfactorily arranged, the marriage goes forward. The bridegroom is obliged to provide *kalim*, or money destined for the bride, to a certain amount; and on her part she brings a dowry. As often as not, the youth has never seen the damsel whose fortunes are to be joined to his own, until the fact is made known to him that the settlements have been made, and the affair arranged. He is told of her charms, her "points," and her fortune; and is allowed now to catch a fleeting glimpse of her face, from which the veil is withdrawn, after giving his solemn assurance that he wishes to look at her as his bride, and not from idle curiosity. It is an odd circumstance that the wedding-presents are made, nine at a time; nine being a sort of sacred number with these people. The day being appointed, feasts take place shortly before it at the houses of the bride and groom respectively; and another feast occurs at the bride's house on the day of the wedding. Singularly enough, neither bride nor groom, the personages most concerned, is present at the ceremony, which is conducted by the priest before their "witnesses," who are relatives. This over, the bridegroom is conducted to the bride's room, where she is surrounded by a bevy of girls. He must approach, and find her hand and take it from among the rest; a not easy task, provided, as is sometimes the case, he has never before seen her. The marriage orgy continues all night, with the droning recitation of verses, bonfires, drinking, present-giving, and the distribution of alms. The next day, the bridegroom is at last free to take his spouse

home to his own house. His task thenceforward must be, to keep his wives, if he has more than one, as much apart as possible; for they are usually very jealous, not of his love, but his partiality in giving presents or privileges.

We are forced to pass over many other interesting details of the characteristics and habits of the ancient races of Turkistan, of which Mr. Schuyler gives accounts at great length. It remains to say a word about the results of the Russian occupation of the "Hordes" and the khanates. These cannot be regarded as wholly beneficial to the native population. The government which has been substituted for that of the khans is military in character and operation. The governors are military officers, the laws are executed by troops. It is true that in certain respects the Russians have been wise enough to imitate the course pursued by the English in India. Here and there material improvements have been made, such as the building of roads and bridges, and attempts to stimulate the productiveness and commercial spirit of the khanates. Order, too, of a certain sort, has been substituted on the upper banks of the Oxus and the Jaxartes for the almost perpetual wars, civil and foreign, which have for centuries disturbed the peace of Khokand, Bokhara, and East Turkistan. But this order is enforced by a capricious and oppressive military authority, over which the home government has practically no control whatever, and which has in return burdened the people with very heavy taxes. The prevalent religion is protected, as are the Hindoos and Mussulmans in India, and the Russians have gone so far in this direction as to prohibit the efforts of Christian missionaries. The Russians have here and there improved the sanitary condition of the towns; have established systems of cleaning the streets, and hospitals for the sick. But they have done very little in the way of introducing general education, though some small effort has been made to set up schools in Samarcand and Tashkent. The Russians seem to have been led into the mistake of trying to impose European institutions upon the Asiatics for which their past, and it may be said their genius, seem quite unfitted. They have introduced a system of passports that is very obnoxious to a population which is in large part roving and nomadic, and has been left free for centuries to wander over the deserts, steppes, and oases. They have even made a trial of elective institutions; in Tashkent they have caused the city council, and even the judges, to be chosen by the "settled and nomad" population. The judges are in general appointed by the military executive; and one of the evils of the Russian rule is, that the laws which they are called upon to administer are being constantly changed, added to, and complicated, by the whim of the Russian governors.

Despite these drawbacks, the influence of the Russian conquests and settlements in Turkistan upon the people has doubtless been on the whole civilizing. This civilizing influence is exercised outside of the formalities and oppressions of law and government, by the contact of the natives with a body of men who, in comparison with them, are enlightened. The manners, modes of thought, and ideas of improvement of the Russians are imitated; and the natives receive new light in the ways of doing things, and in the pursuit alike of the business and of the pleasures of life.

TWO WOMEN.

1862.

ONE.

THROUGH miles of green cornfields that lusty
And strong face the sun, and rejoice
In his heat, where the brown bees go dusty
With pollen from flowers of their choice,
'Mong myriads down by the river
Who offer their honey, the train
Flies south with a whir and a shiver,
Flies south through the lowlands that quiver
With ripening grain.

Fair wheat, like a lady for fancies,
Who bends to the breeze, while the corn
Held stiff all his stubborn green lances
The moment his curled leaf was born;
And grapes, where the vineyards are sweeping
The shores of the river whose tide—
Slow-moving, brown tide—holds the keeping
Of War and of Peace that lie sleeping,
Couched lions, each side.

Hair curlless, and hid, and smooth-banded,
Blue innocent maidenly eyes,
That gaze at the lawless rough-handed
Young soldiers with grieving surprise
At oaths on their lips, the deriding
And jestings that load every breath,
While on with dread swiftness are gliding
Their moments, and o'er them is biding
The shadow of death!

Face clear-cut and pearly, a slender
Small maiden with calm, home-bred air;
No deep-tinted hues you might lend her
Could touch the faint gold of her hair,
The blue of her eyes, or the neatness
Of quaint little gown, smoothly spun
From threads of soft gray, whose completeness
Doth fit her withdrawn gentle sweetness—
A lily turned nun.

Ohio shines on to her border,
Ohio all golden with grain;

The river comes up at her order,
And curves toward the incoming train;
"The river! The river! O borrow
A speed that is swifter— Afar
Kentucky! Haste, haste, thou To-morrow!"
Poor lads, dreaming not of the sorrow,
The anguish of war.

THE OTHER.

WEST from the Capital's crowded throng
The fiery engine rushed along,
Over the road where danger lay
On each bridge and curve of the midnight way,
Shooting across the rivers' laps,
Up the mountains, into the gaps,
Through West Virginia like the wind,
Fire and sword coming on behind,
Whistling defiance that echoed back
To mountain guerrillas burning the track,
"Do the worst, ye rebels, that ye can do
To the train that follows, but *I* go through!"

A motley crowd—the city thief;
The man of God; the polished chief
Of a band of gamblers; the traitor spy;
The correspondent with quick, sharp eye;
The speculator who boldly made
His fifty per cent. in a driving trade
At the edge of the war; the clean lank clerk
Sent West for sanitary work;
The bounty-jumper; the lordling born
Viewing the country with wondering scorn—
A strange assemblage filled the car
That dared the midnight border-band,
Where life and death went hand-in-hand;—
Those strange and breathless days of war.

The conductor's lantern moves along,
Slowly lighting the motley throng
Face by face; what sudden gleam
Flashes back in the lantern's beam
Through shadows down at the rearward door?
The conductor pauses; all eyes explore
The darkened corner: a woman's face
Thrown back asleep—the shimmer of lace,
The sheen of silk, the yellow of gold,
The flash of jewels, the careless fold
Of an India shawl that half concealed
The curves superb which the light revealed;
A sweep of shoulder, a rounded arm,
A perfect hand that lay soft and warm
On the dingy seat—all the outlines rare
Of a Milo Venus slumbered there
'Neath the costly silk whose heaviest fold
Subordinate seemed—unnoticed mould
For the form beneath.
The sumptuous grace
Of the careless pose, the sleeping face,
Transfixed all eyes, and together drew
One and all for a nearer view:
The lank clerk hasted, the gambler trod
On the heels of the gazing man of God;
The correspondent took out his book,
Sharpened his pencil with eager look;
The soldiers fought as to who should pass
The first; the lord peered through his glass,
But no sooner saw the sleeping face
Than he too hasted and left his place
To join the crowd.
Then, ere any spoke,
But all eager gazed, the lady woke.

Dark-brown, sleepy, velvet eyes,
Lifted up in soft surprise,
A wealth of hair of auburn red,
Falling in braids from the regal head
Whose little hat with waving plume
Lay on the floor—while a faint perfume,
The roses, crushed in sleep, betrayed,
Tangled within the loosened braid;
Bold features, Nubian lips, a skin
Creamy pallid, the red within
Mixed with brown where the shadow lies
Dark beneath the lustrous eyes.
She smiles; all hearts are at her feet.
She turns; each hastens to his seat.
The car is changed to a sacred place
Lighted by one fair woman's face;
In sudden silence on they ride,
The lord and the gambler, side by side,
The traitor spy, the priest as well,
Bound for the time by a common spell,
And each might be in thought and mien
A loyal knight escorting his queen,
So instant and so measureless
Is the power of a perfect loveliness.

THE MEETING.

THE Western city with the Roman name,
The vine-decked river winding round the hills,
Are left behind; the pearly maid who came
Down from the northern lake whose cool breadth fills
The whole horizon, like the green, salt sea,
Is riding southward on the cautious train,
That feels its way along, and nervously
Hurries around the curve and o'er the bridge,
Fearing a rebel ball from every ridge—
The wild adventurous cavalry campaign
That Morgan and his men, bold riders all,
Kept up in fair Kentucky all those years,
So hot with daring deeds, with glowing tears,
That even Peace doth sometime seem a pall,
When men in city offices feel yet
The old wild thrill of "Boots and saddles all!"
The dashing raid they cannot quite forget
Despite the hasty graves that silent lie
Along its route; at home the women sigh,
Gazing across the still untrodden ways,
Across the fields, across the lonely moor,
"O for the breathless ardor of those days
When we were all so happy, though so poor!"
The maiden sits alone;
The raw recruits are scattered through the car,
Talking of all the splendors of the war
With faces grimed and roistering braggart tone.
In the gray dawning, sweet and fair to view,
Like opening wood-flower pearled with morning dew,
She shines among them in her radiance pure,
Notes all their lawless roughness, sadly sure
They're very wicked—hoping that the day
Of long-drawn hours may safely wear away,
And bring her, ere the summer sunset dies,
To the far farm-house where her lover lies,
Wounded—alone.

The rattling speed turns slow,
Slow, slower, all the rusty car-wheels go,
The axles groan, the brakes grind harshly down;
The young conductor comes—(there was a face
He noted in the night)—"Madam, your place
Will soon be noisy, for at yonder town
We take on other soldiers. If you change
Your seat and join that little lady, then
It will not seem so lonely or so strange
For you, as here among so many men."
Lifting her fair face from the battered seat,
Where she had slumbered like a weary child,
The lady, with obedience full sweet
To his young manhood's eager craving, smiled
And rose. Happy, the flushed youth led the way;
She followed in her lovely disarray.
The clinging silk disclosed the archèd foot,
Hidden within the dainty satin boot,
Dead-black against the dead-white even hue
Of silken stocking, gleaming into view
One moment; then the lady sleepily
Adjusted with a touch her drapery,
And tried to loop in place a falling braid,
And smooth the rippling waves the night had made;
While the first sunbeams flashing through the pane
Set her bright gems to flashing back again,
And all men's eyes in that Kentucky car
Grew on her face, as all men's eyes had done
On the night-train that brought her from afar,
Over the mountains west from Washington.

THE LADY (*thinking*). Haply met,
This country maiden, sweet as mignonette,
No doubt the pride of some small Western town;—
Pity, that she should wear that hopeless gown,
So prim—so dull—a fashion five years old!

THE MAIDEN (*thinking*). How odd, how bold,
That silken robe—those waves of costly lace,
That falling hair, the shadows 'neath the eyes,
Surely those diamonds are out of place—
Strange, that a lady should in such a guise
Be here alone!

THE LADY. Allow me, mademoiselle,
Our good conductor thinks it would be well
That we should keep together, since the car
Will soon be overcrowded, and we are
The only women.—May I have a seat
In this safe little corner by your side?
Thanks; it is fortunate, indeed, to meet
So sweet a friend to share the long day's ride!—
That is, if yours be long?

THE MAIDEN. To Benton's Mill.

THE LADY. I go beyond, not far—I think we pass
Your station just before Waunona Hill;
But both are in the heart of the Blue Grass.
Do you not love that land?

THE MAIDEN. I do not know
Aught of it.

THE LADY. Yes; but surely you have heard
Of the fair plains where the sweet grasses grow,
Just grass, naught else; and where the noble herd
Of blooded cattle graze, and horses bred
For victory—the rare Kentucky speed
That wins the races?

THE MAIDEN. Yes; I've heard it said
They were good worthy horses.—But indeed
I know not much of horses.

THE LADY. Then the land—
The lovely, rolling land of the Blue Grass,
The wild free park spread out by Nature's hand
That scarce an English dukedom may surpass
In velvet beauty—while its royal sweep
Over the country miles and miles away,
Dwarfs man-made parks to toys; the great trees keep
Their distance from each other, proud array
Of single elms that stand apart to show
How gracefully their swaying branches grow,
While little swells of turf roll up and fall
Like waves of summer sea, and over all
You catch, when the straight shafts of sunset pass
Over the lea, the glint of the Blue Grass.—
But you will see it.

THE MAIDEN. No; I cannot stay
But a few hours—at most, a single day.

THE LADY (*unheeding*). I think I like the best,
Of all dumb things, a horse of Blue-Grass breed,
The Arab courser of our own new West,
The splendid creature, whose free-hearted speed
Outstrips e'en time itself. Oh! when he wins
The race, how, pulsed with pride, I wave my hand
In triumph, ere the thundering shout begins,
And those slow, cautious judges on the stand,
Have counted seconds! Is it not a joy—
One of the few life holds without alloy?

THE MAIDEN. I ne'er have seen race-horses, or a race.

THE LADY. I crave your pardon; in your gentle face
I read reproof.

THE MAIDEN. I judge not any man.

THE LADY. Nor woman?

THE MAIDEN. If you force reply, I can
Speak but the truth. The cruel, panting race,
For gamblers' prizes, seems not worthy place
For women—nor for men, indeed, if they
Were purer grown. Of kindred ill the play,
The dinner loud with wine, the midnight dance.
The deadly poison of all games of chance—
All these are sinful.

THE LADY. Ah! poor sins, how stern
The judge! I knew ye not for sins—I learn
For the first time that ye are evil. Go,
Avaunt ye! So my races are a woe—
Alas! And David Garrick!—Where's the harm
In David?

THE MAIDEN. I know not the gentleman.

THE LADY. Nay, he's a play; a comedy so warm,
So pitiful, that, let those laugh who can,
I weep. And must I yield my crystal glass,
Dewy with ice, and fragrant with rare wine,
That makes a dreary dinner-party pass
In rosy light, where after-fancies shine—
Things that one might have said.—And then the dance,
The *valse à deux temps*, if your partner chance
To be a lover—

THE MAIDEN. Madam, pray excuse
My seeming rudeness; but I must refuse
To dwell on themes like these.

THE LADY. Did I begin
The themes, or you?

THE MAIDEN. But *I* dwelt on the sin,
And you—

THE LADY. Upon the good. Did I not well?
I gave you good for evil, mademoiselle.

THE MAIDEN. Forgive me, lady, but I cannot jest,
I bear too anxious heart within my breast;
One dear to me lies wounded, and I go
To find him, help him home with tender care—
To home and health, God willing.

THE LADY. Is it so?
Strange—but ah! no. The wounded are not rare,

Nor yet the grief, in this heart-rending war.—
But he will yet recover; I feel sure
That one beloved by heart so good, so pure
As yours, will not be taken. Sweet, your star
Is fortunate.

THE MAIDEN. Not in the stars, I trust.
We are but wretched creatures of the dust,
Sinful, and desperately wicked; still,
It is in mercy our Creator's will
To hear our prayers.

THE LADY. And do you then believe
He grants all heart-felt prayers? One might conceive
A case: Suppose a loving mother prays
For her son's life; he, worn with life's hard ways,
Entreats his God for death with equal power
And fervor.

THE MAIDEN. It is wrong to pray for death.

THE LADY. I grant it not. But, say in self-same hour
A farmer prays for rain; with 'bated breath
A mother, hastening to a dying child,
Prays for fair weather?—But you do not deign
To listen. Ah! I saw you when you smiled
That little, silver smile! I might explain
My meaning further; but why should I shake
Your happy faith?

THE MAIDEN. You could not.

THE LADY. Nay, that's true;
You are the kind that walks up to the stake
Unflinching and unquestioning. I sue
For pardon, and I pray you tell me all
This tale of yours. When did your lover fall—
What battle-field?

THE MAIDEN. Not any well-known name;
It was not Heaven's pleasure that the fame
Of well-known battle should be his. A band
Of wild guerrillas raiding through the land,
Shot him, and left him bleeding by the way.

THE LADY. Guerrillas?

THE MAIDEN. Yes; John Morgan's.

THE LADY. Maybe so,
And maybe not; they bear a seven-leagued name
That many hide beneath; each shot, each blow,
Is trumpeted as theirs, and all the blame
Falls on their shoulders, be it what it may,
Now truth, and now but falsehood. Morgan's men
Are bold Kentucky riders; every glen
Knows their fleet midnight gallop; every map
Kept by our soldiers here is scored with marks
Of their wild track; now near, now miles away,
From river lowland to the mountain-gap,
Swift as the rushing wind. No watch-dog barks
When *they* ride by, no well-versed tongues betray
Their resting-place; Kentucky knows her own,
Gives silent, helpful welcome when they pass
Across her borders north from Tennessee,
Heading their horses for the far Blue Grass,
The land of home, the land they long to see,
The lovely rolling land. We might have known
That come they would!

THE MAIDEN. You are Kentucky-bred?

THE LADY. I come from Washington. Nay—but I read
The doubt you try to hide. Be frank—confess—
I am that mythical adventuress
That thrives in Washington these troublous days—
The country correspondent's tale?

THE MAIDEN. Your dress—
And—something in your air—

THE LADY. I give you praise
For rare sincerity. Go on.

THE MAIDEN. Your tone,
Your words, seem strange.—But then, I've never known
A woman like you.

THE LADY (*aside*). Yet we are not few,
Thank Heaven, for the world's sake! It would starve
If gray was all its color, and the dew
Its only nectar. With a pulsing haste,
It seeks the royal purples, and draws down
The luscious bunches to its thirsty taste,
And feels its blood hot-thrilled, a regal crown
Upon its brow; and then, its hands do carve
The vine-leaves into marble.
But the hue
Of thoughts like these she knows not—and in vain
To tell her. Yet, sweet snow-drop, I would fain
Hear her small story.
(*Speaks.*) Did he fall alone,
Your gallant soldier-boy? And how to you
Came the sad news?

THE MAIDEN. A farmer heard him moan
While passing—bore him to the camp, and there
A captain from our lake-shore wrote me word
Ere the brigade moved on; which, when I heard,
I left my mother, ill, for in despair
He cried, they wrote, for me. He could not know
That they had written, for hot fever drove
His thoughts with whips of flame.—O cruel woe,
—O my poor love—
My Willie!

THE LADY. Do not grieve, fair child. This day
Will see you by his side—nay, if you will,
Then lay your head here—weep your grief away—
Tears are a luxury—yes, take your fill;
For stranger as I am, my heart is warm
To woman's sorrow, and this woman's arm
That holds you is a loyal one and kind.
(*Thinking.*) O gentle maiden-mind,
How lovely art thou—like the limpid brook
In whose small depths my child-eyes loved to look
In the spring days. Thy little simple fears
Are wept away. Ah! could *I* call the tears
At will to soothe the parched heat of my heart!
—O beautiful lost Faith,
I knew you once—but now, like shadowy wraith,
You meet me in this little maiden's eyes,
And gaze from out their blue in sad surprise
At the great gulf between us. Far apart,
In truth, we've drifted—drifted. Gentle ghost
Of past outgrown, thy land the hazy coast
Of dreamless ignorance; I must put out
My eyes to live with you again. The doubt,
The honest, earnest doubt, is upward growth
Of the strong mind—the struggle of the seed
Up to the broad, free air. Contented sloth
Of the blind clods around it sees no need
For change—nay, deems, indeed, all change a crime;
"All things remain as in our fathers' time—
What gain ye then by growing?"
"Air—free air!
E'en though I die of hunger and despair,
I go," the mind replies.

THE MAIDEN (*thinking*). How kind, how warm
Her sympathy! I could no more resist
Her questions, than the large clasp of her arm
That drew me down. How tenderly she kissed
My forehead! strange that so much good should dwell
With so much ill. This shining, costly dress,
A garb that shows a sinful worldliness,
Troubles my heart.

Ah, I remember well
How hard I worked after that letter came
Telling of Willie—and my sisters all,
How swift we sewed! For I had suffered shame
At traveling in house-garb.
—I feel a call
To bring this wanderer back into the fold,
This poor lost sinner straying in the cold
Outside the church's pale. Should I not try
To show her all the sad deficiency,
The desperate poverty of life like hers,
The utter falseness of its every breath,
The pity that within my bosom stirs
For thinking of the horrors after death
Awaiting her?

THE LADY. Quite calm, again? That's well.
Wilt taste a peach? My basket holds a store
Of luscious peaches. Ah! she weaves a spell
This lovely sorceress of fruit; what more
Can man ask from the earth? There is no cost
Too great for peaches. I have felt surprise
Through all my life that fair Eve should have lost
That mythic Asian land of Paradise
For a poor plebeian apple! Now a peach,
Pulpy, pink-veined, hanging within her reach,
Might well have tempted her.
Oh, these long hours!—
Whence comes this faint perfume of hot-house flowers—
Tea-roses?

THE MAIDEN. Tangled in your loosened hair
Are roses.

THE LADY (*thinking*). Nita must have twined them there—
The opera—I know now; I have sped
So swift across the country, my poor head
Is turned.—The opera? Yes; then—O heart,
How hast thou bled! (*dashes away tears*).
(*Speaks.*) Sweet child, I pray you tell
Again your budding romance, all the part
Where he first spoke. You'd known him long and well,
Your Willie?

THE MAIDEN. Yes; in childhood we had been
Two little lovers o'er the alphabet;
Then one day—I had grown to just sixteen—
Down in the apple-orchard—there—we met,
By chance—and—

THE LADY (*thinking*). Blush, thou fine-grained little cheek,
It comforts me to see that e'en thy meek
Child-beauty knows enough of love to blush.
(*Speaks.*) Nay, you flush
So prettily! Well, must *I* tell the rest?
You knew, then, all at once, you loved him best,
This gallant Willie?

THE MAIDEN (*thinking*). What has come to me
That I do answer, from reserve so free,
This stranger's questions? Yet may it not chance
My confidence shall win hers in return?
I must press on, nor give one backward glance—
Must follow up my gain by words that burn
With charity and Christian zeal.
(*Speaks.*) Yes; then
We were betrothed. I wore his mother's ring,—
And Willie joined the church; before all men
He made the promises and vows which bring
A blessing down from God. Dear lady, strength
From Heaven came to us. Could I endure
This absence, silence, all the weary length
Of hours and days and months, were I not sure
That God was with my Willie? If on you
Sorrow has fallen, lady (and those tears
Showed me its presence), seek the good, the true,
In this sad life; a prayer can calm all fears;
Yield all your troubles to your God's control,
And He will bless you. Ah! where should *I* be
Did I not know that in my Willie's soul
Came first the love of God, then love for me?

THE LADY. His love for you comes *second?*

THE MAIDEN. Would you have
A mortal love come first!

THE LADY. Sweet heart, I crave
Your pardon. For your gentle Christian zeal
I thank you. Wear this gem—'twill make me feel
That I am something to you when we part.—
But what the "silence?"

THE MAIDEN. Ten months (they seem years!)
Since Willie joined the army; and my heart
Bore it until his letters ceased; then tears
Would come—would come!

THE LADY. Why should the letters cease?

THE MAIDEN. I know not; I could only pray for peace,
And his return. No doubt he could not write,
Perplexed with many duties; his the care
Of a thronged camp, where, ever in his sight,
The new recruits are drilled.

THE LADY (*thinking*). Oh, faith most rare!
(*Speaks.*) Had you no doubts?

THE MAIDEN. Why should I doubt? We are
Betrothed—the same forever, near or far!
—He knew my trust
Was boundless as his own.

THE LADY. But still you must
In reason have known something—must have heard
Or else imagined—

THE MAIDEN. For three months no word
Until this letter; from its page I learned
That my poor Willie had but just returned
To the brigade, when struck down unaware
By the swift, unseen foe.

THE LADY. Returned! From where?

THE MAIDEN. They did not say. I hope to bear him home
To-morrow; for in truth I scarce could come,
So ill my mother, and so full my hands
Of household cares; but Willie understands.

THE LADY (*thinking*). *Ciel!* faith like this is senseless
—or sublime!
Which is it?
(*Speaks.*) But three months—so long a time—

THE MAIDEN. Were it three years, 'twould be the same.
The troth
We plighted, freely, lovingly, from both
Our true hearts came.

THE LADY (*thinking*). And may as freely go—
Such things have happened! But I will not show
One glimpse of doubt to mar the simple trust
She cherishes; as soon my hand could thrust
A knife in the dove's breast.
(*Speaks.*) You'll find him, dear;
All will go well; take courage. Not severe
His wound?

THE MAIDEN. Not unto death; but fever bound
His senses. When the troops moved on, they found
A kindly woman near by Benton's Mill;
And there he lies, poor Willie, up above
In her small loft, calling, in tones that thrill:
"Oh, come to me, my love, my love, my love!"—
Here is his picture.

THE LADY. What! 'tis Meredith!
The girl is mad! Give it to me forthwith!
How came you by it?
THE MAIDEN. Madam, you will break
The chain. I beg—
THE LADY. Here is some strange mistake.
This picture shows me Meredith Reid.
THE MAIDEN. Yes, Reid
Is Willie's name; and Meredith, indeed,
Is his name also—Meredith Wilmer. I
Like not long names, so gave him, lovingly,
The pet name Willie.
THE LADY. O ye Powers above!
The "pet name Willie!" Would you try to chain
Phœbus Apollo with your baby-love
And baby-titles? Scarce can I refrain
My hands from crushing you!—
You are that girl,
Then, the boy's fancy. Yes, I heard the tale
He tried to tell me; but it was so old,
So very old! I stopped him with a curl
Laid playfully across his lips. "Nay, hold!
Enough, enough," I said; "of what avail
The rest? I know it all; 'tis e'er the same
Old story of the country lad's first flame
That burns the stubble out. Now, by this spell,
Forget it all." He did; and it was well
He did.
THE MAIDEN. Never! oh, never! Though you prove
The whole as clear as light, I'd ne'er receive
One word. As in my life, so I believe
In Willie!
THE LADY. Fool and blind! your God above
Knows that I lie not when I say that he
You dwarf with your weak names is mine, mine, mine!
He worships me—dost hear? He worships *me*,
Me only! What art thou, a feeble child,
That *thou* shouldst speak of loving? Haste, aside,
Lest we should drown you in the torrent wild
Of our strong meeting loves, that may not bide
Nor know your dying, even; feeble weed
Tossed on the shore—
[*The maiden faints.*
Why could I not divine
The truth at first? (*Fans her.*)
Fierce heart, why shouldst thou kill
This little one? The child hath done no ill,
Poor wounded, broken blossom. I should pour
My gentlest pity—
THE MAIDEN (*recovering*). Madam, thanks; no more
Do I require your aid.
THE LADY (*aside*). How calm she seems,
How cold her far-off eyes! Poor little heart,
The pity of it! all its happy dreams—
With a whole life's idolatry to part
In one short moment.
(*Speaks.*) Child, let us be friends;
Not ours the fault, it is the work of Fate.
And now, before your hapless journey ends,
Say, in sweet charity, you do not hate
Me for my love. Trust me, I'll tend him well;
As mine own heart's blood, will I care for him
Till strong again. Then shall he come and tell
The whole to you—the cup from dregs to brim—
How, with undoubting faith
In the young fancy that he thought was love
For you, he came a-down the glittering path
Of Washington society; above
The throng I saw his noble Saxon head,
Sunny with curls, towering among the rest
In calm security—scorn that is bred
Of virtue, and that largeness which your West
With its wide sweep of fields gives to her sons—
A certain careless largeness in the look,
As though a thousand prairie-miles it took
Within its easy range.
Ah! blindly runs
Our fate. We met, we two so far apart
In every thought, in life, in soul, in heart—
Our very beings clashed. He, fair, severe;
I, dark and free; his days a routine clear,
Lighted by conscience; I, in waking dream
Of colors, music, warmth, the scents of flowers,
The sweep of velvet, and the diamond's gleam,
A cloud of romance heavy on the air,
The boudoir curtained from the light of day,
Where all the highest came to call me fair,
And whispered vows I laughed in scorn away.
Was it my fault that Nature chose to give
The splendid beauty of this hair, these eyes,
This creamy skin? And if the golden prize
Of fortune came to me, should I not live
In the rich luxury my being craved?
I give my word, I no more thought of time—
Whether 'twas squandered, trifled with, or saved,
Than the red rose in all her damask prime.
Each day I filled with joys full to the brim—
The rarest fruits and wines, the costliest lace,
The ecstasy of music, every whim
For some new folly gratified, the grace
Of statues idealized in niches, touch
Of softest fabrics. Ah! the world holds much
For those who love her; and I never heard
In all my happy glowing life one word
Against her, till—he came!
We met, we loved,
Like flash of lightning from a cloudless sky,
So sudden, strange, the white intensity—
Intensity resistless! Swift there moved
Within his heart a force unknown before,
That swept his being from that early faith
Across a sea, and cast it on the shore
Prone at my feet.
He minded not if death
Came, so he could but gaze upon my face.
—But, bending where he lay (the youthful grace
Of his strong manhood, in humility
Prone, by love's lightnings), so I bended me
Down to his lips, and gave him—all!
Sweet girl,
Forgive me for the guiltless robbery,
Forgive him, swept by fateful Destiny!
He spoke of one, the child-love of his youth;
I told of my child-marriage. But, in truth,
No barrier, had it been a thousand-fold
Stronger than boyish promise, e'er could hold
Natures like ours!
You see it, do you not?
You understand it all.
I had forgot,
But this the half-way town; the train runs slow,
No better place than this. But, ere you go,
Give me one silent hand-clasp, little pearl.
I ask you not to speak, for words would seem
Too hard, too hard. Yet sometime when the dream
Of girlhood has dissolved before the heat
Of real love, you will forgive me, sweet?

THE MAIDEN. I fail to comprehend you. Go? Go where?

THE LADY. Back to your home; here waits the north-bound train,
'Twill bear you safely. To go on were pain
Most needless—cruel.

THE MAIDEN. I am not aware
That I have said aught of returning. Vain
Your false and evil story. I have heard
Of such as you; but never, on my word
As lady and as Christian, did I think
To find myself thus side by side with one
Who flaunts her ignominy on the brink
Of dark perdition!
Ah! my Willie won
The strong heart's victory when he turned away
From your devices, as I *know* he turned.
Although you follow him in this array
Of sin, I *know* your evil smiles he spurned
With virtuous contempt—the son of prayers,
The young knight of the church! My bosom shares
His scorn; take back your ring, false woman. Go!
Move from my side.

THE LADY. Dear Heaven, now I know
How pitiless these Christians!
Unfledged girl,
Your little, narrow, pharisaic pride
Deserves no pity; jealousy's wild whirl
Excuse might be, since that is born of love;
But *this* is scorn, and, by the God above,
I'll set you in your place!
Do *you* decide
The right and wrong for this broad world of ours,
Poor little country-child, whose feeble eyes
Veiled o'er with prejudice are yet so wise
That they must judge the earth, and call it good
Or evil as it follows their small rules,
The petty, narrow dogmas of the schools
That hang on Calvin!
Doubtless prairie-flowers
Esteem the hot-house roses evil all;
But yet I think not that the roses should
Go into mourning therefore!
Oh, the small,
Most small, foundation for a vast conceit!
Is it a merit that you never learned
But one side of this life? Because you dwelt
Down in a dell, there were no uplands sweet,
No breezy mountain-tops? *You* never yearned
For freedom, born a slave! You never felt
The thrill of rapture, the wild ecstasy
Of mere existence that strong natures know,
The deep and long-drawn breaths, the burning glow
Of blood that sunward leaps; but, in your dell,
You said: "This is the world. If all, like me,
Walked on this one straight line, all would go well!"
O fool! O blind!
O little ant toiling along the ground!
You cannot see the eagle on the wind
Soaring aloft; and so you go your round
And measure out the earth with your small line,
An inch for all infinity! "Thus mine
Doth make the measure; thus it is."
Proud girl!
You call me evil. There is not a curl
In all this loosened hair which is not free
From sin as your smooth locks. Turn; look at me,
I flout you with my beauty! From my youth
Beside my mother's chair, by God's own truth
I've led a life as sinless as your own.
Your innocence is ignorance; but I
Have seen the Tempter on his shining throne
And said him nay. You craven weaklings die
From fear of dangers I have faced! I hold
Those lives far nobler that contend and win
The close, hard fight with beautiful, fierce Sin,
Than those that go untempted to their graves,
Deeming the ignorance that haply saves
Their souls, some splendid wisdom of their own!
You fold
Yourself in scornful silence? I could smile,
O childish heart, so free from worldly guile,
Were I not angered by your littleness.
You judge my dress
The garb of sin? Listen. I sat and heard
The opera; by chance there fell a word
Behind me from the group of men who fill
Night after night my box. My heart stood still.
I asked—they told the name. "Wounded," they said,
"A letter in the journal here." I read,
Faced them with level eyes; they did not know,
But wondered, caught the truth, to see me go
Straight to my carriage. "Drive! The midnight train."
We reached it, breathless.
Had I worn fair white,
A ballroom-robe, I'd do the same to gain
One moment more of time.

THE MAIDEN. And by what right—
Are you his wife?

THE LADY. I am not; but to-night
I shall be, if I live. Your scorn, poor child,
Is thrown away. Bound by his soldier's oath,
I would not keep him. No Omphale I,
Though he be Hercules. We plighted troth,
And then, when called, he went from me—to die
If need be. I remember that I smiled
When they marched by!
Love for my country burns
Within my heart; but this was love for him.
I could not brook him one who backward turns
For loving wife; his passion must not dim
The soldier's courage stern. Then I had wealth,
The golden wealth left me by that old man
Who called me wife for four short months; by stealth
He won me, but a child; the quiet plan
Was deftly laid. I do not blame him now,
My mother dead—one kind thought was to save
My budding youth from harm. The thoughtless vow
I made was soon dissevered by the grave,
And I was left alone. Since then I've breathed
All pleasures as the flowers breathe in the sun,
At heart as innocent as they; red-wreathed
My careless life with roses, till the one
Came! Then the red turned purple deep, the hope
Found itself love; the rose was heliotrope.
There needed much
To do with lawyers' pens ere I could give
My hand again; so that dear, longed-for touch
Was set by me for the full-blooming day
When Peace shall drive the demon War away
Forever. I was wrong. Oh, let him live,
Kind God! Love shall be wronged no more—no more.
All my own heart's life will I gladly pour
For one small hour of his.—Wait—wait—I fly
To thee, my love, on swiftest wings! Thy cry
The depths of grief too hot for tears doth move:
"Oh, come to me, my love, my love, my love!"

THE MAIDEN. It was not you he called !
THE LADY. Ah ! yes.
THE MAIDEN. He is
Not false ; I'll ne'er believe it, woman.
THE LADY. His
The falseness of the pine-tree, felled, uptorn,
By the great flood, and onward madly borne
With the wild, foaming torrent miles away.—
No doubt he loved the violet that grew
In the still woods ere the floods came ; he knew
Not then of roses !
THE MAIDEN. Cruel eyes, I say
But this to all your flashings—you have lied
To me in all !
THE LADY. Look, then, here at my side
His letters—read them. Did he love me ? Read !
Aha ! you flush, you tremble, there's no need
To show you more ; the strong words blanch your cheek.
See, here his picture ; could I make it speak,
How it would kill you ! Yes, I wear it there
Close to my heart. Know you this golden hair
That lies beside it ?
THE MAIDEN. Should he now confess
The whole—yes, tell me all your tale was true,
I would not leave him to you, sorceress !
I'd snatch him from the burning—I would sue
His pardon down from heaven. I shall win
Him yet, false woman, and his grievous sin
Shall be forgiven.
(*Bows her head upon her hands.*) O God ! let him die
Rather than live for one who doth belie
All I have learned of Thee !
[*Train stops suddenly.—Enter* CONDUCTOR.
CONDUCTOR. The bridge is down,
The train can go no farther. Morgan's band
Were here last night ! There is a little town
Off on the right, and there, I understand,
You ladies can find horses. Benton's Mill
Is but a short drive from Waunona Hill.—
Can I assist you ?
THE MAIDEN. Thanks ; I must not wait. [*Exit.*
THE LADY. Yes ; that my basket—that my shawl. O Fate !
How burdened are we women ! Sir, you are
Most kind ; and may I trouble you thus far ?
Find me the fleetest horses ; I must reach
Waunona Hill this night. I do beseech
All haste ; a thousand dollars will I give
For this one ride. [*Exeunt.*
A SOLDIER. Say, boys, I'd like to live
Where I could see that woman ! I could fight
A regiment of rebels in her sight—
Couldn't you ?
THE OTHERS. Yes—yes. [*Exeunt omnes.*

[TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT MONTH.]

OUT OF LONDON.[1]

BY JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

CHAPTER V.

THE CAPTAIN

I.

CAPTAIN SLEASBY in no respect belongs to the John-Bull type of Englishman. He is tall and thin, small-headed and sharp-visaged, his ears and nose somewhat overgrown, and the latter feature has the ruddy hue which is reflected upward from the wine-cup. In front of either ear grows a grizzled and stunted whisker, looking as if it might have seen better days, and would even now do well enough but for the intrusion of a pert, scrubby little mustache, which somehow contrives to bully it into insignificance. The chin is very short, and has the air of trying to compress itself beneath the mustache's insufficient shelter. The forehead is straight and capacious, but is commonly concealed under a purple velveteen smoking-cap, richly embroidered with yellow cord, and rakishly tipped down over the right eyebrow.

The captain's eyes are large and round, and of a dull-gray color, and he has a brisk, peering way of turning them about that calls to mind a certain disreputable old buzzard in the Zoölogical Gardens at London. In his youth they may have possessed a fine, commanding brightness befitting the regard of a military personage ; but that was years ago, and things have changed with the captain in more ways than one. Nevertheless, a pint or two of ale, or a half-dozen glasses of sherry, will still recall something of the old lustre ; but, such as it is, sadly modified by having to force its way through the dimming effects of disappointment, failure, and hard living. Captain Sleasby is sixty years old, and, during the latter half of his lifetime, his fortunes and (I fear) his reputation have steadily declined. Yet he still maintains a threadbare and fitful sort of belief in that lost power of the eye that bowed the will. "I looked at him," he says to me, describing some wrangle at the ale-house last night—"I looked at him just—so ! *He* got enough of it ! Can look at any man that way all day long. Easy—easy, sir !" He suits the word to the action by glaring stonily at me for a dozen seconds ; then taps his snuff-box, opens it, inhales the pungent dust vigorously, and glances, buzzard-like, to the right and left while replacing the box in his pocket.

Besides the embroidered smoking-cap already mentioned, the captain ordinarily wears a long, brownish overcoat, with deep side-pockets. A pocket is a useful thing ; in our times it has come to be considered almost indispensable ; yet a well-worn pocket is uniformly an unpleasant spectacle. It bulges at the bottom, it yawns at the top, and detracts alike from its owner's good appearance and from his friend's respect for him. A school-boy, perhaps, can bear up against the stigma of an over-used pocket, because we are prepared for even worse things from him ; but a man of ordinary respectability is desperately handicapped by such a disfigurement. The eye of suspicion follows him, the finger

[1] Continued from number for November, 1876.

of scorn points at him, and it is well if the unsightliness of his own pockets be not accepted as ground for believing him indifferent to the sanctity of other people's.

I mean to insinuate nothing against Captain Sleasby's character when I say that his overcoat-pockets are a particularly ill-looking pair; they somehow suggest an intimate acquaintance with bottles. They would certainly contain a couple of quart bottles apiece, supposing the captain could be induced to employ them on such service. Their edges are worn and greasy, and their flaps appear to be too large even for their gaping apertures. There is a mystery about their dark interiors, but not the kind of mystery that fascinates. I have spoken only of the side-pockets: the overcoat also contains an inner breast-pocket, concerning which I wish it were possible to make a better report. But although I have never seen it, its indications—if I may so term them—are as little encouraging as the visible features of its outside brethren. It injures the set of the garment over the wearer's manly chest; and the dingy appearance of the red-bandanna handkerchief with a straw-colored border variegated with blue spots, which is the only article the captain has ever taken out of it in my presence, tends to deepen the sinister impression already conveyed. A breast-pocket, even more than a side-pocket, should be neat and sweet both in itself and with respect to its contents; for it lies nearer to the man, and partakes more surely of his individuality. When a man's inside pockets are unsavory we are apt to mistrust the purity of his soul; and from that we may go on to question the integrity of his table-linen, or even of his politics.

Since the captain's pockets have been entered upon, we may as well go through them as rapidly as possible, and so dismiss them from our thoughts; for in truth a man lives very much in his pockets, and, when they have been faithfully studied, it will go hard but we have obtained some insight into his character. My landlord's trouser-pockets, then, go down very far, and, what is far more objectionable, they begin very high up—so high up, indeed, that the lower verge of the waistcoat overlaps them. As if this were not enough, they are cut so narrow that when the captain wants to stick his hands in them (which he does continually) he must not only hitch up his waistcoat, but struggle in an unseemly manner to overcome the reluctance of large fists to enter small apertures. And when the feat has been accomplished it might better have been left undone. The captain's elbows are forced up in an acute angle; his shoulders are raised, his head depressed and thrown forward; and thus, pacing meditatively up and down his garden-paths, he again reminds me of that disreputable old buzzard, which, in hot weather, used to set its wings akimbo, and stalk interruptedly from one to the other side of its cage.

There is something that rattles in the left-hand pocket. I at first supposed it to be money, but further observation inclines me to the belief that it is keys. It is partly keys, at any rate; for once, in a convivial mood, the captain pulled out a bunch of them, and vehemently affirmed that he could give me as good a "bo'l of sherr' 's I could get in Byem'r." The other pocket contains a jack-knife with a gray-horn handle. All the blades are broken save one, but that is kept well sharpened, and is used for pruning shrubs or for cutting nosegays for Mrs. Hedgley—our landlord has fits of being lavish of that sort of attention—or, less frequently, for paring Captain Sleasby's nails. This latter operation may sometimes be witnessed of a fine Sunday morning. The captain emerges through his garden-gate, sets his back against it, and unclasps the knife. The work is done in a business-like, *staccato* manner, and is soon over. The knife is closed with a snap and restored to its pocket. The captain then glances briskly up and down the road, produces his snuff-box, taps, opens, bends forward, snuffs right and left, recovers, and so glances up and down the road again. In a similar manner did that disreputable old buzzard act while devouring a piece of carrion.

The snuff-box, which is of tortoise-shell inlaid with silver, always comes out of the left-hand waistcoat-pocket. The waistcoat fits tightly, and has an extraordinary number of buttons and transverse wrinkles. In replacing the box after use the captain often poses for a few moments with his left finger and thumb in the pocket, the wrist bent, the elbow laid well back against the ribs, and the face raised and looking toward the right. The feet are separated, and both knees straight. I have never seen our landlord stand on one leg. The longer I brood over him, the more am I persuaded that he must once have been a very personable man, not ignorant of his attractions. He is altered now, nor does he need to be told of it; but to me it is touching to behold him mechanically, and perhaps half unconsciously, rehearsing those youthful postures, which now have no grace or comeliness to temper ridicule withal. For, in truth, the gallant officer does sometimes appear a little absurd; though it is worth mentioning that, in that matter of never standing upon one leg, Captain Sleasby by no means resembles the disreputable old buzzard which has been more than once alluded to.

The right-hand waistcoat-pocket has the distinction of holding Captain Sleasby's money. It is, to be sure, a favorite remark of his that he is "as poor as—as the night before quarter-day;" and there can be little doubt of his really being much less opulent than he was formerly. Nevertheless, and although I cannot recollect ever seeing him take anything out of this pocket, I can bear witness to his having several times slipped a whole quarter's rent into it. But the captain is not to be reviled for being a trifle close-fisted now, since it is probable enough, even had we not his own word for it, that he was liberal to a fault in his days of affluence. "Ha! thought no more of a thousand pounds than—a butcher's bill!" he declares, turning up his chin at the vigor of his own simile. "But I haven't paid—I haven't paid Ovens for a year!" Here he chuckles confidentially, and lays his stout, red forefinger on his interlocutor's arm. "Not for a year! Well, *he*

don't mind. But I haven't paid—" Here the captain looks away, and presently changes the subject; for it is as rare for him, in his advancing years, to stick to one topic through a dozen consecutive sentences, as for a boy ten years old to follow the argument of a doctrinal sermon.

Only one other pocket remains to be examined, and that is the waistcoat breast-pocket, in which Captain Sleasby keeps his spectacle-case. For to spectacles have those buzzard-eyes of his come at last; though being, I suppose, far-sighted, he wears them only upon occasion. It is odd, the change which spectacles produce, not only in a man's appearance, but also in his manner, and one would almost say in his character, for the time being. So soon as the captain lays hold of his spectacle-case, his countenance assumes an earnest solemnity of expression, which increases while he is saddling the glasses across his nose, and culminates when they are in place. Then with what a *naïve* seriousness of lifted eyebrows does he take up the book or the paper, and, holding it off at a suspicious distance, scan first the bottom line of the page and then the heading, and finally settle portentously upon the passage he means to read! He seems another man—older, graver, warier, more respectable! And when the reading is over, and he has drawn off his strange disguise, which looked so transparent and yet so complete, we scarcely realize for a moment that our vanished friend is here again. Even he seems not wholly unaware of the transformation through which he has passed. He sighs, stares stolidly on vacancy, and is not quite his own man again until he has taken a fresh pinch of snuff.

II.

But there is more in the captain than can be picked out of his pockets. He has three characters—a couple of plain, elementary ones, and a third, more complex and picturesque, created by the blending of those two components. Had he been all his life successful, we should by this time have found him an affable, jaunty, talkative old fellow; flashy and profuse in his expenditure, coarsely humorous in his conversation, recklessly convivial in his habits; vulgarly acute, yet less sagacious than he imagined; broadly outspoken, yet not honorably sincere; and affected with a mania for self-laudation persistent enough to have injured the reputation of an archangel. Had he, on the other hand, known nothing but adversity, he would have been sly, servile, plausible; full of petty subterfuges, a glib liar, a cheap drunkard, abject to his betters, wheedling or offensive to his peers, and vicious to those below him. But insomuch as Fortune smiled on him for thirty years before beginning to frown, we have the second of these alternatives ingrafted upon the first, and the result is a hybrid which manifests the qualities of both without being either.

In other words, the captain's present decline is flavored with reminiscences of his past prosperity. He feels that Sleasby down on his luck is essentially the same being as Sleasby in his apogee; so he ever and anon assumes the strut of wealth in defiance of the cloak of poverty, or perhaps forgetful of it. But he is never at his ease: he never can decide whether to feign that he is that which he is not, and so purloin your admiration; or to thrust what he is down your throat, and so bluff you out of your contempt. The consequence is, that he does one thing at one time and another at another; and when you see him coming toward you with his short step, his downward glance, and his air of preoccupation, you are in agreeable suspense as to whether you are to converse with a millionaire or a pauper, a gentleman or a cad, a boaster or a hypochondriac. Very likely you may encounter them all before the interview is over.

But, masquerading aside, the captain sometimes indulges in reflections upon himself as poignant as any critic could excogitate. He has related to me many times (for he repeats himself unweariedly, and is never out of hail of one or another well-worn little anecdote)—he has often rehearsed a bit of dialogue which once passed between himself and an acquaintance of his; which morsel, since he evidently sets a good deal of store by it, I shall make no scruple of transcribing. "Ha! says he, 'Well, now, I suppose you call yourself—' says he—'well! Sleasby, now, I suppose you call yourself a gentleman?—you call yourself a gentleman, I suppose, Sleasby, don't you?' says he. 'Gentleman?' says I—I looked at him—'gentleman?' says I, 'I call myself a gentleman?—No! no!' says I; 'no! I don't call myself a gentleman!' Well—he looked at me, you know—he looked at me. 'Oh, you don't call yourself a gentleman, don't you?' says he. 'No!' says I. 'Well, what *do* you call yourself, then?' says he. 'Independent!' says I; 'that's what I am—*in-dependent!*' Ha!" The captain archly draws in his chin when he has told this story, and chuckles in the evident persuasion that it reflects infinite credit on his wit and readiness in repartee. When I first heard it, I was uncertain where to see the point, and whether he meant me to laugh on his side or on the other man's. But after some dozen repetitions I began to feel my way, and am now of the opinion that somehow or other the captain scored one.

"Proud," remarks the captain, "proud as the mischief—the Sleasbys. Never knew why—*I* never did! Never knew what they were proud of. Run a way back," he continues, gazing unconcernedly about; "run a way back—eight hundred years. Eight hundred years. Yeomen. *I* never could tell what they were proud of—*always* proud as the mischief. Never did anything, you know. Yeomen. Yeomen—" And he takes snuff.

A raw American hardly knows what to make of these formal distinctions of rank. He is accustomed to apply the term "gentleman" to individuals rather than to classes, and can scarcely forbear a smile on first hearing a well-born blackguard gravely set above a well-behaved plebeian, and that, too, by the plebeian himself. But, on the other hand, though it is well to be a gentleman in England, it is no disgrace not to be one; just as a baronet is none the

worse baronet for not being an earl. Of course, "gentlemanlike" and "ungentlemanlike" are also used here in the same sense as with us; but they are derivatives, not primitives, and a gentleman remains a gentleman, be he as ungentlemanly as he may.

Though disclaiming gentle birth, Captain Sleasby has his crest and coat of arms, and the former is stamped upon his visiting-cards. Perhaps, in his character of independent, he considers himself free to enjoy the conveniences of all ranks. He is scrupulous, however, not to transcend the letter of the law. On parting, after our first interview, he handed me one of his crested cards, but, after a moment, took it back again, with an apology, and tore the crest out. "Not paid the tax this year," he explained—for crests are taxed in England; "won't do to cheat her majesty out of her income!" This, besides being an instance of the captain's honesty, is a favorable specimen of his humor, which is generally very dry. And the incident is worth noting on other grounds. When you find a man faithful in small things, you may logically expect him to be faithful likewise in great. But he does not always turn out to be so. He will sometimes make a petty honesty the stalking-horse for a big swindle. Captain Sleasby very uprightly tore the unpaid-for crest out of his visiting-card; but he did not mind engaging to put my house in thorough order for me before I went into it, and then forgetting—up to this time at least—to fulfill his promise. It has sometimes occurred to me that, had he intended putting the house in order, he would possibly have not so much minded about her majesty's income. Either that, or else the stock of honesty that he kept on hand was not sufficient to last out two such extraordinary occasions.

III.

THE captain would seem to have begun his career as clerk in a great banking-house; he describes himself as having been among the youngest there, and you infer, as he rambles inconsequently on, that he was also one of the cleverest and most trusted. He describes, with a good deal of enthusiasm, what appears to have been a brilliant and subtle piece of financial strategy, whereby he gained the advantage over divers older and more experienced heads than his own. At least, so I have understood him; but the gallant officer expresses himself so eccentrically, and his mind shifts about so unaccountably during a conversation of any length, that it is very difficult to follow the threads of his stories, until frequent repetitions have worn them thoroughly into our memory. The captain's mental evolutions remind me of the inside appearance of a piano that is being played upon. Through the confusion of wires and woodwork you see innumerable little heads popping up and down without any visible reason or regularity. Even so pop up and down the ideas in Captain Sleasby's obscure and tangled interior. But the simile cannot be carried farther; there is no accompanying melody of sound in the captain's case. His speech is hurried and involved, and his enunciation, owing partly to the decadence of some front teeth, and partly to the carelessness which results from associating with people who know what he is going to say before he says it, is mumbling and slurred. The listener feels an impulse to stand back and catch the general drift of the argument, letting the separate words go; just as he would view a roughly-painted picture from the farther side of the room rather than at close quarters.

The captain professed particular regard for me as an American, and observed that he had known many of my persuasion during his business career. "But you don't carry your handkercnief in your hat," he added, gently, as though anxious not to wound my feelings; "you don't, do you? Why, all Americans I knew did—they—they used to carry their handkerchiefs in their hats—all of 'em did. You don't. Well, I suppose, now—I suppose your being abroad so long, you know—so long—you got out of the way of it. That's it! Yes—"

He had been in Paris in '41 or thereabout, on some business mission, and apparently improved his leisure time there after the usual fashion of gay young men with plenty of money. But I cannot reproduce his accounts of these experiences. They are couched in language too enigmatic, too elliptical, too much studded with pregnant lacunæ, for intelligible transcription. Nor could I hope fairly to describe the gestures that he used, which, if they did not elucidate his meaning, at any rate added greatly to his hearer's entertainment. It is enough to say that he seems to have tempered the *rôle* of Don Juan with that of Monte Cristo; never losing sight, however, of the fact that he was Sleasby and an English yeoman. This was his only visit abroad; but no doubt it makes him feel as traveled as though he had put a girdle round the whole world. He wags his head wisely over foreign nations, and smiles aside.

Not to follow up his footsteps too closely, he "made a lot of money—a lot of money," though whether by inheritance or by banking is not clear. He once dined in a chop-house with George Peabody, and, that gentleman being temporarily out of cash, Sleasby paid the bill, not without a sense of the distinction he was thereby conferring upon himself. Possibly this act of charity assured his fortune, as it certainly would have done in a story-book; but, in any case, he left the city while still a young man, bought an estate of about twenty-five acres in Byemoor, and, having given it the name of Fairmount, he settled down upon it, and built a mill beside the brook which skirts its northwestern border. The mill was vastly profitable, and Captain Sleasby (such had by this time become his title) was rich enough to cover his estate with four rows of detached and semi-detached houses. The site was a pleasant one, the railway-station was but a mile distant, and London only half an hour farther by train. All that was left for the new landlord to do was to sit himself down and permit his tenants to make him a millionaire. Down he sat, accordingly, in a four-square, twenty-five-roomed mansion called "The Manor-House;" the name may be read upon the gate-post at this day in two lines, the "THE" occupying the

whole of the top line in capitals three inches high, while the "Manor House," in inch-tall letters, cowers underneath. There sat he down, thirty years ago; and there he abides still; but his fortune as well as his prospects have taken unto themselves wings and flown away.

We are not concerned to know how. The four rows of houses found no tenants, for one thing. The mill stopped making money. Other investments turned out badly, and two or three speculative operations failed. One of the captain's own brothers pocketed his spoons and ran away. The captain himself tells the story with great simplicity, and evidently expects the listeners to join him in pronouncing the brother an impudent and ungrateful burglar. "Oh, I couldn't bear my flesh when they told me!" he exclaims, vehemently; "don't you know that?—I couldn't bear my flesh!" The phrase is a pat one of his, and strikes me as being admirably expressive. "Might have caught him," he goes on, laying his stiff, red fingers on my arm, and raising his eyebrows till he looks more like an owl than a buzzard—"might have caught him, you know—easy! They wanted me to do it—they *wanted*— But," he adds, bending toward me in his earnestness that wizened, whimsical, staring, becapped, and bemustached little visage of his—"but—I said—there! I won't do it—I can't—I *can't!*—it isn't in my breeches—don't you know that?—it wasn't in my breeches!" This is another daring figure of speech often used by the captain, and which, perhaps, was handed down to him by his ancestors of eight hundred years ago.

IV.

Captain Sleasby has frequently expressed regret at not having tried his fortunes in America. Of course, I am bound to understand the regret as in some measure an oblique compliment to my nationality; but of course, also, as a patriotic citizen, I always endeavor to persuade him that in America all his losses would have turned into gains, and he taken his place beside the giants of Wall Street or San Francisco.

"If it hadn't been for one thing," he rejoins, raising his right hand to a level with his head, and then bringing it down with a whisk at the word "one" toward his left shoulder—"if it hadn't been for *one* thing, I'd 'ave been there now. My little woman!'—here he bridles back archly—"my little woman! I was courting her, you know. Just at that time the president says to me, 'Why don't you go to America, Sleasby? Sure to—you're sure to make a bigger fortune there than you can here, you know,' says he. 'I know it,' says I. Well, I was vexed. I was so vexed! Just courting my little woman—couldn't have taken *her* over there, you know. She says to me, 'Oh, oh!' says she, 'you mustn't go—you mustn't leave me!' says she, crying, you know—crying! 'Well,' says I, 'come on—come on, let's get married,' says I. So—but I *was* so vexed! Oh, but," continues the captain, appealing to me with a most sentimental grimace—"oh, isn't courting just the prettiest thing in the world?—now, isn't it the prettiest thing in the world? Just to take the little dears—just to—just to take 'em by the ears and kiss 'em all over their faces! Isn't it the prettiest thing in the world?—oh!" And still grimacing sentimentally, and gazing on vacancy, he stands with his feet apart and a pinch of snuff between his right thumb and forefinger.

His little woman is, indeed, very little—quite eighteen inches shorter than her lord. She is, however, twelve years the elder. A more placid, retiring, undemonstrative little personage I have seldom met with; she has never spoken in my hearing, save in rare monosyllables; she has never ceased to look good-natured to the verge of smiling outright; and she has never failed to wear an expression of such keen and penetrating intelligence as renders her good-nature all the more acceptable. She dresses as a servant, and becomes the costume so well that it is difficult to imagine her in any other. She does the cooking and the kitchen-work generally; and, to judge by the unassuming neatness of her personal appearance, I should imagine she did it very acceptably. But one so demure must surely be deep; and there can be small doubt that the gallant captain is secretly afraid of his little woman. That aquiline nose, that quiet, gray eye, and that resolute chin, in a woman seventy-two years old, must mean something. In spite of her age, she bids fair to long outlive her nervous, rambling, red-nosed, irregular husband. She is a person of decided character; and I regret that there seems no present likelihood of my enjoying a nearer acquaintance with her.

There are two children—a daughter and a son, though the son is hardly more of a man than the daughter. She is tall and strong, and she lives in the open air. Bonnet nor hat wears she; her thick black hair, closely massed upon her head, is more than sufficient protection against both sun and rain. She labors in the garden; she tramps along the brook-side; she runs across the meadow; she is a great pigeon-fancier, and a connoisseur in farm-stock. She plays strenuously and not unmelodiously upon the piano; she makes the beds and sweeps the floor; she opens the door to visitors, and, if they are also strangers, says: "Oh! I happened to be in the hall, so I just thought I wouldn't keep you waiting"—as if there were two or three dilatory domestics on the way up from the kitchen. In feature she somewhat resembles the captain, though there are a strength and an honesty in her regard such as are not at present noticeable in her father's. The latter sets great store by her, and has very sensibly made her his heir. "A girl," he says—"a girl that can go down in the meadow there—go down and catch a poacher—catch him by the slack of his breeches and chuck him into the brook—*she did it!* Well, I sign for her—sign all the receipts for her: she'll have 'em, sir—she'll—"

As for the son, he is outwardly a quiet and soberly-conducted young gentleman enough, who walks to and fro about the garden with a short-pipe in his mouth, a round tweed-cap on his head, and a rake or a hoe in his hand. He is short, sturdy, and grave,

wears a light mustache and whisker, and appears older than he is. He keeps in order the vacant houses on the estate, and understands gardening, carpentry, house-painting, plastering, whitewashing, and, for aught I know, building. But there are sinister stories afloat about him, and the captain anticipates my asking him why he doesn't put him in business by remarking that the boy is "so fond of home—well, he ought to go—he ought to go; but there's my little woman, she says, 'Let him stop as long as he will,' she says; 'he might be doing worse,' she says—my little woman says—yes, well!" And, by all accounts, the good lady must have known what she was talking about.

THE TRAIL OF THE SERPENT.

UNTIL railroads, newspapers, and telegraph-wires, invaded the outlying towns and villages of "merrie England," the itinerant annalist of ghastly crimes and horrible legends was a regular feature at every calendar fair. Picturesquely ragged in dress, slouching in gait, harsh and loud in voice, with a bundle of thrilling pamphlets, and a pole with sign-board borne aloft, this demoralized descendant of the olden time harpers and gaberlunzie men would steal quietly into the middle of the crowd of rustics, and, with an initial cough, proceed to reel off his story, turning the show-board at the proper moment, and pointing to the coarse pictures representing the four (there were always four) salient features of the tragedy. Nobody ever appeared to know whence the story-peddler came, or whither he went. When a boy, I used to cling to him, and watch him; but he always disappeared as if by magic. But his harrowing tale was accepted as a divine revelation, and the penny pamphlet was eagerly purchased by the agrarian listeners, and carried by them to the remote hamlets, to be read and re-read, loaned out, discussed, and shuddered at. Some households in the agricultural counties of England, where the light of modern intelligence has not penetrated, still treasure up those tragedies and legends, and on Sunday afternoons con them over with a sort of reverential awe. But for nearly a score of years the peripatetic story-teller's occupation has gone. The penny newspaper now dispenses the highly-spiced murder, and the ancient legend is fast sinking into oblivion beneath the Juggernaut-wheels of progress and utilitarianism.

So, when I said to my nephew, "Let us walk over to Lambton Castle, and take a look at the scene of the famous Worm Legend," he innocently asked what legend I referred to. He had not heard of it, albeit the young man is nineteen, and a promising student in Durham University. "Come with me, and I will enlighten your darkness," I said.

We were at Chester-le-Street, a pretty little bucolic town in North Durham, with an ancient odor of Rome and Hadrian about it. It was a balmy June morning when we started. The sun was climbing a sky of cloudless azure—an American October, soul-exhilarating sky. A western breeze came with fluttering freshness from the distant moorlands. The dew lay in diamond-drops on the thick grass that fringed the fragrant lane. The larks were caroling overhead. The gray linnets were stirring among the leaves. The hare hopped across the road in front, and regarded us with a familiarity that told of game-laws and game-preserves. We were, indeed, traversing the beautiful estate of the Earl of Durham; and, as we strode along, I recalled for my companion's edification the Legend of the Lambton Worm:

"An ancient heir of the castle yonder—situated so beautifully on the velvet green knoll of the wooded hill around which the Wear glides like a broad ribbon—was fishing, as was his usual profane custom, in the river on a Sunday. He hooked a small worm, or eft, which he carelessly threw into a well, and thought no more of the incident. The worm liked its new quarters, and grew till the well was too small to hold it. Fifty yards distant flowed the Wear, and there the worm betook itself, usually lying a part of the day coiled round a crag in the middle of the stream. It also frequented a green mound near the well, where it lapped itself nine times round, leaving vermicular traces which are to be seen until this day. Grown to this prodigious size, the worm became the terror of the country, and among other enormities, it levied a contribution of nine cows' milk daily, which was always placed for it at the green hill, and, in default of the lacteal swill, the creature devoured man and beast. Young Lambton, meanwhile, had totally repented him of his former life and conversation. He had, moreover, purified himself in a bath of holy-water, taken the sign of the cross, and joined the Crusaders. On his return home, he was shocked at witnessing the effects of his youthful imprudences, and immediately undertook to relieve the district of the tyrant monster. After several severe combats, in which the Crusader was foiled by his enemy's power of self-union, he found it expedient to add policy to courage. Not perhaps possessing too much of the former quality, he went to a witch, or wise woman, and by her advice armed himself in a coat-of-mail, studded with razor-blades. Thus prepared, he placed himself on the crag in the river, and awaited the monster's arrival. The worm came as usual, and immediately wound himself round the knight with great fury, cutting himself into sections, which the stream washed away, and thus prevented the possibility of reunion.

"Of course there is still a sequel: The witch had promised Lambton success only on the condition that he should slay the first living thing which met his sight after the victory. To avoid the possibility of human slaughter, the knight had directed his fa-

ther that as soon as he heard him sound three blasts on his bugle-horn in token of success he should release his favorite greyhound, which was designed to be the sacrifice. On hearing his son's bugle, the old man was so overjoyed that he forgot the injunction, and ran with open arms to meet the conqueror. Instead of committing a parricide, the knight went to the witch, who pronounced, as the alternative of disobeying her original instructions, the penalty that no chief of the house of Lambton should die in his bed for nine generations. There appeared nothing very terrible in this to the martial mind of the young man, and the penalty was accepted, and—as the history of the Lambton family from the twelfth century proves — seems to have been mysteriously exacted."

"It does not appear, then," remarked my companion, as we stepped through a wicket into the nobleman's park, "that the hero reaped anything from the adventure except the honor of the achievement and a very singular curse on his descendants to the ninth generation."

The Worm Hill is about a mile and a half from the old castle, and is conical in form. It is sparsely covered with the luxuriant verdure that abounds around its base, and there are certain spiral wave-marks—or "vermicular traces," as the legend technically expresses it—perceptible on the cone. From its regular form it suggests an artificial origin just as in the famous Silbury Snake Hill, afterward to be noticed.

While we walked round it, and over it, and discussed it, a bronzed woodman approached, with a pipe in his mouth and a burnt hole over the pocket of his vest, evidently the result of a "live dottle" in a hastily-discarded "cutty."

"Aw, beg yer pardon, sur, but yur trespassin'," he said to me, in a low, soft voice, pointing at the same time to a lettered board fixed on a tree near, which bore this solacing legend: "All persons found trespassing in these grounds will be prosecuted, and all dogs disturbing the game will be destroyed."

This sudden association of the game-preserving present with the legendary past was grotesque and amusing.

The man was all wonder and civility when informed of our errand. From a wild-pigeon decoy-hut near, he procured a cup, and we drank of the cool, crystal water of the famed Worm Well, and noticed that it had formerly been protected by a hinged cover. The distance from the hill to the well is about thirty yards, and from the well to the Wear about fifty yards. The sylvan scenery about this natural dell is soft and charming. Standing by the hill, the river is seen gliding past the foot of a gently-sloping lawn, studded here and there with flowering shrubs and dwarf evergreens.

> "The air around was breathing balm;
> The aspen scarcely seemed to sway;
> And, as a sleeping infant calm,
> The river streamed away—
> Devious as error, deep as love,
> And blue and bright as heaven above."

Acting upon the hint of the woodman, we proceeded over the velvety sward to the castle, and were shown, by the obliging head-gardener of the earl, other traces of the wonderful worm-legend. In the splendid conservatories are preserved two stone figures, evidently of great antiquity. One represents a knight armed *cap-a-pie*, the back of his coat-of-mail studded with razor-blades. The other figure is that of a lady, dressed *décolleté*, in the style of Charles II.'s "beauties," with a coronet in her hand. She is represented with a wound in the bosom and a mutilation in the hand, both said to have been the work of the worm. The knight holds the reptile *by the ear* with his left hand, and with his right crams his sword to the hilt down its throat; but whether this represents another phase in the career of the Lambton Worm, or indicates that the Lambton family were originally troubled with several giant worms, there is no evidence to determine.

How many brothers, sisters, uncles, aunts, and cousins, of all degrees of consanguinity, a mythical story usually has! How few of such stories can claim originality! William Tell, the dog Gellert, Prester John, and Peeping Tom of Coventry, are all myths of Eastern origin, which have circulated for untold ages among the Aryan family of nations in its migrations. All of them are reducible to allegorical explanation of certain familiar natural phenomena.

Since visiting Lambton Castle, I have sauntered over several other scenes in Britain, rendered famous by the traditional exploits of worms or serpents, and the brave knights who overthrew them. The word "worm," it will be observed, is used with great latitude. Dante calls that ancient quadruped Cerberus, "*Il gran verme inferno!*"

Over the south door of the venerable-looking village church at Linton, on the Scottish side of the Border, a rude sculpture represents a knight with a falcon on his arm, encountering, with his lance in full career, a sort of monster of the fiery-serpent order. This is locally known as the Linton Worm, and the legend is believed of all men. A stranger may be permitted to indulge in levity at the expense of the "Four Beasts" of the Apocalypse, but in Linton he had better be conservative in his expressions of incredulity concerning the ancient Worm. With a solemn air the villager points to the sacred fane and the grotesque sculpture; and, in response to your request for further particulars, produces a tattered pamphlet, whereby you learn, on the authority of some nameless old gossiper, that the Linton Worm was "ane hydeous monster, in the forme of a Worme, ten Scot's yards in lenth, and somewhat bigger than ane ordinary man's leg, with a head made proportionable to its lenth and greatness, and in form and cullour like to our common muir-edders" (moor-adders). Tradition—that is, the ancient chronicler—represents this "Worme" as the scourge of the country round. Men, women, and children, and "much cattle and sheep," went down its rapacious maw. Finally, there arose "a wily Scotch knight, and he watched when the wind was in the right

quarter, and he slew with a rod of blazing peat on the point of his spear the cursed Worme; being thus armed had the purpose not only of stifling the monster, but preserving the assailant from the effects of its pestilent breath."

Thirty miles from Linton, at a place named Silver Moor, in Northumberland, I happened upon another true-as-gospel worm-story. All around the neighborhood of this hamlet the soil is poor, the situation is bleak and inclement, the crops are uncertain, and the seasons are a fortnight behind the district half a score miles away. This coldness and desolation are attributable to the dire influence of the Dragon of Silver Moor—"a villainous creature, endowed with all the venom, maw, and speed of a flying eft." This creature devastated the countryside. "No green thing did grow, and no whick" (live) "thing would thrive. But the gallant Moor of Silver Moor Hall slew the Worme with nothing at all but the aid of a good conscience and a fair mayde of sixteen to 'noint him o'er night when he went to fight, and to dress him in the morning."

It is not a little singular that the serpent, or worme, as our forefathers termed it, is the symbol which most generally enters into the mythology of the world. The progress of the myth from the garden of Eden around the habitable world is one of the most extraordinary facts in history. Sometimes the serpent is an object of fear and abhorrence; sometimes it is exalted to an object of love and veneration; but, in whatever form it exists, it preserves its constancy as an invariable object of superstition. A great deal of mythological nonsense concerning fabulous dragons and serpents may be found in any extensive library. For examples, take the following:

Maximus Tyrius writes that "Taxiles, a mighty prince of India, carried Alexander the Great to see a dragon of stupendous size, being in extent over five acres, and which resided in a low, deep place walled round to a great height." Another ancient romancer states that he saw a serpent in the plains of Macra, in Syria, which was "about an acre in length, and of a thickness so remarkable that two persons on horseback, when they rode on opposite sides, could not see one another."

One day I walked from Amesbury to Stonehenge, and when I beheld the confused pile of moss-grown monoliths I was unable to pump up any enthusiasm, inasmuch as I felt satisfied that the two concentric circles and ovals represented one of those serpents of which the old romancists wrote. At Abury, in Wiltshire, are the remains of a gigantic serpent-temple described by Dr. Deane; and on the Bath road leading to Overton there is another hill almost identical with that of Lambton. The Abury temple represented a flying serpent of several acres in extent, and the spot where the head was indicated by upright stones is still called Hagpen Hill, from, it is surmised, *hag*, a snake, and *pen*, the head.

While I wandered musingly around the giant stones of Stonehenge, a hardware-peddler sat down to rest himself. He was an oracle, and he quickly asked me if I had "been here afore," and whether I had heard of the Wiltshire parson who went to Rome to inspect the antiquities of the Eternal City. I replying in the negative, he said: "The parson, you see, screwed himself into the company of the learned doctors, and they asked him to illustrate to them that famous monument in his own country called Stonehenge. He replied he had never seen it—scarce heard of it! Whereupon they kicked him out-of-doors, and bade him go home and see Stonehenge. And I wish," continued the peddler, "all those fellows who go to scrape for antiquarian morsels in foreign lands could be handled, or rather footed, as he was."

I found that the peasantry entertained a vague reverence for these huge stones. None of them that I conversed with were able to assign any reason for their veneration. The peddler defied me to accurately count the stones that formed Stonehenge, and, when he saw that I smiled, he offered to bet a sovereign. It appears there is a local tradition that no one has ever been able to count the monoliths and cross-pieces so as to make the number of two successive reckonings agree. A baker once made the attempt. He placed a loaf on every stone, and afterward counted the loaves; yet on a second trial he always found the preceding number of loaves either too many or too few.

It seems not unlikely that a great deal of romance has been perpetrated respecting Stonehenge and Abury, as well as other stone-circles at St. Just, in Cornwall, and Rallorick, in Warwickshire. Their origin seems to have been derived from the story of the garden of Eden and the fall of man; and, if these curious relics of superstition, whether in the form of worms or stone figures, had been investigated from this simple standpoint, much learned nonsense would have been kept from the shelves of our great libraries.

LOVE'S FEALTY.

SKEPTIC heart, strange love is thine!
Perfect love is liege and lowly,
Doubting not its heaven, but wholly
Trusting the old sun to shine.

Deepest shades of night subside
In the sure light of the morrow:
True love spurns a jealous sorrow,
In divine faith satisfied.

MARY B. DODGE.

IN MEMORIAM: TEMPLE BAR.

ALMOST the last relic of the geographical sovereignty of London is to be swept away. The Common Council of the city of London has at length decreed the removal of Temple Bar. There has been sturdy fight made over the matter, lasting for the better part of two years—aldermanic conservatism on the one side, the somewhat exuberant utilitarianism of radical councilmen on the other. In the issue good old conservatism, as Englishmen would say, has gone to the wall, as good old conservatism mostly and happily does in these brisk days. By a vote of sixty-nine to forty-five the report recommending the removal of the structure has been agreed to; so that next year when the American tourist comes to look for the building sacred to so many historical memories he will gaze upon the narrow vista of murky Fleet Street in unbroken view from the new Law Courts to the venerable church of St. Dunstan-in-the-West. It seems fitting that Temple Bar should not be allowed to pass into oblivion without a note of recognition of its many interesting associations on the American side of the Atlantic, where doubtless its traditions, its memories, its smoke-begrimed features, and, it may be added, its monstrous inconveniences, have been as much studied and discussed as in the ancient thoroughfare where for more than two centuries it has stood the most prominent memorial of old London. Erected, we believe, in the year 1670, during the mayoralty of Pepys's old friend Sir Samuel Starling, it has served ever since that time to mark the boundary of the city from the shire, and the freedom of the city of London from the liberty of the city of Westminster. This line of demarkation, albeit it conveys no distinct or recognizable separation to the mind of an American citizen, in the view of the citizens of inner London defines their municipal privileges and guards them against encroachment. To be "free" of the city of London, means that you are in fact and indeed one of London's own true citizens; and, although to dwell within the liberty of Westminster argues as well that you are a person of substance and a burgess of quality, the rights and privileges appertaining to the one are immeasurably more important than the distinctions and immunities belonging to the other. Moreover, the Bar has for many centuries marked the jurisdiction of the lord-mayor, and proclaimed his sway. Once dwell-



TEMPLE BAR IN THE LAST CENTURY.

ing within its walls, the inhabitant of the city came within the operation of peculiar laws, had a voice in the election of his own magistrates, was governed by extraordinary courts, and was served by a special and exclusive body of police having no jurisdiction without the walls of Temple Bar. In the matter, too, of being represented in Parliament, the inhabitant inside the city has ever been more honorably considered than the dweller without ; and in various ways, and after many fashions, the citizens of inner London have had their powers and privileges proclaimed almost from time immemorial by the presence of the old city toll-gate, which has become famous in later history as Temple Bar. To explain all the nice distinctions between residence in the city and residence in the metropolis, however, would occupy much time, and could hardly prove acceptable or interesting to the general reader. Our present purpose is to place on record a humble tribute of recognition of the many and pleasant memories clustering around the old structure, and maybe to pick up a few fragments of story which its tumbling stones are now scattering to the winds forever.

What American, we may ask, is there who has visited London, who has not paused on his way from the busy Strand into Fleet Street, to contemplate for a moment the blackened and time-worn walls of this most venerable and interesting monument? Which of us, to whom the English capital is familiar, has not stepped out of the way of eager and thronging wayfarers that he might linger at leisure over the reminiscences its presence has provoked? What lover of history is there, American or Englishman, who has stood within the shadow of its walls, who has not noted every surrounding object, in the hope that he might perchance recognize and welcome some familiar court, some house or building photographed in the memory from the well-read pages of London's famous story? Let us pause for a space while we endeavor to recall with something of exactness the outlines of the spot where many of us have stood gazing upon this quaint old landmark of the city: On our left, the lordly beginnings of new London in shape of the splendid and admirably-finished façade of the new Law Courts. To the right, the few remaining habitations forming the street-entrances to the closes and alleys where dwelt the neighbors and friends of Johnson and Goldsmith. In the background, one of the most prominent and noticeable ecclesiastical edifices in London—the church of St. Clement Danes, whose fair columns throw their shadows across the ground made immortal by Shakespeare as the student-home of Master Shallow. In the immediate foreground, that historic thoroughfare than which, we are prepared to wage our reputation, no other street in Europe has more pleasant reminiscences for Americans, or is so wealthy of story, so abundant in anecdote, so interesting and, we must needs add, so pathetic in tradition. Temple Bar seemed somehow or other to be the stoutest link in the chain which bound us to a lingering fondness for London. It was the centre, as it were, of the England of the past. Once within sight of its familiar archways, the thoughts came crowding upon the mind as if in friendly rivalry on the foremost and most earnest consideration. We were once again back to the days of childhood, before the animosities had had time to grow into rankness, and were pondering over the well-thumbed pages of English history, and raking together pleasant notes to be stored against the time when we might be able to compare them with our more matured opinions. We recall in a moment that we have read that Elizabeth, resplendent in gorgeous farthingale of amber-satin and stomacher of costly pearls, the crown upon her head, the sceptre in her hand, surrounded by a gay and glittering throng of nobles and fair ladies, riding in a cumbrous, plumed coach, and saluted by the acclamations of the multitude, had passed through the older gateway on her way to Paul's to return thanks to God on the shattering and scattering of the Invincible Armada. Studious as we were as children, it remains impressed in the memory that Temple Bar has played a striking part in many a state pageant. Macaulay has told us of a royal procession that passed under its centre arch—the very centre arch now to be pulled to pieces—whose chief attractions were William of Orange and his queen, bent upon commemorating the victories of Marlborough. We remember to have read of the enthusiasm which was aroused by the passing of George III. to offer up his thanksgiving in the metropolitan cathedral for his brief respite from insanity. And in our own day we call to mind the quaint ceremony which took place at the old gate when Queen Victoria and her son thereat sought admission to the city on an occasion of national rejoicing.

As the ancient ceremony is now relegated to the things of the past by the civic decree commanding Temple Bar's removal, we may be pardoned, perhaps, if we give a brief description here of its main features as ourselves saw it performed on the day of thanksgiving for the Prince of Wales's recovery. The old oak gates being shut against the queen's coming, and the lord-mayor and civic potentates being ranged in a glittering throng of gorgeously-uniformed guardians of the city, the thousands of citizens within and without the Bar await the ceremony. By-and-by, garter king-at-arms, clothed in stiff tabard of cloth of gold, with the arms of England, Scotland, and Ireland, richly embroidered upon it in colors, preceded by a herald, trumpet at mouth, rides up to the ancient gateway. The herald blows a shrill blast upon the trumpet, and garter rides forward to demand admission for the queen. This being granted, and the doors thrown back, the procession advances on its way until her majesty's carriage stands beneath the archway. The lord-mayor, with his goodly array of courtiers, recorder, sword-bearer, mace-bearer, and marshal, rides to the side of the queen's carriage, and the sovereign of the city with bended knee yields his sword and presents his homage to the sovereign of the land. The queen, with a smile, touches the hilt of the sword in token that she accepts the fealty of the chief magistrate, and then, bowing gracefully, inti-

mates her desire that the lord-mayor will precede her through his own dominions. Then there breaks forth a lusty cheer from the people who have been pleased at this little incident of state ceremony so gallantly performed, and the civic king rides before his queen to the grand cathedral upon the hill.

The historical pageants that have taken place at Temple Bar are without number. The shadow of every monarch and popular hero since Charles II.'s reign has rested for at least a passing moment at the old gates. Emperors and kings, and their consorts, princes of every degree, embassadors, statesmen, great generals and admirals, and an army of lesser eminent folk, have ridden under this last triumphal arch of the city, to receive the city's salutation at the Guildhall. With the single exception of the King of Bavaria and the Sultan of Turkey now on the throne, every reigning sovereign in Europe has passed through the main archway. But the old-time ceremonies have been played at its gates for the last time. The last state pageant has wended its way past the time-honored walls. The curious and rusted old knocker, once so brave in its glittering coats of sumptuous gilt, will be wrenched from its staples by the rude hands of unthinking workmen. No longer will heralds of degree ride gallantly past to proclaim the sovereign's will at the steps of the Exchange, as in days of yore. The flags and gay banners, and varied-colored damasks, and golden fringes, and mottoed scrolls, that have served to indicate the city's gladness, no more will flutter from the decrepit old monument of Christopher Wren's building. Temple Bar comes to the ground, and, with its razing, is torn into fragments and lost forever, as rare and valuable a record of scenes of English history as was ever kept together by any single city's uninscribed and unwritten memorials.

But it has not been by such slender and remote interests as these that our thoughts have been most attracted to the surface in contemplating the unattractive and gloomy-looking structure which for so long has commanded the approach to inner London. It has rather been from the passing remembrances of the years of profit and pleasure we have experienced in reading of the daily lives and habits, and studying the works, of the men who most of all have contributed to make Temple Bar (possibly with the sole exception of the Tower) the most interesting and pathetic monument in all London. It needs that we should take but one short step within the right-hand archway to be back again to the period of the Bar's building, gossiping with Pepys, than who never yet lived a man richer in minute information as to the names and customs of his times. Up-stairs, in the room overhead, were discovered, only some half-dozen years ago, musty records telling of the Admiralty secretary's transactions with Child the banker, whose house adjoining may be said to have formed, and in more senses than one, the main support of Temple Bar. We may picture to ourselves the genial little gentleman "in my half-cloth black stockings, and my new coat of the fashion which pleases me well, and with my beaver," passing on his way to my lord-mayor's feast, which he finds occasion to unfavorably comment upon. "I sat at the Merchant Strangers' table," writes he, "where ten good dishes to a messe with plenty of wine of all sorts; but it was very unpleasing that we had no napkins nor change of trenchers, and drunk out of earthen pitchers and wooden dishes. I expected music, but there was none, but only trumpets and drums, which displeased me; and I could not discern one handsome face among the ladies, which was very strange, though there were many and fine, both young and old." Mr. Pepys might have found occasion to offer something of the same sort of adverse criticism on other matters connected with a lord-mayor's feast, even in these days in which we live. He might have condemned, for instance, the crowd and the turmoil, and the heat and the general discomfort of the banquet. He might easily have picked a quarrel with the greasy nature of his lukewarm turtle, and might just as easily have had a difficulty with his waiter on the ground of that individual's inattention to the propriety of a "change of trenchers" heralding the passing from the baron of beef to the birds. And that he certainly would not have "walked home with great content" after a lord-mayor's feast of the nineteenth century would be as safe to say as that, wise as the merry gossip was, he surely would never have been inveigled into attending one. At a shop hard by the Bar Pepys bought his books. Falling into discourse of a new book of drollery called "Hudibras," he tells us he would needs go find it out, and met with it at the Temple, costing him, to purchase it, half a crown. "But when I come to read it," he records, "it is so silly an abuse of the Presbyter knight going to the wars that I am ashamed of it." At dinner that day he sells it for eighteenpence; but before the end of a month, "it being certainly some ill-humor to be so against that which all the world cries up to be the example of wit," reluctantly he resolves to lay out a second half-crown on the volume, to see whether he can find the wit or not. It is to be hoped he succeeded in doing so. Pepys, as we have remarked, kept his banking-account and hoarded the gold that he loved so well at Child's, and Child's still stands, as it did when Pepys lived, one of the most eminent and successful private banking-houses of London. Many a time has the kindly gossip stepped into the dark and inconvenient counting-room of the "goldsmith," as in the old days a banker of London was called, to learn of his balance for the month, which he was ever extremely solicitous about. The checks of Child still retain imprinted on their face the golden marigold, which was the sign of the house when Pepys kept an account there.

Andrew Marvell, patriot and wit, sometime member for Hull, a man of rare talent, integrity, and worth, and withal a genial and humorous gentleman, not averse, be it said, to the pleasures of the table, but with little means to gratify indulgence in them, was wont to take his meals at a tavern within shadow of Temple Bar. One day came some of the gallants of the town, members of Charles's Parliament known

to be in the pay of the crown for insuring the subserviency of their votes, and lolled about the compartment where Marvell sat dining. Having eaten heartily of boiled beef, runs the chronicle, with some roasted pigeons and a dish of asparagus, and finished a pint of port, the serving-man brought in the reckoning. Taking the coin out of his pocket, and holding it between his finger and thumb within sight of his venal associates, said Marvell, "Gentlemen, who would let himself out for hire while he can have such a dinner for half a crown?" Few men, we should say, ought to have done so when a half-crown could purchase so ample and appetizing a feast. The rebuke was a severe one, and might have been retailed with profit to my Lord-Treasurer Danby, who would then, doubtless, have been spared the well-merited humiliation of repocketing the thousand-pound Treasury order with which he attempted to bribe the unimpeachable member for Hull. Mr. Marvell's inward appreciation of good dishes seems to have been judged his one assailable weakness by his tempters, but happily without reason.

"Jack, child, what had I for dinner yesterday?" asked Marvell of his serving-boy when the lord-treasurer, "out of pure affection," had laid a thousand-pound order upon the table.

"Don't you remember, sir? You had the little shoulder of mutton that you ordered me to bring from a woman in the market."

"Very right, child; what have I for dinner to-day?"

"Don't you know, sir, that you bid me lay the blade-bone to broil?"

"'Tis so: very right, my child; go away.—My lord, do you hear that? Andrew Marvell's dinner is provided. There's your piece of paper; I want it not. I know the sort of kindness you intended. I live here to serve my constituents. The ministry may seek men for their purpose; I am not one."

Temple Bar truly was a bright and pleasing memorial when it could recall to the memory so signal an example of sturdy, uncompromising honesty combating single-handed the flagrant corruption of the ministers of Charles II.'s reign. With truth it might be said of Marvell what himself wrote of Cromwell:

> "He nothing common did, or mean,
> Upon that memorable scene."

Rummaging over some books in an old country inn the other day, we took up a little volume bound in the familiar marbled leather of a century or so ago. It was a volume of poems by Mr. Dryden, and was imprinted at the sign of "The Judge's Head," by Jacob Tonson, the "dog"—

> "With leering looks, bull-faced, and speckled fair,
> With two left legs and Judas-colored hair,
> And frouzy pores that taint the ambient air"—

who used so to worry the poet that he threatened a fuller portrait if the greedy old man didn't keep within bounds. Temple Bar kept watch and ward over Tonson's shop, and many a time must the irritated poet have paused at its threshold to consider whether or not it were possible to stand another day of the importunate bookseller's troubling. One day came Dryden furious with anger, bruised with blows, and bursting with revenge, and halted at Temple Bar. He passed into Child's bank, then Mr. Blanchard the goldsmith's, and deposited fifty pounds as a reward for any one who would discover the bullies of Lord Rochester who had beaten him in Rose Alley for some scurrilous verses really written by the Earl of Dorset. Prudence and reason were for the moment crushed by the spirit of revenge. Dryden promised, in the advertisement publishing the reward, that, if the discoverer of the names of the persons who had beaten him should be himself one of the actors, "he shall still have the fifty pounds, without letting his name be known or receiving the least trouble by any prosecution."

Need the readers of this paper be reminded that the memories of Richard Steele and his bitter enemy Jonathan Swift, two of our own earliest and most valued friends, linger about Temple Bar? Not a dozen footsteps from it "Gulliver's Travels," for which Motte, the bookseller, grudgingly gave two hundred pounds, was first published to the world. The man who could "write finely upon a broomstick" must time and time again have halted beneath the shade of the old city monument to exchange greetings with a friend, too often perhaps, as the dean was plodding wearily westward, one more ambitious scheme checked in its growth. As for Dick Steele, whose domestic life has been laid so bare to us that it would seem impossible to scrape together a single incident of it unknown to our generation, his doings at the Kit-Cat leave us sufficient warranty that Temple Bar knew him full well. His "dear little, peevish, wise governess" must have cursed its very name, conscious as she was that most of the letters to "Dear Prue" were written on the farther side of it. Here is one we dare venture to wage went through one of the side-ways of Temple Bar:

"DEAREST BEING ON EARTH: Pardon me if you do not see me till eleven o'clock, having met a schoolfellow from India, by whom I am to be informed in things this night which extremely concern your obedient husband,

"RICHARD STEELE."

A fretful, shrewish, lecturing wife is, unfortunately, apt to make a lying husband. Swift, writing to Stella, remarks: "He (Steele) is governed by his wife abominably; I never saw her since I came, nor has he ever made me an invitation. Either he dare not, or he is such a Tisdal fellow that he never minds it." We do not believe in the schoolfellow from India, but unwillingly, and somewhat fearfully (lest we should do his shade a grievous wrong), do believe that poor Steele tucked sundry bottles of wine in his band that night, which were most likely to have been the things that Prue's husband was so extremely concerned to discuss.

Addison, Steele's fellow-worker and friend, was another of the wits whose memory Temple Bar has served to keep fresh and green. Almost daily he walked to his work through one or other of its arched ways, sometimes to discuss the literary projects of

the *Spectator*, at others to study the humors of the young barristers, whose supreme egotism and affectations, he tells us, frequently provoked both his spleen and laughter. Without much difficulty we might picture to ourselves the two friends linked arm-in-arm passing on their way, Addison sedate and attentive, Steele vivacious and overflowing with kindly humor, chatting over and discussing the merits of that very best of Steele's inimitable creations —Sir Roger de Coverley.

But we pause in the almost impossible task of endeavoring to bring to mind the names of the authors, wits, and poets, who have most contributed to sustain and, it may be added, popularize the fame of Temple Bar, to ask ourselves the question who of them it is, after all, that has most endeared its memory to us? It has not been Dryden, nor yet Pope. We find but scarce allusion to it in the writings of Swift, Steele, or Addison. Neither Sterne the most pathetic, nor Smollett the wittiest of writers, nor Congreve the most courtly of dramatists, nor Garth the poetical physician, has given us pleasant recollection of its presence in anything that he has penned. Dr. Johnson has left us plenty of glimpses of it through the diary of his familiar Boswell, but not of a kind that makes us yearn toward it with much of kindly concern. We naturally love to think of the old gateway in connection with genial Oliver Goldsmith and his thoughtless vanity; of how he, scores of times, in that exquisite suit of Tyrian bloom, satin grain, and dark-blue silk breeches, must have walked gayly by it to vex the kindly soul of Reynolds at the studio in Leicester Fields by his preposterous extravagance. We have Burke in our eye, and Garrick; the poets Gay and Thomson, and the clever artist who drew the character of Squire Western; Gibbon has strolled past the grimy walls; and Richard Savage and Richardson, hard-working printer and admirable novelist; Rogers the banker-poet; poor, nervous, unstrung Cowper, in the days of his terrible malady; Sheridan, on his way to the sponging-house; Samuel Taylor Coleridge ruminating, mayhap, over the terrible seductions of his unfortunate passion: all these excellent and worthy representatives of England's literature have at some time or other halted at the very spot where we ourselves have stood in our journeyings through London, contemplating the mud-bespattered face and rueful outline of the much-maligned, oft-abused, but patient-looking memorial. But these were not the men who made us feel the kindlier toward the old Bar, because they so often passed and strayed within its shadow. Who, then, has it been that has kept us, as we may say, so firmly attached to the tottering, inconvenient monument, in spite of the fact that each time we passed under one of its arches we felt a terrible misgiving lest the calcined, age-worn stones supporting it should tremble with long-suffered weakness, fall to the ground, and bury us beneath the ruins? Who else should it have been but Charles Lamb?—who but Charles Lamb, most loving of men, tenderest of poets, wittiest of writers, the most truly delightful and charming of all English essayists, who almost worshiped the ground which Temple Bar has so long blocked with its presence, and adored it as if it had been supporting the most magnificent and beautiful temple ever erected by the genius of man?

Charles Lamb was born and passed the first seven years of his life within a stone's-throw of Temple Bar, a spot which he has characterized as "the most elegant in the metropolis;" and the delightful "Essays of Elia" were penned almost within view of its venerable Venetian parlor. Daily he must have trudged patiently with that dear sister whom he tended and loved so well, through the old gateway, bent on collecting the little store for the morrow's meal, and expatiating by the way on the glories of London, a place which was to be preferred, in his opinion, so greatly did he love the town, to the finest prospect of country ever planned by the all-wise providence of the Creator — though here we think he was joking. Hear him, however, on the subject, in one of his most rapturous moods: "I am not," says he, "romance-bit about Nature. The earth and sea and sky (when all is said) is but as a house to dwell in. If the inmates be courteous, and good liquors flow like the conduits at an old coronation, if they can talk sensibly and feel properly, I have no need to stand staring on the gilded looking-glass (that strained my friend's purse-strings in the purchase), nor his five-shilling print over the mantel-piece of Old Nabbs, the carrier (which only betrays his false taste). Just as important to me (in a sense) is all the furniture of my world — eye-pampering, but satisfies no heart. Streets, streets, streets, markets, theatres, churches, Covent Gardens, shops sparkling with pretty faces of industrious milliners, neat seamstresses, ladies cheapening, gentlemen behind counters lying, authors in the street with spectacles (you may know them by their gait), lamps lit at night, pastry-cook and silversmith shops, noise of coaches, drowsy cry of mechanic watchmen at night, with bucks reeling home drunk; if you happen to wake at night, cries of fire and stop thief; inns of court with their learned air, and halls and butteries just like Cambridge colleges; old book-stalls, 'Jeremy Taylors,' 'Burtons on Melancholy,' and 'Religio Medicis,' on every stall—these are the pleasures of London! with the many sins; for these may Kiswick and her giant brood go hang."

The gentle humorist loved the city, and Temple Bar was the grand and honored gateway to it.

"What a transition for a countryman," writes he, "visiting London for the first time—the passing from the crowded Strand or Fleet Street by unexpected avenues" to the Temple! Whereupon he proceeds to write learnedly upon its many memories and classic beauties, expressing the hope that the younkers of after-generations may pace its stately terrace with the same superstitious veneration "with which the child Elia gazed on the old worthies that solemnized the parade before ye!"

Truly it may be said that Charles Lamb, of all English writers, is the one whose memory is most intimately associated with the latter years of Temple Bar, and who tempts us to drop one tear, to sing one

sad and solemn requiem over its departure. He it is who has taken us lovingly by the hand—as lovingly as he took in hand all who came within his friendship—and has shown us how much of joy, what intensity of sorrow, what excellent contentment, what sturdy, unflinching, heroic, nay, sublime devotion to duty, could dwell within the compass of the noonday shadows of Temple Bar! We see the poor, sickly, obscure London clerk sharing his poor home and dividing his hard-earned all with his awfully-afflicted sister Mary. We almost cry with sympathetic sorrow when we think upon those days of periodical sadness when brother led sister to the forbidding hospitality of the asylum until the calm light of reason returned to the sister's suffering brain. We grow joyous and big with heart-felt pride when we consider of the self-denying labor, the hours of private grief, borne by the man, humbly and without repining, in the trusty, unselfish hope that the burden he was bearing might lessen the sorrows of his sister, and be in some sense an earnest, loving recompense for her early, affectionate esteem for him. We picture the two together, as in the title-page engraving in one of the latest editions of Lamb's works, he seated cross-legged in easy attitude at the humble table; Mary, smiling and affectionate, and motherly in her manner and appearance (for she was Charles's senior by ten years), with her right hand on her brother's shoulder, as if in indication of the gentle, loving trust she had in him. No need to lift the veil further; no need to pry again into the chamber-home hallowed by so many sacred and interesting memories; no necessity to linger further over the touching passages of Charles Lamb's life, or to proclaim his virtues, or to belaud his writings, or to relate anecdotes of his friends, or to discover once more and again the love and esteem each and all had for him—let it suffice that we record the fact that Temple Bar for years proclaimed the approach to the one-time resting-place of this kindliest and daintiest of the spirits of English literature, and in such sense we have a sorrowful feeling for the departure of the old city monument and the many pleasant memories buried with it. Let it rest in peace!

DICK NUGENT'S WAGER.

IN the palatial smoking-room of the Junior United Service Club, London, a group of warriors were lounging, whiffing, and gossiping, as military men *can* gossip, on the afternoon of Thursday, the 2d day of November, in the year of grace 1876.

The subject was the fall of the green curtain, and final glimpses of men and things.

"I threw the *last* stake on the *last* night at Baden-Baden," said Captain Douglas, of the Scots Grays.

"I dined with the prince regent at the *last* dinner at Carlton House," wheezed Major-General De Steyne, K. C. B., who dearly loves a "talk" with boys sixty years his juniors.

"I took my oaths and seat on the *last* day of *last* session," laughed Major Fitzuzgram, "and have been unseated for corrupt practices since."

This announcement was received with several "Haw! haws!" from behind mustaches of every sort, shape, size, and description.

"I saw Madame Céleste's *last* appearance as *Miami* in 'The Green Bushes,'" lisped young Bedjawmbe, of the Black Watch, with the air of a man who had "seen, you know, what other fellows couldn't see, you know."

"I saw her *last* appearance on three different occasions before you were born," growled a weather-beaten major.

"And I ditto before you were gazetted, major," wheezed De Steyne. More displacement of mustache. More "Haw! haws!"

"You were the *last* man to ride out of the Valley of Death, Trelawney," observed Major Punjawb, of the K. D. G.'s, slapping a tall, handsome man beside him on the back.

"That wasn't my fault, major. I tried hard to be first."

"I saw the *last* Rose of Summer, Bessy Lorimer, at Scarborough, ten days ago."

"And I met the *last* of the Mohicans, that painted old squaw, her mother, this very morning in Piccadilly."

"I was on duty on the *last* day of the Exhibition of '51."

"I saw the *last* of Vienna and Paris."

"And I saw the *last* day at Dublin—no, begorra, the *first!*" cried Major O'Houlaham, of the Connaught Rangers.

"None of us will see the *last* day at Philadelphia," observed Major Punjawb.

"Why not?" asked Captain Nugent, of the Twenty-seventh Light Dragoons, lazily tipping the ashes off his cigar.

"Because it closes on the 10th, and this is the 2d."

"It *could* be done, however," said Nugent, thoughtfully.

"Impossible!" chorused a dozen voices.

"Let us think it out, gentlemen. The mail leaves London for Dublin at 8.25—it is now 6.30—and arrives at 7.15 to-morrow morning. The train for Queenstown starts about nine o'clock, and takes five or six hours. A man could dine here to-day and be on board to-morrow at three o'clock. A White Star leaves Liverpool to-night"—casting his eyes over a list with which he had been furnished. "She'll wait for the mail. If the weather is good she could do 'The Hook' in eight days, and eight days from to-morrow would enable a man to reach Philadelphia, and to be in at the death."

"How far is it from New York to Philadelphia, Belmont?—you've been over," asked Major Punjawb.

"Don't know," drawled Belmont.

"What distance by rail?"

"Three hours."

"Sure?"

"Certain."

"Could a man by leaving Queenstown to-morrow reach Philadelphia in time for the closing-day of the Exhibition?"

"What day is this?"

"The 2d."

'He couldn't do it. The weather is very fishy this time of year, and head-winds are always bobbing about."

"It's on it!" cried Captain Nugent, springing to his feet, "and I'll try it."

"I'll lay you ten to one in fives you fail," said Douglas.

"I'll give it you in ponies," added Bedjawmbe.

"Take the same chance from me," wheezed De Steyne.

"Keep your money, boys; Dick Nugent is a Connaught man, and is lucky as the divole," laughed O'Houlaham.

"Done, gentlemen, with all of you!" exclaimed Nugent, booking the bets. "Now to pack my dinner and my portmanteau."

"Going to dine, Nugent?" asked Mr. Lionel Bentick, of the Rifles, as they entered the gorgeous *salon* together. "Doosed good bill of fare, begad! Turtle and cock, red mullet, and pin-tailed duck."

"Yes."

"Join me, then. Here is a doosed snug spot."

"I shall have to hurry through my feed, as I'm off for the Centennial to-night."

"The Centennial! What the doose is the Centennial, a new play?"

A portion of Mr. Bentick's head was still in the green wood, and very soft. His ideas flowed sluggishly through two channels, one of them "the doose," the other "begad." Upon this pair of wheels he invariably ran such sentences as oozed from an exceedingly fluffy comprehension.

"The Exhibition at Philadelphia."

"The doose! I thought you were comin' down to Hawley Hall, begad."

"I shall wire Lord Marchmont from Dublin."

"Any of 'ours' going with you?"

"No."

"Any pearl-powder?"

Nugent shook his head negatively.

"The doose! You ain't going *solus?*"

"All alone."

Lionel Bentick clung by both hands to the extremities of his mustache, and whirled that hirsute adornment rapidly round and round, at least such portions of it as were available for twisting; made a feeble effort in the direction of an eye-glass, and blurted:

"I say, old man, would you object to company—one of *ours*, you know?"

"Not exactly."

"Then I'm on, and it's doosed lucky my traps are here, and that I'm on leave, begad."

"You are a brick of the most adhesive quality, Bentick, and, as the Americans say, 'we'll have a good time of it.'"

Captain Douglas stood on the club-steps, and, as Nugent sprang into the attendant hansom, cheerily shouted.

"Telegraph from the Exhibition Building if you can," he added, and the two-wheeler glided rapidly eastward.

The winds and waves would seem to have had an interest in the winning of the wager, as they remained all but passive spectators, while the good ship throbbed onward from Queenstown to Sandy Hook, and, with the exception of the well-known *tremulo* movement, she might, as far as these elements were concerned, have been reclining gracefully within the wooden embraces of the graving-dock. The passage, save for its celerity, was a colorless one. To the two members of the "Junior United" it meant four meals a day, as many chapters of "Ouida," unlimited B. and S., vapid conversations, beginning in nothing and ending in less, mournful whist, and—*mirabile dictu!*—early to bed and early to rise.

"Doose take me if I have been in bed at eleven o'clock since I left Eton!" exclaimed Bentick; "and, begad, I can't go to sleep at the very time I am accustomed to wake up, you know."

Each day's run became the centre-point of an intense interest, and the saloon-passengers, male and female, piled up their bets upon Dick Nugent's chances—for and against.

"You'll do it," said the captain, four days out, "but it will be a close shave. The City of Berlin did shore to shore in seven days thirteen hours, and the Britannic in seven days seven. Bar accident, you'll trouser the dollars."

The prediction of the commander was verified, and the morning of the 10th found them past quarantine, custom-house, and joyously treading *terra firma* beneath the fluttering folds of the star-spangled banner.

On arriving at the Jersey City station at 9.20 they found a palpitating crowd and a Jenny Lind crush. Excited men, frantic women, howling children, irritated officials, wooden policemen, daring venders, screaming newsboys, vociferous boot-shiners, puzzled politicians, pushed, shoved, crushed, dragged, hauled, and mauled each other at will. Might was right, and unity, when concentrated in muscular Christianity, strength. Dick Nugent buffeted his way as if it were the London-Bridge station on a Derby day, coming through "like a bird," but Lionel Bentick, clinging to the fringe of the crowd, was left to the tender mercies of the weaker vessels. In vain he essayed to go with the stream, in vain to stem the torrent; fat ladies feather-bedded him, thin ones impaled him, short ones pulled him down, long ones pulled him up, weak ones clung to him, strong

ones repelled him, ugly ones crowded him, pretty ones avoided him; but fat, lean, short, long, weak, strong, ugly, and pretty, were as one in crushing his arms, in hustling him hither and thither, buffeting and bonneting him, until at length, more dead than alive, panting, exhausted, and breathless, he was flung by a gigantic female on to the platform, where his companion, as cool as a dew-laden cabbage-leaf, awaited his arrival.

"Where have you been, Bentick? I thought you were a lost mutton."

"Those doosid women!" gasped the rifleman.

"What women?"

"These monsters!" pointing in the direction of a band of water-proofed, galoshed, umbrellaed, sandwiched, catalogued, spectacled females, who were plunging violently and vigorously in the direction of the train.

"Have you been fascinated?"

"Have I been torn limb from limb! have I been pinched into a doosid jelly-fish! have I been pounded into mincemeat!—am I pinched, beaten, bullied, and blackguarded! Look at my boots, in flitters, by George! look at my coat, in ribbons, by George! look at my hat, a pancake, by George! Savages! red Indians in pearl-powder and false hair, begad!"

The last few words fell upon a pair of diminutive pink ears, attached to a charming little head, belonging to an exquisitely-proportioned little lady, who happened to be standing close by. She turned and glanced angrily at the speaker. Could it be possible that he was referring to ladies—women, in this earnest yet outlandish manner? And "Indians in pearl-powder and false hair!" He could not be an American; evidently an Englishman and a snob. She clinched a duck of a hand, fit to tickle Cupid on his rose-leaf couch, or to hold the ruddy archer's bow while he adjusted his arrows, and glared at the unconscious Bentick, who solemnly continued:

"If these are American ladies, by George! I've had enough—a doosid deal more than enough of them; and I'll be hanged if I'm civil to one as long as my foot is in the country! Ladies—whew!" and he threw his remaining breath into a contemptuous whistle.

If he had been constructed of penetrable stuff, he ought to have withered beneath the scornful glance of the angry little beauty at his side. She commenced her incisive scrutiny at the top of his dilapidated hat, and cutting him downward, as a sharp knife peels a ripe apple, landed a battery of defiant glances on the toes of his tarnished, trampled boots. The little fists involuntarily closed themselves, and the soles of the *petit* buttoned boots patted the asphalt to that movement popularly known as "the devil's tattoo."

"That's a piquant bit of America, Lionel," said Nugent, who had silently taken stock, "and won't somebody catch something before long? Look at her!"

"She be beautiful!" exclaimed Bentick, without deigning to turn his head.

"She *is* a figure, and her *tournure* is all there. Worth, of Paris, built that costume, and she carries it like a Frenchwoman. Her dress interprets her form—I like a girl whose dress caresses her."

At this moment a tall, distinguished-looking, elderly man, after a somewhat prolonged stare, advanced to Lionel.

"Have I not the pleasure of addressing Mr. Bentick?"

The rifleman hunted up an eye-glass, stuck it in his eye, peered at the questioner, and drawled—

"Y-a-a-s, that's my name, begad!"

"I had the pleasure of meeting you at a garden-party at Lady Waldegrave's last June, at Strawberry Hill."

A gleam of intelligence spun along Bentick's features as he exclaimed:

"You're Bulliondust, the American banker. Doosid glad to meet you, Bulliondust. How's America?"

"Just regaining breath after the fight for the presidency," replied Mr. Bulliondust with a smile; "we've had Tilden on the brain and Hayes in the heart for some weeks, a bad attack of both, and we're in the doctor's hands still. He is counting our pulsations. You are going to the Centennial, I presume, to take one last, long, lingering look at our big store?"

"Only a squint, begad! a doosid short wink.—I say, Dick" (this to his companion), "this is Bulliondust; met him at Strawberry Hill—an American, and doosid civil and respectable. No kerosene or shoddy here.—Mr. Bulliondust," he added, addressing that gentleman, "let me introduce Dick Nugent, of the Twenty-seventh Light Dragoons — a captain, by George! as young as he looks, and has a coatful of medals. Got the cross at Inkerman for slating three Russians, and—"

"When Bentick is commander-in-chief I shall look out for promotion, Mr. Bulliondust," interposed Dick Nugent, laughingly; "in the mean time I shall appoint him my trumpeter-general."

"Do you propose a long visit, Captain Nugent?" asked the banker.

"I must report myself for duty at the Horse Guards on the 1st, consequently must leave on the 22d at the very latest."

"Surely there is such an institution in the British army as extension of leave; and, although we are going to close our Exhibition, we are not going to shut up the United States."

"There is no extension of leave while the Russian bear is sucking his sore paw, and the galvanized Turkey endeavoring to fly."

On the steps of a parlor-car stood the little lady of the bright eyes and piquant *tournure*. An expression of astonishment, if not of irritation, flashed across her countenance as she beheld the approaching group.

"My daughter," said Mr. Bulliondust.—"Julie, this is Mr. Bentick, whom we met at Lady Waldegrave's garden-party—and this is Captain Nugent, his friend."

"Hurry up," cried the conductor; "the train is in motion."

A jerk — fate, destiny, *kismet* — call it a jerk,

though—threw Lionel Bentick beside the banker's daughter. He tugged violently at his mustache and groaned in silent anguish. His cigar so near, and yet so far! an American female to encounter; a conversation to be tunneled through; three mortal hours of boredom—ugh! This *was* a hard case.

"He has been disgusted with American ladies," thought Miss Bulliondust. "Shall I endeavor to remove this bad impression, and show him that we are as nice, ay, nicer"—here the little glove was threatened with a bereavement of buttons—"than his ice-cream, wax-work, languid London belles? Pshaw! it is not worth my while. This is a stolid Englishman, petrified in his own self-conceit. It would be real good fun to disgust him even more thoroughly than he has been, to fill his cup to overflowing, to render his trip a misery, and bore him to death. I'll do it!" and her bright eyes glittered from anticipation. "Every bit of slang, every fast expression, every vulgarism, and down-East joke, shall be rehashed for him. I'll cross-examine him as if he were being tried for petty larceny, and reduce him to misery, if not to despair." And this wicked little dame, albeit so retiring and so reserved, forthwith prepared to throw herself into the accomplishment of this *outré* idea with the eager *abandon* of a school-girl about to play a practical joke upon a cross-grained teacher.

Bentick was silent, and devoutly hoped that his companion might feel disinclined for conversation in a railway-carriage. He was in no mood for talking under any circumstances. A kingdom for solitude and a cigar!

"I guess you was raised in Europe?" The siege had commenced.

"I was born in England."

"Borning is one institution, boss; raising's another, I guess. Was you raised in England?"

"If you mean educated—yes. I was at Eton and at Oxford." "Vulgar creature!" was his thought. "Looks educated and refined, ay, and pretty. What a deception!"

"You're in the British army, I guess?"

He bowed assent, and deplored her inquisitiveness.

"*You* ain't up to the standard height, mister." Miss Bulliondust commenced to enjoy herself. This was hardly fair. Poor Bentick clung feverishly to high heels and steeple-hats as necessities.

"There is no standard for officers, madam" (this in a haughty tone).

"If there was, you wouldn't fit, I guess!" (and she tittered).

"I suppose she means this for a joke," thought her victim, "but, upon my soul, it's doosid uncomfortable merriment!"

"Are you in the horse or foot, boss?"

"The Rifles—infantry," he hastily added, in order to back-stop a query which was chirruping in her lips

"You ain't got money enough for the horse, I reckon?"

"I am not ashamed to say yes, Miss Bulliondust." This was too much; when was this going to end? What next?

"You do look as if you'd hold a cent till it squealed.'

"If I were your father, I'd hold *you* till you squealed!" was his thought.

"What wages have you?"

"Wages, madam?"

"Yes, mister; how many dollars a day?"

There was no escape, so he reluctantly replied:

"About two dollars."

"Two dollars! I guess our colored cook fixes off more than that."

"This woman is enough to drive a man mad, begad!" writhed Bentick. "The daughter of a banker, moves in the Waldegrave set in England, and has as much idea of breeding as a cricket-bat, begad! I'll back my laundress, or the wife of any private in the regiment, against her, and land a doosid lot of money, by George!"

"Have you any real estate, lieutenant?" Miss Bulliondust was choking with mirth. "How much? Don't rope in, boss. How many thousand dollars a year?"

He endeavored, by a supreme mental exertion, to reduce four hundred pounds to dollars, and failed. She did not press the question.

"I guess we whipped you during the War of Independence!"

"The fortune of war, Miss Bulliondust."

"We'd whip you again, mister."

"If you had been well whipped some years ago it would have been wholesome!" groaned the rifleman to himself.

"I guess we woke you up on the Alabama question, lieutenant?"

The wretched warrior writhed again, wriggled uneasily, craned his neck out of the window, betrayed an intense interest in the Jersey swamps, thought of Sindbad's old man of the sea, and of Sindbad's luck in not having to encounter an incubus like this.

"Have you a good record?"

"I really do not know what you mean" (with some asperity).

"Were you at Alma?"

"No" (tartly).

"Inkerman?"

"No."

"Sevastopol?"

"I was at college during the Crimean War."

"I guess you was kinder old for college. How old are you?"

"Twenty-seven." He now contented himself by replying in as concise terms as possible.

"Bully for you! you look forty."

"I wonder what she would think if I asked her *her* age?" thought Bentick. "Would to Heaven we were at Philadelphia! I cannot hold out much longer, begad!"

A happy thought—a smoke! Two or three gentlemen had passed out. He would slip out with the next smoker.

Miss Bulliondust divined his thoughts. She had followed his longing glance, and saw tobacco and bliss at its extremity.

"It isn't nice to see men leaving the cars to go and smoke, is it?"

"Smoking is absolutely necessary to some men—doosidly wholesome."

"You smoke too much; you're as yellow as a pumpkin or moulting canary-bird. Do you chew?"

"No!" (indignantly).

"Have a try. You'll get a chew from the gent here in the illustrated pants if you want to hitch on tobacco" (nodding toward a man whose jaw was stuffed as if a cocoa-nut had slipped between his gum and his whisker).

"Will you excuse me if I—?"

"No you don't, tickey racker! You want to vamoose for a smoke. Not a bit of it! Just you hold on till we get to the depot."

He yielded. His last chance was gone; and he fell back into the seat a sullen, despairing man.

She was merciless. The more he winced the deeper she applied the probe. No subject was too sacred, no personality too pungent. She coursed him up and down, in and out, backward and forward. In vain he essayed to force a topic which might lead to neutral ground. In vain he endeavored to hint, very broadly, too, that such satirical cross-examination was considered not only underbred and vulgar, but absolutely coarse, if not brutal. She clung on, cauterizing his wounded susceptibilities, until he was ready to fling himself on the track. The three-hours' ride seemed three centuries at the very lowest computation, and, when they clinked-clinked into Philadelphia, Lionel Bentick bore all the traces of having passed through a sleepless night, a severe toothache, an attack of cramp, a touch of the gout, and a gentle squeeze of *tic-douloureux*.

"For Heaven's sake!" he whispered to Dick Nugent, "take the odious girl off my hands. I'm sick, begad!"

"Now, my fine gentleman," thought Miss Bulliondust, "you have a pretty good reason for voting the American ladies intrusive, underbred, vulgar, and brutal. Heigh-ho! I am almost sorry I did it now, he was so gentlemanlike all through. Shall I undeceive him?"

The banker, taking his daughter under his arm, led the way. Nugent walked beside Miss Bulliondust, and Lionel Bentick kept in the rear at a very respectful distance. Dick chatted gayly with the young lady, who came up smiling after each round of pleasantry, and always to time. The conversation denoted high cultivation, cleverness, piquancy, and *chic*—a clever girl's clever thoughts upon clever men and clever things. This was very refreshing to Dick, as the ladies on board the ship were colorless, mincing misses, or able-bodied, clearly-defined, misgiving matrons. The same spirit that induced Miss Bulliondust to disgust Bentick led her to fascinate his companion. Dick was not much of a ladies'-man. He had overlived all that sort of thing. In the country he resided chiefly in the stables or the billiard-room; in town, at his club. A young married woman was always good fun, for she said what she liked, and bowled about her mankind acquaintances all over the field like cricket-balls; but your *debutante*, your young lady proper, your gushing Tennysonian, or your prudish Dorcas, were institutions to be avoided—and he avoided them.

Here everything was new—a new country, a new people, a new system of railway-carriages, a new Exhibition, and a brand-new girl. She was like and unlike any woman he had ever met. She possessed all the air of high-breeding, all the maidenly reserve, and yet there was an *élan* about her that led him to say what he thought, and to fling conventionalism to the four winds of heaven. She was so pretty, too! Her Grecian forehead, raven hair, Irish eyes, and bewildering mouth, were charming studies.

Richard Nugent is not bad looking. His dreamy eyes have electricity in them; his hay-colored mustache and side-whiskers shade off his face most artistically. His smile has fascinated many a London beauty; fine figure and aristocratic appearance riveted the fetters; and four thousand per annum settled the question right away. Dick has escaped maid, matron, and widow. He has come through scathless. How it has been done, puzzles his set, and affords matter for serious cogitation. He is pointed out as an example to the *Aurati juvenes*. "That's Dick Nugent of the Twenty-seventh; he's not to be caught. A rich widow with a bad cough might do the trick, but nothing short of it."

"Our first duty," exclaimed Miss Bulliondust, as they entered the Centennial inclosure, "is to flash your messages to your wicked club."

"Perhaps you would do it for me, Miss Bulliondust? General Newton's little daughter blew up Hell Gate. *Do* explode some of the fogies that are lounging about the smoking-room fire," laughed Nugent.

"May I send my own message?"

"Send anything you like."

"Agreed."

As they were struggling toward the telegraph-bureau, Lionel Bentick and Dick Nugent came together.

"Well," asked the rifleman, "what do you think of her?"

"She's one of the nicest girls I've met with for some time."

"The doose! Nice with a hook! Let us give them the slip now."

"Not by any means. I've just arranged that we shall dine together at the Trois Frères."

"The doose you have! Are you mad?"

"What do you mean?"

"What do *you* mean? I wouldn't face that woman again for a hundred pounds, begad!"

"I don't understand you, Bentick?"

"She's the most vulgar, inquisitive, impertinent person I ever met with, begad. If she practised in the police courts she'd make a fortune in a week."

Dick Nugent was puzzled. His friend's earnest-

ness was genuine. Had Bentick been drinking at the hotel? Were his faculties dimmed by the sea-voyage? Was it a wooden joke, or a saw-dust pleasantry; or had the vivacious girl trodden upon thin ice—crushed a susceptibility? Bentick susceptible! Dick thought of the rhinoceros, and was satisfied.

"This is the bureau, and now for the cable-gram!" exclaimed Miss Bulliondust, as they arrived at the telegraph-counter. "Give me a slip, please—ocean-cable. Thanks." And she drew off her glove, displaying a little white, dimpled hand, with a rose-pink palm, of just the right size, shape, and weight.

"To whom am I to address it, Captain Nugent?"

"Captain Douglas, the Grays—Junior United Service Club, London, West."

"Will that do?" she asked, after she had written something very rapidly.

"Send it on, Miss Bulliondust."

"But won't you read it?"

"Certainly not. A bargain is a bargain. I shall see it when I get back to London."

"Then I shall read it to you:

> "'Joy, Captain Douglas! my task is done;
> The gates are passed, the money's won.'"

"'Paradise and the Peri!'" ejaculated Nugent; "and delightfully paradised—parodied, I mean. I must have a copy of that."

"You can read it when you get back to London," she said, archly, rebuttoning her dainty glove.

"We had better lunch before entering on the fatiguing duties of the day," observed Mr. Bulliondust, with a solemnity of tone befitting the gravity of the question.

"Oh, by Jove! yes," cried Bentick; "and let us have some Bass. I'm a doosid strong fellow on the scarlet diamond; and the Bass on the boat was beastly bad, begad."

The gallant rifleman became so engrossed in the merits of his favorite tipple, and, indeed, with the luncheon generally, that he failed to discern anything remarkable either in the accent, tone, or the changed manner, of the banker's daughter. She, on the other hand, anticipated astonishment, explanation, and *dénoûment*. She was prepared to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth; and, being already assured of her victim's good-temper, naturally awaited a succession of explosions of fun. When *pâte de foie gras* had accomplished its mission, and while bitter-beer was gently soothing a normal thirst, Lionel Bentick commenced, as fond mothers say of their newly-born offspring, "to take notice." It began to dawn upon him that Miss Bulliondust's voice was less of the peacock, steam-whistle type; that her accent partook of that complex amalgam known as cosmopolitan, and if any nationality betrayed itself it was that of Merrie England as registered in Mayfair or Belgravia; that her manner was not of the Old Bailey practitioner; and that her face and form were "doosidly stunning." Could this be the girl beside whom he had sat grilling for the last few hours? Could this be the female fiend who had bound him to a stake, had pricked and goaded him with brutal queries and maddening personalities? Was this the voice that cut through his head like a sharp lancet, leaving the sensation of acute inflammation and countless needle-stabs? Was this the nose which had been used as a double-barreled speaking-tube? The same dress, the same hat? It must be so; but what a change! He would address her, break the spell that fettered him, and grasp the reality of the situation.

"What are we going in for after luncheon, Miss Bulliondust?"

He paused for a reply, still expecting a return of the former horrors.

'What do *you* propose, Mr. Bentick — more Bass?" with a soft ripple of laughter like a sunbeam dancing on a river.

He fell back in his chair, violently damaging his ill-used hat against the elbow of a passing waiter, and sending the foresail of a schooner of lager over the fair form of a middle-aged colored lady who happened, unluckily for herself, to be on hand at that particular moment.

"There are three courses open to us," said the banker: "one, to see the President announcing the closing of the Exhibition; two, to stand opposite the great Corliss engine, and witness the last whirl of its gigantic wheels; three, to stroll about the building, and like butterflies go from flower to flower, just as it may suit our tastes."

"What about Theodore Thomas, papa?"

"Who is Theodore Thomas?" asked Nugent, quickly.

Young gentlemen, when fascinated by young ladies, love not the familiar mention of other "young men."

"Who is Arditti? who is Carl Rosa? You see, I reply to your question Irish fashion, by asking, not one, but two others," laughed Miss Bulliondust. "Why, Theodore Thomas is *our* swell—that's the word, isn't it, Mr. Bentick?"

"And a doosid good word, begad, and sounds like—like—" He paused. Similes went from him when he required their aid.

"Like anything!" exclaimed Julie, coming to the rescue.

Bentick felt as much pleased with her as if she had saved his life. To throw a man a rope at a critical moment saves the little life of that moment.

"By George, Miss Bulliondust, you're as ready as —as—" Again the wave of simile retreated, leaving him in the mud.

"As a knife"—and she picked him up again.

"I should like to see Grant," said Dick Nugent, the soldier breaking out.

"I can scarcely promise you a sight of him to-day; for, although an invited guest, the Centennial guard have gained an unenviable notoriety for being no respecters of persons," observed Mr. Bulliondust.

"What say you to a few miles of pictures, a forest of machinery, a prairie of agricultural products, or a

park of artillery? Will you come to Spain, Russia, Japan, or Timbuctoo? Try half an hour in the Celestial Empire, thirty minutes in Siberia, a peep at Paris, or a ramble in Rome?"

"How you do rattle on, Julie!" exclaimed her father, with a pleased pettishness.

"*Que voulez-vous, messieurs?* The Slave of the Lamp is here; and, if we cannot enjoy an Arabian night, let us go up for an Arabian day."

"I vote for a Bath chair, begad!" said Bentick, to whom extreme exertion meant a game of billiards.

"I vote for a tear round the block!" cried Dick Nugent.

"A tear round, by all means!" exclaimed Julie. "Call up the years that are due to you over threescore-and-ten, and live them out now, or have three hours to do fifteen miles, and to see fifteen millions of objects! *Allons, messieurs!*" and she laughingly started *en route* for the Machinery Hall.

"You were saying something as we came in to luncheon to-day about Miss B——," said Nugent to his companion, in a low tone. "What was it? I didn't understand you."

"Begad, I don't understand myself! There's a doosid mistake somewhere. I can't make it out."

"Can't make it out! What do you mean?"

"Doose take me if I can tell! All I know is, that in the train she—well, she wasn't the same as she is now, begad! But I say, Dick, you've had your innings. I want to get at the wickets now;" and, screwing his glass into a secure corner of his eye, twirling his mustache, and generally shaking himself together, Mr. Lionel Bentick forged ahead, and took up his position beside the banker's daughter.

Mr. Bulliondust, being officially connected with the closing ceremony, deposited Julie in a wheel-chair, and went his official way, much to the satisfaction of at least two of the party.

"Lead them a dance, Julie," were his parting words.

And she *did* lead them a dance!

From building to building, from annex to annex, from department to department, from glass case to glass case, from counter to counter, from article to article, till their tottering limbs cried, "Rest, and be thankful!" and their weary eyes ached again.

"Doose take me if I can go another inch!" gasped Bentick, clinging to the effigy of a Lapland lady hermetically sealed in fur, and hugging her with frenzied fervor.

"We're to do the State Buildings yet, and the Agricultural Department, and—"

"Julie, this is hardly fair to our friends," interposed the banker, who had given them a rendezvous at the polar regions. "We are close to the Trois Frères, and—let us also hope—to dinner."

"Oh, very good, papa. Mr. Bentick and Captain Nugent will go back to Europe just as wise as when they left. Mr. Bentick will, I am sure."

This was hard on the rifleman, who didn't see it, though.

"But, my dear child, it's nearly dark, and—"

"We've got to do Lapland, Iceland, Greenland, and Finland, in this department," she interrupted; "but, to gratify your royal highness, we'll go to Foodland."

The dinner was a thing to remember: the wines, "bosom caressers;" the banker, good, solid company; Julie, a bouquet of spring flowers.

There are some girls who can compel men to talk; force stupid, idealess owls to tee-whit, tee-whoo; and command donkeys, hitherto concealed behind their own ears, to come forth and bray, till the very commons resound again. Julie could do this, and she did it.

Mr. Bulliondust having focused Dick Nugent's attention upon the question of autumn manœuvres, his daughter riveted Lionel Bentick by a few autumnal evolutions of her own; and, to make amends for her shortcomings of the morning, she now proceeded to cry havoc, and let slip, not the dogs of war—Heaven forbid!—but a legion of indefinable, intangible fascinations, which to a pretty woman are as perfume to the violet, as iridescence to Idalian glass. To Lionel, who was usually snubbed and sat upon at home—"He is not eligible, my dear; a paltry four hundred a year and his pay; don't be more than commonly civil to him"—this atmosphere was bliss-laden, and nectar distilled itself from every word that fell from her rosy mouth. Plunging chin-deep into the stream, he quaffed the intoxicating fluid like an ecstatic fish, and gulped until Julie Bulliondust became as several editions of Venus rolled into one, and provided with all the newest and most modern improvements of the age.

How sad to say farewell, that word which whirls the mind beyond the gulf of Time into the boundless realms of Eternity; that summoner of all sadness upon earth; that knell which lays waste both hope and joy, and breathes despair; that curfew which quenches the fire of the heart; that cry of anguish, as we pass each landmark upon Life's great journey, born in tears and green as the mosses beneath the spring which bubbles on forever—we pause upon its utterance, gazing into the past, and thinking into the future!

"Adieu, Centennial!" sighed Julie, kissing the tips of her fingers toward the great black mass which loomed over the party like a thunder-cloud as they proceeded in the direction of the depot. "*Adieu, mille fois!* I have had many, many rose-colored days within thy mighty halls. I owe thee much. *Adios!*"

The dragoon winced.

The rifleman felt a twinge.

Ah, that terrible jealousy of the past was upon them already! "Rose-colored days!" during which they were as dried ling on the arid plains of Aldershott.

"Rose-colored days!" and they were simply nowhere.

Tempora mutantur! It was a goodly sight to behold these British warriors playing each his own little game for the much-coveted seat beside Miss

Bulliondust on the homeward journey—Bentick, who would have ridden upon the cow-catcher during the morning; Nugent, who would have sacrificed every woman in England to his post-prandial cigar! The gallant captain artfully commenced a Crimean story with the intention of breaking off at the most critical moment, so as to enlist her sympathies, and involuntarily compel her to beckon him to her side. Bentick, inwardly cursing his companion's volubility, after several ineffectual efforts to arouse her interest in a "doosid fine cricket-match, begad! thirty overs and no score, by George!" fell moodily into the rear and trusted to luck.

"Gentlemen, we shall meet at Jersey City," said Mr. Bulliondust, tucking his daughter beneath his arm, and thereby razing a castle in Spain and leveling a house of cards.

"What a stunning fine girl!"

"What a fascinating little creature!"

These were the last waking thoughts of the dragoon and rifleman respectively as they floated into slumber, and Morpheus closed upon them at the Windsor Hotel.

The following morning found them bright as Broadway in Indian summer, and one vast expansive appetite.

"I was thinking of sending Miss Bulliondust a bouquet," observed Dick Nugent, in a careless tone, as if the idea had only just come to the surface to breathe, although it had occupied his thoughts since his eyes had encountered the morning light bobbing about the corners of his bedchamber.

"Begad, and so was I!" sputtered Bentick, wrestling with a hot roll.

"We can't both do it." The captain was desirous of having this delicate attention placed to his credit in the Bulliondust ledgers.

"Why not, Dick? Two are better than one, begad."

Seeing that his friend clung to the idea with the tenacity of an octopus, Dick Nugent settled the question by suggesting that each should select a bouquet at a different shop, and cause it to be forwarded anonymously. His taste was superlative—maiden-hair ferns kissing the velvet cheeks of dreamy-looking orchids; while poor Bentick would take a turnip for a camellia, or a radish-bulb for a rose-bud!

At four o'clock they ascended the massive steps of the banker's residence on the Fifth Avenue.

The carriage was at the door.

"Late for parade," exclaimed Julie, emerging from a blue-satin boudoir. "Papa said three o'clock for a drive in the Central Park."

"Doose take me, so he did!" gasped Bentick; "it skated from my memory, begad."

"This is mamma!"

An elderly lady with coquettish gray curls of her own, and a soft, pleasant face, greeted them courteously and cheerily.

"I trust you have made no dinner-engagement. We expect you at seven o'clock."

This meant business, and safe business into the bargain. Pot-luck is good luck. Never refuse such an invitation! The viands are sure to be excellent, and, if there is one bottle of wine better than another, it is produced in order to balance the account. Close upon it, as if it were your best hat escaping from your head on a vagabond puff of wind!

"Such exquisite bouquets!" cried Julie. "How *can* I thank you for these cheering daughters of Flora?" and she plunged her saucy little nose at each of them in a way that caused the warriors not only to envy the flowers, but the very *bric-à-brac* bath in which they luxuriously reclined.

Dinners, drives, matinees, concerts, theatres, balls, warmed up the tremulous hands of old Father Time, who rattled his hour-glass as though it were a dice-box, and wielded his scythe with the celerity of a *chef-d'orchestre*. Day after day found Dick Nugent and his companion at the banker's hospitable mansion. Latterly they had ceased to hunt in couples—the dragoon pleading business, a headache, letters, or a book; and the rifleman resorting to similar flimsy artifices, each for the purpose of playing his own hand. Poor Julie was innocently constructing a Great Wall of China between them, opening a gulf that no suspension-bridge could span. They had become more reserved toward one another, and, although she was ever in their thoughts, by a sort of tacit consent they never directly referred to her, and, while the theme was ever on their tongues, contrived dexterously to keep clear of that dangerous shore, whose headlands were illuminated by the bright, flashing eyes of the banker's daughter. They had both been badly hit. The rosy archer had selected his arrows, and the two most formidable looking in the whole quiver had been launched against the defenseless bosoms of the unsuspecting friends. But time, that waits for no man, was spinning along, and the tide that was to bear them back to Europe was not very far from its flow. It was the 21st day of November.

'I was thinking of telegraphing for an extension of leave—I should like to see the Falls, and something of the country, before I return," yawned Dick Nugent. "We won't fight; there is too much plate-glass to be broken by going to war."

"Begad, I was thinking of doing the same thing!" exclaimed Bentick.

'*You!*" cried Nugent.

"Ya-as."

"You'll never get it. Your colonel won't give you an extra minute, and, in the event of a brush, the Rifles will be dispatched to Constantinople at an hour's notice."

"I was thinking of dropping out of the ranks; though, hang it, not if we're going to fight, begad!" said Bentick, gloomily.

"I haven't a moment to lose," mused Dick Nugent. "Julie" (he thought of her now as Julie) "has given me every encouragement. Nothing definite, of course—no girl in her position asks a man to marry her—but a few little exquisite nothings have whispered hope. Shall I risk it to-day? Why should it be a risk? It's like going up for a club:

there is always risk, but I am pretty certain of election." He thought of Lady Plantagenet Vavasour de Montmorency, and smiled a self-satisfied smile. "If I get a chance at the theatre to-night" (they had a box at the Lyceum for Edwin Booth's "Hamlet"), "I'll try my luck, and if rejected"—here he smiled again—"there's the Abyssinia at 9.30 to-morrow morning."

Lionel Bentick was in a very gloomy condition of mind. Life apart from Julie Bulliondust was as blank as a billiard-table without balls, bleak as the bog of Allen, dreary as the desert of Sahara. He, too, had floundered into the idea that the banker's daughter had showered some of the sunlight of her favor upon him, and kept fanning the flimsy flame with a steady sou'wester of hope. Yes, all unworthy, all imperfect as he was, sooner or later, he would stand the hazard of the die.

"Doose take me, but if I feel in good form to-night, I'll plunge, begad!" Thus did they think upon the same groove, thus did they drift unto the same goal.

They performed very elaborate gilt-edged toilets upon this memorable evening. Dick Nugent spoiled as many white ties as Beau Brummel, and parted his hair with the protracted caution of a wig-maker. Lionel Bentick ensconced his outer man in a brand-new sixty-dollar coat, and a spotless white waistcoat, and decorated his button-hole with a huge yellow rose that bore a strong resemblance to an intoxicated sunflower.

The Bulliondusts were in the box when the warriors arrived upon the scene. Julie shone from out a froth of *tulle illusion*, as Venus when emerging from the foam of the sea, all light, and sheen, and radiance, and dazzle. Mrs. Bulliondust was engaged in a perusal of the text of "Hamlet," and the banker in gazing stolidly round the house. Beside Julie, and exceedingly close to her, sat a handsome, fair-haired young gentleman, toying with her fan, and fiddling with her bouquet—which, by-the-way, had been sent from Grieve's by Captain Nugent—in the most familiar manner possible, and taking a general sort of possession of her, in a way that seethed molten lava through the veins of the two representatives of the British army then present. They glared at him, and hated him then—then and forever. The buzz of greetings over, Mrs. Bulliondust introduced Mr. Van Klincker. Mr. Van Klincker bowed most graciously, but the spinal marrow in the new-comers had frozen up, and their respective north-poles remained unbent. Mrs. Bulliondust, ascribing this marked indication of ice to the fact of Mr. Van Klincker's being a stranger, and with a view to establishing an *entente cordiale*, drew both the Englishmen toward her, until their respective heads were on a level with her face on either side, and whispered confidentially, "I hope that you will like him, as Julie is to be married to him before Christmas."

Dynamite! nitro-glycerine! rend-rock! Hell Gate!

Lionel Bentick, feebly murmuring, "The doose!" fell heavily against the banker. Dick Nugent, by a supreme effort, pulled himself together, and muttered a conventional congratulation.

O Hamlet, Prince of Denmark! what were thy mimic miseries compared with the real tragedy which was being performed in that gloomy box beneath thy very nose?

"Doose take the Centennial and everything belonging to it!" said Lionel Bentick, as the good ship Abyssinia steamed past "The Hook," on the morning of the 22d.

"Heigh-ho!" sighed Captain Richard Nugent, of the Twenty-seventh Light Dragoons.

TWO IN TWO WORLDS.

A PEASANT-GIRL sat in the grass,
With just a peasant's eyes to see
The king's fair son when he should pass:
From farthest Fairyland was he!

"He cannot love me—but he might,
If this or that had chanced to be.
It breaks my heart to know how slight
The things that hold him high from me.

"Had I been born in yonder tower,
With just a jewel in my hair—
Not half so sweet as this one flower—
He would have climbed to reach me there.

"Just for some fairness in my face,
Some ermine on a train of state,
Some poor dead name that he could trace
To royal tombs—I were his mate!

"So brief the distance then between
Palace and hut, need I be sad?
Almost he loves me. Ay, a queen
I were—if but a crown I had!

"Ah me, unhappy in my place!
What matter, since they are apart,
Whether a rose-leaf or all space
Divide divided heart and heart?"

. . . It was a thousand years ago.
To-night Time tells the tale anew:
I am that peasant-girl, I know;
And, sir, the king's fair son are you!

MRS. S. M. B. PIATT.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

IT is certain that, unless partisan newspapers can be restrained in their liberty of accusation and in the use of epithets, political life in this country will continue upon its downward path. No methods of civil-service reform, no efforts of popular aspiration, will succeed in greatly elevating public service, so long as unscrupulous partisans are permitted to make false accusations at will, or are at liberty to stigmatize opponents with whatever epithets that may come to hand. During the recent presidential canvass there were so many atrocious instances of malignant dirt-throwing that a determined public opinion ought to be awakened in the matter. Unfortunately, there are many people who delight in the scandals and scurrility of politics, and many narrow partisans who, in their blind and stupid prejudices, are ever willing to believe the worst of the other party. Upon these two classes the newspaper libeler depends, and finds his defense in the readiness with which his inventions are swallowed, and the relish with which his epithets are caught up and repeated. So long, therefore, as there is a foul public taste there will be foul caterers for it, unless some force can be invoked to arrest the evil. Fortunately, there is such a force, which it is the imperative duty of all public men to employ. It has been always considered impolitic for a political candidate to take notice of the calumnies that are circulated against him, but it must be evident now that this is a mistake. Every political lie should be immediately confronted by the person concerned, and every libeler promptly brought to punishment. There is a liberty of the press which is invaluable, but it is the liberty of opinion; there is not and never was, in equity or by statute, the liberty of epithet, of accusation, or of lying. When last autumn Mr. Tilden was openly denounced as a perjurer, that gentleman should never have rested until the utterer of this infamous calumny had been brought to punishment. When Mr. Hayes was accused of tampering with his tax-returns, the libeler should have been relentlessly sought out and made an example of. When a few months ago an eminent lawyer in New York was accused of malfeasance in a notorious divorce suit, he promptly brought the matter before the Bar Association, urging that the facts of the case should be investigated. This was done, and the report of the committee appointed for the purpose completely exculpated him. This gentleman did not think it proper to let the scandal "die out," or that, because to all his associates it was manifestly false, it should be allowed to pass unnoticed; he was determined to have a definite exculpation, one that would clear his character to all the world. But even this was not enough. He should not only have obtained his vindication, but resolutely pursued the slanderer to exposure and punishment. It has become a duty on the part of our public men, not only in justice to themselves, but in the interest of morals and the public welfare, to see that the scandals of our political campaigns are brought to an end. There is no difficulty whatever in doing so. The law does not permit a man's character to be smirched at will by every one who has access to the columns of a newspaper. It does not even permit one's feelings to be unnecessarily outraged. A man has no more legal right to hurl opprobrious epithets at another in the street than he has to pick his pockets; and the necessity of well-ordered intercourse in the public highways is no more patent than that of decency in the public prints. All men who occupy conspicuous positions and are subject to calumnious assaults ought to combine against the evil we are deploring. They should form a guild the avowed purpose of which should be to bring before the courts every offender —every writer or speaker who either invents or lightly repeats a false accusation, every one who employs offensive and wrongful epithets, all who in any way whatsoever forget the obligations of truth and the limitations of decency. The right of fearless criticism of men and measures must not be abridged, but the resources of the English language fortunately permit the utmost freedom of criticism and even censure without the use of Billingsgate; and no right to criticise or censure implies the privilege of suppressing or distorting the truth, nor does it give to partisan zeal the liberty of inventing at pleasure.

The evils of these political calumnies are far-reaching. They by no means stop with the injury inflicted upon their immediate victims. We said at the opening of this article that they must be arrested or our politics would become more and more degraded. Their effect has been, as it is generally recognized and acknowledged, to drive the better classes of people out of politics, and to invite into political leadership unprincipled aspirants and loud-mouthed demagogues. For fifty years or longer the press of New York City has rung with charges against everybody in office, and the decline of its administration kept steady pace with these indiscriminate assaults. It is true, the time came when the facts justified the accusations, and the newspapers were efficient in unearthing great municipal crimes and in bringing the offenders to justice; but the Tweed malfeasances were almost directly due to the course of the partisan newspapers. It was their calumnies, their furious assaults upon good men, their general dirt-throwing upon everybody in the opposite political ranks, that gradually drove nearly all reputable men out of politics, thereby rendering possible the dominion of rogues—thick-skinned men who, being without character, were indifferent to public opinion so long as they could plunder at pleasure. A few honest men have struggled against this condition of things, and remained in public place regardless of the obloquy cast upon them; but it is as certain as day that political service has been immensely demoralized by the causes we have pointed out, and that it will never be purified until reputable men can be assured of exemption from reckless denunciation and abuse. It is altogether an error to suppose that men of probity, in the abundant consciousness of

their innocence, are, or ought to be, superior and indifferent to calumny. It is notorious that a vicious portion of the people are prompt to believe any scandal that may be set afloat; and even were a libel generally recognized to be such, that is no reason why a man's feelings, his sense of self-respect, are to be outraged whenever it pleases any irresponsible paragraphist in a newspaper-office. If the responsible heads of newspapers will not voluntarily reform the evil, then the sufferers ought to compel them to do so. How this is to be done, we have already shown.

In Cardinal Antonelli, the most priestly of modern popes had the most worldly of secretaries of state. The political union of these two, indeed, resembled the happy results which often flow from the marriage of a man and woman of opposite and complementary qualities; nor are such alliances rare in political history. Bluff and blunt-spoken Henry VIII. was served by the sly and subtle Wolsey; the weak, pleasure-loving, and changeful Louis XIII. by the stern, bold, and iron-willed Richelieu. Luther found in the gentle Melanchthon the best of possible coadjutors; sedate Washington was fitly allied with the enthusiastic and impulsive Hamilton. So the most obstinate, devout, and zealous of modern priest-pontiffs has for a quarter of a century been well served by a cool, suave, crafty, fertile, and calm-spirited minister, who tempered the pope's rashness by his caution, and the pope's almost fanatical piety by his constant adherence to a worldly policy and worldly ways.

Antonelli was an ecclesiastic only in name, and because to be an ecclesiastic was necessary to one who desired to wield the worldly powers appertaining to a political church. We do not learn that he had any monkish fondness for the lore of the fathers. It is to be suspected that he was much more familiar with Macchiavelli than with the saintly authorities upon rite and creed. His pretensions even to personal devoutness were not obtrusive. Very rarely was it that his gaunt, grim visage was seen at the pontifical masses in St. Peter's, and, whenever he could, he avoided the great ceremonials which at certain times fill the streets of Rome with gorgeous processions and a world of priests. Antonelli was much more at home with diplomats and deputies; he preferred droning over dispatches and drawing protocols, engaging in long casuistical correspondences with cabinets, seeking accommodations and writing elaborate and polished protests.

He went into the Church early in life, not because he had experienced a "change of heart," or because he felt it his "mission" to cure souls, and point out the heavenly path to erring humanity, but simply because it was the best if not the only way open to advancement for his peculiar gifts. He never advanced to the dignity of the priesthood; probably never officiated in a church-service in his life. Richelieu was a soldier, and Antonelli a politician, in a priestly garb. Both left masses and *Te Deums* to priestly men; it was for them, if possible, to mould the destinies of states, to exalt the worldly power of their sovereigns. Otherwise there is little resemblance between either the characters or the circumstances of these two great churchmen. Richelieu had less craft than energy, force, and aggressive resolution. Antonelli sought his ends by gentler, and more persuasive, and more subtle methods. Richelieu lived amid circumstances which offered him every advantage in the pursuit of his purposes. Antonelli was absolutely and entirely out of accord with his age. He came too late, or was born in the wrong country, served the wrong master, and was forced to become the champion of a doomed system. Never did able statesman struggle more doughtily—or more vainly—against the inevitable decrees of a revolutionized public opinion.

It was Antonelli's lot to be the minister of ordained decadence for a quarter of a century. He was, as has been remarked, the Moreau of diplomacy, "famous mainly for his masterly retreats." With an almost cheerful steadfastness, he resisted step by step the assaults made on the ramparts of the papacy, no sooner retiring from one than he made prompt disposition to defend the next behind it. Yet in his quarter of a century of power he saw greater worldly disasters fall upon the papacy than it had experienced during centuries before. One by one the ancient allies of the pope have dropped away from him. Ungrateful France made war to bring into being a kingdom of Italy; Austria became constitutional, and abolished the Concordat; Spain became republican, and decreed religious equality; Italy became sacrilegious, and took Rome. These "Catholic" powers have seen the pope snubbed by Russia and defied by Protestant Germany, without so much as a whispered protest; and poor old Pius, at last confined to "the Vatican and a garden," and able to survey his worldly kingdom from his window without spectacles, finds every European nation with its back turned upon him. All these disastrous events Antonelli saw, tried to prevent, labored indefatigably to at least postpone, but died when the affairs which he had conducted so long were at their lowest and most desperate pass. But the worldly tone of Antonelli's character gave him certain consolations amid the constant failures of his statesmanship. His heart was bound up in his cause; yet he probably did not feel such despair at its loss as arises from profound and blind religious zeal. Besides, a man of the world, he had tastes and hobbies aside from those involved in his public capacity. He was an ardent collector of gems and jewels, and he took pride in amassing riches. When disappointed at the latest ingratitude of a once faithful prince, he could turn to his cabinet and gaze with grim joy upon his dazzling diamonds and radiant rubies, or turn over the leaves of his list of properties, and smilingly estimate his wealth. It is certain that he did not die broken-hearted; but with him passed away the ablest pontifical statesman of the century.

Those who cherish recollections of the stage of thirty years ago are not apt to forget the exquisite personation of *Rosalind* by Ellen Tree. Miss Davenport has recently been acting this part at Daly's Fifth Avenue Theatre,

and, although comparisons are doubtless odious, it is simply impossible for those who recall the old-time performance to see the gifted lady at the Fifth Avenue without dwelling upon their former impressions. We know well the scorn with which young critics listen to the garrulous admiration of their elders for the by-gone glories of art, but, notwithstanding the high disdain of these young people, it really may happen that experience is right, and that knowledge of high standards enables one to judge rightly; that having seen a great artist in a character really does fit one to form without presumption an opinion of the attempts of others. Miss Davenport surprised us all last winter with her command over pathos and serious emotion; and every one knows how bright and charming she can be in the gay demoiselles of fashion. But what is there in Shakespeare's delightful women that so completely eludes the skill of most artists? It cannot be said that Miss Davenport does not read the lines of *Rosalind* intelligently, while she has a good figure, a handsome face, a musical voice, a pleasing manner; but somehow the real *Rosalind* is not there; the actress fails to catch that electric sparkle which thirty years ago held crowds of the best people of the time in breathless admiration. We are afraid it must be said that artistic genius is not with the present personation, which, excellent in form and in all measurable things as it is, misses just the supreme touch that is necessary to give vividness and success. If it is said that we are prejudiced, that we recall first impressions, which are naturally so misleading, we must answer that it is not our impression more than the verdict of experienced graybeards that we recall. When a line in the mouth of one actress throws a whole audience into delighted mirth, and from the lips of another falls perfectly dead upon her hearers, there is left no room to question the comparative success of the two performers. The true *Rosalind* has disappeared from the stage—none of our actresses catch her vivacious spirits, her womanly fascinations, her sparkling fancies, her captivating caprices, her delicious self. The new vintage may have all the color of the old wine, but loses altogether its fine aroma.

Of another of our stage favorites we can speak with more praise, but mainly because she has appeared in a character that thoroughly accords with her genius. Miss Clara Morris as *Miss Multon* gives the stage of to-day an almost truly great personation. We have seen in former years what this lady can do with parts involving deep emotion and moving pathos, but to the experienced observer she has seemed to depend for success upon a few flashing points. In *Miss Multon* there are sustained art, a completeness and unity of conception, a rounded fullness of characterization, that leave almost nothing to wish for. It is not difficult to imagine a Rachel or a Ristori evincing much greater power in some of the situations; but Miss Morris, if occasionally missing the utmost expression of a scene, and if lacking in all the details and touches that make up a picture, is yet full of a kind of mastership belonging to herself—the power of thrilling an audience through and through with the simplest words and intonations. There are in this personation of *Miss Multon* consistency and keeping to a definite conception: the picture may be a little low in tone —not unobjectionably so—but the fiercest passion keeps its just relation to the level key.

THE prudery of American women was for many years the standing jest of European wits. It was American society that excluded the word "leg" from polite circles, and it was a Yankee spinster who hid the "limbs" of her piano in pantalets. But recently our offending has gone quite to the other extreme. Some English critics, who visited us last summer, were very much shocked at the immodest practices common at our sea-side watering-places. One of these sensitive gentlemen attempts to imagine the sensation that would be produced at Brighton "by a party of ladies and gentlemen disappearing for a few minutes into huts lining the esplanade, and then emerging in bathing-suits to take all together a dip in the sea." Another censor, writing to an English journal, assures his readers that on these occasions the "bathing-costumes of both sexes are exceedingly free and primitive." The ladies wear what is called "a high petticoat," and another garment is disposed of as "indescribable." The simplicity of this costume is such, we are assured, that, when a lady "leaves the water and comes dripping across the promenade, an Englishman out of his country for the first time who happened to meet her on the spot would certainly open his eyes very wide or shut them very close. Then the effect," we are further told, "of the scanty bathing-dress is heightened by the elaborate toilets of the ladies, who come to the beach to look on and chat with the male bathers, whose costume is very similar to that of the sisterhood, except that it is rather shorter at the extremities, and includes a headpiece, something between a bonnet and a jockey-cap." This alarming, this intensely improper, this dissolute picture was very horrifying to our fastidious critic, and indicated to his mind a freedom of manners from which the worst consequences are to be inferred. There is consolation for us, however, in the fact that Continental peoples are not less reserved on the sea-beach than we are, and that a stay-at-home English critic is of opinion that, "while on the Continent and in America the ladies are less reserved than in England, the gentlemen are more so in their ideas of propriety in bathing." It seems that at English sea-side places "the male population (till lately everywhere, and still in some less fashionable resorts) could disport themselves in utter nudity among the breakers not a hundred yards from the throng of morning loungers on a beach, and from force of custom no scandal was supposed to exist at the exhibition."

In truth, our European censors should have understood how much there lies in this same "force of custom." The woman who violates usage in these particulars is immodest, and not she who conforms to established custom, because defiance of convention is an indication that the mind has pruriently dwelt upon the subject, while adherence to sanctioned practices is the natural and

unreasoning instinct of the mind. An entirely modest woman goes to an evening ball with her dress worn *décolleté*, and would not for the world show her ankles. Of course, as a strictly logical fact, it would seem as if the display of the bust were much more reprehensible than the revelation of the ankle, but it is the consciousness or unconsciousness of the act that determines its modesty. The fashion of the early part of the century for ladies was a dress short and scant in the skirt, so that the ankles were revealed, and the contour of the form shown in every motion. That would be a singularly immodest woman who should appear to-day at an evening party in a dress of this character; but, if the fashion were revived, and in a bevy of a dozen young women there were one who refused to adopt the style on account of modest scruples, would not this fact seem to advertise which of the group had thought most of the subject—which had associated with the garment questionable ideas? This principle being true, will not our dear English friends permit us to vary our sea-side customs from theirs without incurring their moral displeasure; without necessitating a belief that we have taken our place among the dissolute peoples of the world?

THOSE spirits which are alleged to be summoned from the vasty deep of another world by mediumistic power have lately had, in England, some remarkable opportunities to prove their presence, but have failed to seize them. This is an age of "investigations;" and certain men of science and public spirit have been at work exposing the impostures of deft slate-writers like Dr. Slade, and cunning conjurers of "spirit-bells" and other strange phenomena like the Rev. Francis Monck. The result has been that, at many points in England, prosecutions for conjuring and legerdemain have been begun and prosecuted. Now, the spirits—if spirits do, as is alleged, make themselves manifest to mortals—were singularly faithless to their professional believers on the occasion of these trials. Why, when Dr. Slade was in the dock, all on their account, and being tried for an odious criminal offense, did not his phantasmal companions once for all confound his enemies, and make converts of a world, by performing some of their customary marvels in open court? If they had only lifted the judge in his chair to the ceiling ever so gently; if they had tipped the documents off the clerk's table; if they had improvised a band of celestial music in the gallery; if they could have simply floated Dr. Slade—as they had done Mr. Home many a time and oft out of the window and in again—behold how striking the proof of spiritual power would have been! But this man, who wields a sceptre over the spirit-world, stands absolutely helpless in a purely mortal tribunal; has to sit in a prisoner's dock, and hire lawyers, and produce witnesses, and furnish bail; nor does all his supernatural power avail him a jot. A fell blow is really being dealt at spiritualism by these prosecutions of its most skillful "mediums;" and the exposures, which are going on here as well as in England, come none too soon to undeceive the credulous and unhappy people who are being deluded and despoiled by them. It has recently been stated that there are ten thousand persons in the United States who have gone mad in consequence of their belief in spiritual manifestations. Exposure is therefore charity as well as justice. The tricks of mediums are, no doubt, sometimes wonderful; but so are those of the Oriental wizards, who appear to make lemon-trees in full blossom grow out of a loaf of bread held by another, to convert a coin into a cobra in your hand, and to swim in the air twenty feet above your head without any apparent support. The more spiritual manifestations are looked into, the more clear it becomes that they are a vast system of legerdemain and trickery, playing often upon the most sacred and tender feelings of weak humanity, creating terrible misery here and there, destroying the peace of households and the mental faculties of thousands, and yet contributing not a tittle to the world's science or knowledge.

THE New York Aquarium in extent, beauty of structure, or elegance of ornamentation, can make no comparison with the famous Brighton Aquarium; but it is of scarcely less interest in variety of display than its great English exemplar. We confess that, at the beginning of the New York project, we feared it would be little more than a vulgar Barnum show; but, while the taint of the great showman's example is not altogether absent from it, yet there has been manifested a very genuine desire to give the place an elevated character, to render it instructive as well as amusing, and to cultivate the inquiring, scientific spirit in relation to the creatures which are exhibited. The enterprise is strictly a private one, whereas all the great aquariums abroad are either owned by stock companies or are under government patronage; and this fact should be remembered in excuse of some of its shortcomings. To establish a Brighton Aquarium here would require a very large capital—much more than any private person could be expected to supply. Time, moreover, is required to bring the enterprise to its best. The sea-water, brought from far down the bay, is at first excessively cloudy; but the successive aërations to which it is subjected gradually consume the foreign matter held by it in solution. Experience is necessary, moreover, in many details in the management of the fish. Aquariums are a new sort of natural-history exhibitions, and hence there is no large fund of information upon which the managers can rely. Some fish, it is found, will not feed when in captivity; others, despite every care and watchfulness, are injured in their restlessness and die; and in very few instances are all the necessary conditions known by which these visitors from the sea may flourish and multiply. It is worthy of note that, although this aquarium is the only large private one, it is, nevertheless, the only one that has organized a scientific and educational department, the only one that has provided a library and reading-room, and a dissecting and modeling room, for the use of students. We are glad to know that people congregate in great numbers to study the collection; they gath-

er with pleased faces around the sea-anemones; they watch the movements of the sluggish sharks, wishing they were fiercer; they look with astonishment at the "hell-bender" from the Mississippi; they are delighted with the brilliant colors of the aquatic stranger from Japan; they find abundant amusement in the hermit-crab and the lobster; they stare in wonder at the diabolical countenance of the angle-fish; and they hang with tireless interest around the seals, the whales, and many other forms of life from the deep.

New Books.

THE "author's sanction" gives a certain prestige to Mr. Edward Barrett's "Carlyle Anthology,"[1] and vindicates in this particular case a process which will always cause more or less controversy, according as it is looked at from the scholarly or the popular point of view. For our own part, we welcome the book as likely to perform a service for both author and reading-public which could hardly be attained in any other way. Even the most fervent of Carlyle's admirers must acknowledge that a generation is growing up which knows not their prophet, and that the thunderings of the new Sinai have been lost amid the din of reverberation which they have awakened in other minds. The Carlylese dialect has lost the charm of novelty, and fewer and fewer readers are found who aspire to familiarity with all of Carlyle's writings. This is, perhaps, a regrettable fact, for each and all of Carlyle's works will better repay perusal than the larger part of contemporary literature; but it is certainly true that there are few authors whose genius and characteristics can be so adequately and fairly represented by "choice extracts." In spite of the voluminousness of his writings, the message which Carlyle has delivered to the world is singularly clear and simple. The dignity of the individual conscience, the supreme obligation of "duty," the majesty and the mystery of human life, the nobility of "work" as compared with mere talk or theorizing, the "exceeding beautifulness of truth," and the essential hollowness of a civilization based upon sham, and cant, and make-believe—these are the cardinal doctrines which are urged, and emphasized, and reiterated in all the multitudinous and multiform productions of his teeming mind. Whether in "Sartor Resartus," or "The Latter-Day Pamphlets," or "Frederick the Great," or "The French Revolution," or the miscellaneous essays, the reader will find the same thoughts cropping up, the same current of ideas, the same postulates, and the same conclusions. The only difference is in the argument and illustrations, and in these Carlyle exhibits a versatility and fertility of resource unparalleled in literary history.

All this is strikingly shown in Mr. Barrett's excellent compilation. It is arranged by topics—"Life and the Conduct of Life," "Portraits and Characters," "Literature and the Literary Life," "Religion," "Politics," "Historical and Miscellaneous;" and, varied as is the language, it is often difficult in turning the pages consecutively to avoid the impression that numerous paragraphs have been several times repeated. Mr. Barrett has performed his task well, the selections showing a familiar acquaintance with the entire range of Carlyle's writings, and a nice appreciation of their distinctive merits. He has not contented himself with the brief morsels and epigrammatic sayings of which such compilations usually consist, but in not a few instances has assigned several pages to a particularly fine episode or rhetorical outburst—such as the description of the taking of the Bastile, of the death of Louis XV., of the crime and expiation of Charlotte Corday, and of the end of Robespierre. We will not say that "The Anthology" is an adequate substitute for all or either of Carlyle's original works; but the reader can certainly obtain from it a fair idea of his philosophy and doctrine, of the vast extent of his knowledge, of the lurid splendor of his imagination, of his moral fervor, and of that brilliant and seductive eloquence which seldom fails to create an appetite for more.

[1] The Carlyle Anthology. Selected and arranged, with the Author's Sanction, by Edward Barrett. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 12mo. Cloth. Pp. 386.

UNDER the title of "Mediæval and Modern Saints and Miracles,"[1] a writer, who subscribes himself as *not Ab Uno e Societate Jesu*, undertakes to "render a service to the cause of truth by laying before the public, in a popular form, facts not familiarly known to American and English readers, but which have an important bearing on the claims to universal spiritual and temporal dominion expressly or virtually advanced by Rome." He thinks that American Protestants, and the American public in general, are very imperfectly informed respecting the actual teachings of modern Romanism, the intellectual, moral, social, and political tendencies of those teachings, and the real aims of the leaders of the party which inspires and controls the policy of the Vatican; and the task to which he addresses himself is to expose these teachings, analyze these tendencies, and define these aims. As to the manner in which the author has performed his task, the utmost we can say is that, if his knowledge and literary skill had equaled his zeal, he would have produced a far better book. As it is, there is plenty to inflame the sectarian prejudices of readers, and plenty of food for the sort of pharisaic arrogance which leads one body of Christians to say to another, "I am better than thou!" but of systematic, temperate, or logical treatment of any one of the topics raised there is scarcely a vestige. It is difficult to understand, indeed, why the book received the title it bears, since the stress of the author's strictures falls no more pointedly on saints and miracles than upon Romish ecclesiastical government, Romish history, and Romish methods of education. He first provides himself with a text, and then rambles off into literary criticism, accounts of historical forgeries, denunciations of papal rule and papal dogmas, comparisons of the statistics of Protestant and Catholic countries, exposures of the evil fruits of the confessional, and personal reminiscences. The slightest provocation diverts him into endless episodes, and the main argument, if argument it can be called, is left rather to inference than to demonstration. Now and then he makes a good point—as when he calls attention to the fact that the decree condemning Galileo's theories as contrary to the teachings of the Church, though practically disregarded, has never been rescinded, and is therefore still in force and binding on the conscience of the faithful; and the Appendix contains several valuable documents; but, as

[1] Mediæval and Modern Saints and Miracles. Not Ab Uno e Societate Jesu. New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo. Cloth. Pp. 307.

a whole, the book is a mere reproduction of facts and arguments that have been much more effectively presented before. Furthermore, we doubt seriously whether the cause of truth is ever really subserved by books of this character, in which the zeal of the sectarian obscures the judgment of the historian.

In complete contrast to the preceding is the Rev. Dr. Spear's "Religion and the State; or, The Bible and the Public Schools."[1] We doubt very much whether the school question, so called, possesses the vitality as a political issue that the author appears to claim for it; but it is one concerning which public opinion is peculiarly liable to be led astray by sentimental considerations, and discussions of the kind here bestowed upon it can never come amiss. A more perspicuous, logical, temperate, and exhaustive argument on any topic we have not read for a long time; and it may almost be said that on this particular question Dr. Spear has left no room for future discussion. Whether one approaches it from the side of history, religion, morality, law, constitutionality, or expediency, he will be very apt not only to find his arguments anticipated or refuted, but to have many suggested to him of which he had not before thought. The book is one which we would naturally have expected rather from a statesman or jurist than from a clergyman; but it is fortunate, on many grounds, that the conclusive argument in favor of purely secular schools should come from one whose zeal for the religious interests of society cannot be doubted.

As already intimated, the scope of the book is very comprehensive. It ranges far beyond the specific question of Bible-reading, and religious instruction and worship in our public schools, and treats with much force and at considerable length of the powers, function, and province of civil government, of the attitude which it should assume and maintain with regard to religion, of the constitutional and legal system of this country, and of the guidance which a study of this system affords us in the decision of such questions as the one under examination. The substance of the argument (to the power of which, however, no mere summary could do justice) is—1. That the American doctrine as to the nature of the State and the scope of its functions is that "civil government, as such, should have nothing to do with the work of administering, sustaining, or teaching religion, and that on this subject its only legitimate function consists in affording an impartial protection to all the people in the exercise of their religious liberty, while so limiting this exercise as to make it compatible with the peace and good order of civil society." 2. That "the public school, as an institution of the State, exists and is regulated by its authority, and is, moreover, supported by compulsory taxation. To prescribe for it a religious system to be taught therein, or forms of worship to be there observed, is to determine by the authority of the State what the system or forms of worship shall be, and then compel the people to pay the expenses thereof. Such a coerced support of religion is equivalent to a state religion in the public school, and that, too, whether the religion and the worship accord with the views and wishes of the majority or not." 3. That, consequently, "the public school, like the State under whose authority it exists, and by whose taxing power it is supported, should be simply a civil institution, absolutely secular and not at all religious in its purposes, and all practical questions involving this principle should be settled in accordance therewith." Of course, this excludes the Bible from the public schools, just as it excludes the Koran, the Westminster Catechism, or any of the sacred books of heathenism; but, says Dr. Spear: "It pronounces no judgment against the Bible, and none for it; it simply omits to use it, and declines to inculcate the religion which it teaches. This declinature, while expressing no hostility to the Bible, is founded on the fact that an American State cannot, in consistency with the principles of its own organization, and impartial justice toward all the people, undertake the work of religious teaching or worship in any form of the idea. A state differently organized might do so in consistency with its own principles, but an American State cannot."

Incidentally to the main argument, many important subjects—such as the proposed religious amendment to the Constitution, taxation of religious corporations and church property, Sabbath legislation, the civil oath, and the law of religious societies—receive intelligent and suggestive discussion.

Landor's "Imaginary Conversations" have become in a certain sense classical, and are regarded by competent critics as among the most valuable contributions that have been made in our day to English prose literature; but in this country they are known as yet to but a limited circle, and to the great majority of readers will appear as fresh as if just from the author's pen. No method of publication, probably, could render them popular to the extent of competing with novels in the circulating libraries; still, the convenient and inexpensive American edition[1] ought greatly to increase the numbers of Landor's American audience, and it will be much to the loss of such possible audience if the fact should prove otherwise. For, aside from the instruction to be obtained from them, the "Imaginary Conversations" are *interesting* in the best sense of the word. It has been well said that, though Landor's five-act dramas are only dialogues in verse, his prose dialogues are one-act dramas; and, whether it be Achilles and Helena, Solon and Pisistratus, Pericles and Sophocles, Diogenes and Plato, Marcellus and Hannibal, Marcus Tullius and Quintus Cicero, or Washington and Franklin, that are summoned before us, we feel that they are real persons, and that the dramatic conditions incident to their talk are never in any case lost sight of. The scope of the dialogues is very comprehensive, their range being, as Mr. Forster says, in his "Life of Landor," "as wide as life and history. . . . All the leading shapes of the past, the most familiar and the most august, were to be called up again. Modes of thinking the most various, and events the most distant, all that had made the greatness or the littleness of mankind, were proposed for his theme. Beside the fires of the present, the ashes of the past were to be rekindled, and to shoot again into warmth and brightness. The scene was to be as shifting as life, but continuous as time. Over it were to pass successions of statesmen, lawyers, and churchmen; wits and men of letters; party men, soldiers, and kings; the most tender, delicate, and noble women; figures fresh from the schools of Athens and the courts of Rome; philosophers philosophizing, and politicians discussing questions of state; poets talking of poetry, men of the world of matters worldly, and English, Italians, or French, of their respective literatures and manners." As actually written and arranged, they comprise "Greek and Roman Dia-

[1] Religion and the State; or, The Bible and the Public Schools. By Samuel T. Spear, D. D. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 12mo. Cloth. Pp. 393.

[1] Imaginary Conversations. By Walter Savage Landor. Boston: Roberts Brothers. Three volumes, 12mo.

logues," "Dialogues of Sovereigns and Statesmen," and "Dialogues of Literary Men and of Famous Women," upward of a hundred in all.

One charm of the dialogues, as of all of Landor's writings, lies in the fact that no modern author save Hawthorne commanded so exquisite a style. One may go to them as to a pure well of English undefiled.

His reputation as a humorist will probably lead many readers to Mr. Charles Dudley Warner's "My Winter on the Nile"[1] in the expectation of finding something similar to Mark Twain's "Innocents Abroad," or to his own "Baddeck and that Sort of Thing;" but such readers will have been misled, if not disappointed. There are many sly, elusive bits of humor, much "fun" of a quiet kind, a few witty and pungent epigrams, and occasional neat specimens of *persiflage;* but the book is for the most part a careful and painstaking description of the characteristic scenic, social, political, religious, and historic phenomena which Egypt presents to an intelligent traveler. It narrates successively the incidents of a voyage from Naples to Alexandria; of a somewhat prolonged residence in Cairo; of a leisurely three months' excursion up the Nile to the Second Cataract; and of a flying visit to the Red Sea and the Suez Canal. The descriptions are in every case minute enough to give the requisite local color, and are in a quite unusual degree graphic and interesting; but they differ from the ordinary guide-book information in that the point of view is subjective—recording only the impression produced on the mind of a cultivated, acute, receptive, and discriminating observer. Mr. Warner has a true humorist's antipathy to statistics, and allows himself to get nervous now and then over a possible suspicion on the reader's part that he is making an affectation of learning; but it is evident that he has not only made exceptionally good use of his opportunities for observation, but is also conversant as well with the productions of his sight-seeing predecessors as with the more abstruse speculations of the Egyptologists. His book is, for the general reader, by far the most interesting and instructive that has been recently written about Egypt.

Considering the kind of pictures that are found in many so-called subscription-books, there is perhaps another reason for praising "My Winter on the Nile" in the fact that it contains but one illustration—a woodcut of "the wooden man, six thousand years old."

"The Hunting of the Snark"[2] is a clever bit of fooling, but after all there is a great waste of time in either the reading or the writing of it. It is a somewhat lengthy poem in the manner of Mr. Edward Lear's "Nonsense Songs," the humor of which consists in maintaining all the external characteristics of verse and all the appearance of *bona-fide* narrative, while utterly dissociating them from sense and congruity. An important part of the process is the coining of strange terms and unprecedented verbal combinations; and the smoothness, polish, and rhythmic cadence of the verse are usually in inverse ratio to its reason. Whether the result is found amusing or otherwise depends a good deal upon the mood in which it is read; even the wisest man, it is said, has his silly moments; but the enjoyment in the present case is certainly not enhanced by our consciousness of the fact that Mr. Carroll is capable of much better things. For the pictures which embellish the little volume we have nothing but praise.

Among the holiday books of the present season, the most noteworthy in several respects is Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner," illustrated by Gustave Doré (New York: Harper & Brothers). It makes a very large quarto volume, with ample breadth of creamy margins, elegant printing and press-work, and a simple but tasteful binding. The illustrations are forty-two in number, nearly all full-page, and are undoubtedly in Doré's best and most characteristic style. The weird, fantastic effects of Coleridge's poem, its burden of sombre gloom, and its rapid changes of scene and incident, afford a thoroughly congenial subject for Doré's pencil; and he has produced no better work since his famous illustrations of Dante's "Inferno" and the "Don Quixote." One has only to compare the arctic scenes and the eerie sea-studies in the present volume with either the "London" or the "Idylls of a King" to see that the former belong to an altogether higher order of workmanship, and are a much truer expression of the artist's genius. It is a fortunate thing for both artist and public that the first of Doré's important works, published at a really popular price, represents him almost at his best.

The style of the holiday edition of Longfellow's "Skeleton in Armor" (Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.) is at once novel and beautiful. Each stanza of the poem is assigned a leaf to itself, is printed in heavy, black, Roman type, and is surrounded by an emblematical border, printed in bronze-colored ink. These emblematical borders, together with the illuminated title-page and the vignettes, are the work of Mr. L. S. Ipsen, and are for the most part strikingly ingenious and pleasing. The regular illustrations, seventeen in number, are by Miss Mary A. Hallock, who here offers us what we think will be recognized as her most finished and satisfactory work. A few of her designs hardly rise above commonplace, but the rest show vigor and versatility of conception and decided executive skill. The engraving is the work of Mr. A. V. S. Anthony, whose excellent taste is manifest in all the mechanical details of the book.

A book which combines a holiday dress and appearance with literary attractions of a more solid kind is the "Poems of William Cullen Bryant, collected and arranged by the Author" (New York: D. Appleton & Co.). This edition contains several of Mr. Bryant's poems that have not appeared in any previous collection, and, in fact, presents the whole of the author's poetical work from "The Ages" and "Thanatopsis" to "Christmas in 1875" and "The Flood of Years." It is hardly probable that Mr. Bryant will make material additions to what he has already performed in this line, so that we have here, substantially complete, the poetical legacy which one of the greatest and perhaps the most national of American poets will bequeath to posterity. The book is beautifully printed and richly bound, and is illustrated by one hundred engravings, after drawings by Birket Foster, Harry Fenn, Alfred Fredericks, and others.

Bayard Taylor's "National Ode," delivered at the Centennial celebration in Philadelphia, has been put into holiday attire by Messrs. W. F. Gill & Co. (Boston). Numerous illustrations by Miss Hallock, Alfred Fredericks, Thomas Moran, A. R. Waud, Robert Lewis, L. S. Ipsen, and others, bring out the picturesque richness and variety of the poem; and these, combined with the open printing of the text, make a volume of the regulation size and thickness. It need not be pointed out that the book has a peculiar appropriateness to the present season.

[1] My Winter on the Nile, among the Mummies and Moslems. By Charles Dudley Warner. Hartford, Connecticut: American Publishing Co. 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 477.

[2] The Hunting of the Snark: An Agony in Eight Fits. By Lewis Carroll. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 18mo. Boards. Pp. 104.

Those who are in search of something particularly choice in the way of a juvenile will probably find what they want in "The Pearl Fountain and Other Fairy Tales," by Bridget and Julia Kavanagh, with thirty illustrations by J. Moyr Smith (New York: Henry Holt & Co.). The stories are eleven in number, and are of high literary merit, the authors, unlike most modern writers of fairy tales, not being afraid to go outside everyday experience or to set at defiance the dogmas of natural history. They show poetic fancy combined with a realistic method of treatment, and there is an air of good faith about them which will be certain to render them favorites with children. The illustrations are showy and pleasing, but the printer's and paper-maker's art lends the book its chief external attractions.—"Janet et ses Amis" (New York: D. Appleton & Co.) is another charming juvenile in daintiest holiday costume. It is designed for the use of parents and teachers who think that the little folks can profitably begin to learn French as soon as their mother-tongue, and, commencing with the alphabet and numerals, gives an easy French version of sundry familiar nursery stories and rhymes, including the always acceptable tales of "The Three Bears" and "Little Red Riding-hood." The latter has a more agreeable ending than in the English version — both the grandmother and Little Red Riding-hood being rescued unharmed from the slain wolf's stomach. The illustrations are notably spirited, and printing and binding are all that could be desired.—In "The Boys of '76: A History of the Battles of the Revolution," by Charles Carleton Coffin (New York: Harper & Brothers), an excellent idea has been admirably carried out. Taking four young patriots who are supposed to join the American army at the outbreak of hostilities with Great Britain, the author narrates their various adventures and experiences; and as one or other of them participated in each of the campaigns and battles of the Revolution, the record makes a complete military history of that memorable struggle. Though linked with partly fictitious persons, the descriptions of battles are systematic and historically accurate as well as vigorous, animated, and picturesque; and the introduction of the personal element enables the author to bring in naturally many things which illustrate the society, domestic life, and industries of the period. From Mr. Coffin's special point of view the story of the Revolution has never been more agreeably told, and we cordially join in the author's hope that "a perusal of its pages may deepen the love of the boys of the present generation for their country, and quicken their love for liberty and the rights of man." The illustrations, of which there are more than three hundred, comprise numerous maps, reproductions of contemporary engravings, portraits of eminent persons connected with the struggle, pictures of historic houses and scenes, etc.—"The Adventures of Captain Mago," by Léon Cahun (New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.), purports to give an authentic picture of the world as it was a thousand years before the Christian era, and aims to exhibit, mainly for the young, a summary of that varied information concerning ancient times which modern antiquarian researches have brought to light. It describes an expedition sent out by Hiram, King of Tyre, to collect materials for the temple which his friend and ally, David, King of the Jews, was erecting at Jerusalem; and includes visits to Jerusalem, to Carthage, to Egypt, to Greece, Italy, Spain, England, Ireland, to the King of Assyria and the Queen of Sheba. There is little real *vraisemblance* to the story, but it is very skillfully told, and contains plenty of the kind of adventure which boys will find too interesting to criticise. The pictures with which the volume is copiously embellished are a delight to the eye, even if they are defective on the side of historic truth.—"The Boy Emigrants," by Noah Brooks (New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.), is a story of four or five boys who, under the influence of the excitement which followed the discovery of gold in California, went overland to that State, and became gold-seekers. The author assures us that the scenery of the book is all taken from Nature, that many of the characters were real people, and that almost all the incidents which befall the "boy emigrants" came under his own observation or under that of people whom he knew on the trail or in California; and this is rendered easy of belief by the vivid and life-like character of the persons described and the scenes depicted. At any rate, there can be no question as to the interest of the story, which we (who, alas! are not a boy) were constrained to finish at a sitting.—"Among Machines" (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons) is a useful little book by the author of "The Young Mechanic," designed to familiarize boys with various mechanical appliances used in the manufacture of wood, metal, and other substances, and at the same time to teach them the elementary principles of mechanics. Parts of it are rather more difficult than we should expect to find in a work of this character; but, with the aid of the numerous illustrations, boys of a mechanical turn will probably be able to master it, and will find it a great help.—"Boys of Other Countries," by Bayard Taylor, and "Captain Sam, or the Boy Scouts of 1814," by George Cary Eggleston (both published by G. P. Putnam's Sons), are capital books for boys, and sufficiently well illustrated to make appropriate holiday gifts. In the former, Mr. Taylor relates some of his travel-experiences in foreign lands in which boys took part; and in the latter Mr. Eggleston gives a stirring story of an exciting period.—"Long-Look House," by Edward Abbott (Boston: Noyes, Snow & Co.), is the first volume of a series to be called the "Long-Look Books," which are intended, as the author says, "to afford instruction and wholesome reading for boys and girls of from six to twelve years of age." Their plan is in substance the same as that of the famous "Rollo Books,' namely, the imparting of useful information about common things by means of natural and simple fiction; and they bid fair to deserve a similar measure of success. The present volume gives a minute and accurate description of the building of a house, and contains facts which are of interest to grown people as well as children. The illustrations are in silhouette, and are what ladies call "cunning."—"Roddy's Ideal," by Helen Kendrick Johnson (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons), is a bright, breezy, vivacious story, addressed as much to parents as to children, and quite as certain to please the former as the latter. It is the concluding volume of a series which children of both sexes and all ages will be delighted to possess.



"Seated in her coach, with skirts tucked well up around her, and two little neatly-shod feet full in view, sat a very young lady."

"Cherry Ripe!" Chap. II.

APPLETONS' JOURNAL.

OUR WINTER BIRDS.

BY ERNEST INGERSOLL.

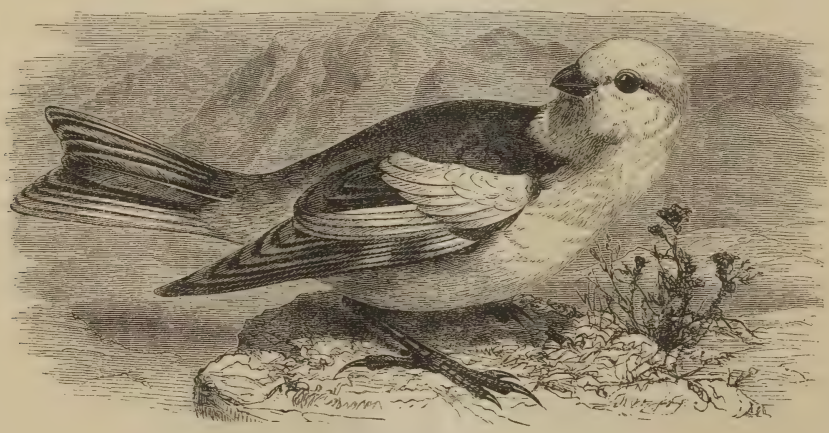
NOT often in the genial days of early and late summer, or even in the torrid heat of its middle months, do we recall winter with pleasure, or wish ourselves surrounded by its scenes; while, on the contrary, the dark hours of the long winter evenings are often enlivened with reminiscences of balmy weather, the fireplace is adorned with bouquets of dried flowers, and every indication of returning spring is eagerly welcomed. Nothing is more precious to the eye, weary of the desolation which snow and ice bring to the landscape, than the winter birds, whose bright forms alone diversify the bare and colorless world, and whose cheery notes alone break the stillness and apparent immobility of Nature. They always carry a bit of the June sunshine about with them, and dropping it from their wings, like seed, wherever they flit, seem thus to preserve the season through the ravages of winter to which all else succumbs. Some words about them may, therefore, help to keep summer alive in our hearts through this midnight of the year.



GREAT NORTHERN SHRIKE.

Most persons are surprised when told of the large number of these feathered friends which begin the new year with us; for in January, in the near neighborhood of New York City, over fifty species appear, with more or less regularity. They comprise two classes: those which reside in our fields the year round, like the blue-jay; and such, like the snow-

flake, as are driven to our milder climate by the severity of the northern winter that even their arctic-bred, hardy constitutions are unable to endure. The members of the latter class visit us in varying numbers, but are especially numerous in snowy seasons. It is probably less the temperature, even of the frigid zones, which compels the birds to seek our milder latitudes, than the inability to obtain food, as the snow buries the seed-bearing weeds and sends the smaller animals to their hibernacula, and the increasing darkness of the long arctic night shuts out from view what the snow has not covered. All birds—or almost all—on their southward migration fly at night, resting during the day. We have the most abundant evidence of this; and it has occurred to me that possibly it is the deepening darkness of high latitudes which first warns them off; that the natural recurrence of night seems to them like being overtaken by the darkness which they thought they had left behind, but which they must again flee; that, therefore, they keep upon the wing until each morning's light, supposing that they have thus again and again outstripped the pursuing gloom, until they reach a region of abundant food, and perhaps learn wisdom from resident birds. I will confess that I do not myself put much faith in this theory, but a curious and sustaining fact is that the northward migration, in spring, is mostly accomplished by day-journeys instead of at night.



SNOW-BUNTING.

Whatever the motive, no sooner has the crowd of autumnal migrants with rustling wings and faint voices swept through our woods—slowly during the long, mellow October days, when the earth seems to stand still, and the seasons to be in equipoise; swiftly when the first blast of November sends them skurrying onward with the deadened leaves—than their places are taken by the brave little fellows whose fame I celebrate.

Taking my way to the woods some bright, still morning in January, when the snow is crisp and the ice in the swamps firm, I shall find the sombre fields full of a life of their own well worth my while to see, even if the exhilaration of the walk does not prove enough reward. Here on this fence-rail is the track of a squirrel, and in the corner of the rail and rider is the half-eaten body of a chickadee which some butcher-bird has hung up. How the dry wood creaks as I climb over, and how resonant is that dead ash under the vigorous hammer of the little woodpecker whose red crest glows like a spark of fire against the white limb! Around this spice-bush the mice have been at work, nibbling the bark off up to the surface of the snow, and we can see the entrance to their tunnel. This path, trod bare by the cows, leads to the hilly brush-pasture where the southern sun shines all the afternoon, and thither let me follow. Sunny hill-sides, the wooded banks of creeks, the hedge-rows and brier-grown fences along the country-roads, are all favorite places for the winter birds. Here come the sparrows and finches, the winter wren and rare cardinal, skulking about the thickets, hopping through the dead fern-brakes, threading the mazy passages of the log-heaps and brush-piles ready to be burned in the spring, coming out upon the fence-post or wayside-trees to sing their morning roundelay, and take their daily airing in pleasant weather. In the open meadows are the grass-finches, snow-birds, and the few robins and med-larks that stay with us; in the edge of the woods the blue-jay, flicker, and butcher-bird; in the orchards and evergreens the cross-bills, the pine-grosbeaks, red-polls, and cedar-bird; the deep woods shelter the tiny nuthatches, titmice, and the little woodpeckers; the open sky affords space for the birds of prey, and the sea-shore harbors for the gulls, sea-ducks, and fish-hawk. Such are the chosen resorts of the different varieties, yet of course we shall at times meet all everywhere, and sometimes spots apparently most favorable will be totally uninhabited. In very severe weather the wildest birds often come close to the house and barn in search of out-door relief from gentle hands.

"How do the birds manage at night and in tempestuous weather?" is a question often asked me.

Time was when it was believed that many of them hibernated—especially the swallows—burying themselves in the mud like frogs, or curling up in holes in rocks like the bats ; and the common phenomenon of



GOLDEN-CRESTED KINGLET.

the appearance of a few summer birds during "warm spells" in winter was assumed to prove that they had been torpid, but had been waked up by the genial warmth, as bats often are. It was not three months ago that I saw in an English newspaper a letter from a man who claimed to have found a hedge-sparrow (I think) torpid somewhere in the mud. But the search for proofs of this theory discovered that the birds supposed to hibernate migrated, while of the birds which remained in this latitude through the cold months we saw more in warm, fine weather, for the natural reason that they then forsook the sheltered hollows and cozy recesses of the woods where they had retreated during stormy days, and came out into the sunlight. The dense cedars and close branches of small spruces and other evergreens afford them close shelter, and thickets of brambles are made use of when these are not to be found ; hollow trees are natural houses in which large numbers huddle, and the cave-like holes under the roots of trees growing on steep banks are favorite hospices. The grouse plunges through the snow down to the ground, where it scrapes bare a "form," or crawls under the hemlock and spruce boughs which droop to the earth with the weight of snow, and allows the white mantle to drift over it, subsisting the while on the spruce-buds ; when the storm ceases it can easily dig its way out, but sometimes a rain and hard frost follow which make such a crust on the snow that it cannot break its way up through, and so starves to death. The more domestic sparrows, robins, and flickers, burrow into the hay-mow, find a warm roost in the barn near the cattle, or, attracted by the warmth of the furnace, creep under the eaves or into a chink next the chimney of the greenhouse or country dwelling. The meadow-lark and quail seek out sunny nooks in the fields and crouch down out of the blast ; while the woodcock hides among the moss and ferns of the damp woods where only the severest cold chains the springs. Along the coast many birds go to the sea-shore for a milder climate.

It nevertheless happens, in spite of their high degree of warmth and vitality—probably not exceeded by any other animal—in spite of the fact that they can draw themselves up into a perfect ball of feathers which are the best of clothing, and that they can shelter themselves from the driving storm—that birds often perish from cold in large numbers. Ordinarily, birds seem able to foretell a change of weather, and prepare. The reports of the United States Weather Bureau certainly show that, during the fall and winter, the ducks, geese, cranes, crows, and other notable species—and apparently generally—abandon their former haunts upon the approach of a cold wave or severe winter storm for more southern localities, often passing beyond the reach of the severity of such storms, taking their departure often only a few hours before these unfavorable changes. The resident species, not caring, or able, to run away to warmer latitudes, ought to know enough to hide away from the fury of the gale ; and they do. But sometimes there come sudden, unpresaged changes —cold, icy gales, which charge down upon us after thawing-days, converting the air, which was almost persuading the grass to revive, into an atmosphere which cuts the skin like the impinging of innumerable particles of frost, and shrivels every object with cold, or buries it under dry and drifting snow. Then it is that the small birds, caught unprepared, suffer. At first, such as are overcome seem unusually active, running about apparently in search of food, but taking little notice of one's approach. "Should it attempt to fly," writes a recent observer, "it immediately falls on its back as if shot. The legs and toes are stretched out to their farthest extent, and are quite rigid ; the eyes protrude, are insensible to the touch, and the whole body quivers slightly. It remains in this state from one to two minutes, when it recovers suddenly, and seems as active as before. If taken in the hand, it will immediately go into con-



BROWN CREEPER.

vulsions, even if it has been in a warm room for several hours, and has been supplied plentifully with food. Death usually puts an end to its suffering in a day or two."

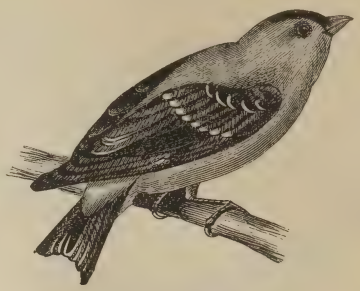
Such catastrophes are more likely to occur, however, in the spring, after the birds have begun to come North, than in the steadier weather of January, and even the song-sparrows and snow-birds, which have successfully withstood all the rigors of the lowest temperature, as often succumb as the less-inured songsters from the South.

The favorite among our winter birds, perhaps, because the most domestic, taking the place of England's robin-redbreast, is the slate-colored snow-bird, which is one of the sparrows. It comes to us with the first frosts, and stays until the wake-robin and spring-beauty have bloomed. Even then some of them do not go far to spend the summer, for they breed in the heights behind the Delaware Water-Gap, and probably in the Catskills, for I saw plenty of them there in August. The main body, nevertheless, go to Canada and Labrador. In the Rocky Mountains I have seen them many times in midsummer as far south as the latitude of Cincinnati; but there the Canada jay also breeds, although in the East its nest is never found—great altitude in the Sierras affording the same climate



CARDINAL-GROSBEAK.

which in the East is only to be attained at high latitudes. The nest of the snow-bird is placed on the ground among the moss, or under the protection of the root of a tree, and is built of grass, weed-stocks, and various fibres. The eggs are whitish, sprinkled with pale chocolate and dark reddish-brown. Several species besides our *Junco hyemalis* are found in the West and Northwest, but they intergrade con-



YELLOW-BIRD.

fusingly, and their nidification is essentially the same. A snow-bird is a snow-bird from one end of the country to the other, and the sharp, metallic note is characteristic of the whole genus. Truer spirits of the snow—for the *Junco* is a sort of fair-weather bird after all—are the snow-buntings, or snow-flakes, or white snow-birds, or, absurdest of all, winter-geese, as the Nahant fishermen call them. Their systematic name is *Plectrophanes nivalis*, and their plumage is handsomely marked with white and chocolate-brown. Sometimes a flock of these buntings will whirl into our door-yard for a brief moment; but in general you must go to the upland fields and frozen marshes to find them, and the best time is just after a "cold snap" or a heavy snow. The Hackensack meadows at such times are full of them, and I have seen flocks of hundreds pirouetting over the ice-covered, wind-swept shores of Lake Erie, or whirling down the bleak sands of Cape Cod. What attracted them to such exposed and dreary spots I could never divine. When they first come they seem unsuspicious of any special danger from man, but are continually skurrying away from some imaginary cause of alarm. Never going far south of New York, we see but few of them even here in wild seasons, and, as the close of the winter approaches, they are among the first to hasten to their home within the arctic circle. In every other flock of snow-flakes may, perhaps, be found one or two Lapland long-spurs—another bird which builds its nest in the moss at the foot of Greenland glaciers. Its coat is white and black and chestnut, so that it is easily distinguishable from its lighter fellow, but it is very uncommon.

Next to the humming-bird, the smallest bird on this continent is the tiny *Regulus*—the golden-crested kinglet—on whose brow rests a coronet of gold, fiery red, and black, below which the jeweled eye is set in a soft, dusky background of olive-green. From tooth to tail he is not so long as your finger, yet this pygmy braves the fury and desolation of winter as cheerily as though soft skies arched overhead. I owe him many thanks for piping his nonchalant, contented little lecture into my ears when I have

growled at the weather and the "foolishness" which dragged me out-of-doors on certain terrible days, only to see what such absurd fellows as he were about. He is the most independent, irrepressible little chap I know of, and for the life of me I never can be down-hearted when he is by. In summer the gold-crest (like his royal brother, the ruby-crown) is a fly-catcher, expertly seizing insects on the wing; and on warm days in winter he forages in the tree-tops for such moths and beetles as are abroad; but necessarily he must subsist chiefly on the larvæ which hibernate under the rotten bark, and upon insects' eggs. Thus he is helped to many a meal by the sap-suckers and tom-tits, whose stronger bills tear open the recesses where the larvæ lie. In summer the kinglets retreat to boreal regions to rear their young; but we know very little about their domestic life. Just before they leave in the spring you may, perhaps, have the rare treat to hear a long way off the resonant song of this minute minstrel—bold and clear, carrying you away aloft like that of the English skylark.

Another personification of

"Contented wi' little and canty wi' mair"

is the brown creeper, whose bill is curved, and long, and tender, so that he can do very little digging for himself, but follows in the track of the woodpeckers and nuthatches, and picks up the grubs which their vigorous beaks have dislodged, or searches carefully for such small insects, and their eggs, as are not well concealed. There is one now in the tree next my window, in the edge of the city, as I write. He flew from the neighboring horse-chestnut to the foot of the ailantus, and began a spiral march upward. I see him creep steadily round and round and round the trunk, with his tail pressed in against the tree to sustain him (like the pointed stick trailing behind a Pennsylvania wagon), peering into every crevice, poking his bill into all the knot-holes and scars where limbs have been shivered off, running out on each branch, here picking up half a dozen eggs which only a bird's sharp eye could find, there transfixing, with his pointed tongue, some dormant beetle laid away on his bark-shelf, or tearing open the pupa-case of some unlucky young moth, snugly dreaming of a successful *début* in May. This creeper is always to be found in our winter woods and orchards, yet is nowhere abundant; its life is a solitary one, and, although not shy, it is so restlessly active as easily to elude the eye. If, in the early spring, you have the rare fortune to hear its song, regard the privilege as precious.

Another creeping bird, almost always moving head downward, more often seen in mid-winter, because then he approaches civilized life, while in summer he retires to the remote woods to rear his brood, is the familiar nuthatch, whose peculiar "kong-kong!"—the most indifferent, don't-care-a-bit utterance in the world—is heard from every other tree-trunk. Like the brown creeper, the nuthatches seek their food on the boles of trees, examining every part by a spiral survey—a sort of triangulation—and are not content till the top is reached, when they dive straight to the roots of the next tree, and begin a new exploration. There is no time wasted by these little engineers in foolish flying about or profitless research. Not allowing a cranny to go untouched, they drag out every unhappy grub it shelters before "raiding" the next hiding-place of insect-life. Their feet are broad and strong for clinging; their bills are small pickaxes, their tongues harpoons, and their brains marine clocks, just as steady one side up as another. Thus they are able to live on the injurious



CROSS-BILL.

borers and the like, which pass through their metamorphoses beneath the bark, and, except when everything is incased in ice, do not eat seed, or even alight on the ground. They are among the most active and serviceable of the fruit-grower's benefactors,



CEDAR-BIRD.

continuing, during the cold months, the good work dropped in October by the summer birds, and finding in his insidious enemies their favorite food. The nuthatch is the leader of that admirable little company—composed of the chickadee, the crested titmouse, the downy woodpecker, and sometimes of the red-bellied nuthatch and *spirituel* creeper—which Wilson truthfully describes as "proceeding regularly from tree to tree through the woods like a corps of pioneers; while, in a calm day, the rattling of their bills, and the rapid motions of their bodies, thrown like so many tumblers and rope-dancers into numberless positions, together with the peculiar chatter of each, are altogether very amusing, conveying the idea of hungry diligence, bustle, and activity."

Every one knows the black-capped titmouse—our jolly little chickadee, and his jolly little chant:

> "*Chick-chickadeedee!* Saucy note,
> Out of sound heart and merry throat,
> As if it said: 'Good-day, good sir!
> Fine afternoon, old passenger!
> Happy to meet you in these places,
> Where January brings few faces.'"

He is the hero of the woods; there are courage and good-nature enough in that compact little body, which you may hide in your fist, to supply a whole groveful of May songsters. He has the Spartan virtue of an eagle, the cheerfulness of the thrushes, the nimbleness of the sparrow, the endurance of the sea-birds, condensed into his tiny frame, and there have been added a "peartness" and ingenuity all his own. His curiosity is immense, and his audacity equal to it; I have even had one alight upon the barrel of the gun over my shoulder as I sat quietly under his tree. The chickadees come to us with the first frost, and keen eyes may discover them all the year round in the Catskills, or among the heights of the Upper Delaware River, whither they go to nest, the majority, nevertheless, passing to Canada for that purpose.

There is a winter wren also, but, although considerably smaller, it is frequently mistaken for the inquisitive and saucy house-wren, which fled south in October. It is a species heard rather than seen, evading observation in the dense brush, through which it moves more like a mouse than a bird. Its startling bugle-song is a wonder, and its whole history is charming, but I must pass it by.

The family of sparrows, finches, and buntings—the *Fringillidæ*—supplies more of the winter woodland birds than any other single group, the list of those regularly present in January including the pine-grosbeak, the red and the white winged crossbills, the two red-poll linnets, the pine, grass, and gold finches, the song, tree, and English sparrows, besides an occasional straggler like the purple finch, cardinal, and white-throat. The first five mentioned are polar bred, and return to their native heaths at the earliest intimation of spring. The pine-grosbeak is a big, clumsy-looking bird, with a plumage reminding you of a blossoming clover-field—a mixture of red and dull green. It has found out what its thick, strong bill was made for, and crushes the scales of the tough pine-cones as though they were paper. The pine-grosbeaks often come into the village streets, hopping about in search of almost anything to eat, and are very tame and interesting. Their note is a cheery one, and when captured they thrive well in the cage, eat apple-seeds greedily, and become very entertaining. The pine-finch, or siskin, is its miniature, and seeks much the same sort of food, but must get it from softer cones, for its bill does not seem half as stout. It is erratic in its visits, and its actions outside of the pine-trees are precisely like those of its cousin, the yellow-bird.

All winter you may notice along the field-fences and in the grassy plats beside the railway, where weeds have gone to seed, active flocks of small, plainly-attired little birds, as cheerful as can be. These are our thistle-loving gold-finches, or yellow-birds, whose simple, sweet song and billowy flight were part of the delight of last summer, but which now have exchanged their gay livery of canary yellow and black for sober undress suits of Quaker drab. The goldfinches, as such, appear with the apple-blossoms, and are seen no later than the gathering of the fruit; but their seeming disappearance in autumn, and reappearance in spring, are only changes of plumage. Nevertheless, they are not so abundant in winter as in summer, many moving a little distance southward. The cross-bills are naturally so named, for the tips of their mandibles slide by one another instead of shutting squarely together. Whether or not this peculiarity has been gradually acquired to meet the necessity of a peculiar instrument to twist open the cones and other tough pericarps, upon the contents of which they feed, or whether it is an accident perpetuated and made the best of, or whether the crossed bill was "created" in that fashion in the beginning, with a definite intention toward pine-cones, we may theorize upon to

suit our tastes; but certain it is that it answers the bird's purpose most admirably. The red cross-bill is the more common of the two, but the white-winged is not greatly different. They fly in small flocks, often coming among the gardens, where their odd appearance never fails to attract attention. In addition to pine-seeds, they feed on the seeds and buds of the cedar, birch, alder, mountain-ash, Virginia creeper, etc., and probably add apples, haws, and berries, to their bill of fare, as does the grosbeak. They are wonderfully happy creatures, fluttering in and out of the evergreens, or passing swiftly from one to another, working away at a swinging cone "teeth and toe-nail," heads or tails up—it doesn't matter—till every kernel is extracted, then with one quick impulse launching into the air and departing—perhaps for the arctic circle—before you have had time to bid them good-by.

One of the earliest and handsomest migrants from the frozen North is the little red-poll linnet, which is about the size of a stout canary. He is a dandy, changing his gay suit of black, brown, white, saffron, pink, red, and crimson, several times a year, and—at least until he is three or four years old—never dressing twice alike. He is an exceedingly melodious if not a very versatile singer, is often kept in cages and mated with the canary in England, and might be here. There would be no difficulty in catching him.

Two other of the familiar friends who make our spring meadows vocal with an incessant concert, the song-sparrow aud grass-finch, remain with us through the winter also, but more than half the song-sparrows are frightened southward by the first snow-storm. A few, however, are always to be met with in the swamps and edges of the woods during January, living under cover of the briers and brush-heaps, and upon the seeds of various grasses and herbs, scratching up the leaves to get at dormant insects or their eggs, here picking up a checkerberry which the snow has not drifted over, there nibbling at the dried remains of blackberries, raspberries, and wrinkled crab-apples, squeezing the gum from a swelling bud, tearing open the seed-case of the wild-rose whose blossom they shook to pieces as they darted to their nests in early June. The brown grass-finch—easily recognized by the two white feathers shown in the tail when flying—seems scarcely ever to leave the field in which it was born. It is emphatically a bird of the meadows, where its song is heard loudest in the long summer twilights when most other birds are silent, so that John Burroughs has called it the vesper sparrow. Building its nest in a little hollow on the ground, finding its food among the grass, it seems hardly to fly over the boundary-fence from one year's end to another. How these finches are able to stand the winter in the open fields is a mystery; perhaps they go elsewhere at night, or crawl into holes; but you may meet them scudding across the uplands every month of the year, keeping company with the few meadow-larks.

All this month, in hedge-rows, wooded hollows, and thickets, beside springs of water, where very likely you may flush a woodcock, will be heard the low warble of the tree-sparrows, northern cousins of the trilling chippy of our lilac-bushes, and of the pretty field-sparrow that calls out, "C-r-e-e-p, c-r-e-e-p, c-r-e-e-p, catch'm, catch'm, catch'm!" from every green pasture. They receive the name from the habit of taking to the trees when disturbed, instead of diving into the bushes and skulking away as do the other sparrows. Once in a while they come into the towns: I saw one yesterday in the horse-chestnut in front of my window, which seemed to be finding plenty to eat about the bark and scanty leaves that remained, until the English sparrows got news of his presence and drove him away in their buccaneering style. These same outrageous English sparrows are the most conspicuous, really, of all our January birds. They are spreading widely through the suburbs of the city, especially between here and Philadelphia; and I am sorry to see it, for they are uncompromising enemies to all our native birds.

It would lead me to far overstep the reasonable limits of this essay if I attempted to extend to all the winter birds even the brief sketch I have given of some of the woodland species. A mere mention must suffice.

Some birds besides those already noticed are residents with us the year round: thus a few robins, bluebirds, crows, blue-jays, cedar-birds, kingfishers, flickers, blackbirds, purple finches, wild-pigeons, quails, grouse, and woodcocks, are always likely to be found in the neighborhood of New York in January; while one or two of the arctic woodpeckers, the Canada jay, the waxwing, and some other rarities, may be met with at long intervals. Of the birds of prey, we have in greater or less numbers this month the golden and bald eagles (about the Palisades), an occasional osprey, the rough-legged, red-shouldered, and red-tailed buzzards, the marsh-harrier, and some others; and, among owls, the fierce snowy owl, which will take a grouse from its



WAXWING.

roost, or carry off a hare; the barred, great horned, long-eared, short-eared, mottled, and little saw-whet owls. Along the adjacent shores of Long Island and New Jersey are seen the various sea-ducks, "coots," and geese; the loon, and an occasional

northern sand-piper, like the splendid purple one; the herring, kittiwake, laughing, black-backed, and several other gulls; and irregularly certain wandering sea-birds whose lives are not so much affected by climatic conditions as are those of the land-birds.

Deprived of the small reptiles, the young of squirrels and other mammals, eggs, and the large night-flying moths and beetles which in summer form a good portion of their subsistence, the predacious birds become more fierce in winter than at any other time, and exercise all their cunning in the pursuit of such meadow-mice and other animals as are imprudent enough to step out of their subnivean galleries, or in the capture of weaker birds. The few late fish-hawks remain by the sea-shore, plunging in now and then for their finny prey, which the bald-eagle very often compels them to relinquish to him. The golden eagle, covering the landscape with keen and comprehensive glance as he sweeps over in vast circuits, swoops upon hares, foxes, and the like, sometimes even picking up an early lamb, or catching a grouse before it can baffle its dreaded pursuer by burying itself in the snow. The buzzard and marsh-hawk sail low over the meadows in slow and easy flight, or stand motionless above some elevated spot in the lowlands, watching intently until a mole, or shrew, or mouse, shows itself below, when they drop upon it like a shot, and carry it off before the poor victim has time to recover from its palsy of terror. Less frequently do these species seem to catch birds, and between Christmas and Easter they lead a very precarious existence. The owls, too, must "live by



SNOW-OWL

their wits," but, being nocturnal, they have the advantage of the birds, and, we may be sure, snatch many a tender one rudely from its roost in the open trees, although the dense twigs and sharp needles of the cedars and other close-boughed evergreens must offer such obstacles to the rapid passage of the owl as to allow many an intended victim to escape. The larger species, as the farmer well knows, will often in continued cold weather come into the very barn-yard and carry off his chickens, while the nocturnal habits of most of the smaller mammals not hibernating in January lead them abroad when the owls are mostly flying, and on moonlight nights these prowlers get many a good meal, no doubt.

It would seem, therefore, as if the chances of death presented to the lesser winter birds by scarcity of food, rigor of climate, hawks by day and owls by night, outnumbered the chances of life offered by their alertness and enduring vitality. But there are some additional circumstances favorable to their escape from the latter fate, their resources against starvation and freezing having already been explained. One of these circumstances is the vigilance of the birds: they never are forgetful. Sometimes their curiosity leads them into danger, or an enemy like man, which they do not suspect, may approach them by being very quiet; but a hawk could never insinuate himself into a sparrow's good graces, nor could an owl win his confidence; both must trust to surprising him or overtaking him in an open race, which is about as difficult as "catching a weasel asleep." Then the hiding-places of the birds in hollow trees, crannies in walls, dense thickets, and brush-piles, during the night and in bad weather, are such as afford excellent security from their nocturnal winged enemies, although quite accessible to foxes and weasels. It is a curious fact that fourteen or fifteen of our January birds choose hollows in trees or holes in the ground for nesting-places, as though profiting by their experience of the security afforded.

Another very important circumstance favoring the preservation of small birds at this season is the fact that in the majority of cases the tints of their plumages are precisely such as best harmonize with the surroundings in which they are most often seen, and thus make them less discernible than they otherwise might be. Looking through our list of winter birds, many striking examples of this protective coloration are found—more, in proportion, than in summer, when there does not seem to be so great need of individual safety, and the "struggle for existence" is not narrowed down to such a strait and beset with so many difficulties. The kinglets, for instance, spend their time in flitting about the tops of the trees, and their plumage is found to be a dusky green, like an old leaf, while the fiery crowns which both wear are concealed, except at moments (of love-passion, I imagine) when they wish to display them. Easier to detect than the kinglets, yet plainly dressed, are the titmice and nuthatches; but these frequent widely different scenes, and, moreover, have compensating advantages beyond most other birds in the habit of living mostly in the deep woods where diurnal birds of prey are uncommon, and at night of secreting themselves in small holes where the owls cannot get at them. This is also true of the small spotted woodpeckers, which, nevertheless, are inconspicuous objects upon the dead and white trunks. The brown and white streaks of the creeper (*Certhia Americana*), however, seem to me to furnish a decided case of protective colors in plumage, since they harmonize so exactly with the rough, cracked bark along which the creeper glides, that the wee bird is

hardly to be followed by the eye at a moderate distance. Again, no coat would better help the wren to scout unobserved about the tangled thickets and through the piles of wind-drifted leaves in and out of this and that shadowy crevice than the plain brown one he wears; while the lighter tints of the goldfinch's livery are precisely those which agree with the russet weeds and grass whose harvest he diligently gathers. The group of exclusively boreal birds seems especially protected from harm by the correspondence of their coat and their surroundings. Their home is among the evergreens, where an occasional dead branch or withered stem relieves the verdancy with yellowish patches, and the thick-hanging cones dot the tree with spots of reddish-brown; their plumage is mottled with green, tints of yellow and brown, an inconspicuous red, and a little black and white—just the colors one's eye takes in at a glance as he looks at a hemlock. The practical result for our eyes (or a falcon's) is, that the pine-grosbeaks and finches, the cross-bills and purple finches, blend with the foliage and cones and dead branches until they are lost to any but the most attentive gaze. The snow-bunting rejoices in a cloak of white, and thus mingles inextricably to the eye with the feathery flakes he whirls among, while his companion, the long-spur, is almost equally ghostly. All the winter sparrows are of the brown color of the sere grass, withered leaves, and broken branches, among which they dwell, except the slaty snow-bird, and he is of a neutral tint, easily lost to view in a shadow.

This protection of adaptive colors is not enjoyed to any great extent by the robin, bluebird, meadow-lark, cardinal-grosbeak, and kingfisher—but none of these are "winter" birds here, properly speaking, but only loiterers behind the summer host, and ought really to be excluded from the comparison; nor by the crow, crow-blackbirds, blue-jay, Canada jay, and butcher-bird—but these are all large and strong, able for the most part to defend themselves; while, on the contrary, the colors of the large but timid and defenseless woodcock, quail, and grouse, are highly protective. The birds of prey themselves scarcely need such protection from one another, yet some of them regularly exchange their summer plumage for a winter dress of lighter and (in the general white of the landscape) less conspicuous tints; but this may operate to their advantage in the reverse way of allowing them to attain a closer, because unobserved, approach to their quarry. This leaves us, among the land-birds, only the bright red-poll and the waxwings as exceptions to the supposed rule that the plumages of winter birds are colored in a way directly favorable to their special preservation at that season of augmented danger. They are cases of which I have no account to give other than that—let me beg the reader charitably to believe—these are the exceptions which "favor the rule."

But against one persecutor no concealment of natural color or artful device avails, and the brains of the pretty songsters, so full of wit to avoid other enemies and provide for each day's need, are his choice repast. This dainty tyrant wears an overcoat of bluish-ash trimmed with black and white, a vest of white marked with fine, wavy, transverse lines, white knee-breeches, and black stockings. His eyes are dark and piercing; his nose Napoleonic; his forehead high and white; his mustache as heavy and black as that of any cavalier in Spain. This Mephistopheles among birds is a ruffian, truly, yet with a polish and courage without bravado which commend him. Being an outlaw in the Avian Kingdom, he can only maintain himself by adroitness and force, but has such singular impetuosity, prudence, and fortitude, that he is not only able to keep himself and his retainers in health and wealth and happiness, but to gratify his bloodthirsty love of revenge by killing numberless innocents without mercy. Thus he has struck terror to the heart of every feathered inhabitant of the January woods. Like Cæsar, he knows and joyously endures hunger and cold and thirst. Is it biting, freezing weather, and blinding snow? Little cares he; he can then the more easily surprise his benumbed prey. Is it a warm, sap-starting, inviting day? He is at the festival of the birds—a fatal intruder into many a happy circle. His favorite perch is the high rider of some lonely fence, where he quietly waits till a luckless field-mouse creeps out and he is able to pounce upon it; or an incautious sparrow or kinglet dashes past, unconscious of the watchful foe who seizes him like a flash of lightning. Having felled his quarry with a single blow, he returns to his fence-post and eats



HORNED OWL.

the brains—rarely more—or perhaps does not taste a single billful, but impales the body upon a thorn, or hangs it in an angle of the fence, as a butcher suspends his quarters of beef. It used to be thought this murderer thus impaled nine captives and no more—so he was christened nine-killer; the book-men labeled him *Collurio borealis*—we know him as the butcher-bird: he is the arctic brother of the shrikes, and the boldest, bravest, noblest, and wickedest of his savage race.

THE PRINCE CONSORT AND THE QUEEN.[1]

FRANCIS CHARLES AUGUSTUS ALBERT EMMANUEL, of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, best known by us as Prince Albert, consort of Queen Victoria of England, was born August 26, 1819, and died December 14, 1861, at the age of forty-two. He might fairly have been expected to attain threescore and ten or fourscore years ; for he came of a long-lived stock, possessed an apparently vigorous constitution, and lived from childhood up that active, sober, and upright life most conducive to longevity. Dying when scarcely past midlife, he is sure of an honorable place in history as an earnest, clever, and noble man. If he fails to be hereafter recognized as one of the great men of the age, one of those who have swayed great movements and stamped their impress upon great events, it will not be the fault of Queen Victoria, who has, in a manner, consecrated the long years of her widowhood to the pious task of becoming his biographer. Some half-dozen years after his death appeared "The Early Years of his Royal Highness the Prince Consort," compiled by General Grey under the direction of the queen, in which the events and characteristics of his childhood, youth, and early manhood, were set forth with loving minuteness. The evident design was, to continue the work through a number of volumes. A year afterward was published, under the editorial care of Mr. Arthur Helps, the charming little volume, "Leaves from the Journal of our Life in the Highlands," kept by the queen's own hand. The idea of continuing the work begun by General Grey was abandoned, and the responsibility of writing a formal life of the prince was undertaken, at the queen's request, by Mr. Theodore Martin, who has given it the form of a history of the life and times of the prince consort. Two volumes are now before us, bringing the work down to the beginning of 1854. A third volume, we suppose, will complete the history. The author has been fairly successful in the more ambitious part of his task, and very decidedly successful in the more interesting portion, which sets before us the personal character of the queen and her consort. "Nothing, however confidential," he says, in the prefatory chapter addressed to the queen, "has been withheld which could reflect a light upon the prince's character, or enable me to present him in his true colors before the world. . . . I have had occasion to speak much and often of your majesty, with whom his life was so inseparably interwoven that, without the reflected light thus cast upon the prince, the picture would lose many of its tenderest and most penetrating touches."

The story of the queen and her consort reads almost like a delicate fairy-tale wrought out in the strenuous age of coal and iron and steam. Born within a few weeks of each other, and wedded before either had passed the age of twenty, their stations in life were widely remote. She was the queen of an empire upon which the sun never sets ; he was the younger son of a petty duke across whose dominions one might walk in half a day : yet the threads which united their destinies were spun before either was born. They were unwittingly spun at the side of a coffin in which lay a young wife, and her babe who had never seen the light.

The 6th of November, 1817, was a sad day in England. The Princess Charlotte, sole offspring of the prince regent, wife of Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg, and undisputed heiress of the British crown, lay dead a few hours after giving birth to a dead child. Much was involved in the death of this young woman of twenty years : most of all, that, in consequence of it, there was a fearful probability that before many years the British crown would by right of descent devolve upon a man who was so odious to the nation that it was doubtful if he would be permitted to ascend the throne. To understand this, we must glance at the members of the royal family.

King George III., old, blind, and insane, was as good as dead. His oldest son, the Prince of Wales, who had long ruled as prince regent, must soon come to the throne as King George IV. He was a worn-out voluptuary of five-and-fifty, separated from his wife, from whom he was eager for a divorce, and it was certain that in no case would another heir be born to him. When he should die the crown would, in course of nature, devolve upon his next brother, Frederick, Duke of York, if he were the survivor. The duke was scarcely a year younger than his brother. He had been married nearly a quarter of a century, but was childless, and, upon his death, the next in succession was William, Duke of Clarence, third son of George III.

The Duke of Clarence, born in 1765, was not an exemplary personage. He was put into the navy, made a few voyages, and was created an admiral, after which he never made more than a holiday trip to sea. At twenty-five he became enamored of a clever actress—a few years older than himself, and mother of several children—known on the stage as Mrs. Jordan. She accepted his "protection," and for nearly a quarter of a century was the acknowledged mistress of the ducal residence of Busby Park, still appearing upon the stage, for her large salary was a welcome addition to the income of twelve thousand pounds a year granted to his royal highness by a nation grateful to him for having been born. To do poor Dorothy Jordan justice, she was in every way, except in the fact of her dubious relations with the duke, an excellent woman. When her well-preserved charms faded, he grew tired of her, and set her adrift in a shabby manner, and she in time died old, poor, and forgotten. Half a score of children had been

[1] The Life of his Royal Highness the Prince Consort. By Theodore Martin. Vol. II. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1877.

born to them, who were acknowledged by the duke, bore the name of Fitzclarence, and were well provided for. Titled husbands were found for the daughters; the eldest son entered the army, was made a general, and in time created Earl of Munster; and places were found for the younger sons in the navy and the church. The duke was coarse, awkward, and stupid, and addicted to wine, grog, and sailors' oaths. He might marry, and possibly have an heir; but, failing this, the next in succession was Edward, Duke of Kent.

The Duke of Kent was a quiet, sickly bachelor of fifty, who had all his life been kept in obscurity, and was snubbed by his big, roistering elder brothers, Wales, York, and Clarence; but he came to be greatly liked by his niece, the poor, abused Princess Charlotte, and her clever husband, Prince Leopold. There was small likelihood that he would outlive his elder brothers, and so come to the throne. But should he marry, now that the Princess Charlotte was dead, a possible child of his might come to stand in the way—as, indeed, was to be the case—of the succession to the crown of the odious Duke of Cumberland, the fifth son of George III.

Ernest, Duke of Cumberland, was forty-six years old, and in the full vigor of manhood. He lived to the age of eighty, surviving all his twelve older and younger brothers and sisters. He had come to be the object of more odium than any other prince whose name is recorded in English history. He was reported to be addicted not only to the ordinary excesses of his race, but to those unnatural abuses at which the modesty of our English speech hardly dares to hint. Men whispered that he had not stopped short of the murder of a servant who knew too much, and might tell what he knew. How much that was believed of him was true, no man can now say; but it is certain that England was no safe residence for him, and he lived mainly on the Continent. Should the succession in time fall to him, as was most likely, a revolution seemed inevitable. The least that could happen would be that Parliament should assume that supreme authority which it had assumed a hundred and thirty years before, when it set aside the line of the Stuarts by the formal announcement: "The lords spiritual and temporal, and commons, assembled at Westminster, do resolve that William and Mary, Prince and Princess of Orange, be and be declared King and Queen of England."

But in that case upon whose head should the crown be placed? The duke had married two years before, and would probably have children. He did indeed have a son—that blind man who still styles kimself King of Hanover, although his dominions were wrested from him ten years ago by the King of Prussia, and now form a state of the overshadowing German Empire. Should the crown be bestowed upon such a son? or should it be given to one of the younger brothers of the duke? Of these there were two—Augustus, Duke of Sussex, and Adolphus, Duke of Cambridge. The Duke of Sussex, born in 1773, had at the age of twenty been married at Rome, but by a Protestant clergyman, to Lady Auguste de Ameland. The ceremony had been repeated in London, but the marriage had been contracted without the royal sanction, and was declared by the prerogative court to be null and void, being in violation of the royal marriage act of 12 George III. The lady was, moreover, we believe, a Catholic, and, if so, the marriage itself, by the English law, wrought an absolute forfeiture of all right to the crown. The duke, however, honorably regarded the Lady Auguste as his wife, although their children bore the name of D'Este, and were never reckoned as belonging to the blood royal. The last and youngest son of George III. was Adolphus, Duke of Cambridge, forty-three years of age, and unmarried. If it should become necessary to set aside the Duke of Cumberland, we imagine that he would have been called to the throne, if, indeed, the throne itself were not swept away. If a child should be born to either of the elder dukes, Clarence or Kent, the impending peril would be averted.

Princess Charlotte was hardly in her grave before the three unmarried dukes, the youngest of whom was verging upon fifty, went or sent among the petty German courts in search of wives; and all were successful. Brief time was given to wooing and millinery preparations. On the 7th of May, 1818, four months and a day after the death of Princess Charlotte, the Duke of Cambridge was married to the Princess Augusta of Hesse. Three weeks after, the Duke of Clarence was married to the Princess Adelaide of Saxe-Meiningen; and the Duke of Kent to Victoire Maria, widow of the Prince of Leiningen, and sister of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and of Prince Leopold. She was born in 1786, was married in 1803 to the Prince of Leiningen, and ten years after was left a widow with two children. The Duke of Kent had indeed for some time been a not unhopeful wooer for her hand, and the death of the Princess Charlotte opened possibilities too brilliant to be refused.

Before the next spring flowers were in bloom, there was reason to hope that the end for which these sudden marriages were contracted would be attained. Early in March, 1819, the Duchess of Clarence gave birth to a stillborn daughter, but the mother passed safely through the hour of trial. Before the end of the month the Duchess of Cambridge was safely delivered of a son, the present duke; and on May 24th the Duchess of Kent bore a daughter, the present Queen Victoria.

All these events were of special interest in the little duchy of Coburg. Duke Ernest, elder brother of the Duchess of Kent and Prince Leopold, had undergone much trouble. He had nominally acceded to his dukedom in 1806, upon the death of his father; but the French took possession of Coburg, placing it under charge of a military intendant. "My good mother and all of us," says Leopold, "had no means of existence but what was clandestinely given by our employés, and a little tolerated by the intendant." It was not till after the final overthrow of Napoleon that Duke Ernest fairly got possession of his duchy. There had been some talk of marrying him to a Russian archduchess, but the match was

broken off, and in 1817 he succeeded, not without difficulty, in obtaining the hand of the pretty young Princess Louise of Saxe-Gotha. Two sons were born to them—Ernest, June 21, 1818; and Albert, the future prince consort, August 26, 1819. The marriage proved an unhappy one. A separation took place in 1824, followed two years afterward by a divorce. After the separation, the mother never saw her children. She retired to Switzerland, where she died in 1832. A few weeks afterward the duke married his own niece, the daughter of his sister.

The newly-made Duchess of Kent had little reason to congratulate herself upon her reception in England. The duke was on bad terms with the regent, who, says Leopold, "was not kind to his brother: at every instant something or other of an unpleasant nature arose." The duke and duchess were not received at court, and lived mainly with the duchess's brother Leopold at Claremont. The birth of his daughter was indeed a triumph to the infirm duke. "Look at her well," he was wont to say to his friends, "for she will be Queen of England." But his elation was brief: he died when she was eight months old, "leaving," says Leopold, "his family deprived of all means of existence." Luckily was it for the future queen and her mother that Leopold could supply the deficiency, for, upon his marriage with the Princess Charlotte, a pension of fifty thousand pounds had been settled upon him for life. Well might Victoria look upon Leopold as her second father.

George III. died early in 1820, in the same week with his son, and the prince regent became king, reigning till 1830, when he passed away without a soul to regret him. The Duke of York had died three years before, and the Duke of Clarence became King William IV. A second daughter had been born to him in 1820, but she lived only a few months. The bereft mother wrote to the Duchess of Kent: "My children are dead, but yours lives, and she is mine too;" and the good Adelaide took the little Victoria to her kind and desolate heart.

The little princess was brought up in strict seclusion, and it was not till she was twelve years old that she knew, what everybody else knew, that she was the undoubted heir to the British crown. Thirty-five years after, her old governess recalled to the memory of the widowed queen the manner in which this was communicated to her and how it was received. A bill had been introduced into Parliament providing that the Duchess of Kent should be regent in case the crown should devolve upon her daughter while she was a minor.

"I then said to the Duchess of Kent," wrote the governess, "that now, for the first time, your majesty ought to know your place in the succession. Her royal highness agreed with me, and I put the genealogical table into the historical book. When the tutor was gone, the Princess Victoria opened, as usual, the book again, and seeing the additional paper said, 'I never saw that before.' 'It was not thought necessary you should, princess,' I answered. 'I see I am nearer the throne than I thought.' 'So it is, madam,' I said. After some moments, the princess resumed: 'Now, many a child would boast; but they don't know the difficulty. There is much splendor, but there is more responsibility.' The princess, having lifted up the forefinger of her right hand while she spoke, gave me that little hand, saying, 'I will be good.'"

It was a promise which has been made by many a child, but kept by very few so faithfully as by the future Queen of England.

Meanwhile the two young Coburg princes were growing up into hearty lads. They were only four and five years old when the separation between their father and mother took place. We are not told what was the reason of the separation and subsequent divorce, but we imagine it did not involve criminality on the part of the young duchess, for Leopold, ever the good genius of the family, says that he had set out for Coburg, but "arrived too late to prevent some painful events;" and when long years afterward the husband died, the remains of the divorced mother of his children were brought from Switzerland and placed by the side of his own, and those of his second wife in the magnificent mausoleum at Coburg. Still, from casual intimations in the "Early Years," we infer that the loss of their mother's training was a gain to her children. The lack of their mother's care was, we imagine, more than made up by that of their paternal grandmother, the Dowager Duchess of Coburg, and their maternal step-grandmother, the Duchess of Gotha, the widowed second wife of their maternal grandfather.

The boys were so nearly of an age that they were treated quite as twins. They had the same nurse and the same tutor, pursued the same studies under the same professors, and, until their eighteenth year, were never separated for a day; and when Ernest reached his majority, a special government patent was issued declaring Albert also to be of full age. The younger brother, indeed, from early childhood appears to have been the master, and, although much the slighter of the two, to have had the best of it even in fisticuffs. In a little journal, kept in his sixth year, we find such memoranda as these: "I got up well and happy; afterward I had a fight with my brother;" and the entry the next day: "I had another fight with my brother; that was not right." The tutor who took charge of the boys for many years after the separation between their parents, says of him: "Surpassing his brother in thoughtful earnestness, in calm reflection and self-command, and evincing at the same time more prudence in action, it was only natural that his will should prevail, and when compliance with it was not voluntarily yielded, he was sometimes disposed to have recourse to compulsion."

The idea of a marriage between Albert and Victoria was formed by their grandmother, the duchess dowager, and the Duchess of Kent, while both children were in their cradles; and before the boy was three years old his nurse was wont to talk to him about the little bride who was growing up for him in England; and by the time they were twelve years old, their uncle Leopold, who had become King

of the Belgians, and was esteemed the wisest sovereign in Europe, entered warmly into the scheme, provided that, as the boy grew up, he should fulfill the rare promise of his childhood. To ascertain this, he kept as close watch as possible over the lad, but relied mainly upon the judgment of his tried friend Baron Stockmar.

Baron Christian Frederick von Stockmar, who was to play an important though indirect part in the future career of Albert and Victoria, was born at Coburg in 1787. He studied medicine, and when, in 1816, Leopold went over to marry the Princess Charlotte, accompanied him as private physician. She had died with his hand clasped in hers, and upon him devolved the task of announcing to Leopold the blow which had fallen upon him. He subsequently acted as private secretary to the prince and controller of his household, and was then brought into frequent and close connection with the Duchess of Kent and her daughter. In the complex negotiation which resulted in the establishment of Leopold as King of the Belgians, Stockmar acted as his private adviser and official representative. When Leopold was fairly settled upon the throne of Belgium, Stockmar retired to his native Coburg, whence he kept the Belgian king acquainted with all that was going on there.

Early in 1836 it became clear that William IV. was approaching his end, and that Victoria must soon accede to the throne. Intrigues were rife as to the disposition of her hand. Half a dozen candidates had been named, and Leopold saw that if the Coburg match was to be effected something must be done at once, and he asked the opinion of his faithful Stockmar, especially as to the capacity and disposition of the young prince. The cautious old baron was never addicted to few words, and his sensible reply was fearfully prolix, but upon the whole favorable:

"Albert," he wrote, "is a fine young fellow, well grown for his age, with agreeable and valuable qualities; and who, if things go on well, may, in a few years, turn out a strong, handsome man, of a kindly, simple, yet dignified demeanor. . . . As to his mind, one hears much to his credit. But these judgments are more or less partial; and, until I have observed him longer, I can form no judgment as to his capacity and the probable development of his character. He is said to be circumspect, discreet, and even now cautious. But all this is not enough. He ought to have not merely great ability, but a right ambition, and a great force of will as well. . . . If he does not from the very outset accept the position as a vocation of grave responsibility, on the efficient fulfillment of which his honor and happiness depend, there is small likelihood of his succeeding."

He especially urged that, as no formal proposition had yet been made, none should be made until the young people had seen each other, and been mutually pleased. This could be easily managed, for nothing was more natural than for the Duchess of Kent to invite her brother, the Duke of Coburg, with his two sons, to pay her a short visit. The invitation was given, much to the displeasure of William IV., who could not but suspect the object of it, and who had already set his heart upon a marriage between his niece and Prince Alexander of the Netherlands.

The duke and his two sons came over in May, 1834, and remained four weeks. Albert was not quite seventeen, just the age when a boy is apt to be least interesting to a young woman a few months older, and naturally considerably more developed in character. His appearance would seem to have satisfied King William that there was no present danger of any matrimonial entanglements, and he was kind enough to the boy, invited him to a levee, which Albert thought "long and fatiguing, but very interesting;" to a "drawing-room" at noon on the royal birthday, "at which about three thousand eight hundred people passed before the king and queen and the other high dignitaries, to offer their congratulations," followed by a great dinner in the evening, and a concert, lasting till an hour after midnight, at which the tired lad found it hard to keep awake; and to several court dinners. The young people were not informed of the schemes of their elders, and not a word was said by them about the proposed match. Of this visit the boy wrote to his step-mother: "The climate of this country, the different way of living, and the late hours, do not agree with me. We have not a great deal of room in our apartment, but are nevertheless very comfortably lodged. Dear aunt is very kind to us, and does everything she can to please us; and our cousin is also very amiable." Thirty years later the widowed queen noted down her recollections of the impression made upon her at the time by her young cousin, from which it is clear enough that there was then no falling in love on her part. She writes:

"The prince was at that time much shorter than his brother, already very handsome, but very stout, which he entirely grew out of afterward. He was most amiable, natural, unaffected, and merry; full of interest in everything; playing on the piano with his cousin, the princess; drawing; in short, constantly occupied. He always paid the greatest attention to all he saw, and the queen remembers well how intently he listened to the sermon preached at St. Paul's, when he and his father and brother accompanied the Duchess of Kent and the princess there on the occasion of the service attended by the children of the different charity schools."

Doubtless the Duchess of Kent kept her brother Leopold informed as to how things were going on, and convinced him of the necessity of his putting in an oar. Just before the princes left England, Leopold wrote to the princess, telling her what were his wishes on the subject. Her reply was at least not discouraging. It concluded: "I have only now to beg of you to take care of the health of one now so dear to me, and to take him under your special protection. I hope and trust that all will go on prosperously and well on the subject now of so much importance to me."

The wary Leopold, now that the young people had been put on a pleasant, cousinly footing, wisely let matters take their own course for a while. In view of the cabals and intrigues of the court, it was

desirable that attention should be withdrawn from the Coburg match, which had come to be a matter of talk. For this purpose nothing was better than that the prince should be apparently quietly pursuing the ordinary course of education. For ten months the brothers were left at Brussels, under care of a governor, preparing themselves for admissson into the quiet University of Bonn, where they studied for the succeeding year and a half with commendable diligence. During this time Albert shot up from a short, fat, handsome boy, to a tall, elegant, and accomplished young man, especially proficient in manly exercises and music, and well advanced in the natural sciences, political economy, and philosophy. After leaving the university it was decided that Ernest should enter the Saxon army for a time, and that Albert should make a tour in Italy, accompanied by Baron Stockmar, to watch over him and report about him to King Leopold. The old baron's report was, on the whole, favorable, but yet with some drawbacks. The prince, he said, took much after his mother both in body and mind. He had her intelligence, her fondness for drollery, and her talent for making himself appear kind and amiable. But as to his manners there was great room for improvement; and he was inclined to laziness. "Great exertion is repugnant to him, and his tendency is to spare himself both morally and physically. Full of the best intentions and the noblest resolutions, he often falls short in giving them effect. His judgment is in many things beyond his years; but hitherto he shows not the slightest interest in politics. Even while the most important occurrences are in progress, and their issues undecided, he does not care to look into a newspaper. He holds, moreover, all foreign journals in abhorrence; and, while declaring that the Augsburg *Allgemeine Zeitung* is the only paper one wants, or that is worth reading, he does not even read that." After all, there are few young men of eighteen of whom a shrewd, kindly mentor of fifty would be apt to form a less unfavorable judgment. It was no very grave defect that, amid the wonders of Italy, he should manifest little interest in the dull politics of the day, and should omit the regular perusal of the *Allgemeine Zeitung;* and, if there was in him a tendency to laziness, this tendency was visible only to the baron, and at all events was nobly overcome.

In the mean time William IV. had died, June 20, 1837, and Victoria, less than a month past her eighteenth birthday, became Queen of England. An occasional correspondence had been kept up between her and Prince Albert. From time to time he sent her little mementos of his vacation-trips from Bonn —a dried Alpine rose plucked on the summit of the Righi, a scrap of Voltaire's handwriting from Ferney, a little volume with views of the places which he saw on his trip, and the like; and, when she became queen, he wrote a pretty note containing his congratulations and best wishes, with the hope that she would "think sometimes of her cousins in Bonn."

Somehow during these student-years it had come to be an understood matter that the marriage should take place at no very distant date, although the young pair took the matter very lightly. But before the queen had been six months on the throne it seemed to Leopold that there ought to be some decisive arrangement at once. To this the queen demurred, for reasons which one would think quite satisfactory. Both parties, she said, were quite too young; the prince was a minor, and everybody would say that a marriage would be premature. Moreover, he spoke English very imperfectly when he had visited her a few months before, and needed a wider experience, more practised habits of observation, and more self-reliance than he could as yet possibly have acquired. From the dignity of her new position she evidently looked back upon her cousin as a nice, clever boy, who might some day become a man. As for herself, she did not mean to marry for three or four years.

The determination of the queen was made known to Albert by King Leopold. The young prince took the matter quite philosophically, and seemed, indeed, rather glad to have the matter put off for three or four years. "I am ready," he said, "to submit to this delay, if I have some certain assurance to go upon. But if, after waiting perhaps for three years, I should find that the queen no longer desired the marriage, it would place me in a ridiculous position, and would to a certain extent ruin all my prospects for the future." The queen saw the justice of this, and gave to her uncle such assurances as convinced him that all would work right. But this was kept from the prince, and it was decided that Albert should make his Italian tour before seeing the queen, for by the time the tour was finished the objection based upon his youthful appearance would have disappeared. The trusty Stockmar was now in England, and in constant intercourse with the queen. Leopold wrote to him gleefully of the prince, who was not quite nineteen: "Albert is much improved. He looks so much more manly, and from his *tournure* one might easily take him for twenty-two or twenty-three."

After his return from Italy in the summer of 1839, the prince showed no disposition to press his suit in England, but laid out for himself quite an extended course of private study, especially in the English language and history. But the astute Leopold, who was well posted up as to the malign influences under which the queen had fallen, saw that the time was close at hand when his darling idea must be carried out or abandoned forever. The queen had at midsummer written to him to the effect that, while everything she had heard of Albert was most favorable, she still wanted a delay. But he was hopeful that if the queen should see the handsome, amiable, and clever young man with whom she was trying to play fast and loose, she would give up the game. At all events, it was worth trying; and early in October he sent Albert and his brother over to England with a half-jocular note to the queen. "My dearest Victoria," he wrote, "your cousins will be themselves the bearers of these lines. I recommend them to your *bienveillance*. They are good

and honest creatures, deserving your kindness, and not pedantic, but really sensible and trustworthy. I have told them that your great wish is that they should be quite at ease with you. I am sure that, if you have anything to recommend to them, they will be most happy to learn it from you."

The prince set out, apparently not caring very much which way the matter turned out. To a young friend he wrote: "The queen declared to my uncle of Belgium that she wished the affair to be considered as broken off, and that for four years she could think of no marriage. I went, therefore, with the quiet but firm determination to declare on my part that I also, tired of the delay, withdrew entirely from the affair." And the queen herself records that after they had been married he told her that he "came over with the firm determination of telling her that, if she could not then make up her mind, he could not now wait for a decision, as he had done at a former period when the marriage was first talked about." Nothing of the kind was to happen. What did happen forms as pretty a little love-story as was ever imagined by any novelist; and here the two actors themselves are the narrators.

The two princes reached Windsor Castle long after dark, on Thursday, November 10th. They had been expected; the queen met them at the head of the great staircase, and conducted them to the apartments of her mother. The young queen could hardly believe her eyes when she saw the change which had been wrought in the fat, merry boy from whom she had parted scarcely three years before. *Miranda* on the desert island did not fall more quickly in love with *Ferdinand*, the third man whom she ever saw, than did Victoria with Albert. There was to be a formal dinner-party that evening; and, as the luggage of the princes had not arrived, they could not appear, but they came in after dinner, in spite of their morning-dresses. Friday was not past before the queen had begun to direct the most friendly demonstrations toward the prince. On Saturday she wrote to Uncle Leopold: "Albert's beauty is most striking, and he is most amiable and unaffected—in short, very *fascinating*." On Sunday she had settled the question for herself, and on Monday morning she sent for Lord Melbourne, the prime-minister, and told him that she had made up her mind to the marriage. The old statesman replied: "I am very glad of it. You will be much more comfortable; for a woman cannot stand alone for any time in whatever position she may be." That same evening one of the prince's attendants was directed to intimate to him that her majesty wished to speak to him next day. He happened to have gone out hunting in the morning before the message was delivered. He was back by noon, and in half an hour went to her apartment, where he found her alone. He shall tell for himself what followed:

"The queen sent for me alone to her room, and declared to me, in a genuine outburst of heartiness and love, that I had gained her whole heart, and would make her over-happy if I would make her the sacrifice of sharing her life with her; for she said she looked upon it as a sacrifice: the only thing that troubled her was that she did not think she was worthy of me. The joyous openness of manner in which she told me this quite enchanted me, and I was quite carried away by it. She is really most good and amiable, and I am quite sure Heaven has not given me into evil hands, and that we shall be happy together."

The pair, thus oddly betrothed, lost no time in settling other matters which are usually postponed for a while; for before she slept the queen wrote to Uncle Leopold:

"My mind is quite made up, and I told Albert this morning of it. The warm affection he showed me on learning this gave me great pleasure. He seems perfection, and I think that I have the prospect of very great happiness before me. I love him more than I can say, and shall do everything in my power to render this sacrifice (for such in my opinion it is) as small as I can. Lord Melbourne has acted in this business with the greatest kindness and affection. We also think it better, and Albert quite approves of it, that we should be married very soon after Parliament meets, about the beginning of February."

Having taken for herself the privilege of popping the question, it was quite in order that the queen should press that an early day should be named. But one may imagine that the prince was somewhat surprised at the brief time allowed him. Instead of a four years' engagement, to which he was prepared to accede, less than as many months was proposed. He was, indeed, not a little bewildered by the exuberance of the queen's demonstrations. On the day following her avowal he wrote to Stockmar: "Victoria is so good and kind to me that I am often puzzled to believe that I should be the object of so much affection. More, or more seriously, I cannot write; I am at this moment too much bewildered to do so." Victoria had been a little ahead of him in announcing the news to Stockmar, to whom on the evening of the engagement she had written: "I do feel *so* guilty. I do not know how to begin my letter. Albert has completely won my heart, and all was settled between us this morning. I feel certain he will make me very happy. I wish I could say I felt as certain of *my* making him happy, but I shall do my best." Uncle Leopold was of course jubilant when the tidings reached him. He wrote: "I had, when I learned your decision, almost the feeling of old Simeon, 'Now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace.' Your choice has been for these last years my conviction of what might and would be best for your happiness. And just because I was convinced of it, and knew how strangely Fate often changes what one tries to bring about, as being the best thing one could fix upon, I feared that it would not happen."

The course of true love ran smoothly when it had once begun to flow. The two princes remained in England for a month, and, before it was over, the love of Albert had come to be as deep and earnest as was that of Victoria. The time passed very pleasantly. The queen was wont to breakfast in her own room, after which she received the princes there, and at two o'clock they had luncheon with her

and her mother. In the afternoon they all rode out, the ladies and gentlemen in attendance forming a large cavalcade. There was a great dinner every evening, with a dance after it three times a week. There seems to have been only one notable incident—a review of troops in the park—which is thus described by the queen in her journal:

"At ten minutes to twelve I set off in my Windsor uniform and cap, on my old charger, 'Leopold,' with my beloved Albert, looking *so* handsome in his green Coburg uniform, on my right. A horrid day! Cold—dreadfully blowing—and, in addition, raining hard when we had been out a few minutes. It, however, ceased when we came to the ground. I rode alone down the ranks, and then took my place, as usual, with dearest Albert on my right, and saw the troops move past. It was piercingly cold, and I had my cape on, which dearest Albert settled comfortably for me. He was *so* cold, being *en grande tenue*, with high boots. We cantered home again, and went in to show ourselves to poor Ernest, who had seen all from a window."

The secret was closely kept until the princes had left for home, and then the privy council was convened to hear the announcement. They assembled to the number of eighty-two. First on the list was the Duke of Cambridge, then came the Archbishop of Canterbury, followed by the names of dukes and marquises, earls and viscounts, barons and knights. Last on the list was the greatest name of all, "Mr. Macaulay." The queen wore a bracelet with the prince's picture: "It seemed," she wrote in her journal, "to give me courage. The room was full, but I hardly knew who was there. I read my short declaration. I felt my hands shook, but I did not make one mistake. I felt most happy and thankful when all was over. Lord Lansdowne then rose, and, in the name of the privy council, asked that 'this most gracious and most welcome communication might be printed.' I then left the room, the whole thing not lasting above two or three minutes."

The announcement of the approaching marriage of the queen to almost anybody would have been welcome to the British people for many reasons. Not the least of these was that it promised finally to sever the connection with Hanover, which had since George I. been a burden to England, and with its odious king, their own Duke of Cumberland, who was still next in descent to the English crown. The succession in Hanover was according to the Salic law; that is, males only succeed to or transmit the sovereignty. The English law of succession is semi-Salic; that is, males in the same degree of consanguinity take precedence of females; but females take precedence of males in a more remote degree. Accordingly, upon the death of William IV., Victoria became Queen of England, and the Duke of Cumberland King of Hanover, and the union of the crowns ceased; but if the queen should die without heirs, the King of Hanover or his successor would become the lawful King of England, and the crowns would be reunited. Although the queen could marry whom she pleased without asking leave of anybody, still Parliament had the power to fix the status of her consort, the allowance which should be granted him, and many other things affecting his comfort and dignity. Party spirit ran high, and the opposition were eager for any opportunity to thwart and annoy the ministry. From this were to arise many things which vexed the queen, and gave the prince forewarnings that his position would not be a bed of roses.

An allowance must of course be settled upon the husband of the queen. In the few cases at all analogous to this, the sum had been fifty thousand pounds a year; and it was assumed by the queen and the ministry that this precedent would now be followed. But it was a time of great financial distress; the cry for economy was raised, and an effort was made in the House of Commons to reduce the allowance to twenty-one thousand pounds. This failed; but the most that the ministry could do was to obtain a grant of thirty thousand pounds. This greatly vexed the queen, who could not see why Parliament should deal less liberally with her husband than it had dealt with his uncle upon his marriage with the Princess Charlotte, or with Queen Adelaide upon her becoming the queen of William IV.

Still more annoying were the proceedings in the House of Peers upon the question of precedency—a matter which to us seems of trifling importance. What matters it whether one man walks before or behind another, or sits next to another, or at a little distance? It was, after a great deal of acrimony, decided by an enactment that the queen might issue letters-patent granting to the prince, except when otherwise provided by act of Parliament, "preëminence and place next her majesty." Several members of the royal family strenuously opposed this, especially the King of Hanover. In 1856, when the prince and the queen visited Napoleon III., and the prince was treated as a royal personage, the King of Hanover refused to go to Paris to meet them, because he would not give precedence to one whom he recognized only as a younger brother of the Duke of Coburg; and in 1845, when they were making a tour on the Rhine, the King of Prussia refused to give the prince a seat by the queen because there was present an archduke, the third son of an uncle of the Emperor of Austria, who claimed the place in virtue of the venerable law of precedence.

February 10, 1840, was to be the marriage-day, and late in January the prince, accompanied by his father and brother, set out from Gotha, by way of Aix-la-Chapelle, Brussels, Dunkirk, and Calais. The journey was marked by several petty annoyances. The weather was bitterly cold and the ground covered with snow, through which the eight carriages and baggage-wagons dragged heavily. At the frontier of the duchy an evergreen arch had been thrown over the road, under which were a band of musicians and singers, and a bevy of girls in thin muslin and flower-garlands shivering in the keen northeast wind. The bridge over the Rhine at Cologne was down, and they had to cross the icy river in boats under a heavy rain. At Aix-la-Chapelle the prince, while

at dinner, picked up a newspaper detailing the unpleasant proceedings in Parliament. He wrote to the queen: "You may easily imagine the very unpleasant effect produced upon me by the news of the truly most unseemly vote of the House of Commons about my annuity. In the House of Lords, too, people have made themselves unnecessarily disagreeable. All I have time to say is that, while I possess your love, they cannot make me unhappy." They reached Liége long after dark, and had to listen to a brass-band playing under the windows, followed by a serenade of peasants, which kept them awake till two hours past midnight. At Dunkirk the prince and his father came near being overturned into the ditch of the fortress. The carriage was broken, and it was half-past eleven before they reached Calais. The passage across the straits was long and tedious, and all were seasick. The duke lay helpless and groaning below, and the two princes were in a like state on each side of the cabin staircase. The tide had fallen, and they could hardly enter the harbor at Dover, but the poor prince had to pick himself up, gulp down his qualms, and look smiling and happy as he bowed to the crowds on the pier. They set out for London in the morning in the midst of a drenching rain, and reached Buckingham Palace on the evening of the 8th, where the oath of naturalization was duly administered by the lord-chancellor, and the prince became a British subject.

The marriage was celebrated in the royal chapel of the palace of St. James, with all due ceremonial, at an hour past noon. Then came a formal wedding "breakfast" at Buckingham Palace, and, as darkness was setting in, the young couple, neither of whom had seen twenty-one summers, set out for Windsor Castle, where for the first time they were to become really acquainted, for, with the exception of two periods of a month each, they had never met until two days before they solemnly pledged themselves each to take the other for all their lives for better for worse until death should them part. True, the Queen of England had fallen suddenly in love with the handsome Albert of Coburg; but so had Mary Queen of Scots with the no less handsome Henry Darnley, and all the world knew how brief was the interval between their bridal-day and the tragedy at the Kirk of the Fields. Would history now repeat itself? The day had been dark and rainy, and it was looked upon as a happy omen that, just before the *cortége* set out for Windsor, the setting sun broke out in full brightness.

During the four months which passed between the betrothal and the marriage, the prince had well considered the part which he would play in his new position. Ten years later he had occasion to write down what had been his idea of the duties which that position would impose upon him. He says:

"This position is a most peculiar and delicate one. While a female sovereign has a great many disadvantages in comparison with a king, yet, if she is married, and her husband understands and does his duty, her position, on the other hand, has many compensating advantages, and, in the long-run, will be found to be even stronger than that of a male sovereign. But this requires that the sovereign should entirely sink his *own individual* existence in that of his wife; that he should aim at no power by himself or for himself; should shun all contention; assume no separate responsibility before the public, but make his position entirely a part of hers; fill up every gap which as a woman she would naturally leave in the exercise of her regal functions; continually and anxiously watch every part of the public business, in order to be able to advise and assist her at any moment in any of the multifarious and difficult questions or duties brought before her — sometimes international, sometimes political, or social, or personal. As the natural head of her family, superintendent of her household, manager of her private affairs, sole *confidential* adviser in politics, and only assistant in her communications with the officers of the government, he is, besides, the husband of the queen, the tutor of the royal children, the private secretary of the sovereign, and her permanent minister."

To show how patiently, wisely, and laboriously, Prince Albert set about the execution of the plan which he had marked out for himself, and how, not without encountering innumerable obstacles, he came to be all, and more than all, he proposed to be, is the main design of Mr. Martin's "Life of the Prince Consort." We cannot follow him in his narrative of the political affairs of the day, but must confine ourselves to topics which elucidate the personal character of the man. We may, however, safely say that, although he held no official position until 1857, when the title of prince consort was conferred upon him, yet for the last ten years of his life he was in fact more really King of Great Britain than was any one who had worn the royal crown since Elizabeth; and, when he died, the queen was amply justified in saying, "It would now be, in fact, the beginning of a new reign."

The first difficulty, and perhaps the most trying of all, which the prince had to encounter was to take his place as "natural head of his family." Within three months of his marriage he wrote to an old university comrade: "In my home-life I am very happy and contented; but the difficulty in filling my place with the proper dignity is, that I am only the husband, and not the master in the house." The members of the royal family nearest in blood to the queen were nowise pleased with the marriage which she had contracted, and made no secret of their chagrin that her choice had not fallen upon some scion of the royal house. Why, for instance, had she not chosen Prince George, eldest son of his royal highness the Duke of Cambridge, instead of a mere younger son of the Duke of Coburg? They endeavored, and for a while apparently not without some success, to convince the queen that she, as sovereign, must be the head of the house and the family, as well as of the state, and that her husband was, after all, but one of her subjects. But she soon came to respect as well as love him, and to feel and declare that the marriage-vow to "obey," as well as to "love and honor," was as binding upon queen as upon peasant. But still he could not even manage his own household without trenching upon what had

come to be recognized as the vested rights and privileges of others. He was in the midst of vast royal establishments, into which abuses had crept from reign to reign, and behind every abuse is somebody who has an interest in keeping it up. Thus, the Baroness Lehzen had been the governess of the princess from childhood, and when the princess became queen, she had almost imperceptibly come to be housekeeper; and what housekeeper in a family was ever willing to be set aside from her occupation?

The ministry assumed the right to name the personal attendants even of the queen, and not long before there had been a "cabinet crisis" because she would not dismiss her ladies of the bedchamber. The prince could not hope to fare better. The groom of the stole, the lords in waiting, the equerries, and the grooms in waiting, who were supposed to take care of his wardrobe, wait for his orders, carry his messages, and see to his horses, were all named by the ministers. As these were all noble lords, or colonels and captains in the army, we may suppose that some political importance attached to their nominal duties, and the head of the house accepted them cheerfully enough. But he was not a little vexed that he could not be allowed to choose his own private secretary, having to accept one who was specially distasteful to him.

It was several years before the prince and queen together could make household matters in the royal palaces run smoothly. While nominally master and mistress there, they were in reality little better than lodgers in an hotel, where the landlord and servants had no reason to care whether or no the guests were made comfortable. The palace was officially under the control of three great officers of state, the lord-steward, the lord-chamberlain, and the master of the horse, while the outside was to be looked after by the office of woods and forests. These officers were changed with every change of ministry, and each had a governing voice in the regulation of the royal household. None of them were on the spot, and only the lord-steward had even a deputy to represent him, so that two-thirds of the great army of servants had nobody in particular to whom they were responsible. The functions belonging to the several sets of masterless servants had come to be so cut up that it was almost a matter of chance whether the most common duties would be performed. If a fire was wanted, it was the place of the lord-steward's servants to put the coal in the grate, but the lord-chamberlain's servants must light it. The lord-steward provided the lamps and candles; but the lord-chamberlain trimmed and lighted them. If a window required cleaning, the servants of the lord-chamberlain must wash the inside, and those of the woods and forests the outside; and it was by no means to be assumed that both sets would agree upon a time; and, "before a broken pane of glass could be set or a closet-door mended, the sanction of so many officials had to be secured, that months might pass before the repairs would be effected."

The prince began early to try to put an end to this state of affairs, but was met by the opposition of Sir Robert Peel, who had just succeeded Lord Melbourne as prime-minister. He deprecated any change which should seem to impair the authority of the lord-steward and the lord-chamberlain, and, by making them subordinate to any new control under these officials, "less an object of ambition than they at present are to very distinguished members of the House of Peers." To which the prince could only reply: "I agree that ancient institutions and prescriptive usages in the court ought never to be touched by the queen but with the maturest reflection and caution. But, much as I am inclined to treat the household machine with a sort of reverence from its antiquity, I still remain convinced that it is clumsy in its original construction, and works so ill that, as long as its wheels are not mended, there can be neither order, regularity, comfort, security, nor outward dignity in the queen's palace." It was not until four years after that the three great officers came to an agreement to confer upon the "master of the household" absolute authority over the whole internal economy of the palace.

It was slowly and almost imperceptibly that the prince began to acquire any actual influence in the government. Six months after his marriage, he wrote to his father: "Victoria allows me to take an active part in foreign affairs, and I think I have done some good. I always commit my views to paper, and then communicate them to Lord Melbourne. He seldom answers me, but I have the satisfaction of seeing him act entirely in accordance with what I have said." The old politician—one can hardly call him a statesman—at that time evidently looked upon the prince as a clever lad who might in time come to be something; and later, when he was driven from office, took occasion to assure the queen that he "had formed the highest opinion of his royal highness's judgment, temper, and discretion." Wiser men than Melbourne—such men as Peel, Russell, and finally even Palmerston, who successively became ministers—recognized the high qualities of the prince, and welcomed his exercise of the commanding influence which they knew him to exercise over the queen. We now can see, what few men had seen even at the time when the prince so prematurely died, that it was—indirectly, indeed, but not the less actually—in no slight degree owing to him that England passed unscathed through the revolutionary years 1848 and 1849, when the so seemingly stable throne of Louis Philippe—whose councils had for eighteen years seemed to most men as though one had inquired of the oracles of God—went down like a structure of cards; and when not merely the petty German states, but even Austria and Prussia, appeared likely to be overswept by the surging deluge of democracy.

The prince, indeed, grew to the greatness of the occasions which presented themselves; but the germ of all his influence lay in the unquestioned and unquestionable purity of his own life, and the high moral tone which he and the queen gave to the English court. The wise old Stockmar wrote in 1854:

"How valuable, in and for itself, is the moral purity of the sovereign, I have had it in my power to observe for sixteen years, and to compare with what had fallen under my notice under George IV. and William IV. during the twenty-two preceding years. Let men like the late Lord Melbourne exclaim as they please, 'That damned morality is sure to ruin everything!' I, on the other hand, can testify before God that the English machine works smoothly and well only when the sovereign is upright and truthful; and that, when he has been insincere, mendacious, and wicked, it has creaked, and fouled, and jolted to within an ace of coming to a deadlock."

The prince had perceived all this from the very outset, and from the moment of his establishment as the husband of the queen his first object was not merely to maintain but to raise the character of the court. To do this he knew that his own character must be not only pure but unsuspected. He knew that the English people of all ranks and all parties were suspicious of foreigners; that his every action would be scanned and criticised, and not always in a friendly spirit; that his goings-out and his comings-in would be closely watched; and he resolved so to order his life that scandal itself could take no liberty with his name. He abjured many of the most innocent pleasures. Save in his own domestic privacy, all the world might know where and how every hour of his time was spent. He paid no visits in general society. He denied himself the pleasure of walking at will through the city. Wherever he rode or drove, he was always accompanied by an equerry, and was wont to ride through all the districts of London where any improvements were going on, especially such as looked to the health or recreations of the working-classes. Riding for mere riding's sake he disliked; but his horses might be seen waiting for him before the studios of artists, the museums of art or science, the institutions for benevolence or culture, but never before the doors of dissipation or mere fashion.

No English sovereign ever did half as much as did Prince Albert for the encouragement of science and the arts, the promotion of education, and the improvement of the condition of the common people. In 1841 he was made President of the Fine Arts Commission. In 1847 he was chosen Chancellor of the University of Cambridge; and it was at his suggestion, and not a little through his efforts, that the course of study was lifted out of its ancient ruts, and made to recognize that in the nineteenth century there is something worth studying besides mathematics and the classics. He was the real projector of the Great Exhibition of 1851, and to him, more than to any other man, is due the credit of its ultimate success. Some idea of the extent of his labors in this general direction may be gathered from the volume containing his "Public Speeches and Addresses."

Yet the prince was certainly not popular with a very large class until within the last six years of his life. At the close of 1853, when the Crimean War was just on the point of breaking out, a great clamor was raised against him. People just then began to find out that for several years he had exercised a decided influence in the royal councils, and the cry was lifted up that he was the secret tool of foreign powers. Lord Palmerston had resigned the post of foreign minister, and it was charged that he was compelled to do so on account of the hostility of the prince, who was said to be in league with the Orleans family and the Emperors of Russia and Austria. In a long letter to Stockmar, from which we quote a few paragraphs, the prince gives an account of some of the difficulties which then environed him:

"We might fancy we were living in a mad-house. One great element is the hostility and settled bitterness of the old High Tory or Protectionist party against me on account of my friendship with the late Sir Robert Peel, and of my success with the Exhibition. . . . Another principal element is the army (the Senior United Service Club, with all its grumblers). Lord Raglan (Fitzroy Somerset) has never forgotten his not having been made commander-in-chief; and his thirty years' military secretaryship has created for him a large following, who are personally hostile to Lord Hardinge, and regard me as the cause of his promotion; and the confidential intercourse of Lord Hardinge and myself has confirmed the belief that he is only the prince's tool. The resignation of General Browne, the adjutant-general, after an unseemly wrangle with Lord Hardinge about a question as to the weight of knapsacks, was made the signal for the outbreak. Palmerston and Browne, the only *independent* Englishmen, were driven out by Coburg influence! The Radicals are *ex officio* ever on the watch to loosen the hold of the crown upon the army, and to play into the hands of the House of Commons; so here was an admirable *trouvaille* for them. Military despotism and Russian sympathies were so thoroughly congenial—jobs and secret court influences were such a popular theme—that a section of the press could wish for nothing better. But it was also welcome in the Protectionist shop, for there the Somersets were at home, and Hardinge was Peel's bosom friend. . . . On a very important substratum of the people these calumnies were certain to have an effect. When I first came over I was met by a want of knowledge as to what is really the position of that luckless personage, the queen's husband. Peel cut down my income; Wellington refused me my rank; the royal family cried out against the foreign interloper; the Whigs in office were only inclined to concede to me just as much space as I could stand upon. As I have kept quiet and caused no scandal, and all went well, no one has troubled himself about me and my doings; and any one who wished to pay me a compliment at a public dinner or meeting extolled my 'wise abstinence from interfering in political matters.' Now that the fact has been brought to light, that I have for years taken an active interest in all political matters, the public fancied itself betrayed because it had been self-deceived. It has also rushed all at once into a belief in secret correspondence with foreign courts, intrigues, etc.; for all this is much more probable than that thirty millions of men in the course of fourteen years should not have discovered that an important personage had during all that time taken a part in their government. If *that* could be concealed, then all kinds of secret conspiracies are possible, and the Coburg conspiracy is proved to a demonstration. . . . You will scarcely credit that my being committed to the Tower was believed all over the country—nay, even that the queen had been arrested. People surrounded the Tower in thousands to see us brought to it!"

The matter was brought before Parliament in a manner which the prince was almost justified in styling "the debates on my impeachment." The result was, that his course was fully justified, and on the 1st of February the queen wrote joyfully to Stockmar: "I write to you in the fullness of joy at the triumphant refutation of all the calumnies in the two Houses of Parliament. The position of my beloved lord and master has been defined *once and for all*, and his merits have been acknowledged on all sides most duly." A week before, Prince Albert had written to Baron Stockmar respecting the probabilities of a war with Russia. He says:

"In the Eastern question the ball continues to roll down-hill. 'Things bad begun make strong themselves by ill,' says Shakespeare; and the Emperor Nicholas is a case in point. We shall not be able to avoid war, and in this pass we find our neighbor and only ally in anything but a warlike mood. If he keeps of the same mind, the desire for war, which with us here has gone up to fever-heat, will cool; but then it will be too late. The worst thing about it is, that it cannot be carried on to any effective end. Russia is a vast and ponderous mass, upon which blows upon the few spots where they can be planted will make no deep impression. If Prussia and Austria go with us, then the case is altered, and war becomes practically impossible for Russia."

With these wise and weighty words, as applicable in 1876 as in 1854, the second volume of Mr. Martin's work comes to a close. The first volume was undoubtedly somewhat of a disappointment. It seemed that the author had undertaken a work beyond his capacity. The second volume evinces that the two years which have been devoted to its preparation have been well spent. The work gains almost immeasurably in every respect, and gives fair promise that when completed in another volume it will be the best history yet produced of England during the period from 1840 to 1861.

SILENCE AND SOLITUDE.

GODS of the desert! Ye are they
We shun from childhood's earliest breath;
Our passing joys are but your prey,
We are your own from birth to death.

Over soft lawns where blossoms sleep,
Under warm trees where love was born,
We watch your haughty shadows creep,
We wait to meet ye there forlorn.

We follow love with streaming eyes,
We shudder in the speechless gloom;
And when your awful forms arise,
Our hearts must die to give ye room.

Afar on ancient sands ye rest,
Carven in stone, where ancient thought
Wrapped ye in terrors, shapes unblest;
Dreadful, by might of ages wrought.

But not alone on Egypt's shore
Sleeps the great desert—everywhere
That joy hath been, and is no more,
May be the desert of despair.

Like carven stone, our joy may sit
Forever, while we stand and gaze,
Till, bending all our hearts to it,
We vanish like the autumn haze.

Gods of the desert! speak to me!
Ye draw me to your swelling breasts;
Through your calm eyes now first I see
The Past and Future are my guests.

Ye awful messengers! who come
To every spirit born of earth,
How gently in the stricken home
Dawns the strange beauty of your worth!

On ye I lean my lonely limbs,
I nestle toward your breathing sides:
Sweeter than all our earth-born hymns,
Your voices come on winds and tides.

Yours is the heart that lives, when dead
Is summer and the autumn cloud;
Ye have a grace to lift the head
Above the wave, above the shroud.

For, in your presence, there alone
The holy spirit calls to each;
Not to another, but to one,
We stand to hear your soundless speech.

The mysteries of the earth are then
Wrought into energy of days;
Action that knows no fear of men,
Duty that knows no devious ways.

Ye show the lovely way-side rose,
Whose antique grace is born anew
For our sad eyes: Grief only knows
How tender is the sunset's hue!

Heart of the Unseen! By the hands
Of these thine angels are we brought
To find thy peaceful pasture-lands,
And drink of fountains else unsought.

A. F.

AGNES ABERCASTLE.

BY M. E. W. S.

"SO, after fifteen years' separation, Bardsley leaves everything to his wife, and nothing to his son!" said Mr. Tyerman to a knot of men who were talking over the American news at their banker's, in Paris.

"It is a great tribute to her," said another.

"Yes; I suspect Bardsley had some sins to atone for, but leaving this young man dependent on his mother's generosity is rather hard on him," said still a third.

"No," said Mr. Tyerman. "It is the quality in Mrs. Bardsley's nature to appeal to."

The other men walked away, smiling.

"Perhaps Tyerman will not love her less as a rich widow," said one.

To Alfred Bardsley the disposition of his father's fortune was one of those blows which at first fell a man to the ground. He had been taught to respect and love his absent mamma; her image had been treasured by him as the most precious and beautiful in the world. But he did not know her; he had not seen her for fifteen years, and his father had been everything to him. To be sure, Mr. Bardsley had been in no sense an affectionate or a domestic man. He was a person entirely devoted to fashion and a gay life. But he seemed to love his son, and had in a careless way taken good care of him; but he died, and left him not a penny—every cent to his mother, whom Alfred had scarcely seen. It was an anxious moment when mother and son met!

When he did see her, he saw a very beautiful, small, dimpled woman, swinging a pretty foot in a pink slipper. She was not too old for him to have made love to had their relations been different; and she saw a very big fellow, who had her own delicate features made over on a larger pattern, her own chestnut hair, and clear skin. She recognized her own rosy finger-nails on his strong hand, and the arch of her own white teeth repeated in his. Alfred commanded her admiration; whether he touched her heart or not was another question.

Lady Mary Wortley Montagu hated her son Edward, and always spoke of him as "that person." The Countess of Macclesfield detested her son, poor Richard Savage, and ill-treated him. It was not quite so marked a case with the beautiful, coquettish Mrs. Bardsley: she at least did one affectionate and proper thing—she gave her son a handsome allowance.

"Draw it and spend it as you please, Alfred—I shall never inquire; live with me, in town and country, and, if you marry to suit me, you shall have it all. In leaving me his fortune, your father made me a tardy reparation for great wrongs. I shall not wrong you."

Yet the combination was not a happy one. A mother and son can scarcely take up such a relationship at once, with no memories of tenderness or intimacy on either side. She could not, if she had wished to, alter the whole course of her life and thoughts for him; men would admire her and court her society; she had always said sharp things, she could not stop saying them. Some whimsical sense of the absurdity of her being the mother of this great fellow was always coming over her; she had a sort of idea that she ought to correct his faults; so that Alfred, who loved and admired her half the day, generally hated her the other half; they quarreled and made up, talked and laughed and sang together one day—were speechless the next.

He was profoundly selfish and very conceited, yet as honorable and truthful as a man could be; she was brilliant, witty, and clear-headed, of a light and pleasure-loving nature, which had had a remarkable swing, developing itself just as Nature had intended it to grow, so that she was far more amiable and lovely, far more generous and frank, than are such women generally, and, either from principle or from native coolness of heart, she was far above scandal. It never touched her.

But Alfred hated her adorers. The lover of the mother of a grown-up son has a disagreeable *rôle* to play if the son is at hand. Alfred and his mother were always having a little bout like the following, but not always quite so friendly:

"Good-morning, mamma," said Alfred, swinging his cane; "I think I shall walk to the Gentians this morning."

"Yes, I dare say, and stay to dinner."

"That depends on whether they ask me."

"Is Emma Clinton there?" said Mrs. Bardsley.

"Yes, and Miss Tenniswood and Grace Wheatley."

"Then, of course, they will ask you, for they need some men."

"Mamma, I wish you would not speak of men as if they were such rubbish. You simply regard them as appendages to your watch-chain, humble belongings of your own lovely sex. Now, it seems to me we were born to do something—build houses, build steamboats, build bridges."

"Have you ever built any?"

"No, mamma; but I may."

"I hope you may. You are very good-looking, exceedingly well-dressed, and very conceited, yet such young men sometimes do something. Marry Miss Tenniswood; she is the cleverest girl I ever saw. She will make something of you, and you will be proud of her. Marriage is unhappy; it is slavery; but, if you gain such a companion and helpmeet as Miss Tenniswood, I shall congratulate you; and, if you are unhappy, it is your own fault."

"If you think so badly of marriage, mamma, why do you encourage Mr. Tyerman? I hear from others that you intend to marry him."

"No; I don't intend, but I am not at all sure

what I shall do. The very fact that I don't want to marry him may lead me to do it. I shall tell you in time, Alfred; meantime, carry him this note, if you are going to the Gentians."

Surely here was an aggravating mamma! But Alfred took the note meekly and walked off. He had his own little chapter of love-affair to attend to. There was Mr. Tyerman's niece, Emma Clinton, and the beautiful Tenniswood, and Grace Wheatley, all waiting for him. He had been a good deal spoiled by these girls; they all flattered him in their different ways, for he had as much fascination in his lazy, selfish way as his pretty mamma had; that was an inheritance out of which he had not been cheated.

As he walked from the fine old, rambling country-house with its avenue of oaks, which he had been accustomed to consider his own, but which was not his, he thought of Emma Clinton's gray eyes, of Miss Tenniswood's splendid figure, of Miss Wheatley's shy graces, and wondered which of them he liked best.

He knew that Grace Wheatley was deeply and tenderly in love with him, and therefore he cared the least for her. In the immediate state of his affections this young sultan wished to throw the handkerchief himself—he did not wish to catch it.

Emma Clinton was very cool, very agreeable, and as profound a coquette as ever breathed. She had a game ready, or a book ready, or a smile ready, for every phase of Alfred's chamelion taste. She was very pretty, perhaps the perfection of prettiness, and had that frank, totally unaffected manner which is attractive to young men—not hoydenish, but the next door to being "a good fellow."

But Miss Tenniswood was a great beauty—one of the dark-haired, dark-eyed, tall, graceful, overwhelming kind. Not a point was missing about Miss Tenniswood; she was brilliant, too, and full of accomplishment and knowledge of the world, a girl always admired, talked about, quoted, and, for some reason or other, willing to marry Alfred Bardsley. She had left Newport early, and was chasing young turkeys round Mr. Tyerman's retired country-place, in the most sylvan manner, with a broad hat on, and a red parasol in her hand which had an alarming effect on the turkey major. No one but Miss Tenniswood knew why she had abandoned Bellevue Avenue for the turkeys.

Then Grace Wheatley, soft and blushing, and easily confused, was very pretty in her way. Perhaps she was the most womanly of the three. She was a little too *embonpoint*, Alfred thought, and decidedly too sensitive. She would fix her great troubled, beautiful eyes on him with such an unmistakable air of adoration, that it made cold chills run down his back.

He would have liked Miss Tenniswood immensely, if he could have forgotten certain passages with Emma, and he would have liked Emma entirely (she was very sweet) if he didn't remember quite so clearly how Grace leaned out of a window once, to catch her canary, and he had seen a beautiful wealth of hair fall down long below her waist, and an arm as white as snow reaching out of the window. When Grace was catching canaries, and not trying to catch him, she was delightful.

And then he thought how he should find them up at Mr. Tyerman's place, all pretending to be busy, and engrossed in embroidery, turkeys, canaries, and geraniums, but really waiting for him; and his heart swelled a little: he made up his mind that, to be good-looking and twenty-three, was no light matter for self-gratulation.

He paused as he reached a certain point in his walk where he could command his mother's place—a place which he had always expected would be his, but which was hers. He saw her cream-colored ponies coming down the avenue. Yes, there she was, driving her phaeton, and, even at that distance, he could see how graceful, young, and attractive, she was; and the thought of her possible marriage, and of Mr. Tyerman, filled him with disgust. He struck off into the woods, and came presently to a wild, deserted old graveyard, where the rude forefathers of the hamlet were buried. Something prompted him to go in and read the humble inscriptions.

As he read how those who had gone over to the majority, had been born, so-and-so, and had died, so-and-so, he heard a fresh, young voice singing, "Vedrai Carino." There was something so unexpected and so incomprehensible in the conjunction of Don Giovanni and this graveyard, that he paused almost as did that hero when he saw the ghost.

"'Verdrai Carino!'" said he. "I don't know anybody but Miss Tenniswood who could sing that. Can she be here?"

He looked behind a clump of firs, and there saw a figure in black strewing flowers on a grave. It was a young and slender figure, and the hands that held the flowers were very white.

His step had roused the attention of the girl, who was kneeling there.

She turned upon him a face which reminded him of the Cenci—it was so pale, so sad, and so unusual.

She stopped singing, and looked at him as if frightened.

"Why are you here?" said she. "You have no right here."

He stepped back quickly.

"I beg your pardon," said he; "I would not intrude on your grief."

The girl got up slowly, and went to him; she took his hand and drew him slowly toward the grave.

"Who do you think lies there?" said she.

He read the name:

"AGNES ABERCASTLE,
AGED FORTY-FIVE YEARS,
DIED IN NEW YORK OCTOBER 1, 1870."

"Your mother, perhaps?" said the young man, tenderly.

"Yes, my mother, my only friend, the only one who believed me innocent," said the girl, kneeling again on the ground, and arranging her flowers.

And then Alfred saw by the expression of her eyes that she was insane, and the thought flashed

across him that she had strayed from the asylum at the top of the hill.

She began to sing again, this time in a wild and irregular strain, but with a brilliant finish, and with a voice of such power and quality that Alfred listened in silent admiration.

"You know how to sing?" said he.

"Yes; I know how to sing. I can make great crowds listen to me and applaud! Oh how they used to applaud! but it did no good, it did no good; it did not keep me out of prison. No, men came and peered at me, and called me thief; and my mother sickened and died, and here she lies. Do you know I cannot shed a tear, not one tear?" said she, looking at Alfred with a despair which touched his very soul.

"But have you no friends?" said he.

"Yes! I had a great many, but I have none now—none but *this one*. Sometimes she comes to see me; and, do you know, when I look out of the window up there" (and she pointed to the asylum), "I see her standing *here*, on this grave, all in white?"

And the girl gave a long, loud laugh, which rang through the inclosure.

Alfred shuddered, although the sunlight, warm and cheerful, lay on the picture before him. He tried to think of some word of consolation; his education was many-sided, and included many languages, still he could think of nothing to say. Of what use to him were Greek and Latin, what use French and German, before this distraught soul, this victim of some terrible wrong?

She looked up and caught his eye.

"You look kind," said she; "you will befriend me: go and tell them I never took the jewels; go and tell them I am innocent. You will befriend me, perhaps?" said she, piteously.

"Yes," said Alfred, "I will befriend you. Tell me your story; what is it?"

But the poor brain had not coherence enough for this. She was singing again, and had forgotten all about him.

Just then Alfred saw an elderly woman approaching—one whom he rightly supposed to be an attendant upon the asylum. He advanced a few steps and spoke to her.

"A hopeless case," said the woman, "but quite harmless. We let her come here, as it gives her pleasure; but she is incurable, poor thing!—the victim of some wrong, I fear.—Come, Agnes, come; it is dinner-time." And the woman took hold of her not unkindly.

Agnes shook her off, and clung to her mother's grave. She had the maniac instinct to hate her keeper.

"Come with me, Agnes, and sing to me," said Alfred. "I can sing a little, and I will sing to you. Sing me 'Vedrai Carino' again." And he sang a bar or two himself.

The love of her art, the sound of a clear, true voice, the sympathy and the unexpectedness, aroused the poor girl. She took the arm of her attendant, and looked at Alfred with something like a smile; and so they walked, singing, until they reached the gate of the gloomy institution, into which she vanished.

This unexpected encounter had driven all other thoughts from Alfred's mind, and he almost tumbled over Miss Tenniswood's red parasol as he entered Mr. Tyerman's inclosure.

That great beauty sat under a spreading tree, with a Gainsborough hat shading her perfect features, and the red parasol reposing on the greensward near her.

"I am reading letters from Newport," said she. "Do you want to hear the gossip?" And she gave him her hand with much cordiality.

"Yes, I should like to hear," said Alfred, as he threw himself gallantly at her feet.

Miss Tenniswood was very handsome; he thought he had never seen her look so well. Her letters had brought her interesting news, and her cheeks had a splendid color. She read him items of engagements and receptions, and some accounts of the "unhappiness of the McBrides, and that story about the Claibornes, and the Cherimoya scandal, you know."

"Yes," said Alfred, absently, "'Vedrai Carino.'" And he began to whistle.

"What?" said Miss Tenniswood, looking astonished.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Tenniswood. I am dreadfully absent-minded; and I have had such a singular adventure."

At this moment Emma and Grace appeared. Alfred sprang to his feet. Emma gave him a sidelong glance out of her gray eyes, and a calm pressure of the hand. Grace gave him a vivid blush and an awkward stare. Her hand was cold and clammy when he took it. Poor girl! she could not help it; but her tongue would cleave to the roof of her mouth when she tried to speak to him.

"A singular adventure! Do tell it to us," said Miss Tenniswood.

"I have seen a crazy beauty in a graveyard, who sings," said Alfred.

"And have caught a little of the infection," said Emma, gently.

Then Alfred told the three girls the whole story.

"Did you learn her name?" said Miss Tenniswood, calmly.

"Yes," said Alfred; "it was Agnes Abercastle."

"Oh, indeed! then I know all about her. She was a singer in New York, very pretty and very highly spoken of. She sang with a foreign primadonna, who charged her with stealing her jewels one night. She was arrested with some of them in her pocket, tried for it, and sent to prison. She has gone mad, has she? I suppose the temptation to steal was too much for her. Poor girl! I remember hearing her sing."

"Perhaps she was innocent?" said Grace.

"No, very unlikely; those people never are," said Miss Tenniswood.

"It is only we who have no temptation who are innocent," said Emma.

"So you have heard her story? how very strange!" said Alfred.

"Oh, yes! it was in all the papers. Some people said the foreign prima-donna was jealous of her, and that it was a scheme to ruin her; but I think they decided that she was a thief. She disappeared, and I have never heard of her since; but it is such a queer name that I remembered it—Agnes Abercastle. Is she pretty?"

"Yes, very beautiful, I should say—in the Cenci style."

The three girls were silent, and looked depressed. It is not pleasant to have the only beau in the neighborhood confess that anybody is in the Cenci style.

"My uncle is coming this way," said Emma, as a tall, slender figure in black appeared from some distant shrubbery.

Mr. Tyerman was a pale, elderly gentleman, with an aristocratic set of features, long white teeth, and thin hair, with a very decided "*ci-devant-jeune-homme*" air. In fact, he looked exactly what he was—a rather worn-out man of fashion and pleasure. There were complimentary rumors in the neighborhood of Mr. Tyerman having been dangerous in his youth, and he was not retired from business yet—witness his flirtation with Mrs. Bardsley. However, that was an old affair, as some one said of the sudden marriage of a widow almost too soon after the departure of the late incumbent—"but, then, you know, it was an old attachment."

Mr. Tyerman had been in Paris many years, and had ever been a friend and admirer of Mrs. Bardsley. She had had too many such Platonisms for this to attract any very great atttention; yet when, after her widowhood, his attentions continued in even a more marked manner, people began to remember the past.

"How are you, Alfred?" said Mr. Tyerman, in that very suave manner of his. "I hope you will stay to dinner. I was just about to send over for you; in fact, here is a note my sister wrote you this morning."

"Thanks," said Alfred, rather sulkily. "Here is a note mamma intrusted *me* with. I believe she wants to borrow your gardener to arrange her grapevines, or something."

Mr. Tyerman received his note with a smile, as if the "or something" might be nearer and dearer than a gardener.

When Alfred sat down to talk to Miss Tyerman, who was an elderly lady, looking just so much like her elegant brother as a rocking-horse looks like a real horse, he felt a little relieved; for he had been conscious all the morning that he was not so peremptorily agreeable to the three girls as he had been. A cloud rested over the little party, and all were glad when the half-hour bell rang.

Miss Tyerman had one engrossing passion. Family pride was her business in life; she knitted the coat of arms into the afghan, and crocheted it in the anti-macassars; had it assiduously embossed on the silver, and put in the stained glass of the dining-room windows; she had been plain, and rich, and proud, all her life; and when her gay brother, rather elderly, rather disappointed, a little soured, came home from a life of pleasure, and proposed to spend the rest of his days with her, she was delighted, and embroidered a whole set of furniture-covers, with the dolphin rampant, which formed the crest of the Tyermans, and taking home an orphan niece, Emma Clinton, and Grace Wheatley, the daughter of a dear friend, she made the Gentians a very dignified and elegant home for the girls; and Mr. Tyerman filled it at his pleasure with the fashionable traveling public.

"I find from Mrs. Bardsley's note that we are all invited to a *fête* at the Acorns," said Mr. Tyerman, Alfred, at dinner.

Alfred blushed, for he had not been consulted as to this festivity. However, he assumed a composure which he did not feel, and said, carelessly:

"Has mamma decided on a day?"

"Yes; the day after to-morrow."

"Oh, how charming!" said all the girls in chorus; for Mrs. Bardsley was a great favorite with these young ladies. She was an authority in matters of dress, a very fashionable expert, and in town and country the woman of all others to know. She had but to raise her wand, and the best and most desirable men would flock to her *fête;* and all the nice people of the neighborhood, and the birds of glittering plumage from the watering-places, and the citizens of renown, would all be at the Acorns.

The well-regulated pulses of Miss Tenniswood gave a quicker throb as she looked at handsome Alfred, and felt that on that day he would see her in her most glorious altitude of belledom.

Emma looked tenderly at him out of her gray eyes. There were opportunities at the Acorns which had never been fully tested; retired arbors, pleached alleys, shady, bosky dells, famous for love-making. Emma meant to at least give them a trial on the day after to-morrow.

Grace alone bent her eyes on her plate, and trifled with her grapes, as if they had lost their flavor; and yet Mr. Tyerman's black Hamburgs were justly celebrated.

When Alfred went home he bore the acceptances of the whole party. Mrs. Bardsley was surrounded by a number of friends and neighbors who had come to tea—some people who had arrived from town. She did not notice the cloud on Alfred's brow as he said:

"I did not know anything about the intended *fête;* so, of course, I was in an awkward position."

"Oh, how careless of me!" said Mrs. Bardsley, serenely. "It is for your birthday, and I meant really to have mentioned it—they are all coming, of course?"

"I am of no more consequence to her than one of the servants," said the young man, bitterly.

The next morning he walked up the hill and toward the old graveyard. He heard the same voice

singing, and saw the kneeling figure in black. He waited behind the clump of firs and listened.

She was singing this ballad, in a low voice:

"Because I begged so hard,
She has at last unbarred
The treasure-chamber of her fastened heart,
And Love's feet enter in,
That waited long to win
Their way, nor would from closed doors depart:
His patient, faithful feet
Find favor with my sweet."

And, like *Ophelia*, she strewed the flowers as she sung.

Alfred looked long and earnestly at her. She was neatly dressed in mourning; there was not the disarray and carelessness of the insane visible about her, except that her long and beautiful fair hair was arranged in an odd way. There was an elaborate puff over her forehead, as if she had begun to arrange it for full dress; and then it hung down over her shoulders in wavy, golden, neglected tresses. She had rather long, straight features, and wide-opened, large eyes, which must have been superb when she was well and joyous. They were heavy laden now, and too full of pain to be beautiful.

"She is the Cenci herself," thought Alfred, as he slowly approached her.

"You have come again; you have come to help," said she, looking at him calmly enough. "*She* told me you would come—*she*"—pointing to the grave.

"Yes," said Alfred, "I have come to help you and to hear you sing. What is that ballad you are singing?"

"A little thing I used to sing as an *encore*," said she; and she sang it again.

"Have you a piano up there?" said he, pointing to the asylum.

"No, not for me alone; there is one, but I never touch it. I wish that I had one in my own room, where I could sing alone. I want to sing to *her* sometimes, so I come here and sing."

Then she wandered off to the story of a crowd of men looking at her, the story of her arrest and her trouble, and burst into that dry sobbing, that tearless weeping, which was so pitiful to see.

When her attendant arrived, she looked askance at the handsome young man, and took Agnes rather abruptly by the arm.

"I am going to see Dr. Carpenter with you," said he; and he walked to the asylum with the two.

Mrs. Bardsley's *fête* was an enormous success. She always had "queen's weather;" she did things well herself, and Fate supplemented her. The lawn was covered with gay dresses; before Miss Tyerman's carriage, with the dolphin rampant, arrived (Grace and Emma, and the high-born dame herself, were in it), Miss Tenniswood was driven over by her host, whom she by no means despised as a beau.

Mr. Tyerman might have been an admirer of her mother for aught she knew; but he had the privilege of the superior sex—he could, if he wished, make love to three generations. The tall, aristocratic, rather faded man of fashion, was exceedingly agreeable. He had seen fine women before; he knew them exceedingly well; and, as he drove his fine horses up the avenue to the Acorns, the beautiful girl at his side looked exceedingly pleased with herself or with him—it matters little which—and a shade of uneasiness crossed the brows of both mother and son, who stood ready to receive them. But Mrs. Bardsley was too old a soldier to show uneasiness, no matter how the battle was going. She had smiles and pretty speeches for both as they alighted.

Miss Tenniswood was immediately carried off by Count Wordenhaupt, the last titled wonder of the world, and Mr. Tyerman took his position near his hostess, as a sort of lover out of livery, while Alfred led Grace and Emma to the group on the lawn, where some music was stationed; Emma was captured by an old adorer, Willy Payson, and Grace was left to Alfred.

She was all in white, and looked uncommonly well; Alfred noticed that she was more composed (perhaps preoccupied) than was her wont. She was a little pale, and it became her. When Alfred asked her to dance she refused, and said she would go and sit by Miss Tyerman. But he took her for a ramble round the ground; showed her the flower-tent, the bower of Pomona, hung with grapes and peaches and pears, and all Mrs. Bardsley's beautiful arrangements.

Grace walked as if in dream; other young men began to discover how prettily she looked, and came up to ask her to dance.

Rather absently she accepted one gay and galloping adorer, and left Alfred.

"What is the matter with Grace?" asked he, of himself; "yesterday a plum ready to drop into my mouth—to-day, insolent!"

However, Emma was ready with a little nod—that air of an interrupted confidence, as if she had simply been talking to Willy Payson *pour passer le temps* until Alfred should return—that flattering and gracious manner which soothed all Alfred's ruffled spirits.

She had him in the remotest, shadiest arbor before he knew it.

"I am so interested in your poor musical maniac, do you know, I mean to try to do something for her?" said she, very confidentially.

"That would be so like you, and so good of you, Emma!" said Alfred. "Yesterday I saw Dr. Carpenter. He says she is supported at the asylum by some members of her profession who are poor and unable to do it. I ventured to ask him to allow me to do something for her, to give her a piano in her room, and to make her more comfortable. I wish you would go and see her—"

"No, I can't bear crazy people; but I will interest myself in her case in New York, and see if we cannot find that she was unjustly accused. Perhaps some revelation that she had been found innocent might help her—at least, I can try."

"Just like your woman's wit, dear Emma," said Alfred, highly delighted; "now we will have a little confidence on this point: you shall direct, and I will

work under you; who knows but that we may restore this poor girl?"

Alfred and Emma got back to the lawn-party only just in time to save Miss Tenniswood from becoming as ruffled as one of the turkeys she had been fond of chasing. She was queen of the *fête?* No! Grace was carrying off Count Wordenhaupt and everybody else (and Miss Tyerman was fanning her high rocking-horse countenance in great triumph). She was engrossing the lord of the manor? No! he was hidden in remote, honeysuckle seclusion with Emma. Miss Tenniswood's color was rising high, when Alfred appeared and, reading the story at a glance, hastened to take her to the head of the principal table, where he placed her, and, giving her the most superb bouquet, devoted himself to her "sating cares" for an hour.

Miss Tenniswood was not romantic. She wanted her conquests to be seen of men. This public demonstration was dearer to her than many honeysuckle seclusions. She knew it would be talked of, quoted, and written about; she read as with a clairvoyant eye a hundred perfumed *billets*, which would fly all over the country, saying, "Mrs. Bardsley's *fête* was a great success; Alfred Bardsley put Clara Tenniswood at the head of the table. She looked superbly in pink; and I do not doubt it is an engagement."

Alfred looked very well, doing the honors of his birthday *fête;* he was quite the typical hero for such an occasion, and he was not insensible to the honor of such a conquest. Miss Tenniswood was a woman worth winning, a bird of very brilliant plumage.

"What a running our little Grace is making today!" said Mrs. Bardsley to Mr. Tyerman.

"Yes; a very attractive, sweet creature," said he, "if she had a little more guile, something of Emma's *finesse*, a little of Miss Tenniswood's knowledge of the world, and less heart—"

"Yes," said Mrs. Bardsley, laughing, "what a mistake to have heart!"

And then there were some whispered passages between the elderly turtle-doves.

"Grace has a beautiful face," said Mrs. Bardsley, returning to the initial subject, "and it strikes me she is playing off Count Wordenhaupt to the best advantage."

"No, Grace has no coquetry: if she *appears* to be pleased, she is pleased; I dare say Count Wordenhaupt has interested her."

Alfred heard this last remark as he came up to consult his mother on some subject, and it wounded his conceit a little.

"Grace pleased with that awkward, dirty German!" said he—"never!"

And yet, when the *fête* was over, going off in the blaze of a glorious sunset, he picked up Miss Tenniswood's glove and put it in his vest, catching a very brilliant blush and glance as he did so, and giving her a smile on which she lived for weeks. Oh, these men! these men!

And then, as if he had forgotten all these gay moments, he would start of a morning and walk to the old graveyard, where Agnes knelt by her mother's grave. The hard-featured attendant came with her now, and sat sewing within ear-shot.

The poor girl was more calm and more interested in her music. She sang him some of his favorite airs, and often gave him a verse of the little ballad he had gotten to like:

"Because I begged so hard,
This, then, is my reward:
Love the wayfarer, becomes Love the guest!
No more in streets of scorn,
He turns away forlorn;
His tired feet find rooms of shaded rest,
Where all their dusty heat
Is cooled by my sweet."

Once or twice the good doctor gave him an interview, and told him that his generosity was bringing the poor girl much comfort. She had a piano in her room now, and she sat at it many hours a day. "But she is far enough from being cured," said he.

Emma and Miss Tenniswood had gone off the morning after the *fête* for a visit to some friends. The Acorns was full of guests; Mrs. Bardsley demanded a little more of his time than usual; so, for several days he did not go to the Gentians. Some impulse made him walk on one morning by the old graveyard, to call upon Grace. He was not sure whether or no he was not a little angry with her, and then he remembered how gentle and good she was, how thoroughly she had seemed to like him, how ungrateful he had been for those blushes, which were all for him, and he remembered that moment when she was trying to catch the canary; altogether, things looked well for Grace, when, as he approached the old tree, near to which he had stumbled over Miss Tenniswood's parasol, there sat Grace, and by her side Count Wordenhaupt.

With a violent revulsion of feeling—one which found him utterly unprepared and astonished—he turned and walked away. He had no right to feel astonished or disappointed, but he did feel both.

And that day Mrs. Bardsley said to him: "I think I shall marry Mr. Tyerman. He and I have known each other very long; he understands me better than any one else. I am growing older; perhaps it is better that I should have some one to care exclusively for me. I suppose you will marry soon. I am going to give you half my fortune, so you shall not suffer, and I trust and hope you will not make a scene."

It had been hanging over him a long time, but still it came with a shock. It was the second time he had been wounded in one day.

He kissed her hand, and said, gently:

"I think I will go away for a month, dear mamma. Meantime, may you be very happy!"

"I declare," said Mrs. Bardsley, to herself, "he could not have behaved better if he had been a French son."

So, in a month's time, when he came back, he was cool and calm, and could see Mr. Tyerman sitting about in great comfort at the Acorns, the acknowledged lover of the pretty woman who owned it. Mr. Tyerman was too well bred to make Alfred

uncomfortable, and, strange to say, every one seemed happier than the bride-elect.

For she did not like to be caught—this human humming-bird; she had poised on a delicate, free wing too long; and her cage, although one of her own choosing, wearied her.

Alfred walked up to see his Cenci, of whom he had thought much lately. She was not in the graveyard, singing, and so he walked on to the asylum. But Agnes could not be seen. The doctor, however, came in to receive him, and shook hands with him very cordially.

"Agnes is so much better," said he; "your kindness about the piano was so thoughtful and wise; and the young lady has been very kind; in fact, her visits, her tact, her pretending to take lessons of Agnes, all have had a most beneficial effect."

"What young lady?" said Alfred.

"Well, I have promised not to mention her name," said Dr. Carpenter.

Then it all flashed across Alfred. Emma! How sweet, how womanly, how kind she had been! She had pretended to him that she could not visit the poor, afflicted girl, but she had really done so, and she had wooed her back to hope, life, reason.

And he, too, had been working for her; he had found that she had been accused wrongfully. He and Emma would go together some day and tell Agnes that she was no longer suspected.

And yet the idea did not give him the pleasure he had expected. The vision of Grace sitting under the tree with Count Wordenhaupt came over him like a cloud.

Two or three days he wandered about, trying to assuage his emotions. He ought to go and see Emma, and thank her; he ought to tell her that *she* was the woman he loved. What was Miss Tenniswood, with all her beauty, to this woman, who had so gentle a compassion? Why should he keep thinking of blushing Grace, who had been so sensitive, and then so cold? One day Mrs. Bardsley said, "Alfred, to-morrow we are to dine with Miss Tyerman, and do go with me, for I half repent of my bargain."

So he went to the dinner.

"I know all," said he to Emma, as he pressed her hand.

"Do you?" said she. "And you are not offended?"

"No, how could I be?" said he, absently, for Emma looked rather short and not pretty to him today, he knew not why.

Grace came in, and he felt the blood rush to his heart. Heavens! how lovely she looked; how calmly her eyes took him up, and let him go; how warm, and dimpled, and beautiful, was the little hand she gave him! "She was *not* in love with him, after all," he thought, but he knew that he was in love with her.

Conversation languished at the dinner, until Miss Tyerman said, suddenly, to Alfred:

"What is this romantic story I have heard of your interesting yourself in a musical maniac?"

"A musical maniac!" said Mrs. Bardsley, looking up with infinite relief from Mr. Tyerman's love-making.

"Shall I tell the whole story?" said Alfred, looking over at Emma.

"Yes, I do not see why not," said she.

And so he told it all, dwelling much on the kindness of the unknown young lady, and very little on what he had done himself, casting as he did so grateful glances at Emma, but which came back mournfully to rest on Grace, whose varying color began to come and go.

"That young lady," said Miss Tyerman, "who has so ably helped your poor friend is, I suspect, *Grace Wheatley*. Now tell me the name of your musical maniac."

Alfred felt for one moment as if the blood had gone very far from his heart, and would never come back. He looked at the two girls. Emma was smiling at him, Grace was looking far away.

"Agnes Abercastle," said he, in a moment, finding his voice.

"Agnes Abercastle!" said Mr. and Miss Tyerman in a breath.

"Agnes Abercastle!" said Mr. Tyerman, very pale, and looking at his sister.

Mrs. Bardsley was the first person to recover her composure; in fact, she never lost it.

"Let us go and have some coffee," said she. "And you have heard of Emma's engagement, Alfred? Willie Payson is the happy man, you know."

"Yes," said Emma, "and I am so happy.—And you are not offended, Alfred?"

Poor girl! She was thinking of honeysuckle vows, which the false male creature had forgotten.

Alfred reassured her. But where was Grace? She had disappeared, nor did he catch another glimpse of her.

The party broke up early, and, as Alfred and his mother drove home, they were both too busy with their own thoughts to speak.

Alfred could not sleep, and late in the night he walked out under the oaks. What was that bright light which he saw over the distant hill? Was the moon rising? No! it must be fire! He ran down the long avenue, and sped up a slope which lay near the house. Yes! it was a fire, and a terrible one. The insane asylum was in flames.

The active and strong young man gave a loud shout, and darted across the fields; it was a long way on, but he seemed to have wings: on and on he ran, sometimes in a valley, sometimes on the hill. He saw that help had reached them, that the water was pouring in. Then he gained another height and saw the graveyard—solitary spot! and there, dancing in the light of the flames, he saw white figures. Thank Heaven! they had, then, let the unfortunate creatures out! One wing of the immense institution was still untouched; a few minutes more, and he should be there to help; so on he sped with all his strength.

It was a scene of the wildest when he reached it, and he could get no answer from any one. The

sane were as mad as the insane. It was never clear to him what followed; he only knew that a wild shriek rent his ears, and he recognized the voice of Agnes. A moment more and he heard, as if from a voice in the heavens, the "Vedrai Carino" sung as he had heard it months before in the graveyard. Then the sombre attendant, who used to come for Agnes, seemed to take hold of his hand and conduct him along a passage full of blinding smoke.

"She has been forgotten! She is in the wing! She will be lost!" he seemed to hear. Through it all he stumbled, following the sound of that voice. He saw her at last, standing on a high grated window, looking toward the graveyard, and singing.

She saw him, and, with the voice and look which had first greeted him, she said:

"You have come to help?"

"Yes!" said he. "Agnes, you are innocent. The world knows it! Now summon all your courage and your will! I must get you out of this burning house. Come with me!"

"Innocent!" said she. — Do you hear that, mother?—innocent!" and she clung to the grated window, and laughed her loud, maniac laugh.

"Oh!" said the nurse, wrapping a blanket around her, "she has gone quite mad again!"

"Come," said he, "come to your mother's grave." And through the blinding smoke and flame, pulling the unwilling girl, he stumbled back through the horrible confusion of the fire.

When he came to himself, he found himself in the old graveyard. Men were throwing buckets of water over him.

And stretched on the green grass, by the side of her mother's grave, lay the Cenci. He saw her long, fair hair, which the flame had spared. The poor, quiet nurse sat by her, weeping bitterly.

"The shock and the fright have killed her," said the doctor, who, with one hand done up in his handkerchief, was looking around the scene of disaster.

"You showed great heroism, Mr. Bardsley, but she was taken out of your arms dead. We feared you were dead, too, but I am glad to believe that you are not seriously injured."

"How many are killed and wounded?" said Alfred, in a stupid way, not knowing what he said.

"Thank God! none but this one. She was the only victim," said the doctor.

Then Alfred saw dimly a man come and kneel by the side of the dead girl.

It was Mr. Tyerman.

"Who was she?" said Alfred.

"She was my daughter!" said the pale man, putting his hand on her brow.

It was a long time before Alfred took another walk in the direction of the insane asylum. He had broken a small blood-vessel in his run, or in the fight with the fire his frantic effort to save Agnes had nearly cost him his life. But he was nursed back to life by his mother—his mother, who began to love with the love which had been waiting so long, and who gained in that sad experience the knowledge of the sweetest affection which is granted to us poor mortals—the love of a son for his mother, of a mother for her son.

"Mamma, what has become of Mr. Tyerman?" said he, one day, as they sat together hand-in-hand.

Mrs. Bardsley went to her desk and took out a letter, and, giving it to Alfred, left the room. It ran thus:

"DEAR FRIEND: You were present when the shock came upon me, which has had such a terrible following up. I need not go into the story of an early love-affair and a secret marriage, of the subsequent desertion and crime. Let it be enough for me to say that I tried to make restitution, and that I thought my wife and child dead long ago. My sister's pride was so wounded by the connection, that I consented to keep it a secret, even from you. How it could possibly happen that my poor wife should be buried within two miles of my house, and that I should never hear of it, or that my daughter should have had so strange a career, and that also have escaped me, is only to be explained by that extraordinary fact in our lives that truth is stranger than fiction. The arrest of the second Agnes Abercastle occurred while I was in Europe. Nor had I heard that name for fifteen years, until Alfred spoke it at my dinner-table. And to make the whole strange tragedy more strange, Grace went every day to see the poor child, and came back to my table carefully concealing the visits, for fear that my sister would object to her romantic charity. Thank God! who sent an angel from my house to cheer and bless the last hours of a creature so unfortunate! Your son, too, was good enough to discover her innocence. I am sure that gave her a glimmer of happiness. There is nothing left but to tell Alfred that I hope he may be as happy as he deserves to be, and to say to you farewell.

"FRANCIS TYERMAN."

"He has gone to Europe, probably for life," said Mrs. Bardsley, cheerfully. "I wrote him a very kind letter," said the humming-bird, who was rather tearful, but undoubtedly glad to be free.

"Grace," said Alfred, as he walked feebly around the grounds, leaning on an arm which he found as strong as it was white and rounded, "what did you learn of poor Agnes, when you sang with her?"

"I learned a little song called "Because I begged so hard," said she.

"Yes, Grace; but let me quote to you the last verse.

> 'Because I begged so hard,
> Years with sad seasons marred
> Are lightened backward as with sudden suns:
> Yea, over life's whole skies,
> The light of her dear eyes
> Travels, like dawn and sunset shed at once,
> Mixed in one glory; meet
> All days *this* day, my sweet!'

"Grace, what has become of Count Wordenhaupt?"

"Oh! he has gone back to Germany," said Grace.

"Did he wish you to go with him?"

"I rather think he did—he said so."

"You would have done much better than to have taken me," said Alfred. "You would have had a castle, and the court, and a title, and a coronet on your handkerchief, instead of a singed monkey."

"But I have got you, and that is what I have always wanted. Poor Agnes, how she used to praise you! It was no sacrifice, Alfred, to go and talk with her and soothe her, for we always stopped singing to talk about you, and that was better than any singing."

"And Miss Tenniswood?"

"Do you know I think she will marry Mr. Tyerman, some day? She seems very much interested in his 'romantic story,' and she always liked him!"

"Then, indeed, will 'Love the wayfarer become Love the guest,'" said Alfred—

'So come this way, my sweet!'"

THE TOWER OF PERCEMONT.

BY GEORGE SAND.

VII.

I RESOLVED to confide nothing of what I had learned to Henri. I must, however, remove his suspicions of Miette, and console him. I knew it was useless to trust him, for he was wounded to the depths of his heart, and I feared to see him, both by his conduct and the position he assumed, render a marriage impossible, in which, I thought, the happiness of his life was bound up. I returned about three o'clock, and found no one at home. My wife and son had gone to the manor of Percemont, and I went there to join them.

The plaything pleased Henri decidedly, and his mother was trying to persuade him, under the pretense of a study, to fit up a comfortable suite of apartments suitable for a bachelor. I did not agree with them. In my opinion, the manor should be left exactly as it was, the only change advisable being to clean and repair the room that the old Coras de Percemont had occupied. "Henri," said I, "whether he marries his cousin Emilie or not, will marry some one in two or three years. Who knows if he will go to live with his wife or remain with us? In the latter case, I suppose his wife will wish to live in the tower; great expense must then be incurred to prepare it for housekeeping and a family. All that you do at present will be of no use, and will perhaps have to be done over again; do not be in a hurry to throw away money to no purpose."

Henri yielded to my judgment. His mother blamed him for always giving up to me, and never carrying out any ideas that she suggested. "You just promised me," she said, "that you would not think of marrying before you were thirty years old."

After scolding him until she was tired, she left us alone, and I hastened to say to Henri: "I have just been to see Miette. I was sure of it! The person whose presence perplexed you so much at her house last evening was a woman."

"You are sure, father? Why, then, did she conceal her?"

"It is a nun from the convent of Riom, whom the physician has ordered to be sent into the country for a while. You know these nuns are cloistered, and must not see any one belonging to the outside world. Whenever a visitor arrives, Miette has promised to give her warning, so that she may take herself out of the way. She has also received instructions not to reveal to any one the presence of this nun under her roof, for the rule of the order requires her to live and die in a convent. The bishop, seeing the urgency of the case, granted a dispensation of two months upon condition that the matter should be kept quiet. I intrust the secret to you, and beg you to say nothing to your mother in regard to it. Miette, very much attached to this nun, who was like a mother to her at the convent, spends her whole time in taking care of her, waiting upon her, and keeping her concealed. As usual, Miette, with the heart of an angel, acts the part of a Sister of Charity."

'What must she think of me for bringing such an accusation against her? Did you tell her what I said?"

"I was not so foolish. She would not pardon you very easily; but tears are in your eyes! Tell me frankly if Emilie is not dearer to you than you are willing to own?"

"Father," said Henri, "I feel inclined to weep and to laugh also."

"Laugh and weep as much as you like, but speak!"

"That is difficult. I cannot tell you how I feel when my own mind is not clear to myself. I know that Emilie is an angel—better still, she is a saint; for, if she has the innocence and candor attributed to celestial beings, she has also the merit of a generous and courageous soul that surmounts all trials. It is a glory to be loved by her, a supreme felicity to have her for a wife. You see, I know what she is worth; but am I good for anything? Am I worthy of such a wife? What have I done to deserve her? On the contrary, I have, not without stain, passed through an experience of life of which she has not the least idea, and from which I was compelled to drive away her image to prevent it from making me ashamed of my pleasures. And now I return to her deteriorated and sorrowful. A man should marry at eighteen, father, in the fervor of faith in himself and in the pride of holy innocence. He would then feel himself the equal of his companion, and be sure of

meriting her respect. . . . Yes, conjugal love is that austere and sacred thing concerning which it may be said, if it is not all in all, it is nothing. Well! I did not understand this until lately, and, when my senses drew me elsewhere, I did not dream that my esteem and respect for Emilie would be lessened. I have since seen my mistake. My worship has grown cold; I am convinced that I never loved her as I ought, since I could forget her. I was fearful of her and of myself: I thought her too much my superior, morally speaking, to receive me with pleasure, and to give herself to me with enthusiasm; I saw in marriage a chain of a frightful seriousness. My imagination pictured other types than that of this young girl, who is too perfect for me. I lost the taste for simplicity and love for the right path; I put too many artificial flowers in my garden of love. I cannot speak to Emilie, I dare not look at her. I shall never know how to gain her love. Do you wish me to tell you everything—to confess something absolutely shameful? Yesterday, when I believed her unfaithful, at first my blood ran cold, and then suddenly I became furious. Jealousy tormented me, and I did not close my eyes for the whole night. If she had been near me, I should have insulted, perhaps beaten her! I was madly in love with her even when believing her unfaithful. I had the greatest trouble possible to prevent myself from going to see her notwithstanding her prohibition and yours. Now you make plain to me that I have been a madman and a fool, show me Emilie's image, with its immaculate aureole, and behold me cast down and repentant, but uncertain and fearful. I cannot tell whether I love her or not!"

"That will do, that will do," I replied; "now I understand everything! These things must happen. There is a period of life when fathers with the best intentions are forced to abandon their sons to fate, very happy if they are restored in no worse condition than you are. Accept the past which you cannot change, and do not aggravate its influence by too serious reflections. You have made a voyage where you have been forced to feed on condiments, and now our fruits and milk-diet seem insipid to your taste. You are no longer a Virgilian shepherd. Have patience—these simple pleasures will return. Man is modified according to his sphere, you will appreciate more quickly than you imagine the conditions of true happiness. Forget for a little while the question of marriage. Emilie does not seem disposed to recall it to your mind. She says you are so changed that she does not feel acquainted with you any longer, and her mind, I plainly see, has no fixed plan in regard to you. You are both absolutely free to recommence the romance of your youth, or to suffer it to be effaced in the rosy clouds of the past."

I am not easily alarmed, neither am I heedless of consequences. I saw plainly that in this, as in everything else, happiness is transitory and security chimerical. I expected that the day which restored my son to me would be one of the happiest of my life. I was so glad to see him once more, and had such happy dreams when expecting him! In spite of the faults that he freely confessed, and took little pains to conceal in his letters, he had worked hard, and was at the commencement of a career promising a brilliant future. He was intelligent, handsome, good, rich, and as reasonable as could be expected from his age and situation. We had near at hand the best girl in the country, rich also, good, beautiful as an angel, and exceptionally intellectual. They loved each other, and had been betrothed from childhood. I expected to see them meet joyfully, and talk of marriage immediately—and already a strange coolness had sprung up between them. My wife, whom I believed amenable to reason, at least on this subject, was diligently working to set them at variance. Miette, through the kindness of her heart, was involved in a questionable adventure. Jacques was carrying on an amorous intrigue which would compromise or bring trouble to his sister; and, worst of all, Henri, troubled and tormented between love and caprice, did not sleep the first night passed under the paternal roof, and was evidently suffering from an indefinable mental condition beyond my power to cure. My day of happiness was not unclouded, and, while pretending to smile at these trifling matters, I felt strongly the effects of the reaction.

VIII.

THE evening passed very cheerfully; many relatives and friends dined with us. Henri was a general favorite, and every one congratulated me on the possession of such a son. He received several invitations, but only accepted those where I could go with him. He had been away so long, he said, that he was determined not to lose sight of me during the vacation.

We accepted for the next day an invitation to a hunting-party from one of our cousins who lived so far off that we were obliged to be absent from home two days. Jacques Ormonde promised to join the party, but he was not there. We scarcely thought of his absence, the hunting and the entertainment were so animated and enjoyable; but I noticed the evident care in avoiding us. It was very difficult for Jacques to keep a secret, therefore I inferred that he had one, and dreaded my scrutiny. We staid a day longer than we intended, and did not return until Monday afternoon.

The first thing that attracted my attention, as I bade my wife good-day, was a pretty little girl six or seven years old, full of smiles and play, who clung to her skirts and said to me in a defiant tone:

"Are you Bébelle's husband?"

"Who is Bébelle? and whose is this pretty child?"

"It is Mademoiselle Léonie de Nives," replied my wife, taking her in her arms; "she heard me called Madame Chantabel, and she finds it shorter and prettier to call me Bébelle. Oh! we are already great friends—is it not so, Ninie? We get along famously together."

"But how came you to be acquainted with her?" I demanded.

My wife explained the matter, while the child left us to play in the garden. Madame de Nives came the evening before to talk with me, and my wife had gained confidence enough to receive her to the best of her ability. The exquisite toilet and brilliant equipage of the countess had turned her head. Madame did her best to be agreeable and fascinating to the wife of the lawyer whom she wished to secure for her cause. She consented to let her horses stand in the stable for two hours. She walked in the garden, and even ascended the great tower of which Madame Chantabel was proud to do the honors. She admired the locality, the garden, the house, the birds, and promised a pair of real Dutch canaries for the aviary. She deigned to accept a collation of fruit and cake that was served for her; declared that no grapes or pears at Nives bore any comparison with ours; even asked the recipe for the cake. She went away, saying she should return the next day.

She did return, as she said, with her daughter, expecting to find me at home, as I had promised to be; but I was never in season. This poor countess had waited for me more than an hour; then, having business at Riom, she had conferred upon my house the distinguished honor of leaving her little girl there, in my wife's arms, and she was now expected every minute. "I hope, M. Chantabel," said my wife, as she finished the story, "that you will have your clothes brushed, for they are covered with dust, and change your cravat, for it is very much soiled." I remarked that she was richly dressed to receive her new friend.

A little while after, Madame de Nives arrived, and my wife hastened to meet her, leading the little one by the hand. The countess announced to me that she was on her way to Paris; some one had written her that her step-daughter had been seen entering an hotel in the Faubourg St.-Germain, leaning on the arm of a young man very tall and very blond. "The person who gives me this information," she added, "thinks that Marie is still there; at any rate I shall know where she went after leaving this hotel, which is not otherwise designated. People are so afraid of being compromised, or finding themselves implicated in some scandal! I must go myself to find out the truth. I shall act energetically, take Marie by surprise, oblige her to make a statement of her misconduct, and bring her back to replace her triumphantly in the convent."

"You speak boldly! Then can you hope for a reconciliation, for concessions on her part? I have told you, and I repeat it, that misconduct does not involve deprivation of civil rights."

"When I possess her secret, I will bring her to you, M. Chantabel, and you shall lay down the conditions of my silence."

If I had been sure that, before taking refuge with Emilie, Mademoiselle de Nives, after escaping from the convent, had not been seen in Paris with Jacques, either for her own pleasure or for advice in regard to her position, I should have hastened the departure of the countess. The time she would lose in her useless search for Mademoiselle Marie would be just so much gained for the inhabitants of Vignolette; but, if this journey took place without Emilie's knowledge, Madame de Nives could trace out the fugitive, and, with the aid of the police, discover the truth. I advised once more patience and prudence. Madame de Nives was, however, determined to have her own way, and took leave of me, saying that, to surprise Marie in open criminality was her surest means of safety. Whatever she might say, I saw plainly that she had taken other advice than mine, and had easily found persons disposed to gratify her passion and enter into her views. Her cause became more and more disagreeable to me, and I felt strongly impelled to have nothing to do with it.

I accompanied her only as far as the garden. Another client was waiting for me, and I was occupied with him until dinner-time. What was my surprise when, upon entering the dining-room, I saw the young Léonie de Nives seated in a high chair, that had done service in Henri's childhood, and my wife in the act of tying a napkin around her neck!

Madame de Nives had confided to Madame Chantabel, on the previous evening, all that she had intrusted to me as a profound secret. Women have a marvelous facility in becoming intimate, when hatred on one side and curiosity on the other find the savory aliment of a scandal to confide and to listen to. Madame Chantabel was, then, thoroughly versed in all the details of the case, and my astonishment amused her very much. As she could not enter into any explanation before the child, she simply said to Henri and me that "her mamma would return in the evening."

"I asked her to stay and dine with us," said my wife, "but, as she intends to start for Paris this evening or to-morrow morning, she has too much to do at Riom, and begged me to keep her little one until she came for her."

Madame de Nives did not return in the evening. My wife did not appear to be much astonished, and had a little bed arranged near her own for her young guest. After undressing Mademoiselle Ninie, and sitting by her until she went to sleep, she came back to explain the mystery.

Madame de Nives had been obliged to take the five-o'clock train for Riom; she was now on her way to Paris. I ought to know that not a moment should be lost in such an important affair as that which now engrossed her attention. Madame de Nives had dreaded the tears of her little daughter, whom she could not take with her, and had accepted her offer to keep her until evening. Her nurse would have come with the carriage to take her to Nives, but she had shown much anxiety on account of this nurse, having discovered on that very day that she was carrying on an intrigue at Riom. "The servants of this poor lady," my wife said, "were not as faithful as they should be. Domestic arrangements had not been prosperous in her château since her husband's death. The old servants took the side of the elder daughter. She was obliged to turn them out of the house, but they left behind their evil

influence and their wicked insinuations; it was useless to take these servants to Paris: at the least discontent they became insolent, and talked to Ninie about her sister Marie, driven away and shut up in a convent on her account. All this irritated the child, and during the last absence of the countess many things were said to the little girl that made her unhappy and disobedient when her mother returned. It appears, also, that Madame de Nives's neighbors are not on good terms with her. She has neither relatives nor friends; she is truly an object of pity. While listening to her grievances, which aroused my sympathy, the idea came into my head of proposing to take care of the little one. 'If the nurse has behaved improperly, you cannot trust the child to her any longer. Give her to me; you know who I am and with what indulgence I brought up my son and the other two dear ones I lost. You say that you will be absent but a week at the most. What is it for us to take care of a child for a week? It will be a pleasure to me. Trust me to dismiss your bad nurse when she comes back, and to find another for whom I will be responsible as for myself.' She was inclined to accept my offer, but dared not on your account; she said:

"'My child is noisy, and will annoy M. Chantabel.'

"'Nonsense!' I replied; 'you do not know him! He is a patriarch! He is good as bread, and adores children.' At last I urged her so much that she left me her darling, who is a love of a child. The poor woman was so touched that she wept and embraced me when she bade me good-by."

"Is it possible, wife, you have been embraced by a countess! That is the reason why I find on your face a more noble expression than usual."

"You are making fun of me! it is insufferable! It is of no use to try any longer to talk reasonably with you, M. Chantabel; you are—"

"Insufferable, you said."

"No; you are the best of men, you cannot blame me for having received a poor child who needs to be taken care of and watched over during her mother's absence."

"God keep me from it!—so much the more as you pay me compliments that I will not give back with reproaches. The child does not make me angry: a child never annoys me. Keep her as long as you please; but let me tell you that your countess is a regular knave."

"How disrespectfully you speak of the Countess de Nives! What manners you have sometimes, M. Chantabel!"

"Yes, I have the bad manners and the bad taste to think that a reasonable mother does not trust her child, even for a week, to a person whom she has known only since last evening, and that, if she has among all her former connections neither a devoted relative, nor a sincere friend, nor a faithful servant, it must be her own fault."

"You are right. I would not have trusted Henri to strangers in this way; but I am not unknown to Madame de Nives. She has heard me spoken of often enough to know that I have always been a good mother and an irreproachable wife."

"I shall not say anything to the contrary; but this sudden confidence astonishes me none the less."

"There are exceptional circumstances; and you ought to know that the future of the child depends upon the result of her mother's visit to Paris."

"She told you, then—"

"Everything."

"She did wrong."

"I promised to keep the secret."

"God grant that you may keep your word! for I warn you that, if your new friend brings reproach upon the reputation of her step-daughter, she is ruined."

"Oh, no! This step-daughter is a wretched being who—"

"You do not know her! Keep the epithets that will be appropriate for the time when we find out whether she is a victim or a fiend."

IX.

THE next day, Mademoiselle Ninie's nurse not having appeared, my wife found an excellent servant-girl to take her place, whose parents lived near, and with whom we were well acquainted. The little girl seemed to be very happy with us.

I was curious to know her feelings in regard to her half-sister. One morning I saw her alone in the garden; my wife, busy with her work, was sitting at one of the lower windows, and watching the little girl at her play. I went into the garden, took the child by the hand, and led her to see some rabbits in a little inclosure where they were kept. When she had admired them for some time, I took her on my knee, and began to talk to her.

"You must have, at Nives," I said, "much more beautiful rabbits than these?"

"No, there are no rabbits at all. There are only hens, dogs, and cats; but mamma is not willing to let me play with them for fear that I shall soil or tear my clothes, and this makes me angry, for I am very fond of animals. Mamma scolds at me for loving them, because she is stingy."

"Stingy! What does that word mean?"

"Ah, bless me! I don't know. The servants call her so, because she is always scolding them."

"That is a bad word. You must never repeat words that you do not know the meaning of. I am sure your mamma loves you very much, and that she is very good to you."

"She is not good at all. She whips me and strikes me, and I never have a good time, excepting when she has gone away."

"Have you any brothers and sisters?"

"I have a grown-up sister who is very good. I should like to live with her always."

"Always! Do you not see her often?"

"No; she is in prison in a convent. I saw her—I mean I saw her portrait. I think I never saw her."

"Then how do you know that she is good?"

"My nurse and the old gardener's wife told me that she was put in prison on that account."

"What! put in prison because she is good?"

"So it seems. Therefore, when mamma tells me to be good, I answer: 'No; you would make me go to prison in the same way!' I am very glad she brought me to your house. I hope you will let me stay here always."

Then, without waiting for my reply, Mademoiselle Ninie, whom I had hard work to hold, ran after the rabbits faster than ever. I saw a child already the victim of misfortune, and a wanderer from the right path. I no longer doubted that her mother was both avaricious and wicked. It was even possible that she saw in her daughter only a pretext for contesting Marie's inheritance with greater avidity. She had not even the resource of hypocrisy, the power of making dupes; for she was thoroughly detested; and her servants had disturbed, if not irretrievably injured, the moral sense of poor Ninie.

I looked with painful emotion upon this bewitching child, clothed in all the physical beauty of her happy age, and thought that there was already a gnawing worm in the heart of this rose. I watched her closely to discover the ruling impulses of her character: they were good and tender. She ran after the rabbits in order to caress them, and when she had succeeded in catching one, she covered it with kisses, and tried to swaddle it in her handkerchief, to make a baby of it. As the animal was unmanageable, and threatened to scratch her pretty face, I took him away gently, without opposition on her part, and gave her a tame dove, which made her wild with delight. At first she squeezed it very closely, but when I made her understand that she must let it go free in order to have the pleasure of seeing it come back and follow her of its own accord, she listened to me willingly, and handled it gently; but there was an ardor in her caresses that revealed a soul full of unrequited love and repressed sensibility.

The next day, St.-Hyacinth's-day, was my birthday, and also the festival-day of our village. Two or three dozen cousins and nephews arrived with their wives and children to pass the holiday with us. They went to participate in the rural *fête*, while my wife, up with the dawn, prepared a Homeric feast. I was absorbed as usual with a crowd of clients—prosperous peasants or humble citizens—who took advantage of the *fête* to consult me, and deprived me of the pleasure of being present at the festival.

I endured the long and confused explanations of these worthy persons until the first bell rang for dinner. Then I resolutely put them out-of-doors, not without a struggle on the stairway against their references and repetitions. When I passed into the drawing-room, after shutting the door in their faces, I met with an agreeable surprise. Emilie Ormonde was waiting for me, with a large bouquet of magnificent roses in her hand. The dear child threw herself into my arms, wishing me a pleasant birthday, with happiness, good-fortune, and health.

"This," I said, pressing her to my heart, "is a great enjoyment which I did not expect. Have you been here long, my dear niece?"

"I have just arrived, uncle, and I am going away immediately. You must excuse me from dining with you as on other years; but you know why I cannot. Marie is imprudent; she is tired of being shut up. The poor child has been a prisoner so long! Would you believe that this morning she took it into her head to disguise herself as a peasant to come to the *fête?* She said no one knew her face, and she wanted to accompany me as a servant. The only way I could dissuade her from her purpose was by promising to be gone but an hour. I could not let the day pass without bringing you the Vignolette roses, nor without telling you to-day, as always, that you and Jacques are the two persons whom I love the best in the world."

"And your aunt?"

"I have not seen her. I will pay my respects to her as I go out."

"How will you explain the reason why you do not stay?"

"She will not care to have me stay, uncle."

"And if I let you go, shall you imagine that I do not love you any longer?"

"Oh! it is different with you! And then you know I have a child to take care of."

"An unreasonable child, I am sure of it! Do you know that her step-mother was here two days ago?"

"Yes; I knew also that she left her little daughter with you."

"Who told you so?"

"Old Nicole's daughter, who came yesterday to bring back some baskets you had lent us. She saw the child, and they told her that the mother had gone to Paris. Is it true?"

"It is true, and Mademoiselle Marie runs a great risk of being discovered, if, after escaping from the convent, she were seen in Paris before coming to your house."

"She was there, uncle; I know it now. She was obliged to purchase under-clothing and dresses, and especially to seek counsel in her affairs, concerning which she had always been kept in entire ignorance."

"She was in Paris—alone?"

"No, with her nurse, the one who helped her to escape. This woman is devoted to her, and yet I am afraid of her; she does not understand the necessity of being prudent; she suspects nothing, and, when she comes to see Marie, I do not dare to leave her alone in the house with her."

"But where is Jacques all this time?"

"He must be at the dance, and doubtless he will come and dine with you."

"That is right! Go, then, if you must. I hope that you will make ample amends to me when you are no more the guardian slave of your beautiful friend. Have you seen Henri?"

"No; I have seen and wish to see no one but you. Adieu until we meet again, dear uncle!"

The second bell rang for dinner as my niece

went away through the farm-yard, where she had left her cariole in charge of a domestic. Henri, who came through the garden, did not see her. The crowd of nephews, cousins, second-cousins, and grand-nephews, arrived also, and at last Jacques Ormonde, red as a peony from having danced until the last minute. The dinner was not very tedious for a family repast in the country; it was well known that I did not like to sit long at table. It was served promptly, and did not allow the guests to go to sleep while they were eating. As soon as it was finished, feeling the need of breathing the outdoor air, after the confinement my clients had imposed upon me in the morning, I proposed to go and take coffee at Father Rosier's, who kept a rustic establishment in the village. We could see the dances and diversions from his garden. My proposition was enthusiastically welcomed by my young nieces and cousins. We set off laughing, shouting, frisking about, and singing. The village was only half a mile from the house, taking the paths through my meadow-lands.

Our boisterous arrival made all the young people come out of the wine-shops. They were getting ready to light the signal-light, for it was dark. They called the fiddlers scattered around in the ale-houses. The young folks who came with me cared little for taking coffee; they wished to dance. The *personnel* of the *fête* brightened up very much. The dance, abandoned for a time, was reorganized, as is usually the case when hunger is appeased and the evening begins.

During this quarter of an hour of impatient expectation and joyful disorder, I chanced to be alone for a few minutes on Father Rosier's terrace. This terrace was a little garden on the declivity of a hill planted with hazel-nut trees, and carried from the lowest point of the rock about six feet perpendicular above the level of the place appropriated for dancing. It was much the prettiest place for getting a view of the whole effect of the *fête*. Three blue lanterns concealed in the foliage produced the appearance of moonlight, and made it easy for different persons to recognize each other. The illumination had, however, not commenced, and I was waiting in the darkness until my turn came to be served, when I perceived some one approaching with a stealthy step who touched me lightly on the shoulder.

"Don't say a word, uncle; it is I, Emilie."

"What are you doing here, dear child? I thought you had gone home?"

"I have been home — and come back, uncle. Are we alone here?"

"Yes, just this moment; but speak low."

"Yes, certainly! I must tell you that I did not find Marie at Vignolette. Nicole told me that Charliette came in my absence, and that they went out together."

"Well! you think they are here?"

"Yes, I think so; and I am looking for them."

"In this way, entirely alone among these peasants filled with wine, many of whom are not acquainted with you, for they come here from all parts of the country?"

"I am not afraid of anything, uncle. There are enough who are acquainted with me to protect me in case of need. Besides, Jacques will be here, and I thought you would take care of me."

"Then do not leave me, and let your madcap friend follow her own adventures. It is not right that, to save a person who does not wish to be saved, you should expose yourself to insult. Remain with me. I will not allow you to take care of Mademoiselle Marie. Jacques is there to take care of her in your place and in his own way."

"Jacques does not know her, uncle! I assure you—"

I interrupted Miette by making a sign for her to observe a couple moving stealthily along the rock below us in the thick shade that the hazel-nut trees threw upon the lower ground-plot. I recognized Jacques's voice. We remained motionless, listening, and heard the following dialogue:

"No; I will not go back yet. I want to dance the *bourrée* with you. It is dark; and, besides, no one knows me."

"They will soon light up, and every one will notice you."

"Why?"

"You ask the reason? Do you believe there is another peasant-girl here as fair, as slender, and as pretty as you are?"

"You are flattering me? I will tell Miette."

"You need not boast of my acquaintance!"

"I know it is not worth speaking of."

"Cruel creature! Come, call Charliette, and go home with her."

"It is you who are cruel! How can you refuse me this little enjoyment?"

"My uncle is here, and you know that he is the advocate of your step-mother."

"That makes no difference to me; he will be mine if I wish. When he knows me, he will be on my side. You said so yourself. Come, Jacques, here are the bagpipes coming. I must dance."

"It is absolute madness!"

"Oh, to dance the *bourrée* as in my childhood! To have been ten years in a dungeon, to escape from the icy coldness of death, to feel myself alive, and to dance the *bourrée!* Jacques, my good Jacques, I have set my heart upon it!"

The noisy music of the bagpipes interrupted the conversation or prevented us from hearing it. The beacon was at last lighted, and Father Rosier's garden was also illuminated. I saw all my guests; those who were not dancing were taking the coffee I had ordered, while the young men scattered over the square were inviting their partners for the dance.

I moved a few steps out of the way with Emilie, in such a manner as to prolong my *tête-à-tête* with her, without ceasing to observe what was taking place upon the green. When the beacon-light blazed up, we saw very distinctly the great Jacques bounding in the dance and lifting in his arms a slender and pretty peasant-girl very gracefully attired.

"It is indeed she!" said Emilie, in consternation; "it is Marie, disguised!"

"You begin to think that she is a little acquainted with your brother?"

"I was mistaken, uncle—ah! very much mistaken! He has done wrong."

"And now what are you going to do?"

"Wait until her fancy is gratified, approach her, speak to her gently as to a domestic in my service, and take her home before she has attracted too much attention."

"Wait until I look at her."

"Do you think she is pretty, uncle?"

"Yes, indeed; very pretty, and she dances admirably."

"Look at her critically, uncle; you will see that she is a child, utterly unconscious of what she is doing. I am certain that she has not the least idea of making trouble for me or any one else. It is possible that she has become acquainted with Jacques without my knowledge; that he has helped her to escape, accompanied her to Paris, as you think, brought her even to my door, and seen her secretly since; that they love each other, are betrothed, and have deceived me to avoid the obstacle of my conscientious scruples."

"It is certain now."

"Very well, uncle, it matters little; Marie is still pure, and more ignorant than I am; for I know from what danger a girl twenty-two years old must be kept, while she—is always like a child of twelve! She learned nothing in the convent of those things she needs most to know at the present time. I find her exactly where I left her at the convent of Riom, loving movement, noise, freedom, and dancing, but not suspecting that she can become blameworthy, and incapable of permitting any impropriety in Jacques."

"However, my dear Miette, when Mademoiselle de Nives was at the convent of Riom, and only fourteen or fifteen years old, she had a lover who wrote her letters badly spelled, and this lover was Jacques."

"No, uncle, this lover—must I tell you?—he was entirely innocent."

"Tell me everything."

"Well, this lover was your son—it was Henri."

"Are you in earnest?"

"Yes, I saw the letters, and recognized the writing. Henri was then in college, the grounds of which were only separated by a wall from the convent; the students threw balls over the walls, and concealed letters in them, declarations of love, of course, in prose or verse, with full signatures, and addressed at random to Louise, Charlotte, Marie. Henri was delighted with this sport, and excelled in writing in the style of a shoemaker, with a corresponding orthography. He signed his name *Jaquet*, and addressed his burlesque love-letters to Marie, who made fun of them. He knew her given name, for he often heard it called out in our garden; but did not take the trouble to find out whether she were pretty or not, for neither at this time nor since has he ever seen her face. She told me the whole story."

"You are sure that he never saw her? I have my doubts—look, Miette, look!"

The *bourrée* was finished; they were going to commence it again, and, at the moment when Jacques was about to lead out his partner, Henri, addressing her, invited her for the next dance. She accepted, regardless of Jacques's visible disapprobation. She took my son's arm, and danced with him, manifesting as much enjoyment as when dancing with my nephew.

"Indeed! what does this prove?" said the good Emilie, without any appearance of vexation. "Henri has noticed this pretty girl, and said to himself that, since Jacques has danced with her, he could also invite her. Permit me, uncle, to go near her, for she begins to make a sensation, and every one will be asking her to dance. I must take her away. Charliette is here—I see her; but she spoils her, and will allow her to remain long enough to attract too much attention."

"Go, then; but all this annoys me excessively. This girl is possessed of the devil! She will cause you a thousand cares, will certainly injure your reputation. Meantime, she dances with Henri, while, excepting for her presence under your roof, he would have renewed the tender and serious pledge of your mutual affection, and to-day he would have opened the ball with his *fiancée*, instead of dancing with a fair unknown, whose beautiful eyes may perhaps arouse his passionate admiration, but will not be able to gain a permanent hold upon his heart."

"Who knows?" said Miette, with a profound expression of sorrowful resignation.

"Who knows?" I exclaimed. "I know that I will not suffer the least coquetry between your *fiancé* and your brother's betrothed!"

"Uncle, do not injure her!" quickly replied the generous girl. "Whatever happens, I have promised to devote myself to her service, both as a sister and a mother. I will keep my word."

An unexpected incident interrupted us. Jacques Ormonde, seeing Mademoiselle de Nives wild with excitement, and regardless of consequences, contrived a plan for interrupting the ball. He climbed up to the beacon-light, as if he were going to light his cigar, and put it out, apparently without intention, plunging the assembly into darkness. As he descended, he pretended to laugh loudly at the accident, and was lost in the slight tumult it produced. There were a few moments of astonishment and disorder. Some continued to dance, feigning to mistake their partners; others were honestly looking for theirs. Some modest girls, frightened, sought the protection of their parents; others, more bold, laughed and shouted as loud as they could. I descended from the terrace with Miette; at the moment when the light was rekindled, we saw Jacques, wandering, disappointed, looking around among the different groups; Henri and Mademoiselle de Nives had disappeared, either with or without Charliette.

I saw then that Miette still loved Henri, for

great tears glistened for a minute on her cheeks. She tried to conceal them, and, turning toward me, "We must," she said, "prevent Jacques from making any further search. He cannot conceal his feelings, and his anxiety will be noticed."

"Never fear," I replied, "Jacques knows very well how to keep his own counsel; you cannot doubt it any longer. He will take good care, if he is jealous, not to pick a quarrel with Henri, for this would betray and acknowledge everything. If Mademoiselle de Nives has chosen Henri for her attendant, and he takes her back to Vignolette, you must not let them see that you are uneasy or jealous."

"Certainly not, uncle, I am neither; but—"

"But here is Jacques, who sees you, and is coming toward us. It is not the time for explanations: appear to be ignorant of everything. Presently I will make him confess."

"I did not expect the pleasure of seeing you," said Jacques to Emilie; "you told me you were not coming to the *fête*."

"I have just come," replied Miette. "I had something to say to my uncle. I knew that he would be here this evening."

"And you have seen—only him?" said Jacques, almost distracted.

"Only him? Indeed, I have seen a great many people."

"I thought you were looking for some one?"

"I was looking for no one but my uncle, and you see plainly that I have found him. What is the matter with you, and why do you look so troubled?"

Jacques saw that he had betrayed himself, and hastened to reply with a forced air of gayety:

"I am not troubled about anything! I am looking for Henri, that he may be my *vis-à-vis* in the dance—with you, if you wish."

"Thanks, I am going away. My cariole is waiting for me yonder under the pines. I beg you to tell my old Pierre to put the bridle on the mare. I will follow you."

"Why do you go immediately?" I asked my niece, as soon as Jacques had started off. "Henri is here, without doubt, and, if you desire, will dance with you."

"Uncle, Henri has gone with Marie; they are on their way to Vignolette."

"It is possible—everything is possible; but, upon reflection, it is very improbable; you said they did not know each other? Do you now think your *protégée* so foolish and imprudent as to have made Henri her confidant?"

"I know nothing about the matter, my dear uncle; I do not understand her any longer!"

"She is coquettish and frivolous, that is plain; however—"

"They were talking with much earnestness during the *bourrée*, and yesterday Marie wrote a letter which she intrusted to the letter-carrier with great secrecy."

"You suppose—what?"

"She has a great desire to see you and ask your advice. I was obliged to tell her of your refusal. She then questioned me more than she had ever done before about Henri, his character, and the influence he possessed over you. I should not be surprised if she had commissioned him to ask you for an interview."

"If she wrote to him yesterday, he would have spoken to me to-day. I believe you are mistaken; whatever it is, we shall see very soon. If she has taken him for an intermediate agent, he will tell me this evening. Now, what are you going to do?"

"Return home quietly, at a slow pace. As Marie is probably going home on foot, I want to give her time to return to Vignolette, take off her disguise, and go to bed without telling me anything, if she pleases. You understand, uncle? If she confesses her inconsiderate act, I shall have a right to scold at her and ask her questions. If she wants to conceal it from me, I cannot reproach her without making her angry and humiliating her very much. Remember she is under my roof, and has no other asylum; if I offend her, she will leave me, and where then would she go? To Charliette's, whom I believe capable of any crime? No, she must not quit me, for she would compromise herself, and give her step-mother the means of destroying her reputation!"

"In this, as in everything, you are as wise as you are generous, my dear Emilie. Say nothing to her, if she is silly enough to wish to deceive you; but I will speak to Jacques! Never mind! he will not dream that you heard his conversation with the damsel."

We arrived just at this time under the pines where, for want of room in the inn, a number of horses were tied to the trees. Jacques had not troubled himself much in delivering his sister's message to the old servant. He was searching in all directions, looking always for Mademoiselle de Nives, and finding it very difficult to obtain information in any other way than by his eyes, which were of little use to him in the thick shade of the pine-grove. Obliged to come at my call, he helped me in seeing Emilie safely started for home.

Then, taking his arm, I led him to an unfrequented path, and said:

"Let us see, young man, what you intend to do, and what will be the end of this fine intrigue."

In three words I convinced him that I knew everything, and that it was perfectly useless to deny it.

He drew a long breath, and replied:

"O uncle! you confound me; but you release me from torture, and, excepting for the penalty of being severely scolded, I am delighted at the opportunity of telling you the truth. Here is the story of my love-affair with Mademoiselle de Nives."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE MEN WHO FASCINATE WOMEN.

BY JUNIUS HENRI BROWNE.

THE special attraction of some men for most women is deeply hidden. It is not discoverable by observation or by reason, and its source is, in many cases, as mysterious to those who exercise it as to those who feel it. The general opinion that men draw and delight the other sex mainly through their good looks, notwithstanding it has a basis of fact, cannot be safely adopted. We hear a great deal of handsome fellows, historic and contemporaneous, who have broken feminine peace and rifled feminine hearts. We are intimately acquainted with what Alcibiades, Mohammed, Crichton, and Marlborough, have achieved in that way, not to name the beaux of our set or the gallants of the town ; but we are apt to overlook other qualities that have contributed to their success. Women like to talk wildly about handsome men, as if handsomeness were the sole thing desirable ; and yet, while they rave over lustrous eyes, flowing locks, and magnificent figures, they find themselves fascinated by plain and even homely men, whom, from description, they would feel sure they could never abide.

Who has not known women in the habit of glowing over abstract Apollos, to decline upon and be absorbed by concrete Vulcans? But, then, the Vulcans may not be Vulcans to them. Love idealizes, especially in the feminine heart ; endows the object loved with all the hues of imagination—with every property of the becoming. Love is born of unreason, and continued in mystery. Where it descends, it adheres, whether it alight on beauty or deformity, on the top of the verdant hill or in the parched valley. Externals have little to do with it : it has a lawless law of its own, and moves in courses so eccentric that their direction can never be traced. Women are drawn where they are drawn : the fact is recognized ; but what makes it a fact eludes analysis. Masculine comeliness repels them not ; indeed, it often wins them, at least invites them. To hold them, to compel them, some mental magic, some spiritual sorcery, is needed which is wholly independent of color and of form. A fair exterior is truly a letter of recommendation, which, however, internal conditions must bear out to save disappointment and reaction. A handsome face and fine figure compose so small a part of fascination that they can be omitted in the relations of the sexes without serious disadvantage. Good and desirable in themselves, their possession incurs a responsibility which must be met with highier and worthier gifts. She who, having been attracted by them, finds that they advertise what they do not keep, is apt to undergo a revulsion of feeling that scarcely stops short of contempt. What right, she thinks, has a man to appear other than he is? Labeled with allurement, he is inwardly empty, intellectually barren, and still flouts deception in one's very face.

The men that women talk of amiably, referring to their good looks, pleasant ways, kindly manners, are not the men who make strong appeals to their sympathies, captivate their imaginations, or thrill their blood. These create so deep an impression, so arouse privacy of emotion, that praise is sparing, and general comment hushed. When you hear a woman of any fineness or force speak of a man's mere handsomeness, you may be sure he has only caught her eye ; that her heart is for somebody else. Her speech is a poor compliment when it is satisfied with surfaces. She is, in truth, likely to be fondest of him about whom she is silent. The consciousness of her preference renders her sensitive of outward approval —what she would be glad to say she dares not say at all.

Who are the real favorites with women, as a rule? The men of attractive or plain exterior ; those who shine and revel in photographs, or those who are averse to them? In your own circle, are the splendid-looking fellows the dangerous ones? Have you any fair friends who have suffered sentimentally from regular features, flowing whiskers, or exact proportions? Are the emotional tragedies evoked from animated fashion-plates and walking tailors'-blocks? Give a man of fine person and presence fervor, sensibility, and character to match, and you have equipped him with undue odds in the soft war of the sexes. But, then, you have been more bounteous than Nature, who usually bestows with half-opened hands. She rarely confers at the same time on her sons—generous as she may be to her daughters—the charm of body and the charm of mind. When she does, she often revenges herself for her profusion by implanting a weakness that turns her gifts awry. How many handsome fellows who have had possibilities of merit have been spoiled by their handsomeness! How many more have been without such possibilities, and never missed them, because absorbed in the contemplation and admiration of their physical perfections!

No healthful mind can or does despise beauty in any shape ; but between beauty and brains there is only one choice. And it does seem generally, in spite of many exceptions, that the two are at variance in our sex, so much does one encroach upon the other—not necessarily, but commonly. Beauty, of course, is here understood conventionally, as it is applied to women—including delicacy of feature, softness of complexion, harmony of color, exactness of proportion. There are hundreds of fine-looking, actually handsome men who offend æsthetic canons — who, judged by the ordinary standard, are plain, perhaps ugly, and who never acquire the reputation, popularly at least, of being handsome. A man may be admirable in *physique ;* he may have a face artists would love to paint, a figure sculptors would delight to model, and yet be as strong, broad, and efficient, as if he turned mirrors to disfavor.

Beauty cannot be harmful to a man by whom it is regarded as an accident. Considered as an essential, it enervates and undermines him. Numbers of the world's heroes have been physically magnificent; but they have determined to be magnificent in performance as well. But he who is ever conscious of personal attractions, and shows his consciousness, tacitly admits that they are the best of him, and becomes emasculated. His shallow vanity makes him womanish, and no womanish man can awake a grand passion in the breast of a womanly woman. Self-delight with the body and all that belongs to it, a certain self-stimulation of sensuousness, a sovereign satisfaction with form and feature, set off to the best advantage, are distinctly feminine traits, and the man who shares these cannot expect to share anything else woman has to give. She naturally looks to him for what she has not and cannot get from herself; and, finding her pleasant and piquant vanities refracted as weaknesses and follies in him, she turns from them and from him in contempt.

When a woman has once been charmed by a man —for this seems to be the effect often produced upon her—she loses her power to judge of him rationally. She remembers but vaguely how he appeared to her before her heart had taken fire. Since then he has been transformed; he has taken on the hues of her fancy; he is woven into the woof of her life. However plain he may be, she does not think him plain, and he is not so to her, since the glamour of passion is on her eyes. If he were handsome as Hyacinthus, he would show to her no better than were he commonly endowed; so that his looks would avail him nothing. But resembling Hyacinthus, other things being equal, he would be less apt to charm her than if of ordinary mould. In the Greek fable, it will be remembered, the beautiful Spartan youth was beloved of Apollo and Zephyrus, and that the latter caused his death, through jealousy, by blowing against his head the discus of the god; so that the attachment was unnatural even in the apologue. In reality, such beauty as is ascribed to Hyacinthus would be likely to be unaccompanied by the masculine qualities that appeal to and master women.

Doubtlessly one reason that noticeably handsome men make fewer conquests than plain or homely men is, that they depend too much on their appearance, neglecting what is of infinitely greater value. The homely man is aware that he must make the most of his resources; that he must bestir himself; that he must keep at a certain high level. If he is desirous to please, he is always on his metal; he exercises all his talents and his arts; he is concerned to prove, in his own case, the superiority of mind over matter. He has, also, an advantage in his very plainness, which serves as a sort of ambush for his winningness, increasing and certifying it by the absence of expectation. Much of what goes by the name of love is a surprise of the heart, and women's hearts are easily surprised where they are not forewarned. A woman is inclined to be on her guard, meeting a man of attractive exterior and vivid self-consciousness. She instinctively defends herself; her opposition is aroused, her prejudice excited, her self-love rendered assertive. His efforts to please miscarry; his gallantry is misinterpreted; his kind offices are misunderstood. The things he has counted in his favor are counted against him; his attempts to advance result in his retrogression; his boasted good looks insure his discomfiture.

He to whom comeliness has been denied evokes something of woman's sympathy by that fact alone, if he have address, and know how to use his tongue. She believes that she can put him on better terms with himself; that she has nothing to fear from him; that she can afford to be unreserved; and, when she feels that she can be unreserved, she has surrendered half her weapons. Before she is well aware, he has gained her confidence. While she imagines that she pities him—for what reason she could not tell for her soul—he, having grown to be her spiritual liege, is looking down on her with that lofty tenderness which marks his sex. His plainness has been his help, and to it he owes the beginning of a success which the possession of physical gifts might have prevented. She does not suspect until too late that Nature, in withholding beauty of form, has bestowed upon him such an ability to interest as more than makes amends. She may say mentally at first, "How ugly he is!" but the chances are that she will not repeat it; for, listening to his talk, she believes she would not change him if she could. Ugliness in men often seems to be a mask concealing mysterious fascinations which, opportunity favoring, few women find themselves able to resist.

The illustrious men in history who have been subduers of women, who have kindled in their hearts inextinguishable passions, have been, as a rule, rather plain than handsome.

Julius Cæsar, for instance, as great a victor over the other sex as over his own—triumphing eventually over both by force of arms—was far from beautiful, as we learn from Suetonius and the marbles that are still preserved. His features were not quite regular, nor well proportioned. His complexion was naturally sickly and pale, when not bronzed by exposure. He was tall, but very spare; he had a distemper in the head, Plutarch tells us, and was subject to epilepsy. In his later years, also, he was entirely bald, which made him the more desirous to wear a crown of laurel. One of the most winning, eloquent, and irresistible of men, he owed his power to his masterly mind, not to an attractive person.

As women are unquestionably drawn to owners of renown and occupants of high places, it may be thought that they went to Cæsar for what he had achieved rather than for what he was. But accredited facts seem to disprove this. When he was a mere stripling, before he had gained any place or fame in Rome, girls of his age sighed for him, and mature women longed for his love. He felt what he was born to by the extraordinary influence he exercised over women ere men had recognized his gifts. Sylla said of him, while in his early teens, "They know little who do not see many Mariuses in that boy." Even previous to that, women had found in

him many lovers. Afterward, in Bithynia, Spain, Gaul, wherever he went, in truth, the fairest of the feminine natives, though they knew not his name nor rank, appeared to hunger for his society. They flew to him as the moth flies to the flame—by an instinct of self-destruction. He was by no means a vain, selfish, sensual libertine: he was sensitive, susceptible, affectionate, passionate; loving too much rather than not enough; conquered by as well as conquering women, as the familiar example of Cleopatra so fully illustrates. It seems to be the moral not less than the physical law that bodies attract in proportion as they are attracted. Men who draw women are likewise drawn by them. Strong passion, positive love, seldom exists by halves; no fire burns long without feeding.

Fascinating as Cæsar was, he could not keep his third wife, Pompeia, from a desperate and dangerous flirtation with Públius Clodius. But Pompeia was not very fond of him; for she must have known that he had married her for political reasons, and that domestic loyalty was not one of his virtues. Very likely she caused Clodius to be introduced into her house during the festival of Gynæcea, with the deliberate intent to revenge herself for her husband's infidelities, although she had no fear that her gallant would be discovered. When her lord put her away without appearing as a witness against the profligate patrician, and made to his inquiring friend the well-known reply, "I am unwilling that my wife should be even so much as suspected," he showed that his pride was hurt more than his affection. If such a man as Cæsar had really loved Pompeia, and been true to her, she would have been—as he would have had her—wholly above suspicion. When he fell at last beneath the swords of the conspirators, many of the patricians rejoiced; but their wives and all the women of Rome were heart-broken at the tragedy. Like Brutus, they loved Cæsar and they loved Rome; but, unlike Brutus, they loved Cæsar more than Rome.

Sir Philip Sidney, the accepted pink of Elizabethan chivalry, whom the women of his day adored and whose memory women have since doubly adored through their idealization of him, was, contrary to general belief, plain to a degree of ugliness. No man has received so many encomia who has done so little. His merit has been exaggerated in every way: his face and figure have been made harmonious with his transcendent reputation. All time rings with his trumpeted perfections. We believe there were heroes before Agamemnon; but we seem to doubt that there were gentlemen before Sidney. He had noble qualities, and many of them, though he was not without defects. His manners were more polished, his social graces more numerous, than those of his countrymen (he had the means of improving and multiplying them by travel and by sojourn at the French court), and he possessed a rare literary talent, enabling him to impress himself vividly and favorably upon his time. His strong but unattractive and hypocritical queen coddled him—calling him "My Philip," as much from malice toward her sister Mary's bigoted and gloomy husband as from desire to compliment her courtier.

Great sympathy has been expressed with Sidney for his loss of Lady Rich, to whom he had been betrothed, but who was married to another. As the lady turned out, he was very fortunate in not getting her; but whether her deviations were the result of her wedding a man she did not love, or of natural moral obliquity, cannot be determined. She was beautiful, according to all accounts, and so conscious of her beauty that she would not be niggard of it. Sidney wooed her most energetically under the name of "Stella" long after her marriage, and not at all, as his panegyrists claim, in Platonic fashion. It is impossible to read his amatory poems addressed to her, even allowing for the freedom of the age, without being convinced that he employed all the arts of passionate and poetic expression to sully the woman he assumed to worship. For a model of chivalry, as in most things he certainly was, his extremely erotic, sometimes licentious, effusions are not exactly what would be expected of him. His indecorous wooing was sufficiently venial in the sixteenth century, though it might relieve his future eulogists from embarrassment were it fairly and squarely admitted that Sidney had, after all, his human weaknesses. There may be those, especially among women, who would rather concede his immorality than his absence of personal beauty, for he was such a charming man. Yes, he was; but men have been charming without handsomeness or impeccability. The noble close of Sidney's life, and the memorable incident of the bottle of water and the dying soldier, have set his history in a radiant frame. His was a truly knightly soul at base; he generally practised his precepts; his spoken gallantries were not screens for gross license. He gained the favor of fair women without yielding wholly to the temptation of their fairness. He fascinated by his mind, not by his person, and his victories were free from fleshly taint.

Pietro Aretino, celebrated as a writer in the sixteenth century, who was as devoid of comeliness as of decency, was a wholesale heart-breaker. An illegitimate child, all his pleasures and most of his pursuits were illegitimate. Corrupt even for Italy and his epoch, he was so clever with his pen, so ready with his tongue, that he won princes and princesses to his support and his arms. His biographies, produced by Berni, Dujardin, and Mazzuchelli, are extraordinary comments on the manners and customs of Southern Europe three hundred years ago. He seemed to have nothing to recommend him but talent, and that he prostituted whenever and wherever occasion offered. Compelled to leave his native city, Arezzo, by reason of his writing a sonnet against indulgences, he went to Perugia, and supported himself by selling books—almost the only honest calling he is known to have had. Such plain business irked him; he walked to Rome, and got employment in the service of Leo X., and of his successor Clement VII. Certain licentious writings compelled him to retire; and, set once more to wandering, he arrived in Florence, and attached himself to Giovanni de'

Medici, who, two years after, died in his arms from a wound received in battle. The author himself had been stabbed, meanwhile, by a rival in an ardent attachment to a bewitching cook, and became so incensed at the pope for his unwillingness to punish the would-be assassin that he swore he would never forgive him. Aretino was indiscriminate in his gallantries until the frolic of his blood was somewhat tamed—saucepans being as alluring to him as coronets and pedigrees.

After the death of his patron, he fixed on Venice as his home, where he resolved to be independent—boasting that, with a bottle of ink and a supply of paper, he could make a thousand gold scudi a year, equivalent to seventeen thousand dollars in our money. He made his boast good, too; for he had an extraordinary facility and versatility, composing sentimental, satirical, historic, sacred, profane, poetic, and licentious works, which had an immediate and abundant sale. The doge, Andrea Gritti, became his friend; the pope was reconciled to him, and promised him his sister in marriage. Charles V. honored him, and he had high hopes of a cardinal's hat. All went well with him. He painted and carved with skill; he fared sumptuously; the noblest beauties of Venice melted at his glance. Still, he was a coarse scoundrel. He was a glutton, a sensualist, a blackguard, and not unfrequently he was waylaid and beaten, and several times nearly murdered, for his transgressions, literary and moral. He was designated as the scourge of princes. Why some of them did not have him put out of the way in that era of easy poison and poniards passes comprehension.

Having been told one day of some shameful conduct by his sisters—the members of the Aretino family were very much alike—he was so greatly amused that he threw himself back into his chair with immoderate laughter, fell over, and broke his precious neck. He left many mistresses, who wept over his death, but dried their tears betimes, to smile and sin again. Aretino's charm for women must have been his immitigable viciousness.

Paul Scarron, the comic poet, renowned in his day, and hardly remembered now, dazzled the imagination and controlled the sensibilities of some of the finest women of France during the reign of Louis XIII. and XIV. Nature had been miserly to him as respects his person, before disease had made him a wretched cripple. But even after that he had no trouble in obtaining for wife the young and lovely Françoise d'Aubigné, who, as Madame de Maintenon, subsequently subjugated the most fastidious and fickle of French kings. The wit said, when he was five-and-thirty: "Though hideously deformed, not a line of grace left in me, the most charming women earth has yet seen are rendered happy by my smile. Bless yourself, friend Scarron, it is your genius that transforms you." To his bride he exclaimed: "I shall make you immortal, Françoise! You shall go down to posterity as the wife of Scarron!" Alas for egotism and prediction! Who recollects to-day that Madame de Maintenon was ever Madame Scarron?

What a devil of a fellow was Baron Friedrich von der Trenck in regard to the sentimental sisterhood; and yet he was cheated of attractive features, and owed all his emotional successes, as he once wrote, to his uncompromising ugliness! There are many records, besides his own interesting memoirs, of how, when he sought to win women, they were incontinently won.

Trenck's passion for the Princess Amelia, sister of Frederick the Great, involved him in life-long troubles. His precocious talents and soldierly accomplishments had warmly recommended him to the king, who, resolved on his advancement, treated him like a friend and a son. At sixteen he was admitted into the royal body-guard, and at eighteen was selected to drill the Silesian cavalry. A brilliant future was opened to him when, on the occasion of the festivities of the marriage of the Princess Ulrich, an older sister of Frederick, with the Prince Royal of Sweden, he met in Amelia one of his many fates. They fell heels-over-head in love with one another at first sight, and took no counsel save from their inclinations. Their rashness escaped observation, and in the campaign of the year following (1744) the young man gained a still stronger hold upon the affections of his sovereign by his dashing valor. The king appointed him his adjutant; but, returning to Berlin, Trenck was so little circumspect in his interviews with the princess that her brother could not remain in ignorance of them. He endeavored by indirect admonitions to draw the officer away from the danger he was bringing upon himself; but the latter was too deeply in love, and too impetuous in disposition, to heed any warnings. The consequence was, that he was arrested, and kept in confinement several weeks, the pretext being lateness on parade.

During the next campaign he again distinguished himself; but the king having discovered that he was in private correspondence with his ferocious and turbulent cousin, Baron Franz, in the service of Maria Theresa, caused him to be cashiered, and thrown, without trial, into the fortress of Galatz, whence he escaped after a year's imprisonment and repeated audacious and desperate attempts.

Trenck knew that his punishment was due less to his kinsman than his monarch's kinswoman, and admitted to his mistress that it was very difficult, in the nature of things, to remain a favorite with the king, and be at the same time the lover of the king's sister. Still, he persisted in his obstinacy, impelled by his romantic attachment and his equally romantic recklessness, although he was hopelessly cut off from personal communication with the princess. Shut out from Prussia, he wandered about; had divers adventures; consoled himself after the usual masculine fashion for his separation from Amelia; and finally, going to Dantzic on the death of his mother, he was seized in the middle of the night by three hussars, acting under Frederick's orders, and conducted to the citadel of Magdeburg. Notwithstanding the most daring and wonderful efforts to escape, in which he very nearly succeeded several times, he remained there

about nine years and a half, loaded with irons and undergoing terrible suffering. The faithful princess, even more wretched than himself, from the knowledge that she had brought such woes upon him, labored with and besought her brother, without ceasing, to effect her lover's release, and finally carried her purpose. After new commitments to prison, and marvelous escapes, after sundry duels, gallant exploits in the service of Mars and Venus, and unhappy experiences as a journalist (he drank the cup of wormwood to the very dregs), the death of the king enabled him to return to his native country, from which he had been exiled forty-two years. Amelia seemed to have been clinging to her lonely life merely until she could see him again. She died a few days after meeting him, with his aged kisses on her lips—first given in the ardor of his headlong youth.

He whom Goethe called the greatest literary man that has ever lived, the most surprising production of the Author of Nature—Voltaire—was in no wise framed like Paris, albeit he had many Helens. Brilliant as a diamond in the sunshine, incontestably the cleverest of the human race to present date, he would never have been chosen as a typical lover. Wonderful as his mind was, he was ugly of feature, but capable of delighting women with his ugliness. Madame de Genlis tells us that he was the only man of the eighteenth century who could talk to women as they really enjoy being talked to; and she had means of knowing, and was capable of judging. When the prince of wits, aged twenty, had gone to Holland as page to the Marquis de Châteauneuf, he formed a sentimental attachment to Olympe Dunoyer, the pretty daughter of a Frenchwoman who had exiled herself to get rid of a disagreeable husband. Olympe was still fonder than young Arouet, and they had many clandestine meetings. Her mother learning of these, and fearing an elopement, informed the marquis, who forbade all further love-making, to no purpose, of course. Then the diplomat—he was embassador to the Hague—to punish disobedience, locked the page in his chamber, who, seeing he was not likely to get out for several days, sent a note secretly to his sweetheart, begging her to visit him in male attire. She went unhesitatingly; but the little stratagem was discovered. Madame Dunoyer sent her daughter to Amsterdam, and the marquis sent François back to Paris. It was a minor but a very pleasant episode, and Voltaire always remembered it. He wrote her poems afterward, which she carried in her bosom, and blotted with her tears. She married a German baron some years later, and the author, having become eminent, had the pleasure of doing them both favors.

Madame de Rupelmonde, interesting as indiscreet, loved him passionately, without inspiring in him any very ardent return. She had her revenge in seeing him sigh for Madame de Villars (formerly the beautiful Mademoiselle de Varangeville), wife of the marshal, with no reciprocity on her part. The latter coquetted with him for months, till the poet grew weary of such metaphysical affection, and ceased to follow in her train. She was an habitual flirt, and is said to have made her husband so jealous that he insisted on her accompanying him to the field. Doubtless she would have been kinder to the author had he consented to be her satellite a little longer. But he was too fiery and impatient; he knew too well the attractions he had for the sex generally to waste himself on any one of its members.

Adrienne Lecouvreur, the eminent actress, was one of his sweethearts. She played the leading feminine parts in dramas he wrote for her, and by her triumphs therein appealed to him both as an author and a man. She loved him; but she loved other men, as he loved other women, though they never quarreled on that point. If he needed charity for himself, he extended it to his fellows irrespective of gender. "We have great hearts, dear Adrienne," he once said; "they demand much; they cannot be sustained by a single affection." They were both faithful to the inspiration, but not to the inspirer. She breathed out her life, supported on his breast, her last words a rapturous expression of love for Marshal de Saxe, on whose account she is believed to have been poisoned by a jealous rival. That was a severe test to put any man to—especially a man of Voltaire's unbounded vanity. To have a charming woman die in a man's arms may be very romantic; but when he loves her, and she has claimed to love him, and closes the sentimental chapter with a fervid apostrophe to another man, it is apt to dash the romance a trifle. It was not so with Voltaire. He lamented her sincerely; he greatly honored her memory. When the Abbé Languet refused her consecrated burial, he wrote a poem on her death—a bitter satire on the Church—which evoked such a storm that he was obliged to quit the capital.

The literary king, as may be inferred, continued his *liaisons*; one of the longest and most noted being with Madame du Châtelet. He doted on her, and she was devoted, though she did not confine her devotion to him. Sexual fealty was not the fashion in that time or country; it is a more modern and, to a certain extent, a republican innovation, not greatly esteemed, even now, in many parts of Southern Europe. Voltaire differed from the vast majority of men, particularly those of the art-class, by adhering, despite occasional delinquencies, to the women who expressed fondness for him. He did not forsake them when they had deceived him, though they not infrequently forsook him when he had not deceived them. Can it be possible that some women's disloyalty is provoked by the assurance of their lovers' loyalty to them?

Rousseau (Jean Jacques) looked the reverse of the sentimentalist that he was. Not only was he remarkably plain, his face being dull and his features heavy; his appearance was rustic, his manner awkward; nothing in his exterior to gratify a woman's eye. Nevertheless, he stirred her to her depths: thrilled her to the core; set her blood on fire; drew her soul through the wild sea of her excited sense. His presence moved women as well as his writings: strangely enough withal, for he was not in the least

amiable, nor was he capable of appearing so. He could not talk; his wit was slow; he was silent, generally sulky, uttering either stupidities or pedantries when he nerved himself to say anything, and disgusted at the poor figure he cut. He assailed everything that had the temerity to exist. Society was a sham; courtesy a trick; good-breeding a grimace; science quackery; philosophy a bubble. It must have been his grandiose, immutable egotism that struck sparks from the breasts of petted belles and stately ladies of rank. He says to one of his fair admirers: "You have praised me for my writings; you would praise and honor me more for my life, if you knew it; and still more for my heart, could you see its purity, its tenderness, its great love of humanity." He declares himself to be the proper type of the race. Those who would know man as unselfish, as noble, as exalted as he can be, under the direful limitations which tradition and custom have imposed—says the restless sophist in effect—should read the "Confessions" of Jean Jacques.

He quarreled with everybody, under the insane belief that the whole world was in conspiracy against him. No man could long be his friend; his morbid temperament rendered it impossible. But generous, accomplished, distinguished women put up with his endless vagaries, his morose temper, his enormous exactions. They sympathized with him; they caressed him; they forgave his perpetual affronts and his base ingratitude for the love they bore him. Madame de Warens gave him a home when he was a poor, friendless youth who had run away from a hard master he had been apprenticed to; cherished him; yielded everything. Not without grave faults, she was extremely good to him; and, though he professed a lasting attachment to her, his behavior oppugned his professions. The brilliant Madame d'Epinay did all in her power to render him contented. They were companions for years; she built for him the Hermitage at Montmorency; but he transferred his affection to her sister-in-law, the Countess d'Houdetot, a very interesting woman with a code of ethics adapted to the last century. Indeed, he had no lack of fine ladies at his disposal. It was the mode in Paris to be enamored of him, and the mode was followed with exceeding eagerness. He avows with characteristic modesty that the women were so intoxicated with his books and their author that there were very few, even of the highest rank, whose conquest he could not have made, had he cared to undertake it. He confides to the public that he had abundant evidence of the fact, which he did not wish to print, though it was entirely convincing. No question either but he told the truth. That is the worst of it. And he is the man of whom many of his contemporaries spoke as a scullion in spirit, supremely sensual, devoid of all decency, depraved from the start, a fellow not to be admitted into any household where self-respect was regarded. But a great many cultured and charming women wore this sentimental savage in the innermost folds of their affections.

John Wilkes, often mentioned, even by himself, as the ugliest man in all England, was a British Don Guzman de Alfarache. He had the gift of talking women out of all respect for the best-known of the Ten Commandments. Where he had free access, improprieties and scandal arose as a natural consequence. Coarse, unscrupulous, dissolute, he had the art of dissembling to perfection when he wished to, and women who abhorred him from his reputation were sure he had been foully slandered fifteen minutes after he had gained their ear. Desiring to marry a rich heiress much older than himself, he obtained her consent in half an hour, and won besides, as the story goes, five hundred pounds by a wager he had laid upon the issue of his connubial enterprise. Outraged beyond endurance by his gross neglect and open infidelities, she afterward demanded a separation, and had no trouble in procuring it. The suit which she brought subsequent to the divorce, to oblige him to pay her an annuity he had promised, revealed his true character, though many women sided with him against his wife, because, perhaps, she had been so shamefully and manifestly wronged.

As the editor of the *North Briton*, his demagogism was so dexterous that, aided by the folly of his political adversaries, he became an idol of the common people. Prosecution made him a vulgar hero; but the basest behavior, expulsion from Parliament, incitement of riots, infamous libels, could not unseat him in the warm prejudices of women. Numbers of them thought him a noble martyr, and several ladies of position in London pronounced him one of the purest of men, even after he had been found guilty of publishing an obscene poem upon their sex. Long after his popularity had waned, the wives and sisters of those who refused to recognize him were flattered by his attention, and most unseemly in their bearing toward him. The details of his conquests, which would fill volumes, would rejoice the prurient and amaze the conventional. Not Rochester, Saint-Evremont, Gramont, nor any of the elegant profligates, native or foreign, of Charles II.'s court, made greater devastation in the ranks of feminine infatuation than this lisping blackguard, this squinting wit, this ill-favored and totally disreputable journalist.

If one were searching for the portrait of a man who would be dangerous to the other sex, he would be reckoned a satirist should he choose the portrait of Jonathan Swift. But everybody knows how he subjugated their minds by his rancorous pride and savage tyranny: how three of the sweetest women in Great Britain looked for all their happiness to his harsh, homely face until they drooped with disgust or died of despair. With what fierce arrogance he deported himself! A poor scribe, with nothing in prospect, he was insolent and hectoring to the greatest. When the Duchess of Shrewsbury reproached him for not dining with her, he replied that it was too much for her to expect under the circumstances; that she must make more advances; that he looked for advances from ladies, especially duchesses. Lady Oglethorp introduced him to the Duchess of Hamilton. To use his own words, he gave her some encouragement, but not much. He wrote to the Duch-

ess of Queensberry: "I am glad you know your duty; for it has been a known and established rule above twenty years in England that the first advances have been continually made me by all ladies who aspire to my acquaintance; and the greater their quality, the greater were their advances." He seemed to regard himself as a superior being, exempt from all social laws, entitled to homage, even from the highest, of the abjectest sort.

During his residence in England, he appeared to become fond—if fondness can be associated with him—of a pretty, amiable, and refined girl, Jane Waryng, the sister of an old college friend. He asked her to be his wife; but she declined, on account of her delicate health. She grew better, and, as he had charmed her somehow, she repented of her refusal, and so wrote him. He then condescended to accept her, but accompanied his acceptance with conditions so unnatural and insulting that her self-respect compelled her to break with him.

A bright and winning girl, Esther Johnson (presumed to be the illegitimate child of his patron, Sir William Temple), whom he had reared, who had always revered and loved him, he treated kindly and brutally by turns, until he made her ineffably wretched. While he was in London, still another young woman, Hesther Vanhomrigh, rich and beautiful, became enamored of the great bear; declared her passion; followed him to Ireland; underwent agonies of jealousy; appealed to him most piteously; and yet woke no serious response in his hardened breast. He had been affectionate to her in England; but he changed in Ireland; he seemed bent on torturing her. She wrote: "If you continue to treat me as you do, you will not long be made uneasy by me. I am sure I could have borne the rack much better than your killing, killing words." She told the melancholy truth. His brutal behavior doomed her; she withered into the grave.

For the gentle Esther there was now a chance of happiness. Swift claimed that she had always had his heart. He married her from a sense of duty; but what a marriage! It was a feast in a charnel-house, a dance of death. The union was secret; it was to be nominal merely; it was to be an invisible change, with a deeper inward torment. His home became a hell to him. He went to England often as he could, and staid as long. Poor Esther! she was twelve years dying. Nature was as malignant as Fortune had been; but at last came the end, and blessed oblivion. The man who had slowly murdered two devoted women paid the penalty which crime unrelentingly exacts. Stella, as he called her, had indeed been his good angel. He had been wretched with her; he was more wretched without her. As he had predicted, he died at the top. He passed a whole year without uttering a word—with a dread of seeing any human face. He sank into a raving lunatic, then into a helpless idiot, and was buried years after he had virtually died, leaving all his property to build a mad-house. Is it such men whom women love? But let judgment be charitable. A man who could treat good, gentle, devoted women as Swift treated them must be insane from the first.

There are many other men ill-favored of mind and body, in the present not less than the past, who might be cited as bewitchers and misleaders of women. But they are all variations of the same tune. There are Cæsars, born conquerors of their kind, who are natural lovers, and unavoidably unjust, through their polygamous temperament. There are Sidneys, gifted and gentle, who are too chivalrous to wrong women consciously, but who play with passion to a perilous point. There are Aretinos, capable, witty, unscrupulous, indecent, who prey like wild beasts upon women. There are Scarrons, mercurially licentious, without reflection, who harm women little more than they harm themselves. There are Trencks, lusty dare-devils, with whom love is a riot of the blood, who are soldiers in sentiment, who approach women as they do a citadel, with no thought but victory. There are Voltaires, bubbling over with vanity, spirit, and versatility, tender-hearted though inconsiderate, to whom women are an intoxication and a necessity. There are Rousseaus, sentimentalists to the marrow, weighed down with egotism, social revolutionists, who sweep women away with floods of sensuousness and sensibility, and catch them up in an ardent embrace. There are Wilkeses who cover supreme selfishness and animal instincts with captivating manners, and win women indiscriminately because they can. There are Swifts, enraged by knowledge of their position, devoured by belief in their unappreciation, with every passion but sexual passion, who abuse women for their own misfortunes and deficiency.

All such varieties of men and many more, though lacking physical beauty, women strive for and are subdued by. What is their attraction? Is it power, or chivalry, or wit, or profligacy, or fearlessness, or brilliancy, or sentiment, or tenderness, or kindness, or indifference, or egotism, or brutality? Something, no doubt, of each and all of these; but exactly what, can no more be named than the source of the sun's heat or the reason why the moon affects the tides. This charm, though greatly coveted by men, is usually dangerous, often fatal, always undesirable. It is a beautiful flame that consumes the radiant possession, that curses the possessor. Happier he who can earn but one heart than he to whom a hundred hearts are given!

TWO WOMEN.

1862.

(*Conclusion.*)

THE DRIVE.

THE LADY (*thinking*). O fair Kentucky! borderland of war,
Thou rovest like a gypsy at thy will
Between the angry South and stubborn North.
Across thy boundaries many times from far
Sweep Morgan's men, the troopers bold who fill
Ohio with alarm; then, marching forth
In well-drilled ranks with flag, and fife, and drum,
From camp and town the steady blue-coats come,
March east, march west, march north, march south, and find
No enemy except the lawless wind.
No sooner gone—Lo! presto through the glen
Is heard the midnight ride of Morgan's men:
They ford the rivers by the light of stars,
The ringing hoofs sound through the mountain-pass;
They draw not rein until their glad huzzas
Are echoing through the land of the Blue Grass.
—O lovely land,
O swell of grassy billows far and near,
O wild, free elms, whose swaying arms expand
As if to clasp me, hold my love as dear
As thine own son. I hasten to his side—
Ye roads, lie smooth; ye streams, make safe the ford;
O chivalrous Kentucky, help the bride
Though thou hast wounded with thy rebel sword
The foeman bridegroom!
.
. . . . Can it be that girl
Who rides in front? I thought her left behind
In that small town. *Ciel!* would I could hurl
The slim thing down this bank! Would I could bind
Those prim, long-fingered, proper hands of hers
Behind her drooping, narrow-shouldered back,
And send her home! A heart like that transfers
Its measured, pale affections readily,
If the small rules it calleth piety
Step in between them. Otherwise, the crack
Of doom would not avail to break the tie
Which is not love so much as fealty
To given word, that conscientiousness
Which weigheth all things be they more or less,
From fold of ribbon to a marriage-vow,
With self-same scales of duty. Shall I now
Ride on and pass her—for her horse will fail
Before the hour is out? Of what avail
Her journey?
(*Speaks.*) Driver, press forward.—Nay, stop—
(*Aside.*) O what a child am I to waver thus!
I know not how to be ungenerous
Though I may try—God knows I truly tried.
What's this upon my hand? Did a tear drop?
(*Speaks.*) By your side
Behold me, maiden; will you ride with me?
My horses fleet and strong.

THE MAIDEN. I thank you—no.

THE LADY (*aside*). She said me nay; then why am I not free
To leave her here, and let my swift steeds go
On like the wind?
(*Speaks.*) Ho! driver—
(*Aside.*) But, alas!
I cannot.
(*Speaks.*) Child, my horses soon will pass
In spite of me; they are so fleet they need
The curb to check them in their flying speed.
Ours the same journey; why should we not ride
Together?

THE MAIDEN. Never!

THE LADY. Then I must abide
By your decision.—Driver, pass.
(*Thinking.*) I take
Her at her word. In truth, for her own sake
'Twere charity to leave her, hasten on,
Find my own love, and with him swift begone
Ere she can reach him; for his ardor strong
(Curbed, loyal heart, so long!),
Heightened by fever, will o'ersweep all bounds,
And fall around me in a fiery shower
Of passion's words.— And yet—this inner power—
This strange, unloving justice that surrounds
My careless conscience, *will* not let me go!
(*Speaks.*) Ho!
Driver, turn back.
—Maiden, I ask again—
I cannot take advantage. Come with me;
That horse will fail you soon—ask; both these men
Will tell you so.—Come, child—we will agree
The ride shall count as naught; nay, when we reach
The farm-house, all shall be as though no speech
Had ever passed between us—we will meet
Beside his couch as strangers.
(*Aside.*) There's defeat
For thee, O whispering tempter!

THE MAIDEN (*to the men*). Is it true?
Will the horse fail?

ONE OF THE MEN. Yes.

THE MAIDEN. Madam, then with you
I needs must ride.—I pray you take my share
Of payment; it were more than I could bear
To be indebted to you.

THE LADY. Nay—the sum
Was but a trifle.
(*Aside.*) Now forgive me, truth.
—But was it not a trifle to such wealth—
Such wealth as mine?
(*Speaks.*) Heard you that distant drum
Borne on the wind a moment? Ah! our youth
Is thrilled with the great pulses of this war.
How fast we live—how full each crowded hour
Of hot excitements! Naught is done by stealth,
The little secrecies of other days
Thrown to the winds; the clang and charge afar
On the red battle-field, the news that sways
Now to, now fro, 'twixt victory and defeat;
The distant cry of "Extra!" down the street
In the gray dawnings, and our breathless haste
To read the tidings—all this mighty power
Hath burned in flame the day of little things
Curled like a scroll—and now we face the kings,
The terrible, the glorious gods of war.
—The maid forgets her shyness; wherefore waste
One moment when the next may call him forth
Ne'er to return to her? The dear old North

May take her lover—but he shall not go
With lips unkissed to meet his Southern foe;
Her last embrace will cheer him on his round
Now back, now forth, over the frozen ground
Through the long night.
—And when the hasty word
"Only one day; be ready, love," is heard,
The soft consent is instant, and there swells
Amid the cannonade faint wedding-bells
From distant village; then, as swift away
The soldier bridegroom rides—he may not stay.
And she?—She would not keep him, though the tears
Blind her sweet eyes that follow him, and fears
Crowd her faint heart and take away her breath,
As on her white robe falls the shade of Death
That waits for him at Shiloh!
O these days!
When we have all gone back to peaceful ways,
Shall we not find sweet Peace a little dull?
—You do not speak.

THE MAIDEN. Madam, my heart is full
Of other thoughts.

THE LADY. Of love?—Pray—what is love?
How should a woman love?—Although we hate
Each other well, we need not try to prove
Our hate by silence—for there is a fate
Against it in us women; speak we must,
And ever shall until we're turned to dust,
Nay—I'm not sure but even then we talk
From grave to grave under the churchyard-walk—
Whose bones last longest—whose the finest shroud—
And—is there not a most unseemly crowd
In pauper's corner yonder?
—You are shocked?
You do not see, then, that I only mocked
At my own fears—as those poor French lads sang
Their gayest songs at the red barricade,
Clear on the air their boyish voices rang
In chorus, even while the bayonet made
An end of them.—He may be suffering now—
He may be calling—
There! I've made a vow
To keep on talking. So, then—tell me, pray,
How should a woman love?

THE MAIDEN. I can but say
How I do love.

THE LADY. And how?

THE MAIDEN. With faith and prayer.

THE LADY. I, too; my faith is absolute. We share
That good in common. I believe his love
Is great as mine, and mine—oh, could I prove
My love by dying for him, far too small
The test; I'd give my love, my soul, my all,
In life, in death, in immortality,
Content in hell itself (if there be hells—
Which much I doubt)—content, so I could be
With him!

THE MAIDEN. Is it a woman's tongue that tells
This blasphemy? When I said faith, I meant
A faith in God.

THE LADY. And God is Love! He sent
This love that fills my heart. Oh, most divine—
Oh, nearest to him of all earthly things,
A love that passeth self—a love like mine
That passeth understanding. The bird sings
Because it is the only way he knows
To praise his Maker; and a love that flows
Like mine is worship, too—a hymn that rolls
Up to the God of Love, who gave us souls
To love with. Then the hidden sacrifice;
It formed a part of worship once, and I
Do hold it now the part that deepest lies
In woman's love, the dim sanctuary
Behind the veil, holy of holies, kept
E'en from the one she loves: all told, except
This mystic feeling which she may not know
How to express in words—the martyr's glow
Idealized—the wish to give him joy
Through her own suffering, and so destroy
All part that self might play—to offer pure
Her love to her heart's idol. Strange, obscure,
Sacred, but mighty, is this longing; I
Can feel though not define it. I would die
To make him happy!

THE MAIDEN. As his happiness
Depends on me, then can you do no less
Than yield him to me—if you love him thus.

THE LADY (*thinking*). "As," said she? Heart, but this
is fabulous,
This calm security of hers!
(*Speaks.*) Why, child,
Hast never heard of passion, and its wild,
Impetuous, unreasoning assault
On souls that know not their own depths? The fault
Not his: he was but young, he did not know
Himself. Might he not love me even though
Thou wert the best? Have pity! I appeal
To all the woman in thee. Dost thou feel
That one touch of his hand would call the blood
Out from thy heart in an o'erwhelming flood
To meet it?

THE MAIDEN. Nay, I know not what you speak.

THE LADY. Thou dost not, that I see. Thy pearly cheek
Keeps its fair white.
Sweet child, he's that and more
To me. Ah, let me kneel; thus I implore
That thou wouldst yield him to me—all the right
His boyhood promise gave thee.

THE MAIDEN. In the sight
Of Heaven we are betrothed; I cannot break
My word.

THE LADY. Oh, not for mine, but for *his* sake!
He loves me!

THE MAIDEN. Only madness, that will burn
And die to ashes. But, the fever past,
The old, pure love will steadfastly return
And take its rightful place.

THE LADY. But should it last,
This fever-madnesss? should he ask your grace,
And say he loved me best?

THE MAIDEN. Then, to his face
I'd answer, Never! What! leave him to sin?

THE LADY. And what the sin?

THE MAIDEN. You! you! You have no faith,
No creed, that I can learn. The Bible saith
All such are evil.

THE LADY (*aside*). Why did I begin
Such hopeless contest?
(*Speaks.*) Child, if he should lie
Before us now, and one said he must die
Or love me, wouldst thou yield?

THE MAIDEN. Never; as dead
He would be in God's hands; living—

THE LADY. In mine.

THE MAIDEN. That is, in atheism.

THE LADY. Have I said
Aught atheistical? Because my faith
Is broader than its own, this conscience saith

I am an atheist! Ah, child, is thine
A better faith? Yet, be it what it may,
Should he now lie before us here, and say
He loved thee best, I'd yield him though my heart
Should stop—though I should die. Yea, for his sake,
To make him happy, I would even take
Annihilation!—let the vital spark
Called soul be turned to nothing.

THE MAIDEN. Far apart
Our motives; mine is clear with duty—

THE LADY. Dark
And heavy mine with love.

THE MAIDEN. Death, say you? Know,
At duty's call right calmly would I go
Up the red scaffold's stairs.

THE LADY. I well believe
Thee, steadfast maiden-voice. Nay, I conceive
My love, *thy* duty, are alike—the same
Self-sacrifice under a various name
According to our natures. I would yield,
And thou refuse to yield, from the same love;
I'd have him happy here, and thou—above.
For thus we look at life.
The book is sealed
That holds our fate—we may not look within;
But this I know, that, be it deadly sin
Or highest good, he loves me!

THE MAIDEN. There are loves—
And loves!

THE LADY. So be it. All this word-work proves
Nothing. Then let it end. Though there's a charm
In speech—but you are tired. 'Twill be no harm
To rest you on my shoulder, though its creed
(Poor shoulder!) is not orthodox.

THE MAIDEN. Indeed,
I need not rest.

THE LADY. Well, then, I'm half asleep
Myself, and you the silent watch may keep.—
(*Thinking.*) I've whiled the time away; but thou, dear God,
Who made me, how with bleeding feet have trod
The toiling moments through my heart, I pray
(For I believe that prayer may aid the soul,
Though not the body nor the fixed control
Of Nature) that his love may hold its sway
E'en as I saw him last, when, at my feet,
He lavished his young heart in burning tide
Of loving words. Oh, not for mine own joy,
But his, I pray this prayer; do thou destroy
All my own part in it.—Ah, love, full sweet
Shall be our meeting. Lo! the longed-for bride
Comes—of her own accord. There is no bliss,
Even in heaven, greater than the kiss
That I do keep for thee!

THE MAIDEN (*thinking*). O God, thy will
Be done—yes, first of all, be done! (Bide still,
Thou wicked, rebel heart!) Yet, O Lord, grant
This grace to me, a lowly supplicant.
My mind is vexèd, evil thoughts do rage
Within my soul; O Merciful, assuage
The suffering I endure!—If it is true
My poor boy loves this woman—and what is
Is ever for the best—create anew
Her soul that it may surely leaven his
With holiness. Oh, stretch thy mighty arm
And win her to thy fold, that she may be
A godly woman, graced with piety,
Turned from the error of her ways, the harm
Of all her worldliness, the sinful charm
Of her fair face (if it be fair, though I
Think her too brown) changed by humility
To decorous sweetness.—
Lord, look in my heart;
I may not know myself; search every part,
And give me grace to say that I will yield
My love to hers if thy will stands revealed
In his swift preference.
Yet, in pity, hear—
Change her, Lord—make her good! [*Weeps.*

THE LADY (*thinking*). Is that a tear
On her soft cheek? She has her little griefs,
Then, as the children have; their small beliefs
Are sometimes brought to naught—no fairies live,
And dolls are sawdust!—
Love, I do forgive
Your boyish fancy, for she's lily fair;
But no more could content you now than dew
Could hope to fill Niagara with its rare,
Fine drops that string the grass-blade's shining hue,
Upon the brink.—Dearest, I call! Oh, see
How all my being rushes toward thee! Wait,
E'en though before thine eyes bright heaven's gate
Let out its light: angels might envy thee
Such love as I shall give thee—wait! oh, wait!

THE FARM-HOUSE.

THE LADY. The sun is setting, we have passed the mill
Some time; the house is near Waunona Hill,
But the road smooth this way—which doth account
For the discrepancy of names. The gleam
Of the low sun shines out beneath that mass
Of purple thunder-cloud; when we surmount
This little swell of land, its slanting beam
Will light up all the lances of the grass,
The steely hue, the blue of the Blue Grass.
.
That is the house off on the right; I know
By intuition.

THE MAIDEN. It may hold—the worst!

THE LADY. Art faint?

THE MAIDEN. 'Twill pass. Lady, I enter first—
First and alone!

THE LADY. Child, if I thought his heart
Longed for the sight of you, I'd let you go,
Nay, I would make you! As it is—
But no,
It cannot be.

THE MAIDEN (*clasping her hands*). Lord, give me strength! I yield;
Go you the first. Ah! [*Sobs.*

THE LADY. Yours the nobler part;
I cannot yield. (And yet it is for him
I hold this "cannot" firm.) What might you wield
With that unflinching conscience-power! See, dim
Mine eyes—
There; we will go together—thus!
God help us both! [*They enter the house.*

THE LADY. Yes, we have come, we two,
His nearest, dearest. Is it perilous,
The fever? Where—above? That stair? We go—
Come, child—come, child.

WOMAN OF THE HOUSE. Dear ladies, you should know
Before—

THE LADY. Come!

WOMAN OF THE HOUSE. He—

THE LADY. Child, must I wait for you
Here at his door?

THE MAIDEN. I come; but something cold
Has touched my heart.
THE LADY. Then stay, coward!
THE MAIDEN. Nay, hold;
I come. [*They mount the stairs together.*
THE MAIDEN (*crying out above*). But he is dead—my Willie!
THE LADY (*above*). Fate,
You've gained the day at last! Yes, he is dead!

BY THE DEAD.

WOMAN OF THE HOUSE. He died last night at three—quite easily.
THE LADY. Alone?
WOMAN OF THE HOUSE. A surgeon from the camp was here.
THE LADY. Where is the man?
WOMAN OF THE HOUSE. Gone back.
THE LADY. Send for him.
See!
Here is a trifle; though it cannot clear
Our debt to you, yet take it.
WOMAN OF THE HOUSE. But you give
Too much.
THE LADY. Keep it.
THE MAIDEN (*kneeling by the bedside*). O Willie! can I live
Without you? Love, my love, why are you dead
And I alive? O noble, golden head,
Whose every curl I know, how still you lie
On this poor pillow, and how dreamlessly
You sleep! But waken now; look on me, dear;
Open those close-shut eyes, for I am here—
Yes, here all this long way from home. Oh, speak—
Speak to me, Willie. Ah, how cold his cheek—
How icy cold! O God! he's dead, he's dead!
WOMAN OF THE HOUSE. Yes, he is dead, dead as King David. Truth
He was right handsome for a Yankee youth—
Rode his horse well.
THE LADY (*aside*). I love you, Meredith.
THE MAIDEN. What's this upon the table near his hand?
[*Opens the package.*
My picture—yes, my letters—all! Herewith
I know—I know he loved me!
THE LADY (*thinking*). Cover worn,
Creased in its folds, unopened, and forlorn—
Yes, I remember it. I would not look
Within;—unopened since that day.
He took
The poor thing forth with dying loyalty
To send to her.
THE MAIDEN. O Lord, I understand
Thy purpose; 'twas to try my faith. I kneel
To thank thee that thy mercy doth reveal
The whole to my poor heart. He loved me—me,
Me only!
WOMAN OF THE HOUSE. Would you like to see the wound
Here in his arm? Why, if she hasn't swooned!
THE LADY. Take her below, and care for her, poor child!
[*Exit woman, carrying the maiden in her arms.*
Brain, art thou wild,
Distraught, that thou canst all things calmly hear
And answer, when my pulses reel, my heart
Stands still, and cold through every vital part
Death breathes his icy breath?
Oh, my own love!
I clasp thee in my arms, come back to me;
O ice-cold lips I kiss, ye are as dear
As ever! Come! Thy idol waits for thee,
Waits—weeps.
Dost thou not hear me there above
Where thou hast gone? Come back and take the bride
Who nestles weeping, longing, at the side
Of thy deserted body. Oh! most fair
Thy earthly tenement, the golden hair
Curls as when my poor fingers twined it last,
Thy head upon my breast. O browned cheek!
Can I not warm thee with mine own? Oh, speak—
Speak to me, Meredith!
Poor wounded arm,
Dear blood; here will I hold thee close and warm
Upon my heart. Dost thou not feel me now?
And now? And now? Do I not hold thee fast?
Hast thou not longed for me?
I gave my vow
To be thine own. See! I am come. My hand
I lay in thine. Oh, speak to me! Command
My every breath; full humbly I obey,
The true wife longs to feel a master's sway,
Longs to do homage, so her idol prove
Ruler—nay, despot of her willing love.
Didst thou not hear me whisper while she spake,
"I love thee—oh, I love thee, Meredith?"
I would not that her childish grief should break
Thy peace up in thy heaven; even there
Thou longest for my love, and near the stair
Where souls come up from earth thou'rt standing now
Watching for me. O darling, from thy brow
I catch the radiance!
She is not thine,
Thou art not hers. The boyish pledge wherewith
She strives to hold thee was the golden hue
Upon the mountain-top ere the hot sun
Rose in his mighty fervency; nor you
Nor her it binds. Her pretty youth will run
Its swift course to some other lover; Fate
Ne'er lets such sweet maids pine, though they may try—
A few months lent to tearful constancy,
The next to chastened sorrow—slow decline
To resignation; then, the well-masked bait
Of making some one happy, though at cost
Of sweet self-sacrifice, which soon is lost
In that content which, if not real love,
Looks strangely like it! But, why should I prove
What you do know already, freed from time
And finite bonds, my darling?
Love sublime,
Art thou not God? Then let him down to me
For one short moment. See! in agony
I cling to the cold body; let him touch
Me once with this dear hand; it is not much
I ask—one clasp, one word.
What! nothing? Then
I call down vengeance on this God of men
Who makes us at his will and gives us hearts,
Only to rend them in a hundred parts,
And see them quiver—bleed! I, creature, dare
To call aloud for justice; my despair
Our great far-off Creator doth arraign
Before the bar to answer for the pain
I suffer now. It is too much—too much!
O woe! woe! woe! the human soul can such

Intensity of sorrow not withstand,
But, lifting up on high its fettered hand,
Can only cry aloud in agony,
And blindly, wildly curse its God and die!
How dare you take,
You Death, my love away from me? The old,
The weak, the loveless, the forlorn, were there
In crowds, and none to miss them. But your cold
And heartless eye did mark that he was fair,
And that I loved him! From your dreadful hold
I snatch my darling, and he yet shall wake
From out your sleep by my caresses. See,
See how I love him! Ah, shall I not win
His life back with my lips that lovingly
Do cling to his? And, though thou dost begin
Thy icy work, these arms shall keep him warm—
Nay, more: my loving verily disarm
E'en thee, O King of Terrors! Thou shalt turn
And give him back to me; a heart shall burn
Under thy ribs at last from very sight
Of my fierce, tearless grief.
—O sorry plight
Of my poor darling in this barren room,
Where only his gold curls do light the gloom!
But we will change all that. This evening, dear,
Shall be our bridal: wilt thou take me, here,
And thus? In this array? This falling hair,
Crushed robes? And yet, believe me, I am fair
As ever.
Love, love, love! oh, speak to me!
I will not listen in my misery
If thy heart beat—
God! it is cold.
[*Falls to the floor.*

Enter the SURGEON.

SURGEON. Art ill,
Madam—
THE LADY (*rising*). Thanks, sir. But sorrow cannot kill.
Would that it could! Nay, I sit by his side—
Thus. Now tell all—all—all.
SURGEON. You cannot hide
The deadly faintness that has paled your cheek;
Let me get—
THE LADY. Nothing. Nothing can avail,
Good sir; my very heart's blood has turned pale.
Struck by God's lightning, do you talk to me
Of faintness? Only tell your tale—speak, speak,
You saw him die?
SURGEON. I did; right tranquilly
He passed away this morning, with your name
Upon his lips—for you are Helena?
THE LADY. I am.
SURGEON. I saw your picture.
(*Aside.*) Yes, the same.
Hair, eyes. What Titian tints!
(*Speaks.*) He made me lay
Your letters and your picture on his heart
Before he died; he would not from them part
For e'en one moment.
THE LADY. Lift them not, they're mine;
My hand alone must touch the holy shrine
Of love and death where the poor relics lie.—
Darling (*bends and kisses the letters*), because you loved them!
Let them die,
Go to the grave with him there on his breast,
Where I would gladly die too—be at rest
Forever.—And he spake of me?
SURGEON. He said
That you would come, for he had sent you word.
THE LADY. I ne'er received it; 'twas by chance I heard,
A passing chance.
SURGEON. The lines were down—
THE LADY. And may
They never rise again that failed that day,
And left him dying here! Go on; he said—
SURGEON. That you would come, and grieved that o'er his head
The turf might close ere you could reach his side
And give him one last kiss.
And then—he died.
THE LADY. No more?
SURGEON. No more. Ah, yes, one other thing.
Short time before, he feebly bade me bring
That package on the table—but 'tis torn—
Some one has opened it! It looked well worn
In old unbroken foldings when I brought
It from his satchel; who could thus have wrought
On other's property?
THE LADY. The owner. Then
He said—
SURGEON. To give it you, for you would know
Its history, and where it swift should go;
The name was writ within.
THE LADY (*aside*). Yes, love; amen!
Be it according to thy wish.
(*Speaks.*) Pray take
This fee, good sir. I would that for his sake—
Your kindness to him—I could send your name
Ringing through all the West in silver fame.—
At dawn, you said, the burial? Then leave
Me here alone with him. I well believe
You'll show me further kindness. Speak no word
Beyond your doctor's art to that poor child
Who weeps below. I would not that she heard
Aught more of grief.
[*Exit* SURGEON.
THE LADY. Ah, all my passion wild
Has gone; now come the softening woman tears.—
Forgive me, great Creator, that I spake
In my sharp agony. O do thou take
The bitterness from out my soul; I know
Naught, but thou knowest all! Then let my woe,
The poor blind woe we short-lived mortals bear,
Be my sad plea.
I knew, through my despair,
You loved me to the last. Death had no fears
For you, my love; you met him with my name,
As talisman of the undying flame
That leaps o'er the black chasm of the grave
And mounts to heaven. But I will not rave,
When you died softly.
Ah, you love me there
As well as here. God never made me fair
For nothing; now, I know the gift he gave
That I might take my place with you at last,
Equal in loveliness, though years had passed
Since you first breathed the air above the skies,
The beauty-giving air of paradise.
Fair art thou now, my love, but not like me:
Mine is the goddess-bloom, the rarity
Of perfect loveliness. Thine, the bright charm
Of strong young manhood, whose encircling arm
Could bend me like a reed. Oh for one clasp
Of that strong arm!—
Hist! was not that the hasp
Of the old door below? She comes; I hear
Her light step on the stair.

Darling, no fear
Need trouble thee upon thy couch; to me
A sacred trust this gentle girl shall be
Through life. Didst thou not love her once?

THE MAIDEN (*entering*). I pray
Forgiveness thus to leave you here so long;
I did not mean it, but I swooned away
Before I knew it.

THE LADY. Thanks. There was no wrong;
I liked the vigil.

THE MAIDEN (*going to the bedside*). Sweet those eyes—the brow
How calm! I would not bring life to him now
E'en if I could; gone to his God—at rest
From all earth's toil.
Dear love, upon thy breast
I lay my hand; I yield thee back to him
Who gave thee to me; and, if thou hast wrought
Wrong to our troth in deed, or word, or thought,
I now forgive thee. Sleep in peace, the hymn
Of earth's last day awaiting.
As the hart
Longed for the water-brooks, so have I yearned
For token, Willie, that thy love returned
To me at last. Lo! now I can depart
In peace.—My picture, letters! Thou wast true,
Wast true to me, thank God!—
(*Turning.*) Madam, to you
I owe apology.

THE LADY. Never! But throw
Your gentle arms around me, thus. And so
Give me a blessing.

THE MAIDEN. But I've robbed you, you
Who loved him also; though to me was due
This love of his; at least—

THE LADY. Sweet doubter, yes;
I grant thee all. But, as I kneel, O bless
This heart that bows before thee; all its sin,
If it be sin, forgive, and take within
Thy pure love—me, thy sister, who must live
Long years—long years! O child, who dost forgive
More than thou knowest, lay thy sister-hand
In blessing!

THE MAIDEN. Though I do not understand,
Yet will I thus content thee: Now the Lord
Bless thee, and keep thee by his holy word,
Be gracious to thee that thy faith increase,
Lift up his countenance and give thee peace
Now and forever.

THE LADY. Amen. May it prove—
This peace—what thou dost think it.

THE MAIDEN. I must go;
The horses wait for me. Now that I know
He's safe with God, the living claim my care.—
My mother—ah, full selfish was the love
That made me leave her so; I could despair
Of mine own self, if God were not so good,
Long-suffering, and kind.
O could I stay!
But I must reach the train at break of day.
I take my letters and the picture.—Should
Your duties call you not so soon, O wait,
See his dear head laid low by careful hand,
And say a prayer above the grave.

THE LADY (*aside*). O Fate,
How doth she innocently torture—rack
My soul with hard realities! I stand
And hear her talk of graves!—O God, the black,
Damp earth over my darling!

THE MAIDEN (*turning to the bedside*). Love, farewell.
I kiss thee once.—Lady, you do not mind?
It was but once. I would not seem unkind,
I would not wound you needlessly.

THE LADY (*aside*). O swell
To bursting, but gainsay her not, proud heart!

THE MAIDEN. I know full well that yours the harder part,
Dear lady; but, forgive me, he was mine
Long, long before. It were too much to ask
That I should not be glad his heart returned
To me, his bride betrothed—to know he yearned
For me before he died. I cannot mask
My joy because you loved him too.

THE LADY. Nay, thine
All joy that thou canst take; I would not rob
Thee of one little hair's-breadth.

THE MAIDEN (*laying her head on the pillow*). Oh, farewell,
My love! my love! my love! [*Weeps.*

THE LADY. Child, do not sob—
Come to me, let me hold you; who can tell?
Perhaps he hears you, though so still. We'll stand
Together by his side—thus, hand-in-hand,
And gaze on his calm face.

WOMAN OF THE HOUSE (*below*). The wagon's here.

THE MAIDEN. Alas! and I must hasten. Kiss me, dear;
Indeed, I love you now.

THE LADY. And I have tried
To make you. [*They embrace.—Exit* MAIDEN.

THE LADY (*throwing herself down beside the body*).
Meredith, art satisfied?

EARTH TO EARTH.

WRAPPED in his cloak they bore him forth at dawn,
The soldier dead, dead in his gallant strength,
Young manhood's prime. The heavy fold withdrawn
Showed his calm face, while all his rigid length
Lay stiff beneath the covering, the feet
Turned up to heaven like marble. Breezes played
Soft in his curling hair, the fragrance sweet
Of the wild-brier roses incense made,
And one bird sang a chant.
Yet recks it not,
This quiet body going to its grave,
Feet foremost, folded hands—if the storm rave
Or the sun shine. Henceforth nor part nor lot
Hath it with men—the tale is told, all's o'er—
Its place shall know its step, its voice, no more;
Its memory shall pass away, its name
For all its evil, or for all its worth,
Whether bedecked with reverence or blame,
Shall soon be clean forgotten—
Earth to earth!

The lady walked alone. Her glorious hair
Still held its roses crushed; the chill despair
That numbed her being could not dim the light
Of all her flashing jewels, nor the bright
Sheen of her draperies.
The summer sun
Rose in the east and showed the open grave
Close at her feet; but, ere the work begun—
Lowering the clay (O proud humanity!
Is this thy end?)—she gentle signal gave
To lay the body down, and, by its side
Kneeling, kissed brow and lips, fondly, as bride

Might kiss; and as she clung there, secretly
A shining ring left on the cold dead hand
And covered it from view; then slowly rose
And gave them place.
But, ere the tightening rope
Had done its duty, o'er the eastern slope
Rode horsemen, and the little group of those
Who stood and gazed fell back, eying the band
Askance; they, curving, drew the rein to see
A lovely lady clad so royally,
Alone, beside a grave.
She raised her eyes,
And the bold leader bared his lofty head
Before her to his saddle-bow; the guise
Of bold, rough-riding trooper could not hide
The gallant grace that thus its homage paid
To so much beauty. At his signal mute,
The little band, Kentucky's secret pride,
His daring followers in many a raid
And many a hair-breadth 'scape, made swift salute,
And, all dismounting, honor to the dead
Paid silently, not knowing 'twas their own
Bullet by night that laid him there:—so strange
The riddle of men's life, its little range
Thick with crossed fates, though each one stands alone
To mortal eyes.
The rope slackened, the clay
Had reached its final resting-place. Then she
Who loved him best, in all her rich array
Stepped forth, and, kneeling, with her own hands cast
The first clod on his heart. "I yield to thee,
Nature, my only Love. Oh, hold him fast
As sacred trust.
'Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust!'"
Then, rising, with her lovely face upturned
To the clear sky, where the first sunbeams burned,
"I know that my Redeemer lives," she said,
"He that believes on him, though he were dead,
Yet shall he live!"
And so passed from their sight.

The troopers ride away,
On to the south; the men who fill the grave
With hurried shovelfuls in whispers say,
"That's part of Morgan's band." And one, a slave,
Looks down the road and mutters: "That was him,
Young Cap'en Morgan's self! These eyes is dim,
But they knows Morgan! Morgan!—what! why, bless
Your hearts, *I* know him, and I know Black Bess—
'Twas Bess he rode."
And now the work is done;
On from their northern raid the troopers pass
Fleet to the south; the grave is filled, and gone
Even the slave.
Forever still, alone,
Her letters and bright picture on his breast,
Her sparkling spousal-ring on his dead hand,
The golden-haired young soldier lies at rest
Where o'er his head the steely shadows pass,
Far in the fair Kentucky border-land,
The lovely, rolling land of the Blue Grass.

1864.

WASHINGTON.

THE LADY (*with an open letter*). Married! Nay, now
the little vexing fear
That troubled the calm hollow of my grief
With its small aching is withdrawn, and clear
The certainty—she never loved him. Brief
Her forgetting—brief!—But I will not chide;
All happiness go with thee, gentle bride,
And of my gold a sister's share!
To wed
Another, and once his! O golden head
Under the grass, how jealous is my heart
Of thy remembrance! Yet I should be glad
She loved thee not, for then no evil part
I played, e'en though unconsciously.
Oh, mad,
Mad, mad my love for thee! the same to-day—
The same, the same. I could not be a wife—
I could not stop the sun! No love but thee,
My own, my own; no kiss but thine—no voice
To call me those sweet names that memory
Brings back with tears. Ah! had I any choice,
I still must love thee down beneath the sod
More than all else—though grandest soul that God
Had ever made did woo me. Love, my heart
Is thine, and ever must be thine; thy name
Is branded there!
Yet must I live my life.
SERVANT (*announcing*). The count.
THE LADY. Another? Ah! poor fools. The game
Doth while away my time. Yes, I do play
My part with smiles that are not wholly feigned,
For life is strong, and I am young.—There reigned
A queen once, who, though dead, could not lay down
Her long-used sceptre; with her jeweled crown
Upon her head, she sat and meted out
Reward and justice; nor did any doubt
Her life was gone. Were not her robes the same—
Her jewels bright? And had she not a name
Borne wide upon the winds for loveliness?
She could not stop—she needs must reign—*noblesse
Oblige!* So I.
But she—married! a wife!
Who once was his! Oh, horrible!—a life
Of treason to his memory, a long
Lie! But, ah! no, she never loved him. *I*
Do hold myself as his, and loyally,
Royally, keep my vow.
SERVANT. What shall I say,
Madam?
THE LADY (*speaks*). Show in the count.
(*Aside*). Ah! well-a-day!
One must do something.
THE COUNT (*entering*). *Madame, je viens—*

LAKE ERIE.

THE MAIDEN (*rising from her knees*). My marriage-
morning! Lord, give me thy grace
For the new duties of a wedded life.
The letters have I burned;
And now—the picture. O dear boyish face,
One look—the last! Yet had I been thy wife,
Willie, I had been true to thee—returned
All thy affection to the full.
She said
Love was "a sacrifice." It is; as—thus!
Get thee behind me, Past. [*Burns the picture.*
—Which one of us
Was truest? But why ask? She wronged the dead
With many lovers—nay, her very dress
Showed not one trace of sorrow.
I confess
I never thought her fair, although the throng
Do call her so, they tell me.

—Long, how long
I wore the heavy crape that checked my breath,
And went about as one who sorroweth ;
And I did sorrow ! Slow months passed, and I
Gave every thought to tearful memory ;
My grief grew selfish.
Then—he brought his suit—
My mother wept and prayed. What right had I
To crush two lives ? If by the sacrifice
I made them happy, was it not large price
For my poor, broken years ? How earnestly
I strove to do the right !
The patient fruit
Of years of prayer came to my aid, and now
I stand in bridal white. Lord, hear my vow ;
Oh, may I make him happy—not a thought
Of any other love shall mar the troth
I give for *this* life. Evils, troubles, naught
But death shall part us ;—so the marriage-oath
Doth say.
After,—O Willie !

THE MOTHER (*entering*). Art thou dressed ?
That's well, dear one. Never has mother blessed
A child more dutiful—more good.
Come, love,
The bridegroom waits.

RUBENS'S LAND.

ONE morning, as we sauntered about the streets of Cologne, we came suddenly upon an old inn, low and wide, with the sun shining full on its brown walls. On either side of the great door was a tablet inscribed with gilded letters. The one set forth that there was born PETER PAUL RUBENS ; the other that Queen Maria de' Medici died there, in the room in which the great painter saw the light.

Over the wide entrance was a copy of Rubens's portrait of himself. Inside was a broad corridor, on one side of which was the guest-room, with another head of the painter above the door ; on the other, great blackened arches supported the staircase, and led away into cellars. Behind was a court-yard filled with irregular out-houses of reddish plaster. A dark plough lay near them, against a heap of golden straw. There were small tables with pots of red geraniums on them under the trees ; a kitten and some hens made pleasant household noises for the stranger. A soft breeze blew the length of the corridor, and carried the sound of our footsteps to the landlady, who came out from the beer-room, wiping her hands on her apron.

"Is it permitted to see Rubens's room?" we asked.

"You pay one schilling," answered the discreet hostess, "and I show you."

She preceded us up the stairs into a dark passage. At one end a small lamp burned high up on the wall before a shrine, some yellow-haired Madonna copied from old Meister Wilhelm.

The landlady opened a door ; a flood of daylight rushed over us, and we stood in the billiard-room of the *Gasthaus*. Another head of Rubens hung over the chimney.

"This is his birth-room," spoke the oracle, "and the death-room of Maria de' Medici."

Not a word did she say of the young soul that was born into that old burgher life, and was destined to unite within itself all the elements of the interests of prince and people, and to bring the class from which it sprung into the closest relations with throne and court—not a word of the hunted queen who fled for shelter to the magnanimous heart that in the days of her glory had dedicated so much of its effort to her service, and had waited only until the hour of her fall to prove its gratitude. A worthy type, this circumstance, of that halcyon time of art —that reciprocal generosity of genius and royalty.

To-day it is denied that Rubens was born in Cologne. That honor is claimed by Siegen, a small town near Bonn, on the Rhine. His father, a magistrate of Antwerp, was obliged to flee from his native city, then under the Spanish rule, because he favored the republican cause. He was afterward imprisoned by William of Orange, and, being released, was assigned Siegen as a place of residence. There Rubens was born, and the following year the family removed to Cologne.

But I will not believe that Rubens saw the day elsewhere than in Cologne. There, in that quaint, old mediæval city, where the rude stone heads of griffins, and dragons, and demons, leered down at him from the spouts and gargoyles of the gaunt houses, every sight, every sound, brought its especial influences to bear upon the young, impressionable soul.

In the churches, in the guildhalls, hung old canvases that wrought themselves into his childish dreams. They were quaint groups of saints, with bright-colored garments and lank, yellow hair ; kindly virgins with home-spun robes and honest German faces ; children and young angels with round-eyed, wondering gaze, pure, fresh mouths, and bright, curly heads. They had been there since the days of one Wilhelm of Cologne. They were like flowers springing up through the aridness of the weary old town. They lacked the studied realism of some of the outgrowths of the Netherland school—the intense spirituality and unearthliness of others. They were only essentially human. The people in the streets saw themselves reflected in them from the little red-cheeked school-children to the wrinkled old market-women who chaffer and scold under the grinning heads of the clock-tower.

The boy Rubens, wandering about the city, drew into his young heart, from the painted canvases, and from the pictures in the street, that broad republicanism, that absorbing interest in human life for its own sake, whether high or low, that wide sense of religion in its application to earthly experience, that wonderful power of entering into every expression

of individual sensation, which make him the most dramatic, the most emotional painter of any age.

These qualities, breathed into his soul by the sweet, small voices of the old Cologne school, the painter carried with him through life. Enlarged, exaggerated, they often were, sometimes hardly to be recognized; and yet in the midst of his most luxuriant, most gorgeous conceptions, I find something which reminds me of the simple, fresh humanity of those old Rhine canvases, and makes Rubens seem their work rather than that of his Netherland after-teaching.

We entered Antwerp one midnight in company with three Flemish matrons of that old revolutionary type that poured down its soup-pots and pewter vessels upon the heads of the Spaniards. They were such women as you meet in Quintin Matsys's canvases, lean and gaunt, with seamed, dingy faces, and resolute mouths and tender eyes, and a certain hungry eagerness in all their motions, which perhaps had come down to them from that ancestry that starved within the walls of besieged cities.

We were greeted at "The Flower of Gold," a little Flemish inn under the shadow of the cathedral-spire, by one of those smiling landladies that make little havens of rest about them in these sleepy Netherland towns. It was one of those small taverns at which the farmers stop overnight after a market-day, and carouse far into the dawn, and where poor young art-students, in rusty coats, creep in to take their scanty meals and fraternize with the rough Flemings about them, with their young heads filled, meanwhile, with thoughts of Teniers and his royal brethren, who lived with the people, that they might learn of them.

Opposite our window the roofs of the white-fronted houses rose into peaks, step by step. Behind them the dark-stained windows and grinning gargoyles of the cathedral were broken into sharp angles and contrasts by the moonlight. The street below was silent. Above, the great, carved spire rose high against the deep-blue heavens.

Suddenly the mighty pile seemed to swarm with a myriad of elfin voices, sweet, and shrill, and silver clear, rippling through the silence, leaping from turret to turret, from spout to spout, dancing and tumbling in glee, tripping, and laughing, and mocking, at the dull, sleeping city below.

The ugly, gaping heads on the arches and lintels, the dragons and satyrs, and monsters, wake up into life at the first dainty chime, and shout to one another with their stone throats, and seem to laugh with a fierce delight in themselves and their old hoary wisdom. The chimes carry them back through the centuries to the time whem the old burgher faith of the middle age raised the great Gothic pile with reverence and fear, when each of themselves had its symbolical truth, and no one of the ugly heads but was beautiful in the sight of the worshiper.

They see once more those old stone monsters in their dream-intervals, the proud burgomasters in their furred robes and golden chains, the haughty burgher queens in silks and damasks, trooping in to witness the temple's consecration. They see how, by degrees, quaint, marvelous pictures are carried through the great door. They watch once more for the coming of that tall, gaunt man with the thin, keen features and the long gown, who saunters in and out day after day.

"We know right well who he is," cry the old stone heads. "His name is Quintin Matsys, and he came up from Louvain, a poor blacksmith, and he wrought that dainty framework of iron that stands over the well below. Then he fell in love with painting, for there was something in him, he knew not what, which had driven him up from his forge to the art-city. He became one of the greatest in the land, all the greater because in his youth he had sweated and toiled with the people, and eaten the bread of tears. For many years we watched him go in and out of the great door below, and at last he died, and they brought him here to the door itself, and dug a grave for him at the threshold, and laid a stone above it with a skull upon it to mark the spot, and we were sorely grieved for many a day."

"Hark!" sing the mocking chimes. "The Spaniards are coming! They are rushing through the streets, massacring, robbing, pillaging! And the people of Antwerp have hidden their treasures in the cathedral. The streets are red with blood and the glare of torches, and the lurid light burns high in the heavens. Our brother, the tocsin, leaps up from his sleep and booms loud and fierce over the towers. They have reached the gate of the temple. They break down the door, they rush in, they sack, they destroy—the shot flies hither and thither"—the chimes have played themselves out, and can tell no more of what they have seen.

I believe no one can rightly appreciate Rubens who has not studied him there where he is to be found, in the earliest and purest stages of his development—where, unalloyed by the exigencies of royal patronage, his best and noblest work was executed—where the breadth and floridness of his brush, careless and hasty as its touch may be, has yet a grand, underlying aim which rushes forth in superb strength, propelled by its very intensity. Later, the world seized upon him, and the vanities of kings and queens surcharged his brush with conceits, and exaggerated his noble floridness into ponderous and fulsome luxuriousness of form and color.

The life of Rubens was so rich in picturesque incident, in elements of splendor and magnificence, so magnanimous and universal in all its relations, that, wherever it passed, it drew toward it all lesser forms of the creative intellect, and united within itself the hopes and the appreciation of the multitudes. It assimilated all the external influences of the landscape, religion, social life, and political condition, of the lands in which the different epochs of its development occurred, and all this in a wider, more cosmopolitan sense than is true of any other painter. This many-sided, many-colored life, so largely composed of elements of diplomacy, of high favor, of courtliness and royal association, this ripe, energetic, hot-blooded existence, of which art was only the one

hasty, impetuous manifestation, seemed to gather to itself all the characteristics of its century, and it towers up out of the past not only individually as the greatest color-master of the time, but relatively as the culmination of the groping, experimental endeavors of Rhenish and early Netherlandish art.

In the dim aisles of the cathedral, on either side of the chancel, behind the faded paper flowers and the dingy altar-cloths of the shrines, hang two canvases that are closely identified with that phase of Rubens's genius in which may be most advantageously traced the influences of his adopted city, and his own personal individuality, unmarred by factitious accessory. They are "The Descent from the Cross" and "The Elevation of the Cross." In both of them may be traced reminiscences of the master's Italian studies which were then fresh in his mind. Whatever religious feeling was latent in him had been fostered and drawn out by that journey through the South.

Man of the world, courtier, diplomat, genial friend and companion though he were, a certain awe must needs have crept over him down there among the olive-groves and cloister-gardens, where the poet-painters beheld their visions and wrought out their dreams. Some blind, dim consciousness of something beyond and above his happy, many-colored human life, something beyond the joy, and sorrow, and agony, and grief, that made up his measurement of human passion, must have dawned upon him down there among the hill-side convents of Italy. He drew into his soul the spirituality and ascetic temperament he learned at the feet of the monk-painters, and thence there crept into his brush some new, subtile comprehension of the heavenly mysteries which rendered the pale Christ divine in his agonies, and transfigured the worn features of the sacred mourners with celestial light.

How new and strange an experience for that lordly courtier, with his outspoken, earthly love for wine and woman, horse and dog, velvet and cloth of gold, with his healthy objective nature, that grasped only at the substance and scorned the shadow, to be brought suddenly face to face with some gaunt, tonsured, sad-eyed ascetic with lines of introspection on his brow, and feel himself subdued and humiliated by the mysterious something that radiated from the wasted form and the painful, reverent brush-strokes. They were no poets, those latter Flemings, or, if they were, it was only that the regal splendor of their lives sang to them the wedding pæans and triumphal chantings of humanity. For the hidden herb of grace sown with longing, and prayer, and aspiration, and watered with the hot tears of humble gladness of revelation, they had no eye.

Come with me to the gallery where hang the most glowing of Rubens's canvases in all their commanding pride. They are of a later time than those in the cathedral. The tender religious feeling that the awed and softened painter brought with him from Italy has died away. The world has overtaken him again—his world of pleasure and court and pageant.

He looks at life now with a passionate intensity of gaze, but it is an intensity of earth and not of heaven. There is a demon struggling within him for an outlet, which gives him rest neither night nor day. He finds no relief but in broad, mighty curves and Titanic strokes of his brush. He paints now as he lives—galloping leagues on horseback on diplomatic mission, breathless in his speed, goaded on by the innate restlessness and surging vitality of his character rather than by the importance of his charge. He has no time to brood over his conceptions as they crowd upon him. He must paint them in all their broad elemental nakedness, or they will never be painted at all. He must dash them right and left upon the canvas just as they storm upon his brain. He will paint life as he sees and feels it, with colossal analogies and unities of grouping, such as he, the diplomat, has learned to recognize; with broad masses of scarlet and gold and crimson, and ample curves and folds of drapery, such as meet his eyes about the feet of thrones. He paints his accessories of brilliant brocade, and satin, and velvet, with the superb negligence of one to whom they are the barest details of existence.

Now, too, he depicts human passion as he sees it—broadly, truthfully, magnanimously, without analysis, without a touch of philosophic thought. For him life holds no food for speculation; he is but an absorbed, delighted spectator of the great melodrama of humanity, carried away by the excitement and emotional intoxication. To him it is no tragedy, answers no great heroic nor epic ends.

He enlarges, exaggerates, intensifies. With him human grief is no symbol of higher pain; joy no manifestation of loftier happiness. You must accept these emotions for what they are, and seek no ulterior meaning.

There is no aspiration in his canvases, for he felt none. His realism would be vulgar but that its colossal strength and power impart to it a certain nobleness. He paints men and women with their hearts worn a trifle boastfully upon their sleeves. His "Virgin," with her broad, flowing robes and grief-stained face, is the stricken human mother, advanced in years, with all the passionate abandonment of sorrow in her attitude; too passionate, one would say, if a less masterly touch had drawn the swollen eyes and disordered garments. His "Magdalen," with her streaming, golden tresses, and robust shoulders, and hysteric, convulsive pose, is some fair-haired woman of the people, with a touch of ennobling heroism added to her loud-voiced grief. The "Christ" is a suffering, passive malefactor, with no suggestion of celestial vision in his dying agonies.

There is no perspective, actual or moral, in Rubens. He never lived long enough away from the world to view life at its correct focal distance. He could not spare the time to arrange a background for his thoughts, for that required dreams, and speculation, and idle musings, such as to this man of the world would have seemed profitless and futile.

Not far from the canvases of Rubens hangs in the gallery a famous example of old Matsys—"Christ

borne to the Sepulchre by the Mourners," while old Flemish peasants are digging graves at the mouth of the tomb. These two old men, with their muscles strained, their garments disordered by the severe exertion, their features distorted by the violence of their motions, are the most prominent figures in the picture. The spectator feels instinctively that he must identify himself with them in order to watch the mourning train that is passing to the tomb with its gaunt, haggard men, and its lean, coifed, tearful women. It was natural that the old painter, whose standpoint of observation was planted low down among the toiling Flemish people, should have chosen to present the supreme tragedy as witnessed by the sturdy, hard-pressed grave-diggers, to whom one funeral more or less matters nothing, and who will not pause in their bread-winning labor for all the grief in the world.

The spirit of the blacksmith was carried on into the work of the painter. He understood so well that stolid indifference of the peasant-laborer; that callousness which placed its hard-won morsel of bread above all tears, and sighs, and prayers, and scorned all sentimentalism of grief, deeming death a happy matter of course. He was a man of the world no less than Rubens, but his world was that of the hard-pushed, ill-fed, scantily-clothed people that toils upon six days and rests but little on the seventh; and he knew that life to the class whence he sprung was dull, and bare, and gaunt, and haggard, and full of sharp angles and corners, and hard, ungraceful outlines. The world to him had no bright-colored vapors dimming its actualities; no gorgeous brilliancy of robe and curtain draping its harshness. It was a tough, close fight for existence; and what wonder that the old artificer in iron should have cast the brutal realism of the forge into his devotion? He wrought piece by piece, stroke by stroke, hardly, painfully, carefully. What wonder that he, who had gauged the world by physical force and sturdy action, should have painted leather jerkins and sober brown and green robes and rough, seamed flesh with fine-grained wrinkles about keen peasant-eyes and firmly-set mouths that told of bitter struggles with the forces of Nature and of man?

You may see these hard-eyed old toilers about the streets of Antwerp to-day. They come into town at times for a holiday from the country about, with their dinners tied up in blue handkerchiefs and slung over their shoulders. They stand, open-mouthed, in the great square, and gaze up at the gilded griffins and dragons and grotesque mouldings of the battered guildhalls that wear the scar of the Spanish cannon high up on their brows. They lie asleep in the shadow of the young, green trees in the market-place, side by side with the sweet tired flowers that have the dust of the city on their leaves, and drowse languidly through the noon under the great, red-cotton umbrellas that the brown-faced women have mercifully spread over them.

Above them all, dark against the tawny redness of the peaked roofs and the tender blue of the sky, stands the great bronze Rubens. His arms are outstretched, as though in blessing, over the people. His plumed hat lies at his feet, his proud head is cast backward, as though he bade the strongest winds of heaven blow upon him. His attitude is that of superb strength and self-confidence. What generous human love is expressed in his broad brow and full, magnanimous mouth! The eyes look down upon all the homely crowd with gentle tenderness—upon the rough-shod, sleeping men, the patient, knitting women, the thirsty, drooping flowers. Even the cart-dogs, beaten, and panting, and starved, look up with wistful gratitude at the great, dark figure, as though they knew that he cared for their pitiful lives, and had given them their place in his great, loving thoughts.

In front of the Academy of Arts, where the young students can see him as they pass to and fro with their bright visions and hopes hidden deep in their hearts, stands the pale, slender Vandyck, against the lime-trees of the court, in all the soft grace of his poetic youth. I like that he should be there among the young dreamers. That bright youthfulness of his radiates such large, impersonal sympathy. Yet he never seems to extend a kindly hand to those who pass him by, as does his great master. That backward fling of his head is full of unconscious haughtiness. There is a sweet stateliness about Vandyck which brooks no familiarity — a feminine delicacy and reserve which holds itself aloof from all intercourse with the vulgar, whether princely or plebeian. He is an aristocrat in art and life. Possibly it is essential to his genius that he should dwell apart from the multitude.

A soft, pearl-hued transparency, a sweet, nameless melancholy, a faint, far-off presentiment of grief and sadness haunt whatever canvas Vandyck ever painted, and tell of the inborn sorrow of the young poet-nature breaking through all the gorgeous outward show of its surroundings. His beauty is intangible, unseizable. It is like the chaste, veiled Venus of the ancients. Its mournful undertones symbolize the eternal hopeless pursuit of the ideal. It is right well that the bronze Vandyck should keep watch before the portal of the art-school.

In the heart of the town, where the busy burghers hurry to and fro in their daily rounds of barter, stands David Teniers, that old burgher-painter, leering good-humoredly upon his old cronies. He has the free, lazy carriage of a man who knows his popularity, and has acquired it without effort. He is no fine lord; he will none of your effeminacies of court and royalty. They shall cringe to him if they will, free burgher of Antwerp that he is, but he will not court their favor. They shall hold it a high grace if he condescend to teach those noble fools the first rudiments of his art.

There is no statue of old Matsys in Antwerp. To him who understood better than all the others the nature of the old ground-stock of the Flemish race, to him who listened with deep faithfulness to the dying echoes of the old mediæval peasanthood, they have raised no monument. We must look for it in the types of strong, earnest humanity, that pour in through the city's gates and outside the town; in the

toilers among the fertile fields of Flanders we find it worthiest and best of all.

One morning, when the scented meadow-breeze came floating in over the sultry roofs of the city, I crossed the hazy river with the chattering market-folk to the little group of red-tiled houses the people call the Head of Flanders. About it were forts and dry moats, where the sentries have stood since the days of the Spaniards. A long, winding road, edged with mighty trees, led downward from the heights to the gleaming meadows. On either side were cress-grown ditches starred with white lilies. There was a rosy haze along the horizon, and white sails, phantom ships on a phantom river, were floating against it like drifting clouds. I heard a far-off lowing of kine, and marked the gleaming of smooth, white flanks in the sun. Looking back between the trees of the avenue, I saw the great cathedral-tower, a purple shaft piercing the blue heaven.

Here and there was a pool of shining water, in which the cattle were reflected among the waving sedges. The white plumage of some wild water-bird shot out for an instant from among the dark plants, and then vanished with a shrill cry, while a tawny spaniel rushed in through the thick reed-growth. It was just such a cool bit of life as you may see on the walls of the galleries to-day, as one old Snyders painted it two hundred years ago.

Sheaves of golden wheat lay heaped up in the fields or piled high on great wagons drawn by mighty Flemish horses, and followed by men with blue blouses, and the rude Flemish greeting on their tongues, and the dogged, sturdy look of the peasant who drove out the Spaniard with fire and sword. There were carts drawn by dogs, four abreast, with long, lean bodies; strained, tightly-strapped limbs; lolling red tongues; patient, sad eyes, and beaten backs. Sturdy women passed with their spades on their shoulders, going to the fields with their children.

Where the cross-roads met I came upon a way-side chapel, where the men on their way to the fields, and the market-women coming back from the town, stop and pray to the Virgin for the feeble-bodied among their children at home. Candles burn and flicker upon the altar and light up the rude-painted image of Mother and Child, and the big paper nose-gays of roses and pinks and the shining silver hearts hung with red and blue ribbons to the walls, and the small waxen limbs that gratitude for the pain of some young life eased has brought to the shrine of Our Lady of Sorrows.

Wooden shoes echo all day long on the pavement, and muttered prayers soar upward on the sweet meadow-breeze that steals in through the open door. The figure on the altar, with the Child in her arms, looks out through the low arch upon the green, silent pastures, the pale, drowsy cattle, the sleeping shadows of the sedged water, the idle white sails of the distance. They pass and pass again—the yellow-haired men, the brown, wrinkled women, the laughing children, the kingly horses, the faithful-eyed dogs—and still she looks out, calm and serene, from her niche in the wayside chapel. Does she mind the time when that far, purple tower stood black against the fire and flame of the burning city; when the mystical chime gave way to the wild boom of the tocsin; when the frightened lowing of cattle was lost in the fierce war-cry of Spain; when the shrieks of the murdered peasants were drowned in the soldiers' cry of "In thy name, O Virgin!" when the lily-starred ditches were red with the blood of the heretic, and the pastures of Flanders were fat with the bones of the unbeliever?

Gaze on, O sweet, silent Virgin, over the fair, quiet land! Bless the child of the lace-maker and the cottager! They know not, those rude, Flemish toilers, that the kind earth which yields them their food is sown thick with the bones of their fathers, thy enemies; and the flowers they bring to thy shrine, the roses, the lilies, the daffodils, have grown upon graves.

There comes sometimes a day in the summer season when the peasants from the meadows press close upon the burning, white pavements of Antwerp, and gaze in wonder at the beauty of the show. The whole life of the city becomes one vast homage to the deities in which all the thoughts and traditions of the people centre—their Virgin and their Rubens. The joyful voice of the cathedral calls out over the meadows and the gala-decked streets: "Arise, O ye burghers of Antwerp, for this is the great day of the year! The procession of Our Lady formeth below!"

Soon the house-fronts and the peaked roofs are alive with round Flemish faces and fair hair and white caps, and the people swarm out of the houses and stand packed together on the sultry sidewalks. In all the windows great waxen tapers are flaring, and garlands of paper roses hang over all the doors. The old women tell their beads, and mutter a prayer for themselves and their city and their homes and their trades.

Within the cathedral, the peasants, in their blue blouses and brown kirtles, are kneeling about the chancel and the sacrament-chapel. They are tired and way-worn with the miles they have walked this morning. Their work-knotted hands are folded patiently over their blue umbrellas; and their faces, brown, honest, and humble, are upturned in reverent adoration to the glory upon the altar and the walls. They are still with the dumb instinct of the beauty and grandeur that lie so far above their simple lives of sowing and reaping, and yet reveal themselves to them, dimly, imperfectly, it may be, in every gleam of the silver vessels, in every breath of the vaporous incense.

The black veils have been drawn away from the great passion-scenes, and a blaze of scarlet and a shining of yellow hair and a large white patch of shroud and the fiery eyes of a great brown horse and a suggestion of grief-lined human faces look down upon the kneeling worshipers through the dim twilight of the nave.

About the chapels hang old Flemish altar-pieces, with grotesque faces and monstrous heads, and a leer of mockery that breaks the solemn symmetry of the edifice like a flippant laugh. From over the great doors streams a flood of purple and rosy light that

deluges the dark pillars, and rests now on the gilded vestments of the priests, now on the low, gray tombs of the burgher-princes. A torrent of sound rushes from the organ-loft down the arches to the dome, like a loud chant of victory with a wailing undertone of grief for the dead.

In the body of the cathedral is an altar erected for the festival, with great white lilies and forests of oleanders grouped about it. The priests stand before it, with jeweled incense-vessels in their hands. Above, against a drapery of deep-scarlet velvet, stands the Madonna with the Child in her arms. She wears a train of cloth of gold embroidered with roses, and a petticoat of solid silver studded with diamonds. Her sceptre is set with rubies and emeralds, and there is a high jeweled crown upon her head.

See how the old traditions of the land have been handed down! She is no Virgin, this royal dame with the scornful plaster face, but one of those proud burgher-queens who rustled about the streets in stiff brocades and jeweled coifs — one of those haughty French princesses that made an annual progress through their liege domain of Flanders.

But they are proud of her, those Flemings! She represents to them the old-time splendor and pomp and luxury that once filled their land with color and wealth. They bow their heads reverently when the priest rings the bell, and the proud figure moves toward the door, with the white-robed acolytes pressing about it. She passes, this haughty doll, beyond the canvas, from which the Mother and Son look down in their agony upon the hurrying people, and reaches the pure daylight of the flower-decked street.

A low murmur sweeps through the gathered crowds. Children come out from the houses, and strew flowers along the path of Our Lady of Antwerp. On she moves, amid the chanting and the incense, and the blaze of gold and silver, and the splendor of painted silken banners, to the great Place, where, above the mighty sea of faces, is raised another altar, on which sits a pale marble image, life-size, of the Mother of Sorrows. It is thrown out into ghastly relief by the sheaves of arms and trophies behind her, and the great dark-green curtain above her head.

Here the procession halts. A breathless silence falls upon the crowd. The incense smokes afresh. The priests ascend the altar-steps, and bare their heads to the streaming sunlight, and say a mass for the welfare of the good city of Antwerp during the coming year.

Ay! it is well that there where the fires of the Inquisition blazed, and the gallows reared their corpse-hung crests, the people should kneel to-day, with bowed heads and folded hands, and wait with due humbleness and gratitude for the benedictions that the bright-robed priest, who stands there among the gold and silver vessels at the feet of the pale statue, shall shower upon their contrite heads with one wave of his jeweled hand.

Beyond the surging multitude and the chanting priests and the stately altar, a great white house rises in the distance. There is a marble bust high up on the roof, dark against the sky. It is the head of Rubens. Fluted columns are on the marble front of the building, and cherubs and garlanded flowers about the windows, and there is a princely air of welcome about the great square pile which tells the stranger that here the life of Rubens culminated. It is well that his face should look down upon the people with its old, genial smile! It pleases him well to hear the chant in the distance, and see the flashing banners and the shining vestments, and to mark afar off the multitude gathered about the shrine! It was from such gorgeous shows as this that he drew his color-inspiration. Small wonder that his spirit should hover about such scenes to-day!

On the morrow there is a grand cavalcade of all the mighty personages of Spanish history and fable. The marble Rubens gazes down unmoved upon the great horses he loved so well, and the graceful figures in satin and velvet and waving plumes and golden chains and ermine-bordered robes, and the great painted pasteboard ships and castles, and the sturdy yeomen and the dainty pages. All pass him by, and he looks down unchanged upon the dazzling life beneath.

Suddenly the white face seems instinct with life. Behold! there goes the car of the Guild of St. Luke, which he himself designed for the color-feasts of his city. It is a florid triumphal chariot, all faded blue and gilding, supported by cherubs and wide-mouthed dolphins, and wreathed with fruits and flowers. High on the summit is his own beautiful head, with the broad, plumed hat. About it, young painter-lads stand grouped, their faces flushed with the pride of their high charge.

Behind them, on foot, saunters a group of figures in quaint dresses. There is old Quintin Matsys, in his long, dark robe, with a turban upon his head; and Snyders, in deep-blue velvet, with his trusty spaniel by his side; and young Vandyck, with his pale poet-face upturned to the sky, and the long, white plume of his hat sweeping the ground. They glance up at the white face on the house-top, and their hands rise instinctively to the motley coverings of their heads. It is a supreme moment. The great master looks down so silent and yet so sentient! Surely, he is not dead! He walks by their side to-day as in the olden time.

There is a moment's pause. The great soul has cast down his blessing upon them, and they are satisfied. The divine promise of art's eternity has entered their hearts.

They know that his body lies under the marble pavement of St.-Jacques, by the side of those he loved, with the glory of his own handiwork shining down upon him from the walls, with the purple light of the stained windows streaming over his resting-place, and the silence of the church all about him. But they know that his soul hovers about Antwerp, stands by their sides in their dark studios, shines through the young hopefulness of their lives, and moulds the city's revels and shows of holidays into unconscious glory and magnificence of color.

AN OVERRATED PRESCRIPTION.

I AM one of those excellent souls who, when they take a holiday, take—occasionally—their wives with them—that is, their own wives—and are accordingly thought but little of in the world of fashion. The occasion which I have in my mind, however, was a particular one: my wife was ill, and required change. Her malady was brow-ague. That means a sharp, shooting pain over the temples, which spreads over the bones of the face, till one would gladly dispense with the wearing of a head at all. It is toothache, and ear-ache, and headache, and face-ache, combined into a sort of infernal symphony of aches. Nothing is of much good for it, but the least noise screws the whole instrument of torture up to concert-pitch. Quiet is, therefore, the physician's remedy for this disease; to sit in quiet by a lake of quinine, and to drain it, is the scientific panacea. Sometimes he varies this prescription (as physicians must if they would not die of starvation), and recommends sea-air. "Sea-air, my dear madam, and perfect rest."

Nobody but a doctor knows the real advantage which is derived from people going to the sea-side. They exchange their comfortable homes for more or less uncomfortable lodgings; wholesome food, for meals that from a culinary point of view are simply deplorable; and, if they have the good fortune to escape apartments recently used by a convalescent from the scarlet fever, return home alive, and—sunburnt. During that holiday they have had, thanks to the sea-air, an excellent appetite, and have eaten much more than is good for them; while the males of the party, having nothing else to do with themselves, have smoked incessantly, and congested their livers. Everybody, in fact, is in very much worse health than when he started; but they all look *so* well—for a day or two. After that period the rouge of the sea-born Venus, the sunburn, wears off, and there is no more pretense about the matter. Illness sets in, and to the family doctor the autumn exodus becomes a solid advantage.

The holiday I have in my mind, however, was but a short summer "outing," suggested, as I have said, by my wife's ailment, and founded on the doctrine above mentioned, "sea-air and perfect quiet." The former, in an island like Great Britain (which is also so ridiculously small), is easily attainable; Brighton is so near to London that "eight hours at the sea-side" can be compassed for "three shillings;"[1] but then Brighton is the resort of brass-bands; its excellent air is used by wind-instruments. Ramsgate is the home of organ-grinders; Dover and Folkestone are ports in which German and French tongues mingle (as might be expected) in hideous discord. Granville, to be sure, is also a port looking Franceward—but then no Frenchman (as I was given to understand) comes to Granville; or, if he comes, he never goes back again; he becomes nationalized, and loses his accent. The sea-passage is so long, and he has suffered from it so frightfully, that he stops where he is. Of course, English people go to Granville, but only to leave it by steamer for the Continent. The passage is cheap, though, as I have hinted, nasty. The town itself is dull; duller even than its neighbor, the excellent town of Sanville. "When you are at Sanville," says the proverb (not a local one), "you can walk to Granville; but when you get to Granville, there is nothing to do but drown yourself."

This I thought must be the very place for my wife and her brow-ague, and our quiet holiday.

My disposition is, on the whole, as admirable as my talents are remarkable, but my friends own that I am fidgety. I am always well in time for everything; I like to have everything ready for me, and very nice and comfortable: my place in the train, my rooms at the hotel, I always secure beforehand when I travel. On this occasion my wife's ill-health was a good excuse for extraordinary precautions. From inquiry among my friends, I learned that the hotel best known at Granville—the Caravansérai—was always full of tourists coming and going, and was, therefore, as I conjectured, noisy. There was another hotel—the North Crag—not so much patronized, the name of which allured me. It was probably situated far from the madding crowd, on some jotting marine eminence, with nothing but the murmuring waves around it. So I telegraphed to the North Crag Hotel for apartments: "The sitting-room to command a view of the sea;" and added, with my usual forethought, "wire back reply." It was twelve hours before I got the answer, which fretted me not a little, but at last it came: "Rooms reserved as requested." The preliminary steps were secured for curing my wife's brow-ague.

On arriving at Granville, however, which is at a considerable distance from the capital, the brow-ague was decidedly worse, a railway journey of three hours, during which we were shot through twenty tunnels and under a hundred bridges, not being conducive to the cure. At last, however, we came in sight of the broad blue mirror of the ocean, that, like a woman's smile (to those who are unacquainted with her), seems the very earnest of eternal rest and love.

The sight of it seemed already to do the poor sufferer good, as she lay back in the open fly that was to take us to our temporary home. We passed by the Caravansérai, which—there being a steamer at the quay shrieking irritably for victims, the exception that proves the rule that smoking cures impatience—looked quiet and empty enough, and then turned inland into the town.

"Hullo, my man! where are you taking us?"

[1] An illogical lad once inquired at the London terminus whether he could not get four hours at the sea-side for one shilling and sixpence.

The driver pulled his horse up—it by no means required so much pulling as the vehicle—and regarded me with that look of contempt for ignorance which is common to men who only know a very little.

"I'm going where you told me—to the North Crag Hotel."

"Oh, then I suppose there is some shorter way to it than by the sea-front?"

"Shorter way! Yes, I should think so; considering it ain't on the sea at all."

"Not on the sea?" cried I, with vehemence.

"My dear love," said my wife, imploringly, "remember my poor head."

Crushed and penitent, I said no more, and the driver, murmuring something about "head, indeed," not complimentary to my intelligence, pursued his way. He felt that he had an ally in the invalid, and could say, and presently charge, anything. He took us, however, right enough. After climbing for half a mile up the High Street, which seemed to be composed of bazaars, china-shops, and establishments devoted to the sale of penny periodicals, we arrived at North Crag Terrace.

"Come," said I, cheerfully, to my wife, "we must be very near the hotel now."

"In that case," observed the invalid, faintly, "the hotel cannot be very near the sea."

"Well, I don't know," said I; "we are very high up, and there is probably a side-view.—What are you stopping for *now*, driver?"

It was rather hard upon him, for he had hitherto not stopped at all except when I had called to him, but my sense of justice was clouded by irritation.

"Well, I'm a-stopping," said the man, with a greater air of contempt than ever, "because we have got to our journey's end."

Then I looked up and saw that four of the houses in the terrace had been amalgamated, and that upon the brow of the two central ones was emblazoned, on a bright-blue board, "North Crag Hotel." Immediately opposite it was a long public garden; then a broad public promenade; and then the sky-line—under which, though it was not more visible than in London—might lie the sea.

"This is intolerable," I began; "it is a fraudulent imposition."

"My dear love," moaned my wife, "my head!"

The cabman laughed—I heard his demoniacal guffaw—as I rushed out of the carriage, and up the steps of the hotel.

"Where is the proprietor? where is the manager? Who is answerable for this deception? Show me my telegram, with the words 'view of the sea' upon it"—were questions that I poured forth, now that I was out of my wife's hearing, with indignant fervor. A tall woman, of whom I took no notice, save to remark that she *was* tall—indeed gigantic, for she was taller than myself, and I am a pretty good height in my heeled boots—was looking down upon me, with a sheaf of telegrams in her hand.

"We have done the best we could for you," said she, in a mellifluous voice; "but the front-rooms are all engaged. The town is very full, sir."

There was no help for us; so my wife and I followed the giantess up-stairs—a good many stairs—to a little room just big enough to "swing a cat in," or rather a kitten, at the back of the house.

"It is very quiet here," observed the giantess.

"It is very close," said I, with irritation. "At this height, however, we shall surely see the sea."

"Well, sir, it looks the other way, but there is a beautiful lawn—"

"Lawn!" cried I; "I only see a tent half a mile long."

"Ah, to be sure" (as if it had just struck her), "they have built the tent there because some Frenchmen are going to be entertained in it on Monday."

"The whole nation, I should think," said I.

"No, sir; only fourteen hundred or so."

"Good Heavens!"

There were fourteen hundred Frenchmen to dine under my poor wife's window, who had come down to Granville for "quiet." The giantess guessed something of what was passing through our minds, and hastened to add: "There will be no noise to speak of; besides, they do not arrive till twelve, and go back by the steamer at six."

"We shall probably be out-of-doors," murmured the invalid, mustering a few grains of cheerfulness. "To-morrow is Sunday, and we shall have perfect rest."

"This is the sitting-room," said the giantess, opening a door.

The sitting-room was precisely the same as the bedroom, except that it had a table instead of a bed; its window, also, commanded in front the tent, on the left hand the tent, on the right hand the tent, and, if we could have looked round the corner, we should have seen the tent again.

"This is horrible," said I—"that is" (and here I felt my voice sink into dulcet accents)—"I dare say it will do very well. I am sure, madam, you have done all you could for us, and in the mean time we will make the best of it."

Then my wife and I were left alone together.

"I thought you would alter your tone," said she, less faintly than she had spoken for some time. "I noticed that you never looked at that young woman till just now. She is certainly what vulgar people call a fine woman; but I see nothing in her to admire so *very* much."

"My dear wife," said I, "you astonish me. I never said a word about admiring the woman."

"No, Charles, you did not say a word; but you looked volumes."

The doctor had remarked my dear wife wanted "tone," and it was evident she was getting it. The air of Granville had already done her good, for there was really not the least ground for the comparative vigor of her language, so far as my conduct was concerned. It was quite true that I had not observed how very attractive the hotel housekeeper was until that moment, when I had suddenly become conciliatory. But that was only a coincidence. My manner

and behavior are courteous to all women. To suppose that they vary because one happens to be a little prettier than another is libelous. In this case I really felt that I owed an apology to the lady for having taken her for a giantess. She was undoubtedly a very fine woman—very fine, indeed.

Here my wife asked, as I understood, for "vinegar" for her poor forehead.

"Don't you think," said I, "that a little *eau-de-Cologne* put on a handkerchief would cool your brow better than vinegar?"

"I didn't say 'vinegar,' Charles. I said that woman is a virago: I can read it in her eye."

"She looks a most infernal temper," said I, with alacrity; for above all things my wife had told me the doctor had said she was not to be contradicted. "However, thank Heaven! we shall probably see nothing more of her."

There can never be any harm in thanking Heaven, and especially, as in the present instance, when it pleases one's wife.

We dined in our own room because the invalid could not bear the noise of the *table-d'hôte*, but we got the dinner, I suspect, from the *table-d'hôte* after the guests had done with it. I could not but remember that the dinner-table at the Caravansérai (the old established hotel) was considered to be the best provided in England—the North Crag's *cuisine* did not remind me of it; but, then, we had come down thither not for dinners, but for quiet. We retired betimes, and I was awakened at daylight—i. e., about 3.45 A. M.—by a continuous hammering. It was the noise of wood upon wood—mallets upon posts. Noah and his family must have made a similar noise when they were building the ark—only instead of six persons at work there seemed to be sixty. I was in hopes that the poor invalid was asleep; but presently I heard her moan:

"What is it, Charles? They seem to be splitting my head!"

My own morbid impression, as I lay half asleep and half awake, was, that somebody had died in the hotel, and that they were nailing up his coffin; but this, of course, was a thought not to be uttered to an invalid. The same reason prevented me from saying that I thought it was a gigantic death-watch; though, indeed, it sounded very like it. Calling to mind, however, that we were in the country—or, at all events, out of town—I hastened to say that "it was only a woodpecker, or woodpeckers, and that she was to go to sleep."

"It's that awful tent!" groaned she.

And so it was. The hideous thing, it seems, kept growing and growing, like the helmet in the Castle of Otranto. As we lay dreadfully wide awake, our united intelligences hit upon the real reason of the carpenters being at work at that untimely hour. They wanted to persuade people that it was not Sunday morning at all, but Saturday night; and, indeed, about six o'clock, when persons in general might be awaking to consciousness, but when sleep had long fled from *our* pillow, these wretches took themselves off. I hated that magnificent creature who had promised us "quiet" with an intensity that would have satisfied my wife herself if she could have looked into my bosom. Of course, the brow-ague was infinitely worse that day, which was chiefly passed in applying ice-bandages, and looking for a bedroom as distant from that awful tent as possible. The one apportioned to us was larger than the last, but still more barely furnished. The windows had no curtains; and, as it looked to the east, we knew that the sun would stream into it, and wake us up. We therefore hung everything in the way of shawls and dressing-gowns across it, so that the apartment had the appearance of a second-hand-clothes shop, and at an early hour retired to what we fondly hoped might be rest. Not till our light was out did we perceive the horrors of our situation. The door had a glass over it, our room being utilized to give light to the passage, and at night this benefit was reciprocated by a huge gas-lamp in the passage giving light to the room. We might just as well have been acting "Mr. and Mrs. Caudle" on the stage with the foot-lights full on.

I jumped out of bed, and, getting on a chair outside, so that I must have formed a very striking "transparency" to the inhabitants of the passage—but what did I care? I was desperate—I turned the gas out; but our apprehensions had been thoroughly aroused, and we pictured to ourselves early morning with the sunshine, instead of the gas, pouring in upon us over the door. Our only chance was to get to sleep at once, and so to snatch a few feverish hours of repose: and how successful we were in going to sleep against time every one knows who has made the experiment. Moreover, the bed, instead of being a spring-bed, was hard as a board, and dotted with large, round knobs. I believe it was stuffed with turnips, and with turnips that had not been boiled. It was a bed that might honestly have been recommended to the members of the Holy Inquisition, and would, I think, have been very convincing. I was just dozing off under the impression that I was St. Lawrence upon a gridiron, when suddenly there was a spurt, a flash, and a roar, and the whole apartment was brilliantly illuminated.

"By jingo!" cried I. "Fire! fire!"

"No," moaned my unhappy wife; "I almost wish it was; a quick fire would be better than this martyrdom. Somebody has lit the gas up."

Some officious idiot, seeing our burner out, had actually gone for a match and set it alight again; and my conscience told me that it was "the fine woman," for nobody else could have reached it.

I draw a veil—how I wished at the time that there had been a veil to draw!—over our further sufferings.

Imagine a brow-ague after two sleepless nights with a sunstroke and a gas-stroke added! The next day was consecrated to international festivities, and I felt thankful to the powers of evil that it was a pouring wet one. I experienced a fiendish joy in seeing the Frenchmen land, bedraggled, and soaked, and sick, and like their national flag with the red washed out of it—all white and blue. If ever Eng-

land is invaded it will be through the submarine tunnel, and not by ship. I am not a good sailor myself; nor shall I ever forget the last occasion on which I sailed across the Channel. It was a rough day, and I went straight on board the steamer in harbor, and then to bed, my only chance.

After half an hour's intense misery I sent for the steward and asked if we were near the land.

"Lor' bless you! we ain't left the quay; we ain't a-going across to-day, the weather is too dirty."

Well, bad sailor as I am, I am a good one compared with those fourteen hundred Frenchmen. I should have thought that nothing could ever have been done with the steamer that brought them over in the way of rendering it fit for human tenancy again, but that it ought to have been taken out to sea and sunk. The lively strains of the brass-band, and the welcoming cheers that received them, must have seemed to those poor voyagers the most hideous mockery. They got better, it is true, as the day went on, for they made more noise in that tent than fourteen thousand Englishmen would have done; but the idea that *they had to go back* can never have been absent from their minds. "Let us eat and drink, for presently we shall be ill again," must have been the motto of their hearts, though it was not upon their flags with the other one. My unfortunate wife, with an ice-bandage round her forehead and cotton-wool in her ears, had an excellent view of the international procession; the most interesting part of the spectacle was to behold the Mayor of Granville, in his robes and chain, receiving the company, and I shall never forget his astonishment on his being kissed on both cheeks by the French Mayor of St.-Malo!

A perfect understanding was arrived at between the two countries during the banquet, but I am afraid the *entente cordiale* was not so important in my eyes as the question of changing our quarters. My whole energies were directed toward securing apartments at that once despised hotel the Caravansérai, and, above all, a bed not stuffed with turnips. When I had got them, and installed my poor invalid in them, I asked her if she had a wish on earth that it was in my power to gratify. She beckoned to me with a languid hand, and whispered, in a failing voice: "Yes, oh, yes; pray take me home again!"

I did take her home—or, at least, so much as was left of her—the next morning; but it was not for the next six weeks that she recovered from the effects of "sea-air and quiet." Of course, we had been exceptionally unfortunate; it was as though we had gone for repose to Philadelphia, and found it in the act of celebrating the Centennial. At the same time the failure of that famous prescription, if less in degree, is, I have reason to believe, common enough in kind, and I have set down our own experience as a warning to my fellow-creatures. Do not take an invalid for "change of air" unless you are quite sure that other things besides air, and equally necessary for health, will be found in the place you are going to: mere change is of no advantage unless it is for the better.

A CHARACTER.

"The most impenetrable mask for a malicious design is—well-acted candor."—*From the French of De Larrimère.*

I.

YES, madame, I know you better, far better than those can know
Whose plummet of judgment never is dropped to the depths below;

II.

Whose test is a surface-seeming, the glitter of lights that gleam
With a moment's rainbow-lustre on the shifting face of the stream.

III.

Because you have bold, blunt manners, because you can broadly smile,
With the devil's own art in veiling your infinite gulfs of guile,

IV.

There are some who bring you homage, who vow your nature is free
And frank as the life of summer, when fullest on land and sea:

V.

And yet your soul is a charnel where many a ruined name
Rots, festering vile and loathsome in burial-shrouds of shame;

VI.

A sepulchre dark, that's crowded with ashes of old and young,
Dead fames you have foully poisoned with your pitiless serpent's tongue!

VII.

Beware! by the God above us, who parteth the false from true,
There's a curse in the future, *somewhere*—an ambushed curse for you!

VIII.

It will burst from the wayside fiercely, when least you dream of a blow—
A tigerish fate in its fury, to rend, and to lay you low!

IX.

But ere it has sucked your heart's blood, and stifled your latest breath,
The thought of *your* victims, woman! will sharpen the sting of death!

PAUL HAYNE.

HOW TO FURNISH A HOUSE.

IN furnishing a house very few people know what to do with their money. There is just so much, or so little, as the case may be, to spend, and a certain line of things common to every one that has to be bought. But it is just many of these things common to every household that should be avoided.

To say that a room looks like a picture is considered a high meed of praise—a delicate, violet-scented sort of compliment not often to be had; but there is no reason, either in prose or rhyme, why a whole house should not be a poem. And this, too, whether the sum spent on its furnishing be five thousand or five hundred dollars, or even the half of the latter. It might be rash, perhaps, to undertake it for less; but we would venture upon blank verse, at least, with almost any sum of three figures; only stipulating that the house should be a small-sized cottage rather than a "brown-stone front."

New York houses, as a general thing, are painfully lacking in individuality; standing, like the four-and-twenty historical blackbirds, "all in a row," and almost as much alike within as without. There are the same monotonous suites of drawing-room furniture, red, blue, green, yellow, or brown, as the case may be; the same prescribed number of mirrors in the same prescribed spots; the regulation amount of gilding, cornicing, and curtaining; the rich carpets that, like the pastry of such establishments, offend by their very richness, and present dazzling surfaces of flowers, to be walked over and trodden under foot; the infinite and perplexing number of foot-stools, little tables and huge china jars, that cover so much of the floor-space, and render locomotion difficult and dangerous; the lofty walls, flashing with rich, gilded paper, interspersed, perhaps, with expensive but not always valuable paintings, or which are elaborately painted and frescoed. One gets excessively tired of it all, and would gladly turn to a simple country-house for refreshment.

But, alas! country and simplicity are not always synonymous terms; and, if the country-house is what the novelist calls the abode of wealth, it is too apt to be a literal repetition of the city mansion. If unpretending, and containing occupants quite unknown to fame, either for wealth or any other attribute, the inside belongings are often wholly bare of the slightest approach to taste, with all its natural capabilities entirely overlooked.

Who cannot recall the huge, towering bouquets of dried grasses in gaudy china vases on the mantel; the numerous family photographs, in such a bleak margin of ghastly white, on the walls, enlivened perhaps by a coarse chromo given as a premium by the vapid periodical that is piled up in back numbers on the table; the ugly horse-hair or velvet sofa; the tapestry carpet, combining all the colors of the rainbow; the showy curtains of coarse lace; the "fairy-basket," filled with artificial flowers, suspended somewhere; the hideous plaster casts of the reigning President and the most popular of the popular men?

The entrance-hall of such a house is usually furnished with oil-cloth and a map of the United States; the best bedroom has a "cottage set" fearful with high-colored flowers and gilding; and the other bedrooms have whatever they can get. Crocheted mats and tidies, of all sizes, shapes, and denominations, overrun everything like weeds; and it is quite possible that such works of art as cone frames and wax flowers under glass are added to the other things that should not be. In all this *mélange*, there will probably not be a single growing thing, nor a bit of the woods near by, to give a touch of Nature.

It is not difficult, nor does it require a great outlay of money, to make a moderate house pretty and attractive; but the following receipt for a cottage parlor is decidedly meagre: "The parlor might have a pretty carpet of small and cheerful pattern, and a small bookcase, hanging book-shelves, or cabinet, made of oak, maple, or beech, or even common pine stained or painted; these, with chairs of simple form, a centre folding-table, a few cut flowers in the summer, and dried grasses in the winter, in a rustic stand, or in vases over the mantel, a settee covered with chintz, and curtains of material and pattern to match, would be all that would be needed to decorate and furnish the room." The person who wrote this builded better than he knew how to furnish.

Furnishing may be done artistically without attempting a high-art standpoint. This eminence is apt to give things a cold, bare sort of look, that is quite antagonistic to notions of home-comfort. High art objects, too, to carved representations of living or growing things, as monstrous and unnatural; and says that, "to an educated eye, a literal reproduction in wood or stone of the forms assumed by vegetable life is by no means agreeable. It is an established principle in the theory of design that decorative art is degraded when it passes into a direct imitation of natural objects."

> "A casement high and triple-arched there was,
> All garlanded with carven imageries
> Of fruits, and flowers, and bunches of knot-grass."

We are irreverently tempted to exclaim, "Down with high art!" rather than lose such pictures; and it would not hurt it to descend a peg or two, for it perches things up so that they are quite useless for all practical purposes. The mantel-pieces of high art appear to be intended for giraffes; the pictures of high art are hung quite beyond the line of vision; and, as for its furniture, it looks as though built instead of made, and is clumsy in the extreme. High art may do very well for grand old mansions, where there is abundance of room, and where people never think of moving from the houses where they were born; but enterprising householders on this side of the Atlantic are obliged to arrange their affairs by a different standard.

In the matter of cheap ornament and insecure decorations, the advocates of high art are engaged in a praiseworthy crusade, and their righteous indignation at carving and paneling that has to be glued on for the express purpose, it would seem, of coming off, is not one whit too strong. Good taste always prefers a chaste plainness to tawdry ornament; but chaste plainness sometimes has to be paid for—as in the case of the purchaser who, objecting to a carved ornament on a chair that he was examining, inquired what would be the cost of the article without the top-knot, and was told that the unornamented chair would cost one-sixth *more* than the other.

The entrance-hall gives a character to the whole house, be it large or small; and the floor of this apartment is a consideration of no small importance. Very pretty oil-cloths, in imitation of encaustic tiles, are to be had; but the tiles themselves are prettier, and far more durable. So, also, is a mosaic floor of oak and walnut, but this is not within the reach of every one. A long, narrow hall is always ugly, and unmanageable in the way of furniture; the nearer it approaches the square form, the better, as when prettily furnished it makes a sort of anteroom. A hall-table, massive and generous in its proportions, and flanked on either side by chairs of similar character, is always in order where there is room for it; or chairs alone, with a wall hat-rack, may be used where the space is more confined.

A Wardian case filled with ferns, or a rustic stand of climbing and trailing plants, a bronzed figure, or a hunter's trophies, are very suitable embellishments for the hall. But, remembering the abode of a hunter in Maine, where the entrance-hall was ornamented with a sprawling wild-cat, a stuffed bear, and deer and moose heads, with horns and antlers in such profusion that it seemed like a nightmare, we would stipulate for moderation, at least, in this sort of furnishing.

There is this satisfaction in wall-furniture, that it cannot, as a general thing, be sat upon nor covered up, but it is the very point in furnishing that is most frequently open to criticism. Wall-papers are seldom what they should be; and many "sweet things" at the paper-hangers are transformed into unexpected ugliness by the process of hanging. Looking at paper in the roll is such a different matter from seeing it on the wall that, to prevent a disagreeable surprise, several widths of it should be held side by side in the room for which it is intended, before the paper is decided upon. It is apt to look darker when on the wall. For a hall, the palest of greens or browns is usually the most pleasing in effect; or the walls may be paneled artistically.

Paper is a very important item in the furnishing of a room, and should be selected with great care, to harmonize with the other appointments. Plain papers that have the effect of painting are generally the most satisfactory; and they should contain just the least suspicion of the tint to be aimed at. The palest of pinks with lines of vivid crimson in the corners, and a narrow band of it just below the moulding of dead gold, is beautiful for a parlor where the prevailing tone of the furniture is gray. If furnished in crimson or blue, the wall-paper should be of a pale-gray or cream color. A paneled paper for halls may be made by covering the whole surface with paper of the body color, and then taking a darker shade of the same color to form the dividing lines.

"Fallen-leaf" shade is recommended, by a good authority, for a dining-room — particularly if the pictures there are in gilded frames. But the tint is only to be distinguished from white by laying a sheet of pure white paper on it. It is further advised that "the wood-work of the room so papered should be of dark oak or black walnut; and just under the cornice, and two inches from the wood-work, should be a fine, ribbon-like line, cut out of paper, of a pure and bright primary red about one-sixth of an inch in width. The corners may be enriched by giving to the lines some curving knot or rectangular fret; a little ingenuity and a sharp pair of scissors will produce them as fast as wanted." This is intended to give the effect of fresco or oil painting at a small expense.

Another authority says that paper-hangings should never cover the whole space of a wall from floor to ceiling; but that a "dado," or plinth-space, of plain color, either in paper or distemper, should be left to a height of two or three feet from the floor. A light wood moulding, stained or gilded, should separate this from the paper above. A second space, or frieze, just below the ceiling, filled with arabesque ornament painted on a distempered ground, is always effective—but, of course, involves some additional expense. An unrelieved pattern of monotonous design, or a plain paper, continued over an entire wall, has a very dreary effect, as the eye craves rest in traveling over a large space.

The silk and tapestry hangings of the middle ages were rich and picturesque, but too expensive to suit ordinary purses. Their effect can be in a measure produced by a curtained doorway in lieu of a door —which is frequently useless, and never ornamental. These *portière* curtains are very effective in place of folding-doors; and they should, when practicable, match the window-curtains and prevailing style of furniture-covering.

A niche in the wall on the first staircase-landing is another picturesque feature that has a mysterious sort of charm about it. A good plaster-statue, prettily wreathed with some trailing vine that may be growing in a vase behind it, seems the most appropriate furniture for this space; and a floor-covering of scarlet, with fringe to match, transforms it into a most effective pedestal.

The wonder is, that people don't do more pretty things with their houses when there are so many to be done. For who, while extending the cordial invitation of Madame Arachne, can supplement it as she did:

"'Tis the prettiest little parlor that ever you did spy?"

Not people who furnish in "suites," and have their ornamental things in pairs, like the contents of toy

arks; but, possibly, some unacknowledged poet, or poetess, who has to save, and consider, and get things by piecemeal. It is a blessing in disguise to people when they cannot get everything they want at once, nor get it at the same place. Picking up here and there, at odd times, produces charming results; and furniture thus obtained has an individuality and a meaning which the upholsterer, who makes to order, fails to give it.

People who are not in slavery to the carpet-idea can do great things with a little money; while those who are need expect nothing beyond the orthodox yards of flowers and foliage, or geometrical patterns, done in wool. A room with a grand, new-looking carpet in it, and very little else, is a dreary place enough; while one with scarcely any or no covering at all, but plenty of other things, can be made cozy and delightful. Let it be straw matting and home-made rugs, or painted floors and ditto; but, until a parlor is provided with a few good pictures, flowers either cut or growing, and, at least, a white-clay figure, or group of some kind, it has no right to a carpet. These things educate, and the carpet does not; no one ever called a carpet a loop-hole of the soul!

Very few carpets are properly used: men with slippers on their feet, and tacks in their mouths, pull and stretch it into every possible corner, so that not an inch of space shall be left uncovered, and obligingly notch out places for the various recesses, until the expensive fabric is utterly spoiled for any other room than the one to which it is fitted. It is very ugly, too, arranged in this way — being far more picturesque as a large square, or oblong rug, bordered and trimmed with fringe, and showing all around it a yard or so of dark, polished floor. A bordering of inlaid wood-work, known as parquetry, is very pretty, and not much more expensive than first-class Brussels carpets. Such a floor-covering has a sort of old-time and Eastern look about it, and may be taken up and shaken with comparative ease — a few nails along the edges keeping it in place when down.

The designs on Turkey carpets are small, and the colors admirably blended, which makes them particularly desirable; but they are expensive, and often so well imitated in Brussels, and even in ingrain fabrics, that the additional outlay is scarcely warranted where economy is at all to be considered. A crimson carpet of very small pattern, in two or three soft shades of the same color, is very pretty with a dark floor-border—particularly with a pale-pink or cream-colored paper, with corner lines of crimson in it. With this carpet the furniture-covering should be ashes of roses, ornamented with crimson fringe and brass-headed nails; the sofas of divan shape, well stuffed, but with no wood-work visible; the chairs may be bought at a chair-factory in a skeleton state, and either transformed into enameled wood by painting with three coats of dead-white and varnishing, using a little dead-gold judiciously, or ebonized by substituting black paint for white.

To go on with our imaginary room: the curtains may be of the same color as the furniture-covering, alternating with stripes of crimson, or of sheer white muslin, with cornices like the chairs, ornamented with lines of gilding. The mantel should have a crimson cover trimmed with fringe. A small oval mirror, with sconces for candles on either side, should hang between the windows; and a small table with a white-clay group could stand beneath. We confess to a weakness for candles and candlesticks; they are much more poetical-looking illuminators than gas chandeliers or lamps; and a mantel with which we had to do should have, if not our grandmother's, at least some one else's grandmother's candlesticks on it.

Our candlesticks should have candles in them, and the candles should be lighted, too, as occasion required; and if we could possibly get them, we would have a pair of lovely china vases besides—vases with covers to them, and handles; and in the centre we would have, not a clock to be always reminding people that it was time to do something they did not want to do, but a picture, or a piece of bronze, or parian. Some one said that it was only necessary to examine the mantel-piece of a room to decide upon the character and tastes of its inmates; and this is frequently the feature of a room which least repays investigation. Large, flat-shaped china vases, with jagged edges, covered with gaudy flowers and gilding, are favorite ornaments in common country-houses; as is also a large china rooster, or setting-hen, that forms the lid of a mammoth match-box. The lady who displayed a huge shell-comb as a mantel-ornament because it had cost money in its day has many prototypes; but they do not happen to own shell-combs.

Marble-topped tables have very justly been stigmatized as parlor tombstones; and the simplest cover is preferable to one of these cold, polished surfaces. A crimson table-cover gives a bright, warm look to a room; and the effect is heightened by making it long enough to touch the carpet. What a rich, warmly-tinted picture is made by the

> "Cloth of woven crimson, gold, and jet,"

which Porphyro, "half-anguished," threw upon the table set under the spell of St. Agnes's Eve; and how glowing and natural the finishing touches:

> "The lustrous salvers in the moonlight gleam;
> Broad golden fringe upon the carpet lies!"

Brackets, pictures, knick-knacks, have much to do with the home-look of a room; but, with abundant means, there is such a tendency to overload in these matters that fastidious people are disposed to resort to the opposite extreme of bareness. It has been wisely said: "The parlor, drawing-room, or whatever it may be called, will permit of only greater variety, not any greater splendor in its plenishing; little knick-knacks, if curious or beautiful, may be strewed here and there, and a richly-wrought armoire, or cabinet, perhaps a gem of an inlaid table, may show that the wealth is not absent that might fill the room with costly furniture, only the restraining good taste is also in equal plenty."

Various are the theories respecting bedrooms—both as to what they should and what they should not be; and seldom is one seen that seems just to answer the purpose for which it is intended. Bedrooms, of course, are divided into classes: sometimes only forming one of a suite consisting of sleeping-room, dressing-room, bath-room, and boudoir, or study; but oftener combining all these in one—the furnishing and fitting up to be regulated accordingly; as what would be suitable, and even necessary, under one arrangement, would be quite out of place under another. The one-room arrangement—or, at the most, with one small room, or large closet connected with it—is that most frequently seen and the one most open to criticism, as it is apt to be on one of two extremes: it is either bare, cold-looking, and uninviting, as though any place were good enough to sleep in; or it is overloaded and fussy—so that, "in the midst of lace bed-curtains, muslin toilet-covers, pink calico, and cheval-glasses, one may fancy one's self in a milliner's shop."

There is a strong individuality about bedrooms; and at a glance one can tell "mother's room"—where bed, easy-chair, table, and other belongings, are usually on a double or treble scale, as though in the habit of accommodating numerous inmates, and where the æsthetics of life are crowded out by homely comfort and convenience; the bachelor uncle's or brother's room—furnished almost entirely with newspapers and cigar-boxes, and adorned with a meerschaum pipe or two, and a photograph, perhaps, of Miss Ida Brass as somebody, and Mrs. Dareall as somebody else; the young lady's room, with everything dressed in muslin flounces, and running either to pink or blue; or grandmother's room, with its uncompromising four-post bedstead, old-fashioned, three-story bureau, and huge easy-chair, so dear to the hearts of old ladies. The boys' room, and the children's room, have each a separate look of their own; and the latter, with its little, snowy-draped bed for six-year-old Alice, and pretty, swinging crib for two-year-old Floy, is perhaps the very sweetest-looking of them all.

Unfortunately, people with æsthetic tastes are often hampered by prosaic facts, and go about all their lives with the irritating consciousness that their belongings do not express them at all, and that they are quite powerless to change this unpleasant order of things; but if the question were put to most housekeepers of not superabundant means, "What is your strongest yearning in the way of furniture?" the answer would unquestionably be, "A walnut set for the best bedroom"—a sad instance of misplaced affections; for walnut sets for bedrooms are not half so pretty nor so desirable as furniture that does not cost half the money. "Sets" are objectionable, at any rate, in almost everything except china; and a deal more comfort and satisfaction is to be had from articles that find themselves quite unexpectedly within the same walls than from "sets" that come in stiff-looking pairs or quartets.

The principal feature in a bedroom is the bed; and this should be, in the first place, comfortable, though all the rest go bare. The young housekeeper of small means sighs over the dreadful cost of hair-mattresses—"things that do not show a bit, you know," but must, nevertheless, be had. "Considering," discourses some one, "that about a third of our lives is passed in beds, they deserve much more attention than they get. France has long been in advance of the rest of the civilized world in this, having really paid as careful attention to excellence in this respect as to that of cookery. The grand secret of the superiority of French bedding is to be found not merely in the existence of good springs and well-filled mattresses, but in the fact that these mattresses are pulled and remade annually. This is the reason why beds in other countries are generally such a mockery of the French beds which they are intended to imitate. French houses usually have a court-yard behind, in which carpets are beaten, and various other domestic businesses transacted; and here, in fine weather, may be seen the practice of mattress-stuffing. An old mattress, on which heavy bodies have lain for a series of years, becomes, no matter how well filled with horse-hair, nearly as springy as street-car cushions. If you want a comfortable bed, here is the unfailing recipe: First, very good springs; secondly, a thick hair-mattress over them; thirdly, a thick wool-mattress over that. Both mattresses should be remade every two years."

It is not necessary that the bedstead should be made of anything more expensive than cane or iron. Either of these materials is light and graceful-looking, and may be made very pretty with a little gilding. The rattan is both durable and elastic, and forms a springy back for chairs that is very desirable. Two articles should always be low—a bed, and the seat of a chair. Nothing conduces so much to one's comfort. A child's crib of cane is not only pretty in itself, but so thoroughly adapted for ventilation that it is always sweet and cool.

Another inexpensive material for bedroom-furniture is the painted or enameled ware so much in vogue for this purpose, and often made to cost as much as walnut or rosewood; but the more flowers and gilding it has, the less it pleases a correct taste. A body-color of palest pink or gray, with a band of deeper tint, and the monogram, perhaps, in gilding, is much more suitable for cottage-furniture than the more elaborate and expensive styles. Let the bedstead have a canopy over the head, which gives a peculiar grace to the room, covered with material to match the window-curtains, and with falling curtains tied back at each side.

White is the prettiest and most attractive covering for a bed; but chintz and lace covers lined with pink or blue are quite admissible. Female ingenuity has fairly exhausted itself on the subject of "pillow-shams," which are trimmed and embroidered in almost every known device; and they certainly are valuable aids in giving a bed that look of spotless purity which is one of its greatest charms.

A low easy-chair is almost a necessity in a bedroom—a chair in which one can lounge in wrapper and unbound hair before the fire, and think over the

events of the day that is past, or build air-castles for the one to come. This is not necessarily an article of luxury, nor more likely to be expensive because it is comfortable. A rattan-chair, with a bright cushion, will answer every purpose; or a Shaker chair, with well-cushioned back and seat; or a round box mounted on casters, with a low, wooden back attached, curved to fit the back within it, and generously stuffed and padded. This should be covered to match the canopy and curtains, and finished with a deep fall of the material all around the seat. A long box or trunk will make a nice divan covered in the same way, and furnished with large, square cushions against the wall.

For tables, there should be a good-sized oval or round one, covered with reps or satteen, to harmonize in color with the other coverings, and finished with bullion-fringe; and one or two small, light stands, which are always convenient. The mantel-piece may be covered to match the larger table; or it may be of carved oak with double shelves, and all the prettier for not being covered. But, covered or uncovered, let it contain china candlesticks, with real, serviceable candles in them; vases, whether English, Dresden, or nondescript French; and a low, graceful-looking clock.

Toilet-tables, with lace or muslin drapery over a frame of pine, have of late years been sown broadcast over the country; but people are beginning to think that the dressing-tables and bureaus of a century ago were, after all, prettier and more artistic. An apostle of high art hurls his lance against the "draped" articles in this fashion: "I must protest, humbly but emphatically, against the practice which exists of encircling toilet-tables with a sort of muslin petticoat, generally stiffened by a crinoline of pink or blue calico. Something of the same kind may be occasionally seen twisted round the frame of the toilet-glass. They just represent a milliner's notion of the 'pretty,' and nothing more. Drapery of this kind is neither wanted nor ought to be introduced in such places. A mahogany toilet-table, with marble top and a few convenient little drawers, is a cleaner and infinitely preferable contrivance; and, though more costly at first, saves something in the weekly washing-bill."

Quite a rich effect may be produced at comparatively little expense by having the bureau or dressing-table made of common wood and ebonized, then furnished, instead of knobs, with drawer-rings of white metal or ivory. These ornamental appendages are very striking, and quite out of the common way. We should cover the marble-top, which adds to the expense without being an improvement, with a long damask towel richly fringed at the ends. Upon it might rest a quaint, richly-colored pitcher for drinking-water, a small, ornamented mirror in swinging frame, and dainty toilet appurtenances.

A handsome Oriental-looking rug in front of it, another before the fire, and a third at the bedside, would help to furnish a painted floor or the humblest apology for a carpet. Straw-matting is the next best thing to no carpet at all, as the absence of a woolen floor-covering is particularly desirable in a bedroom. It is also a great saving of expense, as a carpet is usually the most formidable bugbear in furnishing a room. The yards roll up so alarmingly at a sort of compound interest until it becomes a marvel how the space within those four walls can possibly hold them all. But where money is not scarce, and the principles of hygiene are a sealed book, the housekeeper hugs her carpet to her heart, and will not give it up. Let it be a soft gray, then, of the smallest possible pattern, either with or without a border. Tastefully-made rugs will show on this to almost as great an advantage as on matting.

The wall-paper may be of the same color, but lighter in tint, or of the palest pink. A bordering of rose-buds and green leaves, if in harmony with the prevailing color of the room, should not only finish the top, but be repeated about four feet from the floor. A few engravings or photographs, in wooden frames, painted either black or white, and sparingly gilded, would look very nicely; and two or three brackets, holding rare pieces of china, cut flowers, or growing vines, would add to the charms of the room. A simple shelf near the bed for the Bible and prayer-book, or whatever devotional books are used, is both convenient and appropriate; while on the table a prettily carved or painted book-holder will accommodate the few choice volumes that are wanted at hand.

If a bath-room or small dressing-room opens into the bedroom, well and good; if not, well and good, too, providing only that the sleeping-apartment is of a respectable size, for then there is such an admirable excuse for a screen—that charming, mysterious piece of furniture so rarely seen out of pictures. Not a diminutive hand-screen, but a tall, wide, imposing affair, that looks like three doors half folded, and may be contrived from a wooden clothes-horse and crimson baize—or any other material that is preferred for covering. This shuts off the washing-apparatus, and can be moved about at pleasure. It may be covered with plain wall-paper, and ornamented with pictures of tropical birds and flowers—or with quaint Chinese designs on a black or vermilion-colored ground.

An open fire, and a wood-fire at that, is a perfect treasure in a bedroom, and the handsomest piece of furniture that can be put in any room. A register is a worse abomination here than elsewhere, and a stove is too hot, besides being ungainly. But an open fire, with its pretty, dancing lights and shadows, and twilight illumination, is a boon to be thankful for; but it requires the protection of a fender to ward off danger, and nearly as much watching as a small child.

Nowhere is pretty china more in harmony, in the way of ornament, than in the bedroom. A bowl-shaped vase of purest porcelain, with a bordering of roses, rests on a corner bracket in a certain room that we wot of, and fascinates our beauty-loving eyes every time that we look upon it. Dresden china is beautiful, with its wonderful raised flowers, but quite beyond the purses of many; and Sèvres,

except in such homœopathic doses as a stray cup and saucer, scarcely to be thought of. A little gem of a *tête-à-tête* service on a small corner-table in the sleeping-room is pleasantly suggestive of a day or so of invalidism, when one is just sufficiently out of sorts to be waited on and "made of."

But china twisted into such outlandish forms as dolphins, frogs, porcupines, or even small pink dogs, is not to be tolerated; both Nature and Art cry out against such monstrosities, and the substitution of flowering bulbs for the quills of the fretful porcupine is a most unpleasant combination of ideas. Slippers with cut flowers in the toe, fishes with open mouths for the same purpose, and a host of other preposterous devices in china, are to be avoided by those who have the slightest appreciation of the eternal fitness of things.

We love to linger over our imaginary bedroom, that looms up through a soft light that never was on land or sea; but with the picture of a real one we must leave the subject. This pretty bedroom is in a handsome, moderately-sized country-house, that was built and furnished by the occupants after their own cherished ideas. The result was simply delightful; and the bedroom in question, having plenty of windows and sunshine, was not furnished in the light colors that usually predominate, as this would have made it altogether too glaring. It is a large, square apartment; and the dark, brilliant furnishings seem to produce the effect of a gorgeous tropical bird. The ebonized furniture is relieved by scarlet cushions, and the curtains are in stripes of Turkey red, alternating with cream-colored stuff, and finished with a plaited ruffle of the red. The wall is covered with a particularly rich French paper, the pattern of which is wrought in bouquets of poppies and wild-roses. The poppy conceit is very suggestive for a sleeping-room.

Outside of the broad windows are clumps of evergreens, and, both within and without, it is a particularly bright, comfortable-looking winter scene.

"CHERRY RIPE!"

BY THE AUTHOR OF "COMIN' THRO' THE RYE," "AS HE COMES UP THE STAIR," ETC.

BOOK I.

CHAPTER I.

"Just so may love, although 'tis understood
The mere commingling of passionate breath,
Produce more than our searching witnesseth."

"RUN!" said Mignon.

"This way!" cried Lu-Lu.

Fate, choosing so insignificant a means as the fact of two girls running away from their governess to alter the current of four persons' lives, directed their steps to the left instead of to the right, and sent them spinning round one of the big trees of the avenue with such velocity that a gentleman who was advancing slowly from the opposite direction found himself all at once deprived of breath, hat, stick, and patience.

"Upon my word!" said he, angrily, and, for the moment, too much astonished at the hearty and simultaneous onslaught on his person to be at all sure of the sex of his assailants.

"I *beg* your pardon!" said Lu-Lu.

Glancing sharply at the apple-cheeked, black-eyed schoolgirl, the young man could discover in her face no reason why he should set aside the bad temper and *ennui* that devoured him, to assure her of his gratitude for the favor just accorded.

"We are *very* sorry!" said Mignon; and then he turned suddenly, and saw before him something that all his life long he thought he must have been seeking, yet never until now found: discovered a want that in all its depth and fullness he had never known until in this its moment of fulfillment; felt that here at least was something by no means to be included in the bitter, weary disgust for himself, the world, and all within it, that this day filled his stormy, passionate soul to overflowing.

"And soon his eyes had drunk her beauty up,
Leaving no drop in the bewildering cup,
And still the cup was full"

And in that moment was the wheel of his life's fate and hers set moving, and the end thereof—how could he tell it any more than the girl who stood, facing him, beneath the pink-and-white blossoms of the flowering chestnuts with something of the wonder and puzzle of the young May morning in her innocent, childish eyes?

"We are very sorry," she said again, gently, thinking how terribly put out he seemed to be about no such great matter, and not daring to smile for fear of making him yet more angry.

He almost laughed aloud as it suddenly flashed through his mind what a pity it was that none of his friends were by to see the ridiculous figure he cut before this pair of schoolgirls. The gay words that would at any other time have sprung quick as lightning to his lips; the bold, devil-may-care spirit that would instantly have turned the ludicrous mischance to at least the semblance of a *bonne aventure*—where were they now? and what magic was this that stole the wit from his brain, the words from his tongue, and the power to do aught save stand looking—looking—at the girl before him?

The matter—it had in all occupied not more than thirty seconds—was cut short by an act on the part of the culprits that proved them to be no embryo fine ladies with fashionable notions of their own im-

portance, for Mignon fetched his hat, Lu-Lu picked up his stick, and, having placed his property in his hands, they dropped him the simplest, sweetest, prettiest courtesy in the world apiece, moved quickly away, and vanished.

Their disappearance broke the spell. He put on his hat, turned about, and followed them.

That they were bent on mischief of some kind was pretty clear, seeing how they tacked this way and that, avoiding the open, and casting so many glances to the right and left as could not fail, he thought, to discover him sooner or later to their eyes. Only it so happened that they were not thinking of him just then—no, nor of any other young man, nor of anything in the whole world but to get away all by themselves, to enjoy the full freshness and glory of this peerless spring morning, to revel in the rosy feast of blossom that hung overhead—and this they were so dainty and delicate in their fancies as to imagine they could not do under the guardianship of mademoiselle, and in the company of the dozen or so of noisy, hoydenish pupils placed under her charge. And if it should appear strange that two schoolgirls could be found who were not moved to foolish smiles and *minauderies* by the mere sight and neighborhood of a young and handsome man, I am bound to confess that these were altogether exceptional maidens, and, both by training and habit of thought, had preserved intact an innocence of mind more usually to be met with in misses of eight and ten than of sixteen and seventeen. That they had enjoyed a hearty laugh at his expense as soon as they were safely out of ear-shot is not to be denied; or that when, later, they perceived him close at hand they looked at one another with a certain air of particularity that betokened the existence of a latent understanding between them; but that they were guiltless of either giggle or undue excitement he was careful to note, being a man of most fastidious taste, and quick to observe the smallest sign of levity in woman.

Afterward, when he tried to remember how he spent that day, he was not able, save that he was sure he had sat under the trees for a long while, and he thought he had eaten bread-and-butter and chocolate and Turkish delight—but, no, he could not have done that, it must have been somebody else; that he had looked at a great many pictures, and heard a great many criticisms passed on them by a pair of merciless young judges, one of whom, in her bloom and brightness, eclipsed whatever she regarded; that he had gone on a wild-goose chase in and out and round and about the Maze, following one little pair of feet that seemed to know no flagging; that he had fed one of the big white swans that came sailing proudly down the mimic lake with a little lovely cygnet perched high upon its wings. To his dying day he never forgot that little creature, or how its whiteness showed like snow against its mother, that was fair enough when it stood alone, God knows. He also had a distinct impression that three or four times he had been all but caught and held in durance vile by a sallow-faced Frenchwoman, but had each time escaped by the skin of his teeth—and yet that could not have been himself, but the girl whose shadow he was that day, and whose name was Mignon. He was quite sure of that, for had he not heard her so called by Lu-Lu many times that day? also, that she lived at Rosemary, Lilytown, for which place had he not five minutes ago seen her set out seated in a great open van drawn by two stout cart-horses? From the stolid bumpkinish Jehu, who was a curiosity indeed to be found within ten miles of London town, he had by golden means, and quite unobserved, as he thought, extracted this latter information concerning her place of abode.

Nor could he remember in the days that came afterward at what time she went away, and whether it were afternoon or evening; he only knew that it was daylight, and the sky still blue overhead when he turned back and threw himself down under one of the giant trees of the avenue to think. About when he had first met her he was more certain: it was quite early—ten o'clock, perhaps; this he knew because all his life long he could never see a young, exquisitely fresh May morning without the girl's face coming up before him. Mignon—that was her name, fanciful, tender, and un-English, yet one that became her curiously well, he thought; and then he fell to watching the rose-and-white leaves of the chestnut-flowers come fluttering slowly down; observed how the glister of the sun caught the inner side of one of the big, prickly leaves, turning it to gold; discovered how enchanting was the tiny patch of blue overhead, that the envious boughs had failed to altogether shut out from the daisies and grass that loved it—and the snow and the red of the vagrant petals, the liquid gold of the sun-touched leaf, the bit of bright-blue tapestry above, wove themselves unconsciously into a fairy likeness of a girl's face. For were they not all there—the tints of her skin, the color of her hair, the very hue of her eyes? But the look that had caught and fixed his regard, and upon which his heart had closed, he found not in either blossom, or leaf, or sky; for it sprang direct from that purest of all sources, a maiden's innocent soul, and because his own life was just then so full of strife and sin and misery, this same look of hers outweighed in his eyes the mere beauty that many a time he had seen possessed by women in a far higher degree. Mignon! What fate did her name foretell, and what did her face say? It could be nothing to him, this future of hers; for was not his own lot in life fixed, the stage prepared, the last act but one in a reckless, unhappy, and guilty past about to be played out?

A bird came whirling into a cluster of the stately blooms overhead, and as the dainty column swayed under his eager, slender feet, he poured out a sweet, gay song of gladness, that was his tribute of gratefulness for his happy life, his beautiful mate, his long summer day of sunshine, and love, and plenty. And the song of the bird, and the peace and beauty of the evening and the hour, stole into the man's heart, until he knew it not for that which had beat in his breast no longer ago than this morning. Hither

he had come in a mood of black and impious rebellion against all things in heaven and earth. With eyes turned inward, he had passed by all outward things, nor observed any one of the tender and manifold surprises of the morning; although, if any one had asked him, he would have answered, "*Yes, it is a fine May morning, and the chestnuts are in bloom;*" but the *heart* of the man was dead to Nature's teaching, as it had been for many long years—ay, ever since he had taken to reading and playing upon the vices, faults, and weaknesses, of the men and women who came in his path.

Whence, then, came to him, in a breath, this clearness of the eyes, this subtile understanding of all that was fair and gracious, this capacity for drawing into some new and fragrant chamber of the soul aught so evanescent, so impalpable, so delicate, as the quivering light on a leaf, the color of the sky, or the painting of a flower, that had passed through the hands of the Creator?

Thoughts unwonted and gentle came to him there—of his dead mother; she had not been in his memory these half-dozen years or more—recollections of his boyhood, and the eager, bright days of his youth, when existence had seemed to him but a cup filled to the brim with a cunning and rarely-mingled draught of sweetness, of which he could not drink too often, or too deeply—to-night he found himself able to look back upon that time with none of the scorn and pity with which he had in these latter days grown to regard that hopeful and not unworthy period of his life; nay, some of the old, keen flavor and enjoyment of it seemed to be once more between his lips as he lay and mused, and dreamed, and thought—some new influence was upon him, gentle and humanizing to-night, and blame him not that, in yielding to it, he perceived not how that which appeared to him as the touch of an angel's wing was in very truth a snare set for him by Satan, nor knew that in this, his awakening to all things good and lovely, he had never been tempted to so cruel a sin, so black a wrong, as now.

This morning when he had walked forth, his worldly, callous heart full to the brim with bitterness and revolt, he had yet been a better, more honest man than now, when the very means that awakened his heart to the recognition of beauty in goodness, and goodness in beauty, took its root in a half-conceived dishonor that had in it all the elements of crime, in the shadow cast before of a deed that would stamp the doer as a recreant to all those traditions of honor that no man may traverse, without inflicting a stain upon his character that, in his own eyes at least, can never be wiped away.

Has one ever paused to note how that pure and stainless flower, the water-lily, grows? From filth and slime and every conceivable noisomeness she springs, to crown the bosom of the waters with her snowy cup, and among us all is there one so cunning that he can tell by what wondrous alchemy the vileness is transmuted to beauty, the uncleanliness to unsullied purity, the very nadir of degradation to the perfection of an unsurpassable splendor?

And even as this lily grows, borrowing her purity we know not whence, her beauty we know not how so may it not be that from the dark, unkindly soil of a sinful human heart may be born a passion that, while having its root in foulness, and owing its very existence to shame and transgression, shall grow to a vigorous, stately flower, that, in the beholding, we are almost fain to forget whence it has arisen?

For as from richest and most healthful soil, with every favoring influence of sunshine, wind, and rain, may creep into life a noxious, deadly poison, a thing of hatefulness, whence our eyes turn with fear and loathing, so it is not given to us to say, "By such and such means was the evil turned to good, and the good to evil;" we can but blindly puzzle out a meaning for ourselves, nor dare to lift our brows to heaven and, with boasting pride, cry aloud that we have found it.

Only this I know, that the man into whose heart that day had sunk a germ, potential of life, form, and variation, that was by the inevitable law of progression bound to fulfill itself, and who had by sin fallen from his high estate, by sin alone, and the virtue that took its birth from that sin, was lifted again to it—and that as he would to his life's end have been guiltless of his crowning infamy had not a girl's face that day crossed his path, so would he have lived and died with soul unawakened to good; so would he never have raised his eyes to those heights of greatness and self-mastery, to which he, all-sinning, humbled, and despairing, yet dared to aspire—ay, and by the grace of God to reach at last.

CHAPTER II.

"Clear Summer has forth walked
Unto the clover sward, and she has talked
Full soothingly to every mated finch."

THERE floated over the wall so joyful and exquisite a peal of laughter, that a young man, who was walking in the garden on the other side, was seized with some such curiosity as set the old king pulling up his slippers, and putting on his spectacles, when he spied the unusual crowd collected in the royal pigsty, on the occasion of his naughty princess kissing the swineherd.

Mr. Babbage informs us that "the air is one vast library, in whose pages are forever written all that man said and woman whispered;" but he does not tell us what becomes of the laughter so plentifully cast upon it day by day, and that surely has a character of its own, jocund, bitter, false, despairing, and is as much the language of the heart as words or tears, though we could fancy that some such mirth as that just uttered might sound sweet and pleasant after the lapse of more than one century.

It suggested all sorts of sunshiny, humorous things, as of a witty jest, a consummately ludicrous situation, a strikingly happy thought, or any one of those absurdities that provoke poor, toiling human nature to amusement, and are in themselves a species of luxury.

"I wonder what she is laughing at now?" said he, who listened, smiling to himself for company. "I have a very good mind to find out," he added, aloud (for there was nobody by, not even a blackbird, to hear him).

He paused in his walk, and looked upward.

At the top of the wall, flourishing hardily and sweetly, grew a tough little colony of wallflowers that had grown, the wind and the rain only knew how, and had come, the birds of the air only knew whence, affording, as he was well aware, a moderate screen from behind which a discreet person might peep without much chance of being detected.

Hard by, a ladder leaned against a peach-tree with a rakish air, as though it had given over work for the day, and was enjoying itself. This he fetched, pitched exactly opposite the wallflower, and proceeded to mount the same with as bold and unfaltering a step as though spying into a neighbor's garden were the most ordinary thing in the world, and no more reprehensible than overlooking an opponent's hand at whist, or reading a letter backward, or any other of those dishonorable little actions by which we deceive our friends, and close our eyes to our own delinquencies.

He mounted the first dozen or so of rungs boldly, but slackened his pace as he rose higher, for ever so small an excess of courage or indiscretion might cause him to be discovered in a position that no young man would, to say the least, be proud to fill.

Therefore, albeit he was no faint-hearted person, he could not but feel it to be rather an awful moment when he topped the wall, and, pushing aside the scanty leaves and stalks of the wallflowers, gazed down into the garden some twenty feet below him.

The sight that met his eyes was curious but pretty, not particularly laughable in itself, yet tickling the beholder with a certain sense of pleasure that served all the purposes of laughter without demanding the outward expression of it: the subtilest and keenest enjoyment is, oftener than not, voiceless.

Seated in her coach, with skirts tucked well up around her, and two little neatly-shod feet full in view, sat a very young lady. Her coachman did not precede but was behind her; horses she had none, and, although she rode with a hand extended on either side and as majestic an air as though she were seated in the lord-mayor's own on the 9th of November, Mignon's coach was, I am bound to confess, no more and no less than a wheelbarrow. She had a white pocket-handkerchief tied over her head, and the richest of red roses were blooming in her beautiful young cheeks as she came whirling past the peeper.

"Faster! faster!" she cried; "do you not know that Gretna Green is yet three miles away, and that I have a most particular appointment, with a most particular person, to keep at half-past four *precisely?*"

For answer, there came a whir! whiff! and off flew the solitary wheel of Mignon's chariot, seating her with considerable emphasis on the exact centre of a parsley-bed, that flourished greenly below the wallflowers.

"There!" she cried; and her voice was so young, and fresh, and gay, as to communicate to the listener a delightful sensation of novelty and enjoyment, as when one hears—

> "A noise like of a hidden brook
> In the leafy month of June,
> That to the sleeping woods all night
> Singeth a quiet tune."

"I *knew* that would happen one of these days, and if I had been a fine woman like you, Prue, it would have happened long ago!"

"Well, Miss Mignon," said Prue, sitting down on a three-legged stool, with her back to the wall, and drawing some needle-work out of her pocket, "I don't know as I'm so very sorry either, for, in my 'pinion, riding in a barrow ain't a very suitable amusement for a young lady like you; and it do seem to me a queer fancy of your'n to pretend to go visiting all them furrin places with the outlandish names, to say nothing of lots of 'em having been 'bolished long ago."

"You abolish customs, not places, Prue," said Mignon, rebukingly, "not but what earthquakes take matters into their own hands occasionally, and play a glorious game of General Post with houses, and lands, and people. And as to the wheelbarrow," added the girl, regarding her prone chariot regretfully, "no coach and six could ever give me half as much pleasure as that old piece of wood has done, not that I'm likely ever to possess a coach and *one!*"

"I'm not so sure of that," said Prue, sagaciously. "Just you wait a bit, Miss Mignon, and per'aps you'll see something as'll astonish you one of these days."

"If I am going to see anything," said the girl, sighing, "then I hope it will be *soon;* for now that the wheelbarrow, which was a perfect godsend, is broken, there is absolutely nothing to fall back upon! And oh! it does seem such weary, weary work to live always in this dull, old garden, with no one to play with, and nobody to come and see me, or care whether I'm dead or alive!"

"Ay!" said Prue, looking round and frowning, "'tis a poor place for you, dear heart, and you'd have done better to go to Wales with Miss Lu-Lu, or traveling about with Miss Sorel, than to poke out your six weeks of holidays all by your lone self here!"

"And do you think," cried the girl, with a sudden and curious change in her voice, "that I would go away with Miss Lu-Lu, or Miss Sorel, or anybody, when any day, any moment, *she* may come home? How could I enjoy myself when it would be always in my thoughts that she might arrive, and, finding nobody here that loved her to speak one word of welcome, go away again, and so I should lose my darling a second time over, and perhaps *never* find her again?"

Prue, compressing her lips tightly, shook her head, but made no remark.

"And if I wanted to go away," said Mignon, softly, "it is not with Miss Sorel that I should go. I know a place, Prue, a long, long way from here, but I see it every day, and before I go to sleep at

night I walk all round and about it—in the winter when the snow is on the ground, and in the summer when it is all green and beautiful. *There* are no high walls to shut you in and prevent you from getting a good breath of pure air; it is all open and free, where you can go up and down, and in and out, and nowhere be met by bolts and bars, and other people's gardens, and houses, und busy roads. One can feel quite *alone* there—a splendid loneliness, Prue; not like that which one feels in the midst of a crowd of people, but something beautiful and strange, for, you see, the fields, and birds, and flowers, although they could not speak, were all my friends, and I understood them far better than I did human beings. And it used to be a rare thing to watch the flowers coming out one by one. The first came in wintertime, the flaming, velvety moss-cup, than which no rose was ever more vividly and exquisitely dyed. It was not really a flower, you know, Prue, but I liked to think it one, and always called it my winter rose. And then in February I used to go down on my knees and smell the violet-roots that were scented as sweetly as though the buds were already bursting into bloom—and it was something to watch the hawthorn-buds come stealing out like forgotten snow from the bare, black stalks, and to see the crows eating their dinner—

'Fifty fat cousins all of a row!'

And then I used to listen to the rooks that talked to one another so plainly sometimes that I could almost understand what they were saying—almost, not quite; and then I used to stoop down and whisper to the buds and flowers, 'Come out! come out! spring is coming, and you are all behindhand, and nothing will be ready!' and indeed I think they came a little faster for my asking them, because they knew how I loved them, and was so yearning for a sight of their pretty, delicate faces—and I think of it all, every day of my life, and sometimes I feel as if I must get up and run away, and never leave off running until I reach that place—only I cannot go until Muriel comes, then we will go together, and be happy—so happy—"

"Don't take too much thought of that, Miss Mignon," said Prue, gently, looking at the girl with a tenderness that made her homely features almost beautiful; "better to make up your mind that p'r'aps she won't come back, leastways to be just the same to you as she used to be; for maybe she's forgotten you a bit, dear heart, out in the world."

"Forgotten me!" cried Mignon, sitting erect; "do you know what my sister *is*, how faithful and good and true, that you should talk about her *forgetting?* We have but one heart between us, she and I; we could better believe evil of our own selves than of one another—and if she does not write, or come, or send, it is for some good reason—some excellent reason—and, sooner or later, she will come to me, and tell me all about it, and we shall go away from each other never any more."

In Prue's downcast eyes there gathered, but did not fall, two big tears; it seemed as if she would never grow used to the pain of hearing the girl's piteous, loving, hopeful talk of the joyous future that was to come to her, never, ah! never.

"She is sure to be thinking of me to-day," said Mignon, softly, "because I am sixteen years old, you know, and she will be saying to herself: 'How time passes! why, the child must be growing up—I shall scarcely know her when we meet!' as though," she added, proudly, "we could ever mistake each other, even if we were ugly old women in wigs, and poke-bonnets, and spectacles!" She put up her hand and drew off the handkerchief that covered her fair hair, passing her slender fingers through its thickness, as though to assure herself that the notion of not finding her sister till old age had overtaken both was about as probable a one as that this abundant covering would vanish, and necessitate extraneous provision.

"And it do seem a cruel shame," said Prue, shaking her head, "that there's not a soul to wish you many happy returns of that same birthday, nor give you a single present; and if you was a foundling, so to speak, Miss Mignon, you couldn't be worse off for friends and relations than you are."

"I don't want any presents," said the girl, gently; "besides, did you not give me a fine box with shells, and 'A present from Margate' upon it? But I should have loved a bunch of roses—just such ones as grew at Silverhoe—for roses always seem to mean *summer*, just as snow means winter. I dare say there are some beautiful ones at Hampton Court. Miss Sorel said we might go there if we liked, did she not?"

"Yes, miss; and to Madam Tussore's, and the Poly-something, where they improve folks' minds, and—"

"But I don't want to have my mind improved," said Mignon, "and I know Madame Tussaud's by heart; but oh! Prue, will you ever forget the last time we went to Hampton, and how we went?"

"That was a very rum—I beg pardon, miss—a very *peculiar* go," said Prue, grinning and looking disdainful. "If Miss Sorel had been here it never would have happened, but them furrineering mamselles don't know nothing!"

"Shall I ever get it out of my head?" cried the girl, breaking out into sudden laughter:

"'Four-and-twenty blackbirds
Baked in a pie!'

Only *we* were baked in a *van!* We must have looked fine when we drove from the door, every alternate girl visible through the open framework at the sides, like a saint in a niche with her back to the congregation, bounding, jumping, jolting, creaking, bones rattling, lockets dancing, teeth chattering—was there ever such a shaking up upon earth? We were black and blue next day, Prue!"

"I'll tell Miss Sorel when she comes back," said Prue, with decision.

"Though, after all," said Mignon, "it was a charming day—all but for one thing, and that was dreadful!"

"What was that, miss?" said Prue, looking up quickly.

"Miss Lu-Lu and I nearly knocked down—a man!" said Mignon; "worse than that—a *young* man! If we had beaten him," she went on, looking thoughtfully at the two pretty feet placed in the first position before her, "he could not have looked more astonished and nonplused!"

"How did it happen, miss?" said Prue, regarding her mistress with covert but keen inquiry, and pausing in her work.

"Miss Lu-Lu and I were running away from mademoiselle and the girls," said Mignon, "and, alas! just as we spun round one of the big trees of the avenue, she one side, I the other, we caught a gentleman on the other side, two crashing blows, one on the right shoulder, the other on the left—for a moment I do believe he thought he saw *double!*"

"Did he *speak*, miss?" inquired Prue, with interest.

"No, indeed," said Mignon, laughing, "that he did not! Although we begged his pardon twice over, and even picked up the property of which our onslaught had deprived him, he never uttered one syllable! It occurred to us afterward that perhaps the poor man was *dumb!*"

"Dumb?" repeated Prue, in an accent of incredulity; "dumb, did you say, miss? ho! ho! ho! I beg pardon, miss, but—ho! ho! ho! ho!"

Mignon looked in astonishment at the woman, who seemed to be struggling against a grotesque and secret merriment, that mastered her against her will.

"And pray," said the young lady, with dignity, "is it such a very *odd* thing that a man should be dumb? Hundreds of people are—and blind as well—and they all marry, and have deaf and dumb families!"

"I dare say, miss," said Prue, recovering, "but somehow the notion tickled my fancy"—and here she showed symptoms of a relapse—"but can you mind what he was like, Miss Mignon?"

"Very dark—with very blue eyes, an Irish combination that's too *womanish*, I think, for a man! And perhaps because we had been so rude to *him*," she went on, leaning her fair head against the wall, "he thought he would be rude to *us*, for he followed us about the whole day, and even came to see us set off in the van! And Miss Sorel always tells us that it is a very great insult for a gentleman with whom one is not acquainted to stare at and walk behind one."

"So it is, miss," said Prue, "generally."

"And yet," said Mignon, meditatively, "it is not considered a rude thing for a young man to fall in love with a person—quite the reverse! You see, he must make a beginning somewhere, and really it is rather difficult to say where rudeness ends and politeness begins."

"What put that notion into your head, miss?" said Prue, looking sharply at the girl.

"Ah!" said Mignon, "that's a secret. Heigho!" she sighed, "how I wish something would happen—just to brisk us up, and set us going—if somebody would only take the trouble to write me a letter, even, I think I could be satisfied!"

"A letter?" said Prue, starting, "and who'd be after writing to you but Miss Lu-Lu, or Miss Sorel, dear heart? And you heard from both of *them* last week."

"There is nobody else," said Mignon; "*she* would not write, she would come. But, all the same, I should love to have a letter—from *anybody*, I don't care who—just to make me feel that I was not such a terribly unimportant little person—that there was somebody in the world who troubled herself to think about me!"

Something in Prue's pocket, as the money of spendthrifts is historically supposed to do, suddenly burnt her, and, as she looked at the wistful, lovely face, that made the sunshine and happiness of her life, and to whom she could deny nothing, she cast all scruples and hesitation to the winds, and, taking off her thimble and laying down her work with sudden decision:

"Supposing, miss," she said, "that there *was* people in the world to trouble their heads to think about you, and supposing that 'twasn't a HER at all but a HIM, why, what then, Miss Mignon?"

CHAPTER III.

"While every eve saw me my hair up-tying
With fingers cool as aspen-leaves
I was as vague as solitary dove,
Nor knew that nests were built."

"A HIM?" said Mignon, laughing gayly; "but I don't know a single one; and why should he trouble himself about a little nobody like me?"

"Hasn't it ever struck you, Miss Mignon, that maybe one of these days you'd be picking up a *beau?*"

"No," said Mignon, clasping her arms round her knees, and leaning her head so far back that the wallflower got an excellent view of a pretty, straight nose and some long, dark eyelashes. "I can't say it ever has, Prue. It is not often that a schoolgirl arrives at the dignity of a real *beau!* Of course, every girls' school has its regular horde of light-infantry, that skirmishes eternally round its gates, looks at it over prayer-books on Sundays, casts sheepish glances at it when it goes out walking, sends it valentines on the 14th of February, and lets off crackers in its back-garden on the 5th of November; but there's safety in numbers, Prue; and, as to having a real lover, to write one real love-letters all to one's own self, why, I do not think a schoolgirl is often so lucky as that; though, indeed," she added, sighing, "it must be a *charming* thing, Prue, when once one has got used to it! Tell me, did you ever get one—like that?"

"Maybe," said Prue, turning a handsome brick-dust color; "but that was a long time ago, Miss Mignon."

"And were you in love with him?"

"No, miss, I never would—for fear. Falling in love's a ticklish thing—very."

"Does he write to you?" inquired Mignon, sur-

veying Prue with grave attention and from a totally new point of view; "because if he does, and if you would not mind it very much, I should so *like* to read one of his letters! I never have read a *real* love-letter in my life, and for a particular reason, that I can't explain to you just now, I am so *anxious* to see *how it's done!*"

Prue, looking anxiously at her young mistress, plaited and unplaited her apron with restless, clumsy fingers. A struggle of some kind was plainly going forward in her mind. She was but an ignorant, gentle-hearted woman, who ardently longed to act for the good of the creature that she loved best upon earth, yet who was sufficiently aware of her shortcomings to make her doubt the wisdom of her own decision. Painful and confused are these gropings after wisdom in the minds of human beings who have not that firm reliance upon their own infallibility of judgment that carries stronger-minded folks with untroubled consciences over everything, and even enables them to ascribe the disasters arising from their own mistakes to fate, Providence, or some influence that it was not possible for them to foresee or evade.

"And what would you say, Miss Mignon," she said, at last, "if I was to tell you that I'd got a love-letter in my pocket at this very particular moment?"

"Say!" cried Mignon, in delight, "why, that it was the luckiest thing in the world, and that it would *more* than make up for the wheel coming off the barrow! And to think you'd got it bottled up there all this time, and never said a single word about it! Why, if anybody wrote *me* a love-letter I shouldn't be able to sit down for a week, much less do plain *sewing!*"

"And supposing," said Prue, her hand in her pocket, "that somebody should take the trouble to write a love-letter, not to me, Miss Mignon, but to *you?*"

"That is so likely, is it not," said the girl, laughing, "when I do not know a single man who is not fat and bald, and a long way past forty? No, no, Prue, only *young* people write love-letters; and I do hope he is very deeply in love with you, because I don't want to read a cool love-letter."

"He's just mad with love," said Prue, nodding; "but it's not with *me*, Miss Mignon, but *you!*"

"*Me?*"

"You!"

"Somebody in love with ME?"

"Somebody in love with *you!*"

"*Not* a schoolboy, or the sexton, or the postman, or the chimney-sweep?" said Mignon, her eyes growing rounder and rounder as she looked at Prue.

"No, miss, a gentleman."

"Grown up? out of jackets?"

"La! yes, miss, in coats."

"Prue," said Mignon, in a tone of utter disbelief, "are you *joking?* Are you making all this up because I said I thought if I tried it I should *like* a beau?"

"No, miss; it's gospel truth."

"What an *extraordinary* thing!" said Mignon, drawing a deep breath—"what an altogether *outrageous* thing—to fall in love with *me*, of all people in the world! And where on earth did he do it, and what could have inspired him with the gigantic idea of—love?"

"It was at Hampton Court, miss," said Prue, "and, so far as I can make out, it's the very gentleman as you and Miss Lu-Lu nearly upset cutting round that tree in the avenue."

"I certainly made an impression upon *him*," said Mignon, soberly—"and on his hat and his shins, or I am much mistaken! Are you quite sure, Prue, that he is not pretending, just to pay me out for being so rude to him?"

"No," said Prue, nodding impressively; "he's in earnest, there's no mistake about that."

"And, indeed," said Mignon, "I am beginning to think he must be to do anything so desperate as to write me a love-letter! Why, Lu-Lu never had one in all her life, and she is seventeen years old, and we should *both* have been so much obliged to any one who would write us one, just to see what it would be like!"

Prue, looking down on her needle-work, smiled. Miss Sorel's school was a well-ordered one, the supervision of letters strict, and many an ardent effusion had she seen transmitted to the flames instead of to the girl to whom it was addressed. Contraband music, too, breathing sentences quite as tender and far better expressed than the accompanying *billets*, was invariably passed on to the music-master, and learned in perfect good faith by the pupils, who dreamed not that they were giving utterance to their lovers' fervent sighs, when they underwent the awful ordeal of their singing-lessons from that most terrible of professors, Herr Klingholz.

She could have told many a story, too, of treasure-trove, discovered in the course of her morning and evening weeding before service began in the hymn and prayer books left in the church-pew from Sunday to Sunday, and of the enormous discomposure of the gilded youth of Lilytown, who had hoped by this *ruse* to circumvent the stately mistress of Rosemary. But of all this the girls, most of whom were very young, had suspected nothing, believing this horde of recurrent young gentlemen to be but one of the natural and inevitable adjuncts of a ladies' school, and a fact at once flattering and unsatisfactory.

"If only," said Mignon, emerging from her trance of amazement, with a sigh of delight, "he had thought of it before, how it would have helped to pass the time, to be sure! Why, it would have been *twice* as amusing as Grimm's goblins, and a *hundred* times better than the wheelbarrow!"

"P'r'aps I'm wrong in telling you about it at all," said Prue, "but Lor! he began to write to you long afore you thought of the barrow; you've only had that a week, but *he've* been writing love-letters to you for the last *two*."

"Writing to me?" cried Mignon, starting up; "he took the trouble to write to me, and you never

even told me? Oh! I will never, never forgive you!" she cried, stamping her foot, "and when you knew how *dull* I was too!"

And here, with shame I confess it, the tears ran down her pretty cheeks, for Mignon was a representative of that enormous class of women whose anger holds off exactly long enough to say all that they wish, and perhaps bang a door or two, ere dissolving into indignant, passionate tears.

"Good Lord! what a sweet little shrew!" thought the wallflower to itself.

"La!" said Prue, retreating as far as she could, "what a temper you've got, to be sure, Miss Mignon! I misdoubt me, but I've done wrong in bringing you this one, and if it wasn't for a little circumstance as happened no later than last night, p'r'aps you'd never have knowed nothing of the matter at all."

"A circumstance!" cried Mignon, a flicker of April sunshine coming and going in her blue eyes; "and pray, what was that?"

"Nothing much," said Prue. "Only when I told him I couldn't and wouldn't bring you no love-letters, since you was left in my charge while Miss Sorel was away, he just took me by the shoulders, and shook me with all his might and main till the breath was all but out of my body, and said he, 'I'll ask you to take her no more letters, you fool, but I'll just go straight to her myself!' When he'd done, I said to myself, 'That's *real* love, and no mistake, and I don't know as it's my duty to stand between 'em.'"

"Did he, really?" said Mignon, looking delighted; "he must be *very* fond of me to do that, Prue! It reminds me wonderfully of William the Conqueror and Matilda!"

Here she sat down on the parsley-bed, obeying the universal law of womankind, that impels it to start up at the merest suspicion of good or bad news, and sit down under the shock of the reality, whichever it may be.

"I don't know nothing about William and Matilda," said Prue, to whom history was a myth, while to-day was a matter of serious and profound consideration. "But his way of doing things made me think he loved you true, and meant honest by you, and there's no denying I should be glad and thankful to see you settled in a home of your own, for more reasons than one, and so—"

"But I don't want your reasons," cried Mignon, "I want the letter;" and, seizing Prue's pocket, she turned it inside out, and the last thing coming uppermost proved to be a big, square envelope, decidedly the worse for wear, indorsed in a bold, legible handwriting:

"MIGNON,
Rosemary,
Lilytown."

"There!" said Prue, surveying it, "I don't know whether it's one of the old ones; but I dare say it'll be just as good to read if it is—I guess he says pretty much the same in all of 'em!"

"I don't think I'll read it to-day," said Mignon, holding it a little way off, and looking at it admiringly. "It can't come *twice* in one's lifetime to open one's first love-letter, you know! I'll save it up as a great treat until to-morrow. What do people *generally* say in love-letters, Prue?"

"Rubbish!" said Prue, rolling up her work. "One don't look for sense from *lovers*, miss!"

CHAPTER IV.

"She hath one of my sonnets already: the clown bore it, the fool sent it, the lady hath it: sweet clown, sweeter fool, sweetest lady!"

MIGNON sat on a wooden chair set full in the sunlight, hemming a pocket-handkerchief, at nine o'clock in the morning. She wore a white-dimity gown, tied in at the waist, and throat, and wrists, with ribbons that matched the color of her eyes exactly, and altogether she and the young June morning became each other vastly, and seemed expressly made for one another—or so the wallflower thought, that 'was as nearly as possible facing her, though considerably out of the range of her ordinary regard. She was but an indifferent worker, and took advantage of every possible pretext to give her needle a rest—quarreling with a stray sunbeam that had fallen in love with her eyelashes; scolding a naughty, lazy butterfly who came fluttering past in the desultory, idle fashion of his tribe; making fun of an industrious bee who had got into the garden by mistake, and, finding cabbages instead of flowers, went buzzing about in a fussy, discontented fashion. She said good-morning to an ancient snail who came slowly by, as though he found existence rather a troublesome affair than otherwise, and condoled with him concerning the law of Nature that compelled him to carry his house on his back, at the same time pointing out that the scheme had its advantages, since he need never be at all afraid (like other folks) of his dwelling being pillaged or burned down while he was abroad. "And, as to *you*, sir," she said to a Polly-wash-dish who was whisking his long tail up and down the gravel-walk at a safe distance from her, "if you had any shame in you at all, you would *blush* for your own deficiencies—are you aware that the linnet has *sixty-four* notes in his register, while you have not a single one worth listening to? And as to washing up dishes, I don't believe you ever do anything half as useful, for it's my belief that you're a regular gadabout, disgraceful flirt, with a better opinion of yourself than anybody else has, your wife included—there! Still I think I would rather be a pert, silly creature like you than sitting on a wooden chair hemming a handkerchief that has been in process of hemming three months, and may consider itself lucky if it's finished in thirty more!"

Here she pricked her finger, and instantly put it in her mouth, obeying a strictly feminine impulse that made the wallflower, which was a close observer of men and manners, smile.

"Now if *he* were here," she said, thinking aloud,

as was her wont in the solitary old garden, "I suppose he would put himself into a dreadful state of mind, and of course I should say it was nothing at all, but look as if I were enduring *agonies;* and then he would go down on his knees (as the fairy princes always do), and entreat me to let him look at it—and then, should I let him, or should I not? I don't know."

She took the pricked finger out of her mouth and drew from her pocket a letter, at which she looked with immense complacency, holding it away from her with her head on one side, bringing it nearer to her by degrees, finally depositing it in her lap, and resuming the handkerchief with a deep sigh of satisfaction.

"It's the most extraordinary thing I ever heard in my life," she said, shaking her fair head. "It can't be my looks—Muriel is lovely, and I'm not a bit like her; no two sisters could be more unlike; and it can't be my money, for I haven't a rap; so it must be all downright substantial *me* that Mr. Rideout's fallen in love with. Ah! it's a finer thing to be loved for what you *are* than what you have *got*, because the looks and the money may run away from you, but *you* stop, unless you die, that is to say; and of course when you're dead you don't think of whether people like you or not! After all, it was a *mercy* I pelted round that tree; in all probability he never would have seen me if I had not, and then the chance would have gone by, and perhaps I should never have had a lover all the days of my life (it's not likely *two* people would be so mad as to fall in love with me), but now—I'm *somebody*. When I got up this morning I said to myself: 'Most likely Mr. Rideout's getting up too, and I shouldn't wonder if he's thinking about—*me*. He will go out and look for Prue by-and-by, to see if she has got a letter from—*me*. When he has read it he will sit down (entirely and solely upon my account) to write to—*me;* and then he will go out with it again, and his head quite full of—*me*. Only to think of it—a little person that nobody owns and nobody loves, to be of so much importance all in a minute to another person as *that!*'

"'*Am I never to have the chance of speaking one word to you, Mignon?*' he says. '*Shall I never find means to elude the vigilance of that she-dragon, Mrs. Prue?*'

"Though, indeed, that is not kind of him," she said, looking down at the open letter and smiling; "after he had shaken her into bringing me the letter, too!

"'*And if you will not hold your finger up to give me this same chance, I will force my way to your side and tell you—what will I not tell you, my lovely, childish, little sweetheart?*'

"And he ends up:

"'*Your faithful lover,*
"'PHILIP RIDEOUT.'

"It is very short," she said, laying it down and looking at it with regret, whereby it would appear that Mr. Rideout thoroughly understood the art of love-letter writing as expounded by Mr. Weller, who advised a lover to make his letter very short, but very sweet. "For then," said he, "she vill vish there vos more."

"If Prue does not come soon," said Mignon, "I shall be obliged to go down on my knees and tell the fowls all about it, and though of course they would not understand, still they would be better than *nothing!*"

She fell to hemming again out of sheer desperation, though certain smiles and stray dimples occasionally relieved the gravity of her countenance, and were duly noted by the wallflower that watched her as unwinkingly as though it had never in all its life had so curious a subject for study as a schoolgirl, of sixteen or thereabouts, in a white-dimity gown. Prue appeared, bearing a work-box and a pile of calico.

"Oh, there you are at last!" cried Mignon, "but you may as well put that stuff away, for I'm not going to do any needle-work to-day. I'm going," she said, gravely, "to do the most particular thing I ever did in all my life, and I want you to help me. Tell me, Prue, did you ever write a *love-letter?*"

"Once, by whiles, miss. Why?"

"Never you mind. What did you say?"

"I can't recollect, miss, 'tis so long ago."

"But you can at least remember how you *began* it?" said Mignon, anxiously; "the very first you ever wrote—you can't have forgotten *that?*"

"Yes, miss," said Prue, gently, "I have forgotten even that."

But she had not: no woman ever does forget what she said in her first love-letter; and at that moment Prue's eyes saw not the work she held in her hands, but a round, wooden table set in a country-house kitchen, a sheet of gilt-edged, pink paper, a knot of violets, and what was written upon the page I cannot tell, but am very sure that Prue could, word for word.

"You see," said Mignon, frowning and looking wise, "there is always a right and a wrong way of doing everything, even to writing a love-letter, and it would be such a dreadful thing to take the wrong one, would it not?"

"Yes, miss," said Prue, "but you're not thinking of writing to Mr. Rideout this morning?"

"And why not?" said the girl. "Don't you know that it's the rudest thing possible not to send an answer to a letter you have received?"

"I don't think that rule applies to billy-doos, Miss Mignon," said Prue, dubiously, "and writing's a very dangerous thing. It don't so much matter what you says, miss; words is easy forgot unless they happen to be particularly true and *stick;* but what you write, why there it is, and there you are—there's no getting out of it anyhow."

"But I don't mind if it does," said Mignon. "I'm not going to say anything I mind *anybody* seeing! I only want to tell him that I'm very much obliged to him for his letter, and that I *hope* he will

write me another one soon (for really there is very little in this one, and wouldn't fill half a page of our—but that's a secret), and ask him what on earth made him take a fancy to me, and send him my best love—and I think that's all, Prue!"

"All!" said Prue, aghast, "and about enough, too, I should think! Miss Mignon, Miss Mignon, you're as ignorant of the practices of courtship as a heathen! Young ladies don't write like that the first time they put pen to paper to a young man; they hold back a bit, are modest, for it's a dreffful mistake to be forrard with a man; there's such a deal of selfishness in 'em, that if there's any doubt of getting a thing they particularly want, they'll pursue it like mad till it's overtook; but if you tumble into their arms like a ripe peach, they'll drop you as sure as fate, miss, sooner or later. La! the difference there is when a man's sure of a girl and when there's a considerable doubt about it, so nimble and civil and wide-awake when he's on his promotion, so easy and lazy when he's got her safe and sound, and knows he can pop his finger down upon her at any time!"

"Yes," said Mignon, absently, for she had long ago lost the thread of Prue's argument, "but really it was very unlucky that Mr. Rideout did not put any beginning to his letter, for of course I could have put just the same to mine. I would not for the world be behind him in politeness or offend him—perhaps he would never write to me again, and that would be dreadful!"

Prue threw up her hands in despair.

"Now what," said Mignon, "would you say to '*My dear Mr. Rideout?*'"

"No 'my,'" said Prue. "'Dear Mr. Rideout.'"

"Keep that in your head while I get the things ready," said Mignon, picking up her desk from the ground and arranging it on her knee.

"Now, then." "Dear Mr. Rideout," she wrote in good, intelligible, round hand. On ordinary occasions she wrote a rather pretty scrawl, but on an occasion of such magnitude as this she instinctively fell back upon the obedient, careful caligraphy of her earlier years. "Now I should like," she said, "to tell him that I am sorry I ran up against him in that rude manner with Lu-Lu, or he may think I'm in the *habit* of doing such things. Don't you think it might be as well just to mention it, and start *fair*, Prue?"

"P'r'aps so," said Prue, considering; "though I should say that, on the whole, miss, it being such a very awkward little circumstance, the less said about it the better."

"First of all," wrote Mignon, "I must beg your pardon for nearly knocking you down that day in Bushey Park—I never did such a thing before in all my life, and I never will again, if I can possibly help it! I am very much obliged to you for the letter you sent me by Prue, and hope you will write me another one soon, as I am so dreadfully dull here, though, if it would not be a great trouble to you, would you mind making it a little *longer?*"

"Now, I should like," said Mignon, pausing in her labors, "to say something nice and kind and complimentary about his personal appearance, for in his letter he called *me*—he actually did—'lovely!' Of course, he did not mean it, still I don't wish him to have all the civility on his side, so can you think, Prue, of any safe polite remark that one might make to a person with blue eyes and black hair, when one *did not* admire either the one or the other in a man?"

"No, miss, I can't. It's a delicate matter, and you might say the wrong thing; you'd best leave it alone."

"Oh, very well," said Mignon, looking disappointed; "but it does seem a dreadful pity to miss such a good opportunity!" "*And if you would not mind telling me*," she wrote, "*I should like so much to know what made you take a fancy to me; nobody ever did before, or is ever likely to again! Was it because you thought I had nobody to care about me, and so you were sorry for me?*"

"That'll never do, miss," said Prue, hastily. "It's a bad notion for a man to have, that he can either take or leave you because there's nobody else as is fond of you."

"Never mind the notion," said Mignon; "is it not the *truth?* And now for the ending up—I declare it's almost as bad as the beginning! *He* says, 'Your faithful lover;' now wouldn't you think 'Yours most affectionately' would do very well?"

"'Yours truly,' or nothing," said Prue in horror, "that's the proper—the *usual* way of ending a love-letter, miss."

"I don't see at all why I should be *such a long way* behind him!" said Mignon, discontentedly; "but, as you've written some for yourself, of course you know all about it. 'With love,' then, 'yours truly!'"

"No 'love!'" said Prue; "'kind regards,' miss!"

"'Kind regards,' then," said Mignon, sighing. "With kind regards, yours truly, Mignon Ferrers."

But on her own account she put in as P. S.: "I wanted to send my love to you, but Prue, who helped me to write this letter, would not *hear* of it; indeed, she has been so troublesome that I have a very great mind to write my next love-letter to you *all by myself!*"

CHAPTER V.

> . . . I am one, my liege,
> Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world
> Have so incensed that I am reckless what
> I do to spite the world."

It was nine o'clock in the evening, and the dusk was stealing on apace, veiling the trees and houses of Lilytown delicately and imperceptibly, as though it were loath to confess that the happy summer day was dying, and the shadowy, silent night creeping slowly into life.

There brooded over the place that strange loneliness which at nightfall ever seems to attend places that are neither town nor country, that, while missing the cheerful sights and sounds of the former, do not possess the careless freedom and security of the latter,

and the roads, planted at intervals with trees, were so absolutely deserted that it might have been a city of the dead instead of a suburb but eight miles away from the great Babylon, whose mighty heart throbbed and beat out yonder—the home of millions of toiling, sorrowing, suffering men and women, who jostled each other day by day and hour by hour in the giant city, yet knew each other not; the class that dies from over-feeding and the one that dies from over-hunger, velvets and tatters, gold and dirt—all these went to and fro yonder, but the echo of their voices and lives spread not so far out as lonely, forgotten Lilytown.

Prue, her shopping over, and basket in hand, set out on her homeward walk in a leisurely fashion, taking now and again a long refreshing sniff of the pure, fresh air, as though she liked it. She had not gone very far when footsteps, rapid and decided, came following after hers.

"*Him!*" she said, giving a little jerk of her head backward, and quickening her walk with that inborn contrariety that makes the famous comparison of a woman to a shadow one of the pithiest, truest things ever uttered.

"Ah! he's a bold one," she soliloquized; "a reg'lar handful as ever I saw."

A tall, gray shadow stepped from behind a tree she was passing, and intercepted her. He came so swiftly and silently, that she half shrieked aloud, but, being strong-nerved, turned the hysterical cry into —"I beg you pardon, sir!" and passed on.

It gave her an odd sensation of doubt and fear when, glancing downward, she saw him still by her side, keeping pace with her step for step, and treading so lightly that his footfall sounded strange and ghostly in the stillness.

"Mrs. Prue," said the gray shadow, "you will not give the letter you have in your pocket to Mr. Rideout, who is now following us."

Prue stopped as though she had been shot, and for once in her life her breath literally went.

"And pray," she cried at last, peering into his face through the gathering dusk, "who may you be, and what do you mean with your *Mrs. Prue and letters?*"

"A friend," said the man in gray; "but we must move on, we shall be overheard."

Involuntarily she recommenced walking, compelled thereto, though unconsciously, by the strength of will of the man who addressed her.

"Mrs. Prue," he said, quietly, "you have a little mistress whom you adore. She is left under your sole charge, committed to your most careful and vigilant keeping, yet you have conveyed to her a letter written by a man whose real name you do not know, at whose antecedents you cannot possibly guess, and, misled by you, and betrayed by you into a clandestine correspondence, she has replied to that letter. Her answer lies in your pocket at this very moment. In your own mind you have thought the matter out thus: 'Here is my young mistress without any relations, with next to no friends, who may at any moment, by the death of her benefactress, be thrown penniless upon the world, and compelled to earn the very bread she eats; and here is a lover, young, rich, madly in love, who is able to take her out of all this doubt and uncertainty, and, by making her his wife, secure to her a home, and a certainly provided-for future.' So far, your reasoning (setting aside the young lady's own inclination) is good, and there is but one drawback to your plan."

"And that is—?" cried Prue, coming up, gasping from the cold bath of amazement into which his latter remarks, even more than any of the previous ones, had plunged her.

"That he is not at liberty to woo any woman honestly. Judge, then, what you are doing by promoting a correspondence between your innocent young mistress and this man, and remember that one encroachment paves the way for another—the next will be, his making his way into her presence."

"Good Lord!" said Prue, half aloud; "now I wonder who's to know which is the honest man, and which is the rogue?"

"If I were a rogue," said the man by her side, "I should scarcely be taking this trouble to serve your mistress, should I?"

"Your voice sounds honest," she said at last, "but I can't see your face, or I should know in a minute if you're telling me the truth. Anyway, I'll promise you this, he sha'n't have the letter till I've found out whether or not it's lies you've been telling me this night—there!"

Mr. Rideout, his patience thoroughly exhausted, actuated, moreover, by some suspicions that he was resolved if possible to verify, here took half a dozen hasty steps forward, and joined the waiting-woman and her companion.

"Good-evening, Mrs. Prue!" said he; "I hope I don't intrude?"

Paul Pry's famous phrase fell from his lips in so rollicking, dare-devil a fashion, that Prue, for all her fears, could not forbear smiling as she replied:

"No intrusion, sir; certainly not."

They were at the moment passing a gas-lamp newly lit, that plainly revealed the two men's faces to each other and to Prue, and the eyes of the former met in a sudden keen scrutiny, that hardened instantaneously—on Rideout's part at least—from inquiry into hostility. If such a thing were possible, I should say that from this moment they became enemies, with no one-sided enmity, as when one man hates another virulently, while the latter is too indifferent or peaceable by nature to return the compliment with vigor, but equally, with a thorough and hearty reciprocity of feeling that would enable them to fight each other well, if in the battle of life they came to be pitted the one against the other.

"So," said Rideout to himself, "sets the wind in that quarter? I must hasten operations a little, or he will be cutting in before me, and, heavily as I am handicapped by cursed ill-luck, no one shall win her but me—I swear it!"

Prue also had profited by the momentary opportunity afforded by the lamp, and in her own mind had drawn a comparison between the two men that

was surely unjust, seeing that the color of a man's hair or the shape of his features oftentimes affords no clew whatever to the qualities of heart, and mind, and brain, that he may possess.

Quickening her steps, for she felt about as comfortable as may he who is planted between two barrels of gunpowder that may explode at any moment, Prue suddenly discovered that the man in gray had disappeared from her side; that even as he came, so had he departed, in impenetrable silence and mystery.

"Well, I'm sure!" ejaculated Prue, staring alternately at the sky, the earth, and the trees, as if she expected them to inform her which direction he had taken. "I wonder am I bewitched to-night, or *dreaming?*"

"Dreaming," said Mr. Rideout, curtly, angry at what he believed to be her deceitfulness and double-dealing; "perhaps, however, you'll try and collect your wits sufficiently to answer me a question or two. In the first place, who was that man that left you a moment ago?"

Left her! Had he, then, disappeared by so prosaic a fashion as *leaving* her? To Prue's excited imagination he was hovering somewhere near to the atmosphere of brimstone, for who but the evil-one himself could have told her the thoughts, plans, and hopes, that she had locked in her own breast, nor ever breathed to any living creature?

"Do you hear me, woman?" cried Mr. Rideout; "who was that man?"

"That, sir," said Prue, with unexpected spirit (why does the accusation of being a woman ever carry to the female mind an intolerable sense of unmerited insult?), "is *my* affair."

"No," he cried, quick as light, "I am pretty sure that it is mine. Doubtless you are a very good woman, Prue, but I'll be shot if you're a handsome one, and that man is no lover of yours, but of—Mignon."

"He?" cried Prue, in amazement, and reassured at the notion of the stranger being anything so commonplace as a lover. "Why, I never saw him in all my life until to-night!"

"And he did not ask you to convey to her any letter or message?" persisted Rideout, who judged his neighbor by himself, and expected to find no virtues in him that he did not discover in himself.

"No, indeed!" said Prue. "On the contrary—"

She stopped abruptly.

"On the contrary—" he repeated.

With some men thought is naturally slow, the result of antecedent fact or cautious reflection; with others, instantaneous, and partaking of the character of intuition; and to the latter class belonged Rideout. Moreover, guilt, that marvelous quickener of the intelligence, had greatly intensified his powers of observation, so that it was in the manner of an assertion, rather than a question, that he cried:

"So he knows something of me; he *warned* you against me, did he?"

Utterly unable to discover the connecting link between her own hasty disclaimer and his apparently *mal-à-propos* remark, that yet, inconveniently enough, hit truth in the bull's-eye, Prue felt more than ever convinced that the devil was abroad to-night; and like the friar, surprised in the midst of a savory meal on a fast-day by a terrific thunder-storm, who could not imagine why there should be such a fuss about a little bit of bacon, Prue felt it to be something altogether beyond her philosophy that the innocent love-letter lying in her pocket should be the occasion of so general an upheaval of all things.

"Can't you *speak?*" he cried, impatiently.

His imperious tone, albeit such as he habitually used with his servants, was one to which Prue was by no means accustomed, so that it was with a certain dignity that she replied:

"Them as has got nothing to fear has no call to trouble themselves about what folks say about them, sir; and I'm misdoubting but I've done wrong in giving your letters to Miss Mignon, and I'll take no more, and oh, sir!"—her voice broke off suddenly—"how could you have the heart to try and deceive her so, and she so young and lonely and all?"

"Yes," he said, his voice altogether changing, "she is very young and very lonely. A man might as easily find the nerve to butcher a child in cold blood as to harm such as she; and you think me so bad as that?" he cried, turning suddenly round upon Prue.

In his voice, as in that of the man who had but now spoken with her, was a ring of honesty, that she, being so purely honest herself, could not fail to recognize and acknowledge. For a moment she hesitated; then, making up her mind more quickly than she had ever done in her life before—

"Sir," she said, "if you love my young mistress as she ought to be loved, and if you're still wishful to get her for your wife (as you told me the other night you were), then 'twill be no such great matter to wait for her till Miss Sorel comes back, when you'll be able to court her as ladies is used to be courted, not as if she was a poor serving-maid like me."

"I have seen your Miss Sorel," he said; "a cold, proud, handsome woman, who has outlived the memory of her youth; who will choose my little sweetheart's husband as she would buy her an instructive book or a useful gown; who will judge a man by his past history, not by the capacities he may possess for future good—"

He broke off, he had forgotten to whom he was speaking, and that this woman could not possibly understand him—how could she, when his heart was to himself a dark and bitter riddle that he had not yet solved?

"Sir—Mr. Rideout," said Prue, firmly, "if there's any reason why you shouldn't come after Miss Mignon, if it's the leastest wrong that you'll be doing her in trying to win her love, then, sir, let me pray you to go your ways and leave her in peace, for 'tis a precious young life, and there's trouble enough in store for her without any more coming to her through a sweetheart—and there's other beautiful young ladies in the world besides her."

"There is only one Mignon," he said. "Hark ye!" he cried, impetuously, "any man who tells you that I mean anything but honestly by her, lies, for God knows I love her too dearly to bring the shadow of sin or shame upon her innocent head; but there are things that, told you by a stranger, might make you believe me to be dishonorable and unworthy of her, and such things I charge you not to believe or repeat to her; she could never again be to me what she now is if one doubt or fear of me had ever tarnished the crystal purity of her mind—"

"And if it's the truth you've told me, sir," said Prue, touched, in spite of herself, "and if you love her so well as that, and are free to court her honestly, then I'll tell her no word agen you; but more than this I cannot promise, nor will I take any letters from you to her, nor from her to you."

"From her to me?" he repeated, rapidly. "Have you, then, given her a letter from me—has she replied to it?"

Prue, making no reply, quickened her pace. On one point her mind was made up—she would keep her word to the stranger, whoever he might be, and the letter should be given back that night into the hands of her mistress. For the rest, Rosemary was but a few steps away, and it was with a sigh of relief that she pushed open the gate and passed into the carriage-drive that approached the house in a circular form, having in its centre, and opposite the hall-door, a colony of thriving evergreens and shrubs. Was it fancy, or did she see, some distance ahead of her, a gleam of something white or gray? She could not be sure.

"Not so fast," cried Rideout, dashing after her. "You've not answered my question yet."

A dozen steps more would bring her to the hall-door, and she would be safe, or so she thought, having reckoned without her host, for he caught her by the arm, holding her so tightly that to move was impossible.

"*Now*," he said, "did your mistress reply to that letter, or did she not?'

The light from the hall-lamp fell upon Prue's ugly, perturbed countenance, and on the dark, reckless beauty of his.

"You are deceiving me," he cried, angrily; "I see it in your eyes. *What's that?*" For Prue's hand had involuntarily moved toward the pocket containing the letter, and his keen glance had instantly detected the gesture. "Ha!" he cried, "upon my soul, I do believe you are hiding something there—" With a dexterous movement of his sinewy hand, he wrenched hers away, snatched the letter from the pocket, glanced at the address, and then tossed hand and letter high above his head in triumph. "You fool!" he cried, scornfully; "so you meant to *cheat* me out of it—you thought yourself a match for Philip Rideout, did you?" Then his manner and voice changed all in a moment: "A love-letter from Mignon—my little Mignon!" he said.

A hand and gray-coated arm issued noiselessly from the laurel-bush behind him, a finger and thumb alighted like a butterfly on the lightly-held letter, closed on it, and vanished as noiselessly as they had appeared.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ABOUT PLAYS AND PLAYERS.[1]

THE drama, in one form or another, is as old as the first dawnings of civilization, and as universal as human society. We may be certain that long before Thespis set up his perambulatory theatre he and his comrades had been wont to amuse their fellows at home. The drama in all its manifold forms is meant to be a picture of some actual or possible phase of human life and character; and hence few books are more entertaining than those which treat of plays and players. It seems almost impossible to write about them with absolute dullness. If one tries very hard he can even pick out some pleasant bits from the Rev. Mr. Geneste's portentous ten-volumed "History of the Stage from the Restoration to 1830," albeit it is compiled from no livelier materials than play-bills stored away in the alcoves of the British Museum. The latest work of this class is Mr. Dutton Cook's "Book of the Play," which one may do much worse than to read, for the sake of much entertainment and some instruction.

[1] A Book of the Play: Studies and Illustrations of Histrionic Story, Life, and Character. By Dutton Cook. London: 1876.

It is well known how the modern theatre had its rise in the bosom of the Catholic Church, the history of which we need not here repeat. The first secular players were true Thespians, strolling bands who traversed the country, preceded by their couriers, who gave notice by sound of trumpet when and where performances would be given. Of course, these strollers had to rely for remuneration upon what the spectators were pleased to give, and we may reasonably infer that their vails were small, and that the passing around of the hat was usually the signal for the scattering of the crowd. But in course of time the players came to be a recognized class, with special privileges. In 1464 an act was passed by Parliament regulating the dress of different classes of the people, but "players in their interludes" were exempted from its operation.

Time must often have hung heavily upon the hands of the great nobles. They could not always be fighting and jousting, hunting and hawking. Let one do his best, he cannot pass all the hours of every day of the week in eating, drinking, and sleeping; and it is not easy to imagine what else a stout baron could find to do in his castle on a stormy day.

How he must have yawned for something with which to kill the time! A company of players, especially if the baron had instincts for something beyond bear-baiting, was just the thing to have among his own household servants. So thought the Duke of Gloster, not yet become King Richard III., who appears to have been the first English noble to maintain a company of players. It is almost a pity that this earliest patron of the English stage should be the man whom the stage itself has handed down to the deepest infamy. The quiet reign of Henry VII. gave opportunity for the development of the idea, and companies of players came to form part of many noble households. The penurious king himself maintained two companies—the "gentlemen of the chapel," and the "players of interludes."

When the gallant young Harry VIII. ascended the throne, men thought that the peaceful reign of Saturn had returned. Amusement and pleasure became the order of the day at court. The king's chamberlain was officially the director of the royal amusements, having special oversight of the hunting and hawking, the sports and games, the masques and revels. To aid him in the last department of his arduous duties, was a functionary styled "Magister Jocorum, Revellorum, et Mascorum, vulgariter nancapatorum *Revells et Masks*." This office was one of considerable dignity, the first holder being Sir Thomas Cawardine, a belted knight and gentleman of the privy chamber. He had an assistant styled the Yeoman of the Revels, who appears to have acted as stage-manager of the company of eight players. This Master of Jollities, Revels, and Masques, finds his present representative in the English Licenser and Examiner of Plays, of some of whose doings we shall have to speak ere we have done.

In the troublous times which ensued the poor players fared roughly. The civil and ecclesiastical authorities came to the conclusion that dramatic representations were so conducted as to "tend to sedition and to the contempt of sundry good orders and laws;" and the Privy Council from time to time prohibited strolling players setting forth plays and interludes; and toward the close of the nominal reign of the Protestant boy king Edward VI. the prohibition was so far extended that even the players attached to noble households could not perform without special permission of the Privy Council. When the Catholic Mary acceded to the throne, matters became still worse for the players, for all dramatic representations, whether they did or did not touch upon religious dogmas, were prohibited; but nevertheless the authorities in some places encouraged miracle-plays designed to favor Catholic tenets. In 1556, however, the Star Chamber sent instructions to the magistrates of every county directing them rigidly to suppress dramatic representations of every sort. But in the following year, when Philip of Spain had come to England, the lovesick queen sought to render the stay of her unloving spouse a little less tedious by providing dramatic representations for his amusement.

Elizabeth ascended the throne in 1558, and the drama began to show its head once more. The great nobles again became patrons of the stage, and the popular demand for dramatic entertainments became so great that about 1570 two playhouses were set up in London. Strolling players also perambulated the country; but their performances were brought to a stop in 1572 by a stringent act of Parliament, in virtue of which bear-wards, fencers, minstrels, and players in interludes, male or female, who had not obtained the sanction of a baron of the realm, or "other honorable person of higher degree," were declared to be rogues and vagabonds. For plying their vocation they were, on the first offense, to be "grievously whipped, and burned through the gristle of the right ear with a hot iron of the compass of an inch about, manifesting his or her roguish kind of life." A second offense was declared to be felony; and for the third offense the penalty was death, "without benefit of clergy or privilege of sanctuary."

Strangely enough, the direct result of this cruel law was the creation of the regular British drama. All players of any ability sought to escape the brand of roguery and vagabondage by finding a place in some company under noble patronage. One such company deserves special mention. Their leader, or, as we should say, their manager, James Burbadge, was under the powerful protection of the Earl of Leicester, who in 1574 procured for them a royal patent by which they were designated as the "Earl of Leicester's players." The patent authorized them, "during the queen's pleasure, to use, exercise, and employ the art and faculty of playing tragedies, comedies, interludes, and stage-plays," throughout all England. During the summer season they performed in the Globe Theatre, on the riverside, which was open to the sky except that the stage was covered. About 1576 Burbadge, who was something of a capitalist, built a permanent theatre in the "Liberties" of the Blackfriars, so called because it was held to be without the jurisdiction of the mayor and aldermen of London. The civic authorities had set themselves strenuously against theatricals. Such entertainments, they averred, caused the poorer sort to waste their time and money, corrupted the youth, and "withdrew people from public prayer and the worship of God;" and, moreover, the great crowds which were drawn together were likely to bring about the plague. They petitioned that the players should be allowed to perform only in private houses, at weddings, and like occasions; or, if in any case they might be suffered to perform in public, it should be only after the entire death-list of London should have been for twenty days less than fifty a week; that they should not perform on Sundays, and on holidays not till after evening prayer, and that the play should always close in time that the audience might get home before sunset. This petition was summarily disposed of by an order from the Privy Council, two days before Christmas of 1579, by which "it is ordered that the Playeres of the Erle of Leycestre be

not restrained, nor in any wise molested in the exercise of their qualitye at the Blackfryars or elsewhere throughout the Realme of England, so that they be enabled the better to performe before her Maiestie for her solace and recreation this Xtenmas."

The civic authorities made several other attempts against the players, notably one in 1589, upon the ground that some companies had meddled with affairs of state. The players presented a remonstrance to the Privy Council, denying that they had ever "given cause of displeasure, in that they have brought into their playes maters of State and Religion vnfitt to be handled by them or to be presented before lewde spectators." This remonstrance was signed by sixteen of "her Maiestie's poore playeres, all of them sharers in the blacke Fryers playehouse." Among these are James Burbadge, Richard Burbadge his son, and a certain William Shakespeare, a young man who had found it expedient to leave his native Stratford-upon-Avon, had come up to London, and joined the company two or three years before.

Another attempt was made in 1605, two years after the death of Elizabeth. The magistrates averred that the "plaiers at the Blacke Fryers have again not forborne to bring upon their stage one or more of the worshipfull Aldermen of the City of London, to their great scandall, and to the lessening of their anthority," and prayed the Privy Council that the playhouse might be removed or pulled down. The peril was now imminent, and there was need of strong influence in favor of the players. Two of them went to the chancellor, Lord Ellesmere, bearing a letter of introduction signed with the initials of the accomplished Earl of Southampton, beseeching for them "the protection of their most graceous Maistre and Sovereigne in this their tyme of troble."

"The bearers," says this letter, "are two of the chiefe of the companie: one of them by name Richard Burbridge, who humblie sueth for your Lordships kinde help, for that he is a man famous as our English Roscius, one who fitteth the action to the word, the word to the action most admirably. The other is a man no whitt lesse deserving favor, and my especiall friende, till of late an actor of good account in the cumpanie, now a sharer in the same, and writer of some of the best of our English playes. This other hath to name William Shakspeare, and they both are right famous in their qualityes, though it longeth not to your Lo. gravitie and wisedome to resort to the places where they are wont to delight the publique eare."

Shakespeare had been in his grave wellnigh half a century before the first English-speaking woman appeared on the stage, although in 1629 an attempt had been made to bring out some French actresses at Blackfriars. This was obnoxious, not only to such severe censors as Prynne, who denounced these women actors as "impudent and shameful monsters," but even to the mob in the pit and galleries. "Glad I am to say," writes one of the spectators, "they were hissed, hooted, and pippin-pelted from the stage, so as I do not think they will soon be ready to try the same again." Subsequently, women seem to have been allowed to appear in singing and recitative parts. But on Saturday, October 8, 1660, "Othello" was performed at an obscure playhouse, kept open in spite of the absolute prohibition of theatrical performances. Among sundry other new features was a "prologue to introduce the first women that came to act on the stage in the tragedy called 'The Moor of Venice.'" Tom Killigrew, the manager, was more than apprehensive as to the reception of this novelty. The prologue begins:

> "I come, unknown to any of the rest,
> To tell the news: I saw the lady drest—
> The woman plays to-day; mistake me not,
> No man in gown, or page in petticoat!"

It goes on apologetically to intimate that a virtuous woman might play on the stage—a thing, indeed quite customary in France. The gentlemen in the audience were begged to think modestly and respectfully of the actress; and, above all, "not to run to give her visits when the play is done." The usual deficiencies of male actors in female parts were dwelt upon. They were—

> ". . . . defective, and so sized
> You'd think they were some of the Guard disguised:
> For, to speak truth, men act—that are between
> Forty and fifty—wenches of fifteen;
> With bone so large, and nerve so incompliant,
> That, when you call 'Desdemona,' *enter* 'Giant.'"

And, finally, so far was it from the purpose to demoralize the stage, that they were intent to purify it. The drama was to be thoroughly purged from everything offensive:

> "And when we've put all things in this fair way,
> Barebones himself may come to see a play"—

a promise but ill kept, for the Restoration came the next year, with its debauched comic drama, which, we trust, will never be seen on the stage again.

A play of Shakespeare, presented under his own supervision at the Blackfriars, could owe little to stage illusion. Of scenery there was as nearly as possible nothing. There appears to have been a kind of balcony which did duty in turn for a city wall in "King John;" the top of a turret in "Antony and Cleopatra;" an upper chamber in "Romeo and Juliet," and so on. A bit of tapestry at one side of the stage would serve to hide the body of *Polonius;* but we suppose that the blasted heath of Fores, the green woods of Arden, the Rialto at Venice, and the silken-sailed galley of *Cleopatra*, were visible to the spectator only in the mind's eye. The costumes were doubtless splendid enough; but we suppose the same suit would serve for *Macbeth* and *Othello;* for *Laertes* and *Benedic;* for *Mercutio* and *Horatio. Brutus* and *Cassius* on the stage, we presume, were habited much as Bacon and Raleigh would have been in the auditory; and the garb of Leicester would have been thought quite proper for *Julius Cæsar.* The utmost accuracy in costume has indeed little to do with dramatic effect. "Macbeth" was probably never more effectively played than by Garrick, who in the bat-

tle-scenes was accustomed to wear a sort of Spanish costume, with slashed trunk-hose, breastplate, and high-crowned hat, which in other scenes were replaced by a court suit of scarlet and gold, with a full-bottomed wig which would have done credit to a baron of the exchequer. A portrait of him as *Lear* represents him in a short robe of velvet, trimmed with ermine; white-silk hose, lace ruffles, and high-heeled shoes with diamond buckles, which would have become Sir Peter Teazle. In the inventories of the wardrobes of Henslow and Alleyn, the latter a noted actor of Shakespeare's time, and founder of Dulwich College, we find such items as "Tamburlane's breeches of crimson velvet, and coat with coper lace;" "Juno's frock;" "a scarlet cloke with two brode gould laces, with gould down the same, for Leir;" "Priam's hoes in Dido;" "blew damask cote for the Moore in Venis;" and "spangled hoes in Pericles."

Splendor rather than correctness of attire seems to have early become, and long continued, a great point. Thus in 1595 the Vice-Chancellor of the University of Cambridge applied to the Lord-Treasurer, Burghley, for the loan of the royal robes in the Tower, to be worn upon occasion of the presentation by some young gentlemen of the university of certain comedies and a tragedy, in which "sondry personages of greatest estate were to be represented in ancient princely attire, which is nowhere to be had but within the office of the roabes of the Tower." Mr. Cook gives several instances in which actual royal garments were worn by mimic monarchs on the stage. For the due representation, in 1662, of Sir William Davenant's play, "Love and Honor," King Charles II. "gave Mr. Betterton his coronation suit, in which he acted the part of *Prince Alvaro;* the Duke of York giving Mr. Harris his, who did *Prince Prospero;* and my Lord of Oxford gave Mr. Joseph Price his, who did *Lionel*, the Duke of Parma's son. Mrs. Barry played the part of *Queen Elizabeth* in the coronation robes of James II.'s queen, who had before presented the actress with her wedding-robes; and Mrs. Bellamy played *Cleopatra* in a silver-tissue 'birthday' dress which had belonged to the Princess of Wales; and a suit of straw-colored satin from the wardrobe of the same illustrious lady was worn by Peg Woffington in her performance of *Roxana*. Among other royal robes that have descended to the stage was the coronation dress of Queen Adelaide, consort of William IV., of which Mrs. Mowatt, the American actress, became the ultimate possessor." Munden, the comedian, had a black-velvet coat which had once belonged to King George II., and another which had been the property of the Duke of Bedford, who wore it at the Prince of Wales's marriage. This last "had originally cost one thousand pounds; but then it had been fringed with precious stones, of which the sockets only remained when it fell into the hands of the dealers in second-hand garments; but even in its dilapidated state Munden paid forty pounds for it." Elliston claimed that when he appeared at Drury Lane in the spectacle of the "Coronation of George IV.," he wore the actual coronation robes of that revered monarch; but Mr. Cook says: "Those were not probably the originals. These became the property of Madame Tussaud, and long remained among the treasures of her wax-work exhibition. A tradition prevails that Elliston's robes were carried to America by Lucius Junius Booth, who long continued to assume them in his personation of *Richard III.*, much to the astonishment of the more simple-minded of his audience, who naïvely inquired of each other whether the sovereigns of Great Britain were really wont to parade the streets of London in such attire."

The English law has long looked sharply at plays and play-actors, and usually in anything but a benignant spirit. In 1737 a bill was passed for licensing playhouses, limiting their number, and placing the stage legally under the control of the lord-chamberlain. No mention was made of his deputy, the Examiner and Licenser of Plays. This important personage has always considered it to be his function to look out for the morals and politics of the stage. The first licenser found early occasion for two odd exhibitions of his power of prohibition. Henry Brooke, whose memory Charles Kingsley sought to resuscitate a few years ago by the publication of his novel "The Fool of Quality," had written a pompous play called "Gustavus Vasa," extracts from which are sometimes yet spouted by schoolboys. The astute licenser detected some passages which seemed to favor popular liberty, and forbade its performance on the stage. The public were anxious for a taste of this forbidden fruit; the tragedy was published, and found to be dull to the last degree, but not until the lucky author had cleared one thousand pounds by its publication. James Thomson, the fat and lazy bard of "The Seasons," also made himself obnoxious to the lord-chamberlain's deputy, by his tragedy of "Edward and Eleanora." Thomson was a kind of poet-laureate to the insignificant Frederick Prince of Wales, the father of George III. Unluckily for the poet, Fred and his father, George II., were at bitter feud, and held what were almost rival courts. Thomson had made the heir-apparent in his tragedy slighted by his royal father, and had said some hard things of the "smiling traitors" who had misled the monarch and deprived him of "his people's love, the genuine glory and the noblest aim of kings." Kings and ministers, though dead for half a millennium, were not to be spoken of in this way on the stage, though everybody was saying and printing much bitterer things against the living George and his minister, Lord Bute. So the performance of the play was interdicted.

But, of all the licensers, commend us to George Colman, the younger. He had been one of the least reputable boon companions of the disreputable prince regent, and had written several plays of at least questionable character. When the prince came to be George IV., Colman was made licenser, and he, of all men, took it upon himself to care for the strictest morality on the stage. It was a time of fearfully hard swearing, but nothing which savored

of irreverence must be lisped before the curtain. If an unthinking playwright wrote such exclamations as "Oh, lud!" "Heavens!" "Hell!" or the like, the censor's red-inked pen was dashed through the unseemly expletives. A lover might not upon the stage call his mistress an angel. "An angel," said Colman, "is a character in Scripture, and must not be profaned on the stage by being applied to a woman." Some aggrieved author showed Colman his own plays, which fairly bristled with oaths, and which his predecessor in office had allowed to pass. "That is of no consequence," was the rejoinder. "I was then a writer of plays; I am examiner of plays now. If my predecessor failed to do his duty by my plays, that is no reason why I should not do my duty by yours." Colman magnified his office in one way. Besides his salary of four hundred pounds, he was entitled to a fee of two guineas for every work which he licensed. He interpreted this to mean for every separate production, and decided that every new song, prologue, or epilogue, was legally a separate production, and must be paid for accordingly. It was computed that his fees amounted on an average to six guineas a night.

Dramas have been prohibited for all sorts of reasons. In Beaumont and Fletcher's "Maid's Tragedy" the king is killed by his mistress, *Evadne*. After the Restoration, the play was prohibited because "the killing of the king in the play, while the tragical death of King Charles I. was so fresh in the people's memory, was an object too horrible and impious for a public entertainment." The courtly poet Waller undertook to alter the catastrophe so that the monarch's life was spared. Still permission for the performance was refused on the ground, as men began to whisper, that "the example set by the heroine would be a dangerous hint to other Evadnes then shining at the court of Charles II. in the same rank of royal distinction." The performance of the first act of Colley Cibber's version of "Richard III." was prohibited on the ground that the distresses of King Henry VI. would be likely to put people in mind of the ill-fortunes of the deposed King James II., then an exile in France. After George III. became insane, the performance of "King Lear," at Covent Garden, was stopped, because it was indecorous that royal insanity should be represented on the stage. As late as 1808 the performance of "The Wanderer," an adaptation of the German of Kotzebue, was not allowed, for the reason that it was founded on the adventures of the Young Pretender. Just before the marriage of Queen Victoria, license was refused for an English version of Victor Hugo's "Ruy Blas," because it was thought that certain passages might be construed as reflecting unfavorably upon the proposed marriage of the queen with a foreigner. Still more recently, Mr. Shirley Brooks had an idea of dramatizing Disraeli's novel "Coningsby," but was officially notified from the lord-chamberlain that the representation would not be permitted on account of the political bearing of the novel. One can hardly see why what is allowable in a novel should be forbidden on the stage; or suppose that a man who was to become prime-minister, and to be raised to the peerage for reason of his eminent political services, could have written a work so politically dangerous as to bring it even indirectly within the scope of prohibited works; and, if it would be scandalous on the stage, it surely could not be less so in a novel.

Among the most curious things connected with plays and players are the attempts to evade the prohibition of dramatic representations in London, except at the regularly-licensed theatres. It was held that this prohibition did not apply to performances to which there was no charge for admission, and not given in a theatre. At one time it was advertised that "at Cibber's Academy, in the Haymarket, will be a concert, after which will be exhibited (gratis) a rehearsal in form of a play, called 'Romeo and Juliet.'" The "concert" was, of course, only the ordinary overture, which the audience must pay for hearing; and if any of them chose to remain for the "rehearsal," they were quite welcome to do so. The famous Macklin opened the unlicensed Haymarket for the purpose, as was announced, of "instructing unfledged performers how to act." Money was not to be taken at the doors, but "no person will be admitted except by printed tickets, which will be delivered by Mr. Macklin at his house in Bow Street." Of course, a professor could not be prevented from giving lessons, and it would be hard if he could not invite the friends of his pupils to be present now and then, without charge, in order to judge of his capacity as a teacher; and if they chose to buy a bit of printed pasteboard of him, whose business was it? Foote, the most impudent of actors, tried innumerable dodges. At one period he would publicly invite his friends to the Haymarket "to drink a cup of chocolate with him; and he would do his best to make the visit a pleasant one." Such and such persons—naming characters in his farces—had promised to be present and assist him; and special cards of invitation could be had at such and such a coffee-house—for a consideration, of course. When the hour came, Mr. Foote was extremely sorry that the chocolate was not quite ready; but, while it was preparing, he would, "with the kind permission of his friends, proceed with the lesson which he was giving a few of his friends, whom he happened to be instructing in the pleasing art of acting." Of course, nobody waited for the forthcoming of the chocolate. Then, in order "to accommodate several persons who were desirous of spending an hour with Mr. Foote, but found the morning inconvenient," his friends were politely invited "to drink a dish of tea with Mr. Foote, at half-past six in the evening;" cards of invitation to be had as before. Of course, the tea was as mythical as the chocolate had been; and of course there were young players to be instructed, or something of the kind.

Mr. Cook gives numerous anecdotes, many of them quite new to us, of the shifts, expedients, and incidents in player-life. Theatrical rows figure largely. The theatrical license bill was very unpopular; the

first play performed under it was hissed off the stage, and the poor author, who had been so wicked as to have his piece licensed by the lord-chamberlain, narrowly escaped a sound drubbing. Another play was subsequently ventured, and disturbances were anticipated. Half an hour before the performances were to begin, the pit was in an uproar; but the author was equal to the occasion. He had prepared a prologue pitching into the French, the natural enemies of the English, by which the mob were put into good-humor, which was raised to wild delight by the play itself, in which "the excellence and virtues of English beef were extolled, and it was maintained that it was owing to the qualities of its juice that the English were so courageous and had such a solidity of understanding, which raised them above all the nations in Europe; and the noble old English pudding was far beyond the finest ragouts ever invented by the greatest geniuses that France ever produced." John Bull, who had come prepared to uphold the ancient liberties of the British stage, by hissing down the play, was wild with applause at the abuse lavished upon the French; and we are told that "from that time the licensing law was executed without the least trouble."

The "make-up" of actors is a matter of no little consequence. It is not very difficult for a young actor to disguise himself so as to look old; but, until the fountain of immortality or the elixir of life is discovered, we apprehend that the converse will not be so easy, at least for female performers. Perhaps the nearest approach to this was made by Mademoiselle Guimard, a famous French opera-dancer, who used to have her portrait, painted in early youth, always upon her dressing-table, and every morning she used to paint herself up so as to correspond with the picture, and for many years was marvelously successful. At last her face would look young no longer—although her limbs were as nimble as ever—and she retired from the stage; but when verging upon threescore-and-ten she was persuaded to give a final exhibition of her art. The curtain was lowered so as to conceal the head and shoulders of the dancer; "and then," says her biographer, "it was impossible for the spectators to see anything except the play of the limbs, of which time had respected the agility, and their pure and graceful shape." There could, of course, be no mistake as to the "agility," although one may be permitted to suspect that the "pure and graceful shape" might owe something to art as well as to the forbearance of time.

The exigencies of a company not unfrequently require that one actor should sometimes take several parts in the same play. This is easily enough managed when the different characters do not appear in the same scene. Now and then an actor, from some whim, or perhaps to make a hit at his benefit, undertakes two important parts in a piece. Elliston once played *Richard III.* and *Richmond* in the same performance. There was no special difficulty in most scenes. He had only to make his exit as the humpbacked tyrant, slip off his hump as though it had been a knapsack, don a bit or two of pasteboard armor and a new helmet, and in an instant come back as *Richmond*, and *vice versa*. In the combat-scene, when both must appear, *Richmond* was represented by a supernumerary, who was simply directed to "hold his tongue and fight like the devil." *Richard* killed, and borne from the stage, and the temporary *Richmond* departed, Elliston had only to reappear as the victorious Tudor prince, and deliver the closing lines of the play.

Conversely it sometimes takes several persons to represent one character; as, for instance, when the principal performer has to make a desperate leap, perilous fall, or extraordinary athletic feat. In such case this is usually performed by a trained gymnast, for great histrionic ability and unusual physical power are not often combined in the same person. Thus, in the pantomime of "Jack and the Beanstalk," little Miss Povey, who played *Jack*, refused to make the perilous ascent from stage to ceiling, and there was no person in the company who at all resembled the slight young actress, and could also climb the beanstalk. Luckily, the manager had seen a young street Arab, who called himself Sullivan, amusing his playfellows by dexterous tumbling. He was taken into the theatre, and, after a little training, succeeded in doing the climbing part successfully; and when properly dressed, no one in the audience could distinguish between him and the veritable *Jack*. The boy remained upon the stage, and, in course of time, went to Paris, where he became famous as Monsieur Silvain, ballet-master and principal dancer of the Académie Royale.

Mrs. Mowatt played the part of *Ariadne* in the English version of Corneille's "Ariâne." The catastrophe consists in the heroine's leaping from a lofty precipice into the sea, while the ship of her false lover is seen sailing away in the distance. To accomplish the illusion, three *Ariadnes* were required, all resembling each other in dress and appearance. The heroine was seen pacing the shore in agony at her desertion. An instant after, in the shifting of the scene, *Ariadne* was seen high up a lofty cliff, voicelessly straining her eyes to catch a glimpse of the receding sail of Theseus. For an instant she is hidden by a projecting rock, and then makes the fearful leap from the very ceiling down into the sea. The *Ariadne* on the shore was Mrs. Mowatt; that on the rocks was an agile ballet-girl; the one who apparently made the leap was merely a lay figure, properly attired. So perfect was the illusion that, as Mrs. Mowatt records, "on the first night of the representation, when *Ariadne* leaped from the rock, a man started up in the pit, exclaiming in a tone of genuine horror, 'Good God! she's killed!'" Mr. Cook, however, hints that it is possible that the horror-struck man in the pit had been stationed there by the astute manager for that very purpose.

The stage, like everything human, has its times of progression and retrogression, real or apparent. Unfortunately, if any generation of play-goers may trust its predecessor, acting is always going back-

ward. The bright days of the stage are never in the present, but exist only in the memory of the past and in the dreams of the future. "There are no such actors now as there were when we were young," is an old cry. When we speak of Booth, our seniors tantalize us with laudations of Macready; his admirers had Kean and Kemble flung in their faces; and they were in turn commiserated by those who remembered Garrick. Pope was a great admirer of Garrick, but thought that he did not come up to Betterton; yet he acknowledged that those who had seen Hart also thought him superior to Betterton; and in Hart's time old men used to talk of "the giant race before the flood"—actors who played before the great wars of the Commonwealth, who were as far beyond Hart as he was beyond Betterton. And we dare say that, if the missing links in the long chain of play-goers were supplied, we should have it upon equal authority that no man ever enacted *Hamlet* so nobly as did Richard Burbadge, "the man famous as our English Roscius," who had been taught by Shakespeare himself how in that part to "suit the action to the word, and the word to the action." At all events, whether Burbadge played *Hamlet* like Kemble or Fechter, like Kean or Booth—or quite possibly like neither of them—he must have played it as Shakespeare meant it to be played.

DICK HALLIDAY'S WIFE.

BY NORA PERRY.

"O RICHARD, I'm so glad you've come! Where *have* you been?"

Richard laughs, a small laugh—not of pleasure, as one might suppose, at these warm words of greeting from an uncommonly pretty woman, but a queer little laugh, perfectly good-natured—Richard Halliday is seldom moved from this easy good-nature of his—perfectly good-natured, but the kind of laugh that falls from a person's lips in involuntary recognition of a peculiarity.

"Well, you needn't laugh, Richard, for I've been *so* nervous about you!"

"I only laughed at your question, Lizzie, 'Where *have* you been?' It reminded me of a similar question in Dow's Flat, 'Where *hev* you been?'"

But if Mr. Richard Halliday thinks to turn his wife's attention from the point—*her* point—by this very flimsy remark, he is mistaken.

"I didn't say, 'Where *hev* you been,' Richard; I'm not so careless of my pronunciation as that, I hope;" and Mrs. Richard tosses her head a little, entirely oblivious of her husband's humor. "But where *have* you been, Richard?" she still persists.

"I've been to the Mountains of the Moon, my dear; and, as I made a call at each of the smaller planets on my way home, I am a little late."

As Mr. Halliday delivers himself of this nonsense with great gravity, he stoops for a moment to unbuckle his overshoe, that movement bringing his head on a nearer level with Mrs. Halliday, who is rather of diminutive stature.

"Richard!"—sniff, sniff—"I smell"—sniff, sniff—"I smell brandy or whiskey, or some dreadful stuff! O Richard, you've been with those horrid Raymonds at that hateful club!"

"I told you, my dear, I'd been to the Mountains of the Moon. They're always extremely hospitable and social up there, specially on cold nights—and it's uncommonly nasty out to-night."

Mrs. Halliday remembers the story of the husband who returned one night somewhere in the small hours sufficiently sensible of his libations to endeavor to conceal his breath-betrayal by a generous use of cloves, but who betrayed his wandering wits at the last by replying to his wife's question concerning such an extraordinary pungency of odor, that he had *been to the Spice Islands!* Remembering this, Mrs. Halliday, who is quicker to take a suspicion than a joke, immediately fits the case of wandering wits to Mr. Halliday, whose wits never wandered under any conditions. As this new suspicion enters her mind, she starts back with the peach-bloom fast fading from her cheeks, and utters one exclamation: "O Richard!"

There is such a depth of pain in this exclamation that her husband, for the first time since he has entered the room, looks at her seriously. His first impulse is to laugh, but he checks the impulse, and for a moment is silent; then, as he seats himself before the fire, he puts out his hand.

"Lizzie, come here." Lizzie obeys, and allows herself to be drawn, with a little half-resentful protest, to her husband's knee. "My dear child, did you ever see a man in his cups—I mean a little drunk—*before to-night?*"

"No, never—that is, not near enough to tell."

The laugh that Richard Halliday has restrained now breaks out. Mrs. Halliday reddens with a consciousness of being ridiculed. She hasn't the faintest sense of "the situation."

"Never near enough to tell, eh? I thought so, my dear, else you would have known that you had yet to make acquaintance with that interesting phenomenon—a man a little drunk." The clear eyes that look into her eyes, the cool hand that holds her hand, and, more than all, a certain dry tone of the usually pleasant voice—a caustic note which is not pain or anger, but a tone of assertion—quiet but derisive—all these indications suddenly disclose to Mrs. Halliday the very foolish blunder she has made. Perhaps she never admires her easy-going husband so much as when he rouses himself sufficiently to assert himself in this masculine fashion. In a moment, then, she droops her small, bristling wings and

is at his feet, in spirit—in reality, she hides her ashamed face against his waistcoat. Presently the waistcoat-wearer says:

"Where's the evening paper, Lizzie? I'll look at it a moment, and then we'll have a game of chess; it's early yet, only half-past nine."

Only half-past nine! Mrs. Halliday reddens again, but this time out of shame-facedness; and this shame-facedness keeps her silent. The question of "Where *have* you been, Richard?" is not put again. The little lady sees she has made a foolish mess of it—that is, she sees that Richard thinks so, and, half angry, not exactly at herself, but at the world in general, and with a great sense of self-pity, she longs to weep a little weep upon her husband's shoulder, to say her small say of sorrow at her mistake, to promise all manner of lovely things for the future, while she wedges in a plaintive excuse for herself.

But Mr. Halliday has had so many "little weeps" on his shoulder, has heard so many promises of lovely things for the future which the future never fulfilled, that it is not strange, I suppose, that he should fail to encourage further demonstrations of this kind.

So the "little weep" goes off in a few long-drawn sighs against the waistcoat, and then the waistcoat-wearer is left to read his paper, which is never a very long operation with him, and then the game of chess follows. In the midst of this, Mr. Halliday suddenly says: "I met Kate to-day, and she wanted to know why we hadn't been round lately. I told her we'd drop in to-morrow night, perhaps."

If Dick Halliday had been looking at his wife's face he would have seen a ripple on its smooth surface. For ten days Mrs. Richard has been in the undisturbed, the *unshared* possession of her husband's society. The ripple which passes over her face says, very plainly:

"Why should Dick want other society than mine? I don't want other society than his." But after a minute she replies:

"Of course, Dick dear, if you would like to go, we'll go."

It is, doubtless, impossible for Mrs. Richard to conceal the fact that she is simply acquiescing in her husband's request from a sense of duty merely; but Mr. Richard, either wise or unobservant, makes no comment, and the subject drops without any of that dangerous discussion which might have taken place if Mr. Richard had been of the same manner of mind as Mrs. Richard. To explain a little: the Kate of whom Dick speaks so familiarly is the wife of his cousin Tom—Tom Halliday. Before there was any Mrs. Dick, or Mrs. Tom—when it was Lizzie Harrison and Kate Lane—there had been a good deal of girlish intimacy; but since the two had become united a little closer by marriage the intimacy, instead of becoming closer, had rather subsided. People said that Mrs. Dick was very "domestic," and that Mrs. Tom was more given to the gayeties of life. Perhaps this was the reason of their seeing less of each other. Mrs. Dick had been heard to say several times since her marriage that she was afraid Kate was beginning wrong, that her ideas of a home were not the right ideas; which goes to show that, doubtless, there were very decided reasons on one side at least for the gradual decline of the intimacy. Going in the next evening to Mrs. Tom's parlor, Mrs. Dick's "domestic" sense received a fresh shock. Instead of the gas being turned on to a bead in an upper burner and only the drop-light in operation, as was her own economical plan, two or three upper burners were in full blast in both back and front parlor, and Kate and Tom were enjoying themselves in their different ways: Kate at the piano practising one of Robert Franz's songs with a young gentleman who was not her husband, and the young gentleman who was her husband smoking his pipe over his newspaper. This was not Mrs. Dick's "way." Her way was to devote herself to Dick, to sit near him with some light evening work, while he read the news—to her as well as to himself. And, afterward, it was generally her plan to play two or three pieces on the piano; Kate Halliday, who was a genius at music, denominated them "little tunes," like those of Jack's wife in Miss Thackeray's story. And strict truth compels me to say that Dick usually went to sleep during this domestic music. They had been married now about five years. In the first year or two this little domestic programme was quite closely adhered to, but since that time Dick's business-calls had become so much more absorbing that the evenings had been very often intrenched upon to such an extent that both the newspaper-reading and the music had become very hurried matters. But, to return to Mrs. Tom and her different ways: She springs up, as she sees Mrs. Dick, with an outstretched hand and a cordial "How-de-do?" and the young man who is not her husband turns about and discloses the face of one of those Raymonds of Lizzie's detestation. Tom rises a little less alertly than Kate, great fellow that he is, and comes forward, pipe in hand. His wife slips behind her visitors, and goes to making frantic and mysterious signs to her husband. But Tom is notoriously the dullest fellow in the world to take hints, however broad, and therefore overwhelms his wife with confusion presently, by saying:

"What are you winking at me so for, Kate—is anything the matter with my clothes?"

"Stupid!" cries Kate at this, red and laughing and exasperated, as she runs up to him and seizes the great pipe that is smoking like a chimney.

And Tom, suddenly remembering, shouts out:

"Bless my soul, it's the pipe!—I always forget you don't like a pipe, Lizzie. And Kate read me a lecture not two hours ago on the subject. 'Mind,' she said, 'you put your pipe out when Lizzie comes.' And, I declare, I forgot all about it!"

Lizzie, of course, begs him not to put himself or his pipe out for her and other civil speeches follow—polite lies *de société*, which end, of course, in the pipe's banishment.

"Does tobacco make you sick, Mrs. Halliday?" asks Jack Raymond, in his pleasant, interested way, at this crisis.

"Oh, no, not at all; it is disagreeable to me, I suppose, because I don't approve of it," Lizzie an-

swers, with the air of a missionary enlightening the heathen.

Raymond looks at her a moment with a puzzled expression, as if a conundrum had been proposed, and, a moment after, he moved over to Mrs. Tom, as if he gave it up.

After this, the talk gets into divided channels, the gentlemen falling into politics, and the ladies soaring into the region of feminine high art—dress—which is the only region, Kate has been heard to declare, where Mrs. Dick doesn't carry her principles, though Mrs. Dick, without doubt, would stoutly deny this charge, and perhaps be able to prove that careless Mrs. Tom entirely mistaken. But, however it may be, the talk goes on with animation until Jack Raymond breaks up the political discussion by taking his departure. Mrs. Tom laments this going greatly, and launches forth into voluble praises of the departed as the door closes.

"Nicest fellows in the world, those Raymond boys, both of 'em," declares Tom, heartily.

"Aren't they rather—fast?" asks Mrs. Dick.

"I don't know—are they, Tom?" responds Kate—a response that shows a hardened indifference to morality, which is appalling to Mrs. Dick.

And then Tom:

"Fast! no, not what I call fast. They're bright boys, invited everywhere, and spend a good deal of money; but they're honorable, upright fellows, gentlemen always, and with a good deal of judgment to keep the balance, I should say.'

"They're very nice, anyway," remarks Mrs. Tom here, with that careless optimism which distinguishes her.

"Mr. Marsh used to speak of them as fast," Mrs. Dick returns, with an air of one playing a trump card.

"Marsh!" ejaculates Tom Halliday, with great contempt. "Marsh is a prig, continually setting up his notions of propriety or morality as a standard."

"You don't know the Raymonds," interposes Mrs. Tom, pleasantly; "if you did, you'd be sure to like them." The scale of Mrs. Tom's judgment is generally a scale of more or less agreeability. Then, as if suddenly struck by a very bright thought—a suggestion which in the following out will settle the whole vexed question: "I'll invite you all round to dinner together some day; there's nothing like a social dinner for making people better acquainted."

"Thank you, I don't care to be better acquainted—I don't like men who belong to clubs," retorts Mrs. Richard, with calm decision. A very queer look passes over Tom Halliday's face.

Kate is beginning, hastily: "Why, Lizzie, how can you say so, when"—but is suddenly arrested from further speech by a warning glance from her husband. All this time Dick Halliday sits imperturbable, with the blandest expression of indifference to the whole subject upon his impassive countenance. And Mrs. Dick, who has caught neither the queer look nor the warning glance pleases herself with the thought that her last remark has told. It has, indeed, but in a different direction from that which she so complacently suspects. Conversation flags after this, and, in the lull, the two visitors depart. Alone with her husband, Kate Halliday flings up her hands in expressive pantomime. Tom laughs.

"Well, Kate, that was what I call a pretty close shave. I never knew you blunder like that before."

"And I never knew myself blunder like that before; but the idea of her not knowing that Dick is a club-man. It did not occur to me that she was ignorant; I thought her little speech was a snap at Dick. I should think Dick would be the last person to conceal anything. I must say, Tom, it looks rather cowardly in him."

"I think any man would be just such a coward, then. He doesn't want to be preached at all the time."

"How she does nag him!" cried Kate, half laughing.

"Nag him! I should think so. Kate, if you were like that woman, I'd get a divorce."

"I've no doubt you would, sir; you haven't the easy temper of your cousin Dick. How you did fly at her about the Raymonds!"

"Fly at her! The little canting pussy-cat quoting that fool of a Marsh."

"But Lizzie is very good—really, Tom. Don't you remember how kind she was to me when I was sick, and how she nursed Dick through the varioloid last winter?"

"Yes, I remember; and I'm very much obliged to her, but if I were in Dick's place I shouldn't be; I should a great deal rather trust my chances in the next world than be nursed back to pass my life with *her*."

"But you're not Dick, sir."

"No—thank Heaven!"

While this talk is going on, Lizzie Halliday is quietly congratulating herself on the stand she has taken. And, as the season progresses, and she hears of dance-parties, euchre-clubs, and music-matinées, at the town-hall, with such men as the Raymonds for the principal figures, she congratulates herself still more upon her "stand." And this stand is that of avoiding all this emptiness and folly, as she calls it, and the substitution of something solid and substantial, something that is intelligent and elevating—pleasure and profit combined. In pursuance of this plan, she organizes a Shakespeare Society and a reading society. At the latter, the subject for discussion was given out at each meeting for the coming meeting, so that each person might be prepared. Tom Halliday hears of these elevating enjoyments, when the winter is nearly over, from one of the "members"—a young girl rather of his wife's proclivities, but who has been pressed into Mrs. Dick Halliday's "evenings" by an aunt who is of Mrs. Dick Halliday's mental and moral kith and kin.

"And is Dick a regular attendant at these intellectual treats?" asks Tom.

"He comes in at the latter part of the evening.

His business, he says, does not allow him the pleasure of coming earlier."

"His business?"

"Yes; Mrs. Halliday says he is very much devoted to his business;" and little Sally McClane turns up to Tom Halliday's face a very bright pair of eyes with a very keen expression in them.

"What does he do when he *is* there?" asks Tom.

"Do! Why, what do you suppose he does? He behaves himself like a gentleman, as he is."

"Oh! Does he read in the plays—Shakespeare, you know?" persists Tom.

"I've never heard him."

"Does he talk in that conversation-bout?"

"Well, yes, he talks a little."

"Oh, he does! What are some of the subjects, Sally?"

"'The Pre-Adamite World' and 'The Mission of Man' are all I remember now."

"Sally, do you mean to tell me that Dick Halliday talks to those people about 'The Pre-Adamite World' and 'The Mission of Man?'"

"No, certainly not. I never said he talked to those people.'

"Whom does he talk to, then?"

"Well, he talks—to me."

"Oh, he talks to you!"—and Tom laughs so loud (he is on the street, walking with Sally) that the passers turn and look at him. "And what are my cousin Dick's views on those abstruse subjects, Miss McClane?"

Sally laughs now, and then repeats certain witty and humorous remarks of Dick's in such good imitation of Dick Halliday's quiet manner that Tom laughs another loud laugh; and, going home, he tells Kate the whole story.

"The little cat!" cries Kate "All the while she has been refusing our invitations, she has been engineering these headachy talks and things, and never gave us a chance at 'em! Why, Tom, she must consider us hopeless cases. But only to think of Dick there! *Do* you suppose, Tom, she is bringing him round to like such things?"

"Well, I should say, my dear, that there was about as much chance of bringing *me* round; but, lord! you never can tell what a woman will do with a man," Tom winds up, in a disgusted manner.

"And about the business, Tom, which absorbs him so?"

"I should say that was one of Dick's ways—one of his white lies. Dick, though, may enjoy himself more than we think. He has an enormous amount of humor, and the way he goes on to that little McClane girl shows that he is getting what he can out of it."

"But I wonder if that's all he has? Where do they go? We scarcely ever see them at the theatre, and never in our old set at parties."

"He's with men a good deal, I fancy. Oh, Dick'll manage to amuse himself somehow, never fear," answers Tom, carelessly.

And all the time Mrs. Dick is congratulating herself on the success of her plans. She is curing Dick of his idle, frivolous tastes by offering him something better. His business habits, too, are improving so much. She does feel a good deal disappointed that he cannot have the benefit of her "evenings;" but "business before pleasure—that is as it should be with a rising man," is her sage little conclusion. And so in this apparently satisfactory state things go on for the rest of the winter. Mrs. Tom Halliday, coming home one day from her spring shopping, speaks her mind about this state of satisfaction:

"You never saw anything like it, Tom! That small woman thinks, I verily believe, that she has succeeded in plucking Dick, like a brand, from the burning, and has inducted him into the straight and narrow paths of virtue—to wit, the company of that fossil old set where the discussion of the pre-Adamite world is considered a great deal safer occupation than the society of the nineteenth-century man, who has to do with the world and the flesh—to say nothing of the devil. Just fancy Dick being led into such very narrow ways!"

"Some other woman ought to pay her out somehow!" exclaims Tom, viciously, as he wrestles with a new tie before the mirror.

"Hadn't I better get up a smart little flirtation with Dick for that laudable purpose?" cries Kate, laughing lightly.

And, Tom responding in his careless, jovial way, they make merry over the matter after their fashion. Only a few months later with what different emotions do they both recall these jesting words!

This is March. At the end of May, as Lizzie Halliday is riding down-town in a horse-car, one of those garrulous women, who make all the mischief in the world pretty much, accosts her.

"How do you do, Mrs. Halliday? Haven't seen you for an age to speak with you, though I've seen you driving with Mrs. Claymer lately several times, and I thought then that you might get time to return my call."

"Driving with Mrs. Claymer! You are mistaken, Mrs. Deane."

"Well, now, I declare! Do you mean to tell me that I didn't meet you last night—and, let's see, Wednesday night, too? You didn't see me, but Mr. Halliday did, and raised his hat to me."

"What! Dick?"

"Why, of course; and you had on that very peculiar gray-and-white shawl. Oh, I knew it was you, my dear, by your light hair, though you are so vain as to cover your complexion from these east winds by a blue veil. I told Louisa that I didn't know whether you meant to cut me or not."

"I'm sure I didn't see you, Mrs. Deane," answers Lizzie, with great presence of mind, though the floor of the car seems to rise before her. Fortunately, Mrs. Deane arrives at this crisis at her destination, and Lizzie is left alone to face the situation. Dick—*her* husband—driving with Mrs. Claymer, and another lady, who is not his wife, despite the gray-and-white-striped shawl!

Mrs. Claymer is a fashionable woman, with a background of family and a prestige of wealth. She was one of Dick Halliday's bachelor acquaintances, and had exchanged calls once with his wife. Lizzie always speaks of her as "that very worldly Mrs. Claymer."

But the other person in the gray-and-white striped shawl?

Going on and on in the car, Lizzie puzzles over this enigma in a little fire and fury of jealousy and mortification.

"What can it mean? Who can it be?" she queries.

All at once her mind clears. *Kate Halliday has the duplicate to her gray-and-white-striped shawl; has, too, light curling hair like her own!* That Kate, a few months back, did not know Mrs. Claymer, was nothing; Kate was always making new acquaintances. With this conclusion, which to Lizzie is a revelation, everything in the past seems to come back to her with a new meaning, She recalls all Dick's admiration of Kate. She recalls, too, the business-engagements which this recreant has pleaded for the last six months. And, as hour by hour goes by, as in the solitude of her own room she goes into every detail of the case, the dumb pain and confusion that at first assailed her give place to indignation and a desire to take swift reprisals.

While this turbulent caldron of trouble is brewing at the Dick Hallidays, at the Tom Hallidays the state of the atmosphere seems to be in its usual serene condition. Mrs. Tom, tired of her new novel, has dropped it in her accustomed careless fashion upon the floor, and stands at the window singing a little air, and waiting for Tom to come in to dinner; and, waiting for Tom, she sees Cousin Dick going by. It is a warm night in the latter part of May, and the window at which she stands is wide open. Dick stops a moment to chat.

"You'd better come in," urges Kate; "we shall dine in two minutes—and *such* a salad! I made it myself."

Dick laughs, confesses the salad is a great temptation, but declines. At that point Tom comes swinging round the corner.

"Ah, there you are!" cries Mrs. Kate; "and here is Dick dying to taste my salad. Make him come in, Tom; he hasn't been here for an age."

Dick, beginning to yield, says something about going home.

"But it isn't your dinner-hour, and half an hour later will do as well," urges Tom, who also vows it is an age since Dick has crossed their threshold.

The result is foreseen. Dick weakly yields, and enters the house, while his host innocently and trustingly gives him over to Mrs. Kate, and limps upstairs to relieve himself of a pair of tight boots.

It is at this moment that the servant ushers in another visitor.

"Such a bother!" begins Kate; "the soup will be spoiled." But the next moment she recognizes this visitor.

"Lizzie! How fortunate! Here we have just beguiled Dick in to eat a most wonderful salad of my making, and you're just in time to join us. It's an age since either of you have been here. Now, you needn't say a word. You're going to take off your bonnet and stay;" and, on hospitable thought intent, Mrs. Tom steps forward to assist in the removal of the bonnet. But Lizzie Halliday's hand, Lizzie Halliday's voice, arrest this hospitality at once.

Kate looks at her with an expression of puzzled astonishment. What is that she is saying about Mrs. Claymer and a striped shawl? And who is it that has been a treacherous friend? From the wife Kate glances to the husband. She is startled at the change in Dick Halliday's placid face. The eyes that naturally droop a little on ordinary occasions are wide open enough now, and the pleasant-tempered, handsome mouth has got a straight, hard line in lieu of its usual smiling curves; and on his cheeks there is a spot of red that seems to concentrate and make more vivid the fire of the eye, and to emphasize the compression of the mouth. There is a little pause as Lizzie Halliday concludes her rash speech; and then, in a particularly quiet, low-toned voice, Dick Halliday makes answer:

"You are laboring under a mistake, Mrs. Halliday. The lady with whom I have been seen driving recently was not Kate, whatever may have been the resemblances. It was Mrs. Draysel, Mrs. Claymer's sister."

"Dick!" A tone of horror is in Lizzie Halliday's voice, a white dismay in her face.

"We will not discuss the matter here, if you please," he continues. "We have already to beg Kate's pardon for what has occurred, and after that I think we had better go."

When Tom comes down, a moment later, he finds to his amazement his wife alone and in hysterical tears. The salad waits, the soup gets stone-cold, while Kate recounts what has just taken place. At first Tom is furious at the insult to his wife; but, when Kate comes to the end, when she says, "Who *is* Mrs. Draysel, Tom; and why did Lizzie look so horror-struck at the mention of her name?" his brow relents, and he exclaims:

"Good Heaven! she has got paid out. Do you remember Lizzie's brother George?"

"What! 'handsome George,' as we used to call him? Of course I do."

"Well, it was Mrs. Draysel and her husband who led him to his ruin. Jordan Draysel, after ruining himself, took to ruining other men for a living. His wife acts the part of the alluring spider—'Will you walk into my parlor,' etc. And, as she is the original siren, there is generally no lack of victims at the little four-in-hand games in her drawing-room—games which she would innocently tell you were 'Jordan's euchre-parties.' The only woman who believes in her is her sister, Mrs. Claymer; and it is the Claymer respectability that keeps the Draysels on the surface of society. They have been abroad for several years, and now are back, I suppose, at their old business."

"And, in trying to keep Dick from our mild dis-

sipations, which have always come under the most rigid law of respectability, Lizzie has driven him into that trap!" cries Kate, a little spitefully. And presently, after a little pause: "Tom, I want to apologize to somebody for my injustice to Dick. I called him a coward once. I take it all back. I think his courage is positively chivalrous. Most men would have lied it out; vowed it was some Mrs. Smith or Jones or other, and left me to suffer from the lie; for Lizzie would have believed nothing less than this. She *knew* that this was truth."

"Yes, she knew that, from such an ease-loving fellow as Dick. But it's pretty hard on Lizzie. She's to be pitied, I must say."

"She?" Kate cries, with sudden, angry heat. "Well, I don't know; *I* pity Dick; for Lizzie, I believe it serves her right!"

Tom looks into the flushed face and laughs.

"Oh, you women, you women!" is his bantering comment.

"But to insult *me*, Tom, with such suspicions!"

"I know, Kate, but she is such a little fool; and she's awfully hard hit now."

Kate muses a moment; and then, with renewed energy: "Tom, she'll get the best of it yet. She'll come off in flying colors somehow before the year is out. You'll see!"

Before the year is out, it is no secret in society that Mrs. Dick Halliday is an injured and long-suffering woman. She is generally spoken of as "that poor little Mrs. Halliday." "Did everything, you know, for that worthless fellow—tried to reform him and elevate him in all possible ways, and now sacrifices herself to him, bears everything with such patience, is such a devoted wife," etc., etc., etc.

There is a handful of people, Dick's few special friends, who make a different judgment. But what are these to the great multitude who applaud Lizzie Halliday as she goes about with that *resigned face* "which tells its own story, you know," who crown her as a model wife, while they turn their backs upon "that worthless fellow" who has blighted her life!

EDITOR'S TABLE.

IT is not surprising to find the recent calamity at the Brooklyn Theatre seized upon by the pulpit and the religious press as an occasion for arguments against dramatic amusements. As a rule, the utterance upon the subject has been more just and moderate than it would have been half a century ago. There have been so many disasters in churches, and at other gatherings the innocence of which no one disputes, that it was clear the interpretation of the Brooklyn calamity as an expression of Divine reprobation of theatre-going would be too transparently illogical and presumptuous. But none the less the sad event has afforded good opportunity for questioning the usefulness and the moral influence of the stage. It seems to us that many of the arguments against the theatre are rendered effective by the erroneous attitude of its defenders. Is it not obvious that dramatic entertainments cannot be explained nor excused on the ground or within the domain of morals? If the purpose of the theatre is to inculcate ethics, then, as one writer cogently says, it is far too expensive and cumbersome a device for the end in view. The church, the Sunday-school, the printing-press, the lecture-platform, can each accomplish much more in the direction of morals with far less expenditure of force. The mission of the theatre seems to us to be of another nature altogether. It is an art the influences of which are limited to the sphere of æsthetics, and its defenders might claim that there is no more reason why the drama should be expected to inculcate moral lessons than that painting, or sculpture, or poetry, or music, or decorative art, should be required to do so. Acting appeals almost exclusively to the imagination and the sensibilities: it embodies painting, sculpture, poetry, music, and epic action, and it may be affirmed that it has no mission to transcend as a whole that which any of its parts were created to fulfill. Of course, in a certain sense all things are within the sphere of ethics, having directly or indirectly a harmful or a wholesome influence. Beauty itself, which it is the great purpose of art to illustrate, has in some of its presentations ennobling purity, and in others the stain of human passion. But, just as man may feel delight in a well-painted landscape, or in a finely-carved group of sculpture, or in some thrilling story of human life told upon canvas, or in the melodious numbers of the poet, or in the forms and tints of porcelain, so may the stage rightfully entertain him solely on this æsthetic side of his nature. The drama, in justice, should stand or fall with all the other arts. If it is wrong in the theatre to captivate the senses with splendor of color and beauty of form, if it is hurtful there to stir the emotions and thrill the imagination, then it is wrong and hurtful to do these things in the passionate lines of the poet, the glowing colors of the painter, or the glorious forms of the sculptor. It would really seem as if the only consistent people on this question are the Quakers, who exclude music and color from their places of worship and their domiciles, studiously resisting everything that charms or allures the senses. Their ground is the only tenable ground. If it is conceded at all that imaginative art in any form has a right to exist—if, in this world of temptation, sin, and human frailty, it is right to indulge the imagination with pictures of beauty and ideals of life—then assuredly the drama has every justification for its being that each of its sister arts has.

But it has been said that the stage is peculiarly pernicious, that no other art is so gross and harmful in its influences. The friends of the theatre must admit that

the stage is sometimes evil, but can justly affirm that the drama is the only outcome of imaginative genius that is persistently judged by its worst rather than by its best achievements and influences. No one thinks of denouncing poetry because there have been licentious poets. Painting has never been condemned because it has given the world many sensuous and pagan productions. It is not usual to put music under ban because of Bacchanalian songs and Offenbach airs. If literature were judged solely by the number of vile and wicked books that have been produced, public sentiment might well demand the breaking up of the printing-press, and the consignment of letters to a place among the lost arts. Now, it is only just to ask that the theatre be judged with the fairness and discretion shown toward other human performances. In estimating the theatre, the "Black Crook" and French plays—which are always assumed in advance to be black sheep—come up on every occasion for illustration. The thousand admirable dramas, the innumerable pure and delightful productions with which art and genius have adorned the stage, are usually wholly ignored. And why do we hear so much of the immoral French stage, but so little of sensuous French painting? How is it that, in everything else but the theatre, people select the best for enjoyment and praise, and consign the bad to neglect? Good romances are read by scrupulous people, who cautiously select those that are pure in tone. As these people do not banish from their houses the entire world of fiction because of some bad examples, nor deny themselves the pleasure of reading Tennyson because Swinburne is improper, they have no moral right to subject the theatre to a test to which nothing else of the kind is brought, and which nothing else of the kind could successfully stand.

There is much that is strange in the history of the stage. Bitterly as it has been condemned, evil as it is supposed to be, it has yet given to the world some of the highest and most exquisite creations known to art—the most perfect ideals of womanhood, the noblest portraitures of men, the sweetest idyls of love, the best types of heroism. What strange and subtile quality is there in an art which, under obloquy and evil, blossoms into so many beautiful forms? The masses who attend the theatre are often rude enough, and one wonders how the rough assemblages at the old Blackfriars Theatre could ever have prompted the creation or enjoyed the portraiture of *Rosalind*, *Miranda*, *Imogen*, and others of those delightful Shakespearean women. However it has come about, the stage in this particular is unique: the most persistently condemned and deplored of every imaginative art, it has taken a foremost place in the creation of beauty, and has given to mankind a group of men and women that the world could almost less afford to lose than anything else art or imagination has endowed it with.

WHENEVER we are all ready to admit frankly our full responsibility to those around us in all our comings, goings, and dealings, we shall be less disposed than we are now to attribute the consequences that spring from our mistakes to the mysterious thing called fatality. The human race has occupied the world long enough to have learned the conditions that surround it, the phenomena of the forces of Nature, and the inevitable consequences that follow certain causes. It knows, for instance, the materials that are combustible, the force and destructive character of fire, and the circumstances that either modify or intensify it; it knows from long experience and many calamities in what way danger arises from this element, how it operates, what precautions should be taken against it, under what circumstances it is certain to become most formidable and dangerous. The race is in possession of every fact necessary to a perfect knowledge of the subject. There is here no uncertainty, no lack of experience and observation, nothing that the average intellect does not know and cannot master. As we are thus in possession of all the conditions of fire, how is it that we permit ourselves to be so frequently defeated by it? It is a very singular obtuseness which believes that casualties among men are not in an immense majority of cases preventable. It is as certain as day that, having the knowledge of the conditions out of which accidents and calamities arise, we have only to make use of this knowledge in order to prevent them. It clearly cannot be denied that we have the knowledge; what we really lack is forethought—such a preapprehension of a danger as will lead to an adequate preparation for it. This preparation can be so thorough as in almost every conceivable case to avert the threatened calamity. The sea has its innumerable dangers: but when the ship is really stanch and strong; when it is thoroughly and adequately equipped; when it is well manned and well officered; when it is navigated with suitable caution and experience—when all these conditions are supplied, it is, we venture to assert, *certain* to reach its port of destination. This, we are well aware, is unpopular doctrine. It is more agreeable to shift responsibility to Fate, or Providence, or the elements, or to any cause that is mysterious and remote. Yet is it not evident that effect has exact relation to cause? If every ship in all its details were subjected to examination by a keen and instructed observer, he would be enabled to place his finger on the point—either in the ship itself, its equipment, its officers, or its discipline—where, in case of great stress of weather, mischance would come.

Of course, the truth here asserted is partially recognized by every one, but only partially, and in some minds very vaguely. Unknown causes, unlikely and unprecedented combinations of causes, unpreventable contingencies, the interposition of a mysterious will—these are supposed to more or less modify the preparations and paralyze the forethought of men. Now, what we wish to affirm is the belief that they do not—that man has sufficient knowledge of the operations of Nature, sufficient mastership of the conditions that surround him, to secure, if he will but use his knowledge, a very general immunity from what is called accident. We can be masters of our fate much more generally than we are, if

we do but resolve to be so. It is simply monstrous that two railway-trains should be dashed into each other, that a bridge should give way under the weight of its traffic, that a theatre or a church be so constructed or so managed that its visitors fall victims to fire or falling floors. It has been predicted thousands of times that in case of a fire in any of our theatres or public assembly-rooms it would be impossible for the people gathered therein to escape : yet with every fact known, with complete knowledge of the inflammable nature of stage-scenery, of the panic that always takes possession of a crowd in an alarm, of the necessity of ample precautions against fire, and of ample means to release an audience when in a fright—with all this foreknowledge existing, we have seen it in a recent case wholly neglected, and, as a consequence, a disaster of the most appalling magnitude. We may be sure that knowledge and forethought are factors that, if rightly used, will do away with thousands of the calamities that work so much disaster upon the world. They cannot do away with earthquakes nor tidal waves (they can, however, do much to avert the consequences of even these), but they are competent to deal with all or nearly all the other dangers that beset us ; and it is quite time this fact should be acknowledged and acted upon.

How or when Mr. Anthony Trollope finds time to elaborate didactic lectures, is rather mysterious to those who, as they lay down what they suppose to be his last novel, have their breath taken away by the appearance of a yet later product of his brain. He is one of those writers, whom other and more painfully working authors may well envy, who go serenely on from year to year steadily spinning and weaving fancies of mild narrative, and who, in the course of a busy life, create a "library of fiction" which fills a moderate-sized bookcase. Yet Mr. Trollope does occasionally come out of his hive to say something in public. The something is always said pleasantly, and gracefully, and mildly, just as his books are written ; he is never epigrammatic, much less dramatic.

His latest public appearance was as a lecturer before the School of Art, in East London, where he addressed a company of young men, who work hard for a living, on the rather hackneyed subject of reading. He took, indeed, a phase of this subject which is not only one on which he might be expected to talk *con amore*, but which is less insisted upon, perhaps, than it should be. Leaving it to Lord Bacon to show the vast benefits arising from reading as a means of acquiring useful knowledge, and aiming at a less ambitious end than to show his hearers how, by reading, they might become "full men," the genial novelist spoke of the benefit to be derived from books, merely considered as a means of recreation. Mr. Trollope was too modest to say, "Why not, instead of passing your evenings in dance-halls and public houses, or even in second-class theatres and variety-shows —why not stay at home and regale yourselves with the gentle pleasures to be derived from following the fortunes of 'Phineas Finn,' and the vagaries of 'Lady Eustace ?'" But he did evidently mean to persuade the assembled cockneys that the reading of healthy fiction—and what could be more so than the works of Mr. Trollope ?—was a taste not only easily acquired, but one which would grow and become permanent, and was in itself good and beneficial. Reading as a recreation, he is sure, has only to be tried to be appreciated.

But it is not, after all, a very common talent, this of being able to read with real pleasure. The average hard-worked and only ordinarily educated young man finds it a by no means easy task to sit down by his fireside and take a book and become absorbed in it through a long winter's evening ; or, if he does, the book itself is too often of a sort that he had best leave alone. In an age "when boys find 'Ivanhoe' tedious, and girls fall asleep over 'The Heart of Mid-Lothian,'" when the press groans with garishly-painted pictures of startling crimes and heroic monstrosities, the wearied young mechanic and dressmaker are fain, if they must read, to resort to too highly-spiced productions as a substitute for the excitements which they know are at their command out-of-doors. If the reading of this class could be supplied from the harmless shelves whereon the long rows of Mr. Trollope's works, and those of authors as gracefully innocent, are arranged, the result would no doubt be excellent. But the "blood-and-thunder" novel, which is to be found in the public libraries as well as at the cheap book-stalls, is certainly as bad in its effects as many of the popular recreations of other kinds.

The class which Mr. Trollope addressed sadly needs the advice of persons whom it respects to point out what to read and how to read ; for there are thousands who really wish to read, and do not simply because they are ignorant where to begin or what to choose. The vastness of the book-world puzzles the scholar, him who lives within its circle ; no wonder the man and woman who are absorbed in bread-getting find it a maze in which it is hard to strike upon a path which leads from or to anywhere. They do not even know that there are books that tell about books ; catalogues are only a hopeless enigma. If there were somebody to tell them that in Scott and Dickens there are scenes as soul-moving, that in Trollope and Howells there are situations as interesting, and that in all there are a tone and style far more robust and refined than in the lurid fictions they now so eagerly devour, a short distance, at least, would be cleared before them, which would lead to longer paths in the right direction. This Mr. Trollope has sought to do in his lecture, and in so far he has done a good thing. If, at the same time, he has been inferentially recommending his own works, we need not accuse him of self-advertising, but may take it for granted that he really believes they are better—as they are—than the tawdry romances now read, or the dissipations in which toiling humanity so often strives to banish dull care.

We are told that "savagism in civilization" still survives among us in a more or less latent state, breaking out now and then when provoked by occasion, but

usually hiding itself beneath the proprieties. That this savagism is not wholly untamable, however, may be seen in the instance of a certain once-famous Thomas—usually called "Tom"—King, who, having won his laurels as a prize-fighter, has become a professional cultivator and vender of those emblems of peace and love, flowers and shrubs. Upon him the "hair-breadth 'scapes" of pugilistic war have palled, and he finds a compensation, for the fierce joy of victory in the ring, in the chaste delights of hot-house gardening and the scientific grafting of choice fruits. Nor is Mr. Thomas King the only example, in the history of pugilism, of a Cincinnatus-like retirement from the belt-championship to honest and thrifty labors. There was a Mr. Gully, who, after pummeling the knottiest "bruisers" of his generation into so many lumps of black-and-blue jelly, threw aside his belt, put on a respectable suit of blue coat, buff breeches, and top-boots, and walked with all meekness and modesty into the British House of Commons, where he magnanimously refrained from striking out at any honorable gentleman who charged him with "prevaricating," and never once was "named" for disorderly conduct from the chair. We do not forget, either, what a model Congressman, in the matter of judicious silence and entire propriety of conduct, the late Mike Walsh made—he, who was once the terror of ambitious but less muscular professors of the manly art; while in Mr. John Morrissey, who has not only been in Congress, but has aspired to be a sort of republican Warwick, or President-maker, we have another instance of physical prowess lying fallow for his country's good.

On the whole, however, Mr. King's change of life is the most notable; for to pass from the prize-ring into a legislature is only to change the mode of battle, since in the one place, as in the other, the spirit of pugnacity is kept aflame. Mr. King renounces all conflict, except that gentle and commendable sort which arises from competing bulbs, and the endeavor to win the rewards of horticultural virtue. There is something of pastoral beauty, of idyllic romance, in the strong man who is content to thus exhaust his muscles on "cut-blooms," the trailing of choice parasites, and the fond manipulation of lordly rhododendrons; who has so far subdued the old Adam as to glance down the columns of sporting newspapers with a serene smile, and turn with relief to the agricultural reports which sound his bucolic triumphs.

Yet, as we read this delectable story of Thomas King, a paragraph meets the eye, containing the announcement of a gentleman that he is "an artist who paints black eyes." New vocations are constantly being invented, as the competition of crowded countries becomes more sharp and bitter; but this is a little puzzling. Does he mean the commonplace trade of decorating the female eyebrow? Evidently not; if the truth must be told, this enterprising person proposes to restore eyes that have become black-and-blue to an artificially natural color. "When a lady or gentleman," he says, "has been so unfortunate as to suffer from discoloration of the visual organs, caused either by the percussion of the cork of a soda-bottle, or by the unkindly contact of the human fist," he is prepared to satisfy the vanity and conceal the cause of the patient's humiliation, by the short and simple process of skillful pictorial art. From this it would appear that all the "bruisers" have not vanished with Thomas King, but that the "savagism in civilization" which he so notably exemplified is still now and then sufficiently rampant to give an "artist who paints black eyes" a livelihood.

NOBODY undertakes to write about the Frenchman without speaking of him as "volatile." This trait was discovered at least as long ago as Agincourt, and has been harped upon by every tourist, whether prince, envoy, cockney, or nabob of Oilopolis, ever since. Yet this volatility of the French, which seems to have developed more and more with the lapse of time, on the Darwinian principle of natural selection, is something ever novel and full of surprises; and at each fresh exhibition of it we cannot but smile, and repeat to ourselves what an odd freak of Nature this sprightly and sparkling people is. How easily is the Parisian public mind turned from grave to frivolous subjects; how readily they will set aside a real peril to chatter about trifles; what whiff of gossip, what breeze of sensation is there that cannot divert the whole current of public thought there from one channel to another!

An amusing instance of this recently took place. All the French world were fuming and fretting over a "ministerial crisis;" besides, there was the heavy shadow of the Eastern nightmare brooding over Europe, and casting somewhat of gloom, at least, over France. Yet one morning Paris woke to hear a bit of news which completely drove Dufaure and Gambetta, czar, sultan, and Bosporus, completely out of its head. Some fanatic—or wag—had stolen into the Luxembourg, and had cut out the eye of Napoleon III., as represented in one of Meissonier's charming pictures. What hubbub and scandal there was on the boulevards, in the *salons*, and *cercles*, and Bonapartist clubs, in consequence! People wondered whether Louis Blanc, or some other radical, in anti-Bonapartist frenzy, had not committed the sacrilege; others conjectured that it might be a deep Bonapartist plot to enlist spmpathy. At least, there is the emperor, without his eye; and Meissonier's picture, irremediably mutilated; and Paris becomes a seething vat of bubbling curiosity and boiling talk.

We are reminded of several similar instances of the ease with which the French mind hastens to change the subject of the excitement which is evidently necessary to it. Just before Sadowa, when it seemed to depend on the toss of a sou-piece whether France should fight with Austria against Prussia or not, the whole situation was forgotten when it was learned that a man had chipped the nose off the statue representing "Lille" in the Place de la Concorde. Everybody talked about it in high indignation; and the next moment fell to laughing, when the man pleaded, in his defense, that "Lille" bore an ex-

asperating resemblance to his wife, from whom he was divorced. The Parisians even forgot the agitations which so seriously threatened the empire in its later days, on being provided with a subject to gesticulate and gossip about by a crazy fellow who threw a bottleful of ink over one of Carpeaux's statue-groups in front of the new Opera. "Il faut s'amuser;" and the French are happy in being able to amuse themselves on such slight material in the midst of dark days and lowering dangers.

It would really seem as if some of our ideas of value —of what is real and sustained, and what transitory and unsubstantial—needed a little revision. The world has embodied its estimate of permanence by classifying all lands and tenements as "real" estate; but recently a number of circumstances have shown that, instead of this kind of property being specially entitled to this designation, it rather belongs to effects that "solid" men have been apt to look upon as little more than "airy nothings." That the fancies and pigments of a painter, the conceptions that grow into form and color in the studios of impractical dreamers, should have steadfastness in their market value at the very time when stocks are collapsing, merchandise falling in price, and houses and lands are almost unsalable, is something to make men of substance to open their eyes. We have not even fully described the conditions when we say that paintings are steadfast; they are far more—they increase in price when other things are shrinking; they maintain, in face of unusual financial depression and business uncertainty, a value that has little relation to their real cost. Of course, this is only true of paintings of genuine worth. It must be remembered, however, that the value or price of this excellence is almost wholly one of mental estimate—it is, so far as cost of labor or cost of material is concerned, very nearly fictitious; it is simply what men agree to value a production the sole purpose of which is to excite pleasurable sensations in him who looks upon it. The surprise is, that this purely mental estimate, this mere idea of value, should have more weight and permanence than things in themselves substantial and necessary. At Goupil's Gallery, in New York, there has been recently exhibited a painting of a Paris flower-market, by Firmin-Girard, which is declared to have been sold for nearly twenty-three thousand dollars. The newspapers have reported the large prices that many of the pictures brought at the great sale of Mr. Taylor Johnston's collection in December last. Among the most noteworthy was twelve thousand five hundred dollars for Church's well-known "Niagara," which was, we believe, some four or five times the price originally paid for it. These instances, occurring in these dark times, and in face of all our political apprehensions, are full of strange matter for reflection; they evince the power of ideas, and show how potent a thing imagination is, even in the world of dollars and cents. They force us to revise some of our ideas of what is substantial, and fairly make us wonder whether the palace of Aladdin is not more "real," as a value, than the corner-lots we have hitherto rested so confidently in.

New Books.

With only one volume of what promises to be an elaborate work before us, it would be premature, perhaps, to record a definitive judgment upon the merits of Mr. Van Laun's "History of French Literature;"[1] but in this first volume are laid down the principles which will direct the author in his work, and, to a great extent, the method in which he will apply them to the actual literary annals, so that we shall probably not go very far astray in speaking of its character and quality with some confidence. Mr. Van Laun is chiefly known as the translator of Taine's "History of English Literature," and has confessedly undertaken to do for Englishmen, in regard to French literature, what Taine did for Frenchmen in regard to English literature. For this reason it is natural to institute a comparison between the two works, or rather, as Mr. Van Laun's work is incomplete, between the two writers. It becomes evident, in the Introduction in which Mr. Van Laun elucidates the plan of his history, that he substantially accepts Taine's critical method—that is, he considers an author and his work not as an isolated phenomenon, but as the natural outcome of "the three primordial forces of race, epoch, and surroundings"—but he accepts it, not as a disciple, but as one who sees the many qualifications with which it must be hedged in, and the danger in particular that too rigid an adherence to the formula may betray us into a superficial and incomplete estimate of men and things. He thinks that, under cover of this too narrow formula, Taine has taken too little account of innate individual genius; that he "has valued too cheaply the paramount influence which the political, perhaps also the social, history of a generation exerts upon an author and his works;" and that "he has passed too lightly over the immeasurable reflex influence which literary productions have upon political and social history."

That Mr. Van Laun has here touched upon a real defect of Taine's method will be admitted, we think, by all who have attentively studied the otherwise admirable "History of English Literature;" and one of the characteristic excellences of Mr. Van Laun's own work is that he makes this reciprocal relationship between history and literature too prominent to be overlooked or ignored. His book might be almost as accurately described by calling it a literary history of France as by calling it a history of French literature. The reader will obtain from this first volume a far clearer idea of the origin of the French people, of the successive barbaric migrations which resulted in such a mixture of races in the population, of the circumstances and effects of the Roman conquest, and of the process by which a rude confederacy of tribes was crystallized into the French monarchy of the middle ages, than can be obtained from most of the professed histories; and he will also get an altogether new conception of the fact that the literature of a country is in a

[1] History of French Literature. By Henri Van Laun. Vol. I. From its Origin to the Renaissance. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 8vo, pp. 342.

genuine and very important sense the history of that country; and, conversely, that the literature of a nation is the spontaneous product of the national soil and the national history. The songs of the Troubadours and the Trouvères, so difficult to understand if dissociated from the events of the times, are furnished by Mr. Van Laun with the necessary historical background; and we are enabled to realize, as never before, how Rabelais, and Montaigne, and De l'Hôpital, and Calvin, were but different expressions in France of that great movement of the Renaissance which gave birth to the modern world.

The present volume leaves us at the end of the Renaissance period. Of course, the greatest difficulties of the author's task are yet to be faced, but he has already afforded evidence that he will give us a most useful and instructive if not altogether satisfactory work. Far inferior to Taine as a literary artist, and with less plausibility of method and brilliancy of style, Mr. Van Laun yet impresses one as having an equal mastery of his materials, a sounder judgment, and a wider grasp of the philosophy of literature.

THAT John Locke, one of the greatest names in the literary annals of England, should have gone to our day without any adequate biography, is surely a surprising fact, but he is fortunate in finding even at this late date so excellent a biographer as Mr. H. R. Fox Bourne.[1] Only those perhaps who are in some sense disciples of the author of "An Essay concerning Human Understanding"—and he is the father of the modern utilitarian school of philosophy—and who may, consequently, be expected to feel interested in the most minute and apparently trivial details of his life, will care to read everything contained in Mr. Fox Bourne's two bulky volumes; yet, in spite of its over-elaboration, there are few biographies in the English language more interesting on the intellectual side, and fewer still so morally wholesome and bracing. Locke was even greater as a man than as a writer, and doubtless Mr. Fox Bourne enables us to see the full proportions of his character far more clearly than he revealed himself to any of his contemporaries. We learn for the first time why he, who apparently led a life of leisure and study, produced so little as an author—the reason being partly that he took infinite pains with everything that he intended to commit to print, but chiefly because, as the intimate friend and associate of several of the leading statesmen of the time, he was more or less constantly engaged in public affairs. We learn also the methods which he pursued in the preparation of his famous "Essay," and the various influences which contributed to give that work the shape that it now bears.

Besides the meagre materials hitherto published, Mr. Fox Bourne has brought to light an immense amount of new matter, of which he makes liberal use. The "Shaftesbury Papers," the State Papers in the Public Record Office, the manuscript collections of the British Museum, Bodleian Library, and Lambeth Library, and the Remonstrants' Library at Amsterdam, have all yielded up new and valuable treasures; and by them, in addition to their independent worth, altogether new light is thrown on most of the information that is not actually new. The characteristic of Mr. Fox Bourne's work is thoroughness. The style is lacking in animation, and he has probably disdained the attempt to render it *popular*, but it is admirably lucid, and a perusal of the volumes will furnish the average reader with all he cares to know of either Locke or his writings.

[1] The Life of John Locke. By H. R. Fox Bourne. In Two Volumes. New York: Harper & Brothers. 8vo, pp. 488, 574.

IF we have appreciated correctly the somewhat obscure design of Mr. St. George Mivart's "Contemporary Evolution,"[1] it is to discredit the modern interest in and enthusiasm for the discoveries of physical science on the ground that they are simply a revival of the old pantheistic Nature-worship, and that the most trusted exponents of contemporary thought in the fields of metaphysics and philosophy are leading the race back to that Paganism which Christianity for a time dispossessed, but has never succeeded in destroying. It is hardly to be believed, of course, that Mr. Mivart can seriously pretend to have discovered any real analogy between a vague sentiment engendered by man's ignorance of physical laws, and that hostility to speculative and sentimental creeds generated by a patient examination into the constitution and course of Nature; but his present work—unlike his previous ones, which have maintained at least a quasi-scientific character—is addressed chiefly to "the faithful," and with them it will be almost as effective to inspire them with the idea that scientific men are pagans and pantheists as it has long been in the theological world to stigmatize a doubter as an atheist. For the rest, there are several chapters purporting, with much display of argumentative ingenuity, to show that all things in the contemporary world of politics, science, and philosophy, are tending to bring about the speedy and final triumph of Roman Catholicism; but, to the secular mind, the most interesting feature of the book is the reiterated proof which it affords of the essential, ineradicable antagonism of "the Church" to modern civilization. Adroit and able as Mr. Mivart is in tempering his theology to the latitude of Britain, he makes no attempt to disguise the fact that he looks upon what Hallam calls "the long night of the middle ages" as the culminating period in the history of mankind, and that his faith in the beneficence of the social evolution now in progress is based upon the expectation that it will result in the reëstablishment, in a slightly-modified form, of the mediæval theocracy. The past four centuries, in his view, have been simply a great pagan Renaissance, whose cycle will soon round to its close by conducting vagrant mankind back into the Papal fold; Science having voluntarily surrendered its weapons, and Herbert Spencer and the rest of the "Sensist school" having been brought, by the manifest impotence of their own speculations, to accept the traditions of the Scholastic Philosophy from the hands of the Jesuits!

IT may seem ungracious to say it, but there can be no doubt that the reputation of "Deirdrè"[2] was injured by the amount of preliminary puffing that heralded its advent. Some of us were led thereby to expect something that would dispossess Tennyson, Longfellow, and the other favorites of two worlds; others, more cynical or more experienced, were prejudiced against it before it came into their hands; and all were misled as to the real character of the work. "Deirdrè" is very far indeed from being "the greatest poem of our time;" but, in spite of a too obvious imitation of William Morris, it is a very strong, interesting, and striking piece of work, especially when we consider that it is the author's first performance. It is a purely narrative poem, purporting to be of the olden time when Ireland was under the sway of numerous local kings, and having for its theme or "argument" the life, adventures, and death, of a

[1] Contemporary Evolution. An Essay on Some Recent Social Changes. By St. George Mivart. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo, pp. 254.

[2] No-Name Series. Deirdrè. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 16mo, pp. 262.

woman who was so bewitchingly fair that, as one of the characters says—

"....No eye
Could look on her unmoved to win or die.
'And whereso'er,' he said, 'they wandering go,
War's fires shall burn, and valiant blood shall flow,
For love of her bright eyes and beauty rare!'"

The subject is somewhat similar to that treated of by William Morris in his "Lovers of Gudrun," but in this case the woman is as good as she is fair, and much of the genuine pathos of the story arises from the hold which she secures upon the reader's respect and affections.

The fact that "Deirdrè" is so palpably inspired by certain of the work of William Morris must necessarily influence the critic's estimate of its merits; but it is only fair to say that in several respects the author has improved upon his model. He is more purely objective and natural in his treatment, his local color (both of time and place) is more truthful and effective, and he is free from that introspective self-consciousness which, in spite of the studied archaism of its language, renders "The Earthly Paradise" one of the most characteristically *modern* of poems. As to style, not a few will prefer the vigor and picturesque vividness of "Deirdrè" to Morris's exquisite but somewhat monotonous cadences.

Two other volumes of poetry[1] we discus together partly for convenience and partly because they serve as a sort of foil for each other's merits. "Flower and Thorn" is a collection of Mr. Aldrich's later poetical work, including three poems of considerable length and about threescore shorter ones; and nearly all of them possess the characteristic qualities of his verse—delicate play of fancy, and exquisite finish and precision of language. Mr. Aldrich has heard more subtile tones than any other American poet, and not even Tennyson has a keener feeling for the artistic side of verse. No doubt many of his words and epithets and phrases are happy inspirations, but it is impossible to read even the simplest of his poems without seeing that, aside from the idea or sentiment which it embodies, infinite pains have been bestowed upon the mere expression, and that a faulty metre or an inharmonious syllable would shock the author's ear like a false note in music. Another prominent characteristic of Mr. Aldrich's verse is its compression. The material which most poets, and especially young poets, would expand into an ode he puts into a stanza, and what would serve them for a lyric he compresses into a quatrain. Some of the quatrains in this volume, indeed, are marvels of forceful and concise expression—they scintillate with thought as a jewel of many facets with the light.

Mrs. Piatt, as a poet, belongs to quite a different school. With her, the thought is everything, and the expression a matter of minor importance. Provided her metre is fairly correct, and her rhymes not too halting, and her similes tolerably apt, she is content, and evidently gives her attention to *what* she sings rather than to *how* she sings. And doubtless it is in the vigor and intensity of her conceptions that her poetical power lies. When an idea or an emotion possesses her, it possesses her wholly, and the expression which she gives it, if somewhat crude and rugged, is almost certain to strike deep into the consciousness of the reader. It is impossible, for example, to read without genuine pain the poems in the present volume which are grouped under the general title of "That New World." They consist of reflections upon the problems of death and futurity, and were inspired apparently by a personal loss on the part of the author, to whom are denied the consolations alike of religion and of Nature, and whose anguish finds utterance in the language of that passionate despair which is apt to be engendered in strong minds by the first onset of a great grief. The truthfulness of the utterance in this instance and its power are indicated by the shock which it imparts to the reader's mind and by the manner in which it stirs his own emotions. Of the other poems in the collection there are few that exhibit any very striking qualities; but here is a little gem, of which the idea might have been furnished by Mrs. Piatt and the language by Mr. Aldrich:

"MAKING PEACE.

"After this feud of yours and mine
The sun will shine;
After we both forget, forget,
The sun will set.

"I pray you think how warm and sweet
The heart can beat;
I pray you think how soon the rose
From grave-dust grows."

Those who are familiar with Rhoda Broughton's previous novels will have a fair conception of the character and quality of "Joan"[1] when we say that it is as interesting, as piquant, and as vivacious as any that has preceded it, and perhaps a trifle more audacious. The author has contented herself with a somewhat commonplace plot and hackneyed situations and incidents, but the method of treatment is fresh if not original, and the style has all her customary vigor, rapidity, and archness. The society to which the novel introduces us can hardly be called agreeable, even when it is composed of people who have "ancestors;" but Joan is the most pleasing of all Miss Broughton's heroines, and compensates in a measure for the aggressive vulgarity of her relatives. She escapes being a prude without becoming a hoyden—a distinction which the author has not always been so successful in maintaining—and the sustained power with which she is drawn shows that, however disposed as a general thing to accentuate the eccentricities of her sex, Miss Broughton is able both to conceive and to depict "a most womanly woman." The audacity which we have mentioned as one characteristic of the book is exhibited not in the covert innuendoes, veiled suggestions, and "prurient pruderies," of a certain school of novelists, but in the author's determination under all circumstances to call a spade a spade—there is no taint in the thought, though the language is sometimes plain enough for Truthful James. Miss Broughton evidently has small respect for the conventional proprieties, and she does not hesitate in portraying human conduct to recognize impulses and influences which polite society has agreed to ignore.

Readers who have been attracted to Mr. Charles Dudley Warner's "My Winter on the Nile" by the notice in our last number will find his "In the Levant"[2] a continuation of the same journey. The present volume takes up the narrative where the other left off, and conducts us along the Syrian coast from Port Saïd to Jaffa;

[1] Flower and Thorn. Later Poems. By Thomas Bailey Aldrich. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 16mo, pp. 149.

That New World, and Other Poems. By Mrs. S. M. B. Piatt. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 16mo, pp. 130.

[1] Joan: A Tale. By Rhoda Broughton. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 8vo, pp. 216.

[2] In the Levant. By Charles Dudley Warner. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 12mo, pp. 374.

from the latter point to Jerusalem, Jericho, the Dead Sea, and other points in Palestine; back to Jaffa, and thence to Beyrout and over the Lebanon to Baälbek and Damascus; "through summer seas," by Rhodes, Cyprus, and the Ægean Islands, to Smyrna and Ephesus; thence to Constantinople; and, finally, *via* Athens and the gulf of Corinth, to Brindisi, on the opposite coast of Italy from that at which the six months' journey began. The narrative presents much the same literary qualities that we mentioned as characterizing "My Winter on the Nile," but the material is less fresh, on the whole, and now and then we seem to see the labored efforts of the book-maker rather than the spontaneous record of unhackneyed impressions. None of its faults, however, prevents the book from being one which "stay-at-home travelers" will read with pleasure and profit, and which the tourist in the Levant will do well to assign an easily-accessible position in his satchel. We should add, perhaps, that, while the two volumes thus coupled are complemental to each other, they are also independent works, and may be read separately without confusion.

If Mr. Stoddard's object in compiling his "Anecdote-Biography of Percy Bysshe Shelley"[1] was to demonstrate anew the impossibility, with existing materials, of preparing a satisfactory life of the most unique and baffling of English poets, he may certainly be congratulated on the completeness of his success; but if he addressed himself to the task in the hope of overcoming the difficulties which lie thickly in the path of Shelley's biographer, we are constrained to say that the result hardly justifies the effort. We have no doubt that he has made the best use of such materials as were accessible to him, and, by clustering those from different sources, he has secured on certain points a greater comprehensiveness of view than can be found in any previous memorial; but this does not save his book from being meagre and unsatisfactory. It is unfortunate that he should have based his work chiefly on that of Mr. Hogg, which impresses us, not as it impresses Mr. Stoddard, as "a masterly example of eccentric biography," but as an unspeakably offensive exhibition of fantastic caricature and cynical egotism. The only portion of the volume that is specially pleasing is that containing the excerpts from Captain Trelawney's "Recollections of the Last Days of Shelley and Byron;" but even these are tantalizingly fragmentary. The book contains a portrait of Shelley, with a facsimile specimen of his handwriting, and an excellent portrait of Byron.

The Rev. W. W. Capes's history of "The Early Roman Empire"[2] is one of those books which the critic can praise in the heartiest terms without incurring the danger of exaggerating its merits. It narrates in exceedingly brief compass, and in a clear, animated, and pleasing style, the lives of the Roman emperors, from Augustus to Domitian; explains with admirable precision the transformation which the Roman government underwent in the substitution of imperial methods for the ancient forms of the republic; and, finally, in a series of striking chapters, defines the legal position of the emperor and the rights of Roman citizenship, and describes life in the provinces, the state of trade, the growing depopulation of Italy and Greece, the frontiers and the army, the moral standard of the age, and the revival of religious sentiment. These closing chapters, on general subjects, are of very exceptional excellence, and they make it clear that from its very beginning the empire carried within its bosom those seeds of decay which in the fullness of time germinated in the terrible catastrophe whose details Gibbon has related in his memorable work. The only portion of Mr. Capes's little book that seems defective is the beginning, which is rather abrupt, and takes too many things for granted. There is a brief preliminary chapter, it is true, summarizing the history of Rome from the death of Julius Cæsar to the battle of Actium; but a few pages explanatory of the conditions which rendered the Roman world ripe for imperialism, and of the causes, partly political and partly personal, which enabled Octavius to triumph so completely over Antony, would have rendered the succeeding sketch of Augustus and of the inauguration of the empire much more intelligible and satisfactory. The volume contains two useful maps, and is fully equipped with index, marginal notes, and genealogical tables.

The acrimonious controversy aroused in this country by the preface to the third edition of Dr. Tyndall's treatise on "Sound"[1] ought not to divert public attention from the valuable contributions which it makes to the science of acoustics. Whatever may be thought of the doctor's strictures on Professor Henry and the Washington Lighthouse Board, or the validity of the conclusions reached by him as the result of his elaborate experiments at South Foreland, there can be no question as to the exceeding importance from a scientific point of view, or of the high practical value of the facts and suggestions embodied by him in the chapter describing his "Researches on the Acoustic Transparency of the Atmosphere in Relation to the Question of Fog-signaling." If he has not succeeded in demonstrating his own theory as to the causes which affect the transmission of sound through the atmosphere, he has at least completely overthrown the theories hitherto received, and has, besides, accumulated such a number of authentic data as ought to enable scientists speedily to reach a satisfactory conclusion. The account of the investigations referred to constitutes the new matter of greatest importance that has been introduced into this edition; but the entire work has been carefully revised, and various minor defects of style and matter amended. As to the book as a whole, it is only necessary to say that it has long ago taken its place in the literatures of nearly all civilized nations as by far the best popular treatise on sound that has yet been written.

[1] Sans-Souci Series. Anecdote-Biography of Percy Bysshe Shelley. Edited by Richard Henry Stoddard. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co. 16mo, pp. 290.

[2] Epochs of Ancient History. Roman History: The Early Empire, from the Assassination of Julius Cæsar to that of Domitian. By W. W. Capes, M. A. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co. 16mo, pp. 240.

[1] Sound. By John Tyndall, D. C. L., LL. D., F. R. S. Third Edition, revised and enlarged. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo, pp. 448.

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"Adam," said Mignon, "have you got a sweetheart?"

"Cherry Ripe!" Chap. IX.

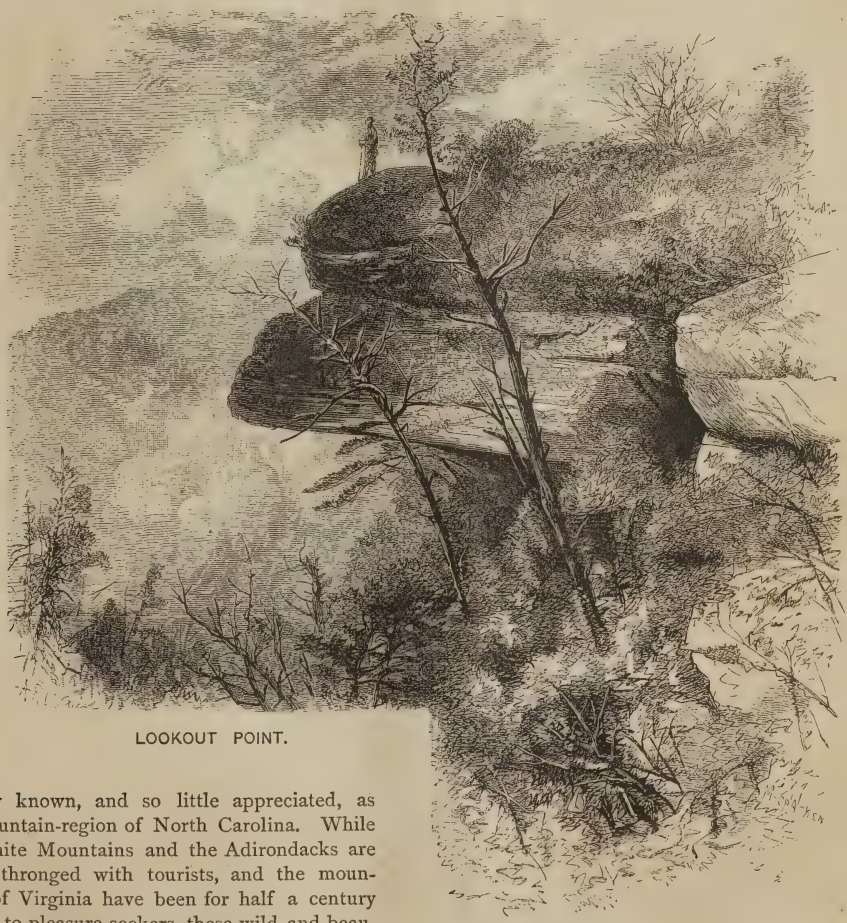
APPLETONS' JOURNAL.

THE MOUNTAIN-REGION OF NORTH CAROLINA.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

IT is safe to assert that there is no part of that vast extent of country, which lies between the St. Lawrence and the Gulf of Mexico, that is so slightly known, and so little appreciated, as the mountain-region of North Carolina. While the White Mountains and the Adirondacks are yearly thronged with tourists, and the mountains of Virginia have been for half a century known to pleasure-seekers, these wild and beautiful highlands are to-day less visited, less written of, and less talked of, than the defiles of the Sierra Nevada and the peaks of the Rocky Mountains. Comparatively speaking, indeed, there are few persons who are even aware that the grandest scenery east of the Mississippi is to be found where the great Appalachian system reaches its loftiest altitude, in North Carolina.

With the majority, this ignorance will probably continue so long as palace-cars do not penetrate into the country, and hotels with all the luxuries of civilization are not to be found there. But to those who love Nature well enough to be able to endure some inconvenience in order to behold her in her most enchanting phases; to those who have any desire to enter a land where the manners, customs, and traditions of by-gone generations still linger; to those, above all, who can feel the loveliness of pas-



LOOKOUT POINT.

toral valleys, and the grandeur of cloud-girdled peaks, and who appreciate these things the more for a spice of difficulty and adventure, Western North Carolina offers a most attractive field, and is, after all (even from a nineteenth-century point of view), very easy of access.

Geographically considered, no one can fail to perceive the incomparable advantages of the region. Touching Virginia with its upper corner, and Georgia with its lower, bounded by Tennessee and South Carolina, this table-land possesses a climate which cannot be equaled in the Atlantic States. Its height —"for," says an excellent authority on the subject, "nineteen-twentieths of the land is found between the elevations of eighteen hundred and thirty-five hundred feet above the ocean"—renders the atmosphere delightfully pure and bracing, while its southern latitude preserves it from harshness. It is at once invigorating and balmy, cool in summer, yet so mild in winter that it is very unusual for the ground to be covered with snow for a week at a time. Especially in the valleys, sheltered by the lofty mountain-chains, there is an equability of temperature so remarkable that it does not require the gift of prophecy to foresee that the country must in time become the greatest health-resort on the eastern slope of the continent.

That it has not already become so can only be attributed to the fact that it is still very much a *terra incognita* to invalids and tourists. Asheville and the Warm Springs enjoy a certain measure of fame—the first having of late come prominently into notice as a place of residences for consumptives; the last having for fifty or more years possessed in the Southern States a wide popularity as a watering-place. Situated within three miles of the Tennessee border, on the banks of the rushing French Broad, where that river cuts its way through the Smoky Mountains, these healing springs are peculiarly accessible from the Gulf States. Mobile and New Orleans, as well as Nashville and Memphis, send representatives here every summer, who form a very agreeable society; but they are, as a rule, people who like the gay routine of watering-place life, and who rarely penetrate into the mountains, though the scenes of wild loveliness around might allure them to farther quest of the treasures which Nature hides in the folds of the great hills. On the high plateau of Henderson County another place of noted resort is found at Flat Rock, where, long before the war, a number of wealthy planters from the sea-coast of South Carolina erected summer residences, and where their beautiful homes still form a delightful neighborhood.

Within these limits Western Carolina may be said to be known—partially, at least—but beyond them lies county after county, rich in the most wonderful gifts of Nature, of which even Carolinians—"I speak this to their shame"—know less than they know of the Alps or the Yosemite. Let us take a glance at the map, to assist us in forming some idea of the extent of the region. We perceive that it is encircled by two great mountain-chains—the Blue Ridge forming its eastern boundary, the Great Smoky the western—within which lies an elevated land, two hundred and fifty miles in length, with an average breadth of fifty miles. It is also traversed by cross-chains, that run directly across the country, and from which spurs of greater or lesser height lead off in all directions. Of these transverse ranges there are four—the Black, the Balsam, the Cullowhee, and Nantahala. Between each lies a region of valleys, formed by the noble rivers and their minor tributaries, where a healthful atmosphere and picturesque surroundings are combined with a soil of singular fertility.

The Blue Ridge is the natural barrier dividing the waters falling into the Atlantic Ocean from those of the Mississippi Valley, and its bold and beautiful heights are better known than the grander steeps of the western chain. It abounds in scenery of the most romantic description. The streams that burst from the brows of the mountains leap down their sides in unnumbered flashing cascades, while cliffs and palisades of rock diversify the splendid sweep of towering peaks and lofty pinnacles, where

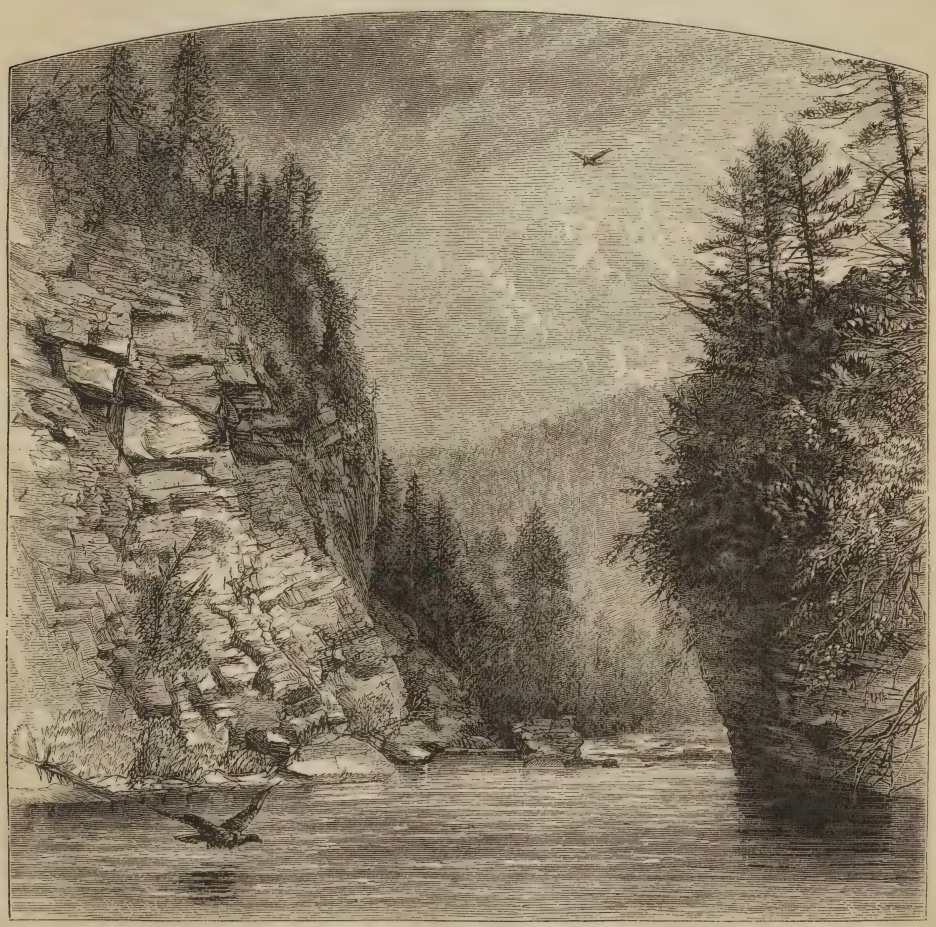
> "A 'wildering forest feathers o'er
> The ruined sides and summits hoar."

Especially when approached from the eastern side, the grandeur of this range is most perceptible, and along its entire course, from Virginia to Georgia, it is broken by gaps which in picturesque beauty cannot be rivaled. The most magnificent of these gateways is Hickory-Nut Gap, where for nine miles the traveler winds upward to the realm of the clouds along a narrow pass of inexpressible loveliness, hemmed before, around, and behind, by stately heights, the road no more than a shelf along the mountain-side, and far below the Broad River, whirling and foaming over its countless rocks amid a wilderness of almost tropical foliage. Then, when the top of the gap is reached—where for forty years has stood an excellent house of entertainment known as "Sherrill's"—what a view of the land which one has entered is spread unto "the fine, faint limit of the bounding day!" Mountains, mountains, and yet again mountains, fading into the enchanting softness of azure distance, with a paradise of happy valleys lying between! From crested hill to level meadow, a greenness which is like a benediction clothes all the nearer prospect, while afar the swelling heights wear tints so heavenly that no artist's pigments could reproduce them. A subtile sense of repose seems borne in every aspect of the scene. One feels that if any spot of earth holds a charm for a weary body, or disquieted spirit, that charm is here.

On the western side of this "land of the sky" runs the chain of the Great Smoky—comprising the groups of the Iron, the Unaka, and the Roan Mountains—which, from its massiveness of form and general elevation, is the master-chain of the whole Alleghany range. Though its highest summits are a few feet lower than the peaks of the Black Mountain, it presents a continuous series of high peaks which nearly approach that altitude—its culminating

point, Clingman's Dome, rising to the height of six thousand six hundred and sixty feet. Though its magnitude is much greater than that of the Blue Ridge, this range is cut at various points by the mountain-rivers, which with resistless impetuosity tear their way through the heart of its superb heights in gorges of terrific grandeur. Scenery grand as any which tourists cross a continent to admire is buried in these remote fastnesses, utterly unknown save to the immediate inhabitants of the country, and a few adventurous spirits who have penetrated thither. For the wild magnificence of the scenes along its water-ways, Western North Carolina cannot be surpassed. The fame of the French Broad has somewhat gone abroad, but who knows anything of the Pigeon and Tennessee, the Tuckaseege and Hiawassee? The beauties in which the lesser streams abound are scarcely heeded by the people themselves,

The most famous of the transverse ranges is that of the Black Mountain, the dominating peak of which is now well known to be the loftiest of the Atlantic summits. One is surprised to consider how long the exact height of these mountains remained undetermined, and Mount Washington, in New Hampshire, was esteemed the highest point east of the Rocky Mountains, while, in truth, not fewer than thirty peaks in North Carolina surpass it in altitude. The Black Mountain is a group of colossal heights, which attain their greatest elevation near the Blue Ridge. With its two great branches, it is more than twenty miles long, and its rugged sides are covered with a wilderness of almost inaccessible forest. Above a certain elevation, no trees are found save the balsam-fir, from the dark color of which the mountain obtains its name. It is not likely that any one who has ever crossed the Blue Ridge by Swannanoa Gap



LINVILLE RIVER.

and one finds glens in which the silver flash and rainbow-spray of tumultuous cataracts make the forest glorious, where one feels that the spot, as far as sight-seers are concerned, is virgin indeed.

will forget the first impression which the outlines of this range make on the mind. Sublimity and repose seem embodied in the sweeping lines of its massive shoulders, and its dark-blue peaks stand forth in re-

lief, if the atmosphere chances to be clear, or wear a crown of clouds if it is at all hazy. During the season, parties of excursionists constantly visit it from Asheville, ascending the highest peak, and returning within three days; but to make the acquaintance of the mountain in a satisfactory manner a longer time is required.

Nevertheless, a great deal can be seen in even one visit to the summit of Mount Mitchell; and, although nothing is more uncertain than the weather of the Black, if the visitor is fortunate enough to find a clear day, he will obtain a view which is almost boundless in extent. All Western Carolina lies spread below him, together with portions of Virginia, Tennessee, Georgia, and South Carolina. He can trace across the breadth of the Old Dominion the long, undulating line of the Blue Ridge, which, entering North Carolina, passes under the Black, and thence runs southerly until it reaches South Carolina, when it turns to the west, and, making a curve, joins the Smoky near the northeast corner of Georgia. Overlooking this range, from his greater elevation, he sees every height in that part of North Carolina which lies east of it. Far away on the border of the two Carolinas stands a misty mound, which is King's Mountain, of Revolutionary fame; and from this point the eye sweeps over an illimitable expanse, returning to where the spurs of the Blue Ridge cover the counties of Rutherford, Burke, and McDowell, with a network of hills.

Chief among these is the range of the Linville Mountains, through which the Linville River forces its way in a gorge of striking grandeur. This gorge is fifteen miles in length, and the heights which overshadow it are in many places not less than two thousand feet high. The river plunges into its dark depths in a beautiful fall, and then rushes forward over a bed of rock. Cliffs worn by the ceaseless action of the water into the most fantastic shapes lean over it, detached masses of granite strew its channel, and the tumult of its fretted water only ceases when it falls now and then into crystal pools of placid gentleness. Along its course the Table-Rock rises with perpendicular face, the Hawkbill stands with curved beak of overhanging rock, and Short-off Mountain looks down on its dancing water.

Returning to the region west of the Blue Ridge, we find the Black diverging into two chains, one of which stretches northward, with a series of cone-like peaks rising along its dark crest, and ends in a majestic pyramid, while the northwestern ridge runs out toward the Smoky. Another branch is the range of Craggy, which trends southward, with its lofty peaks —the Bull's Head, the Pinnacle, and the Dome—in bold relief. This chain is noted for the pastoral character of its scenery, and the myriads of gorgeous flowers which cover its slopes. Here the rhododendron—especially its rare, crimson variety—grows to an immense size, and makes the whole range in the month of June a marvel of floral loveliness.

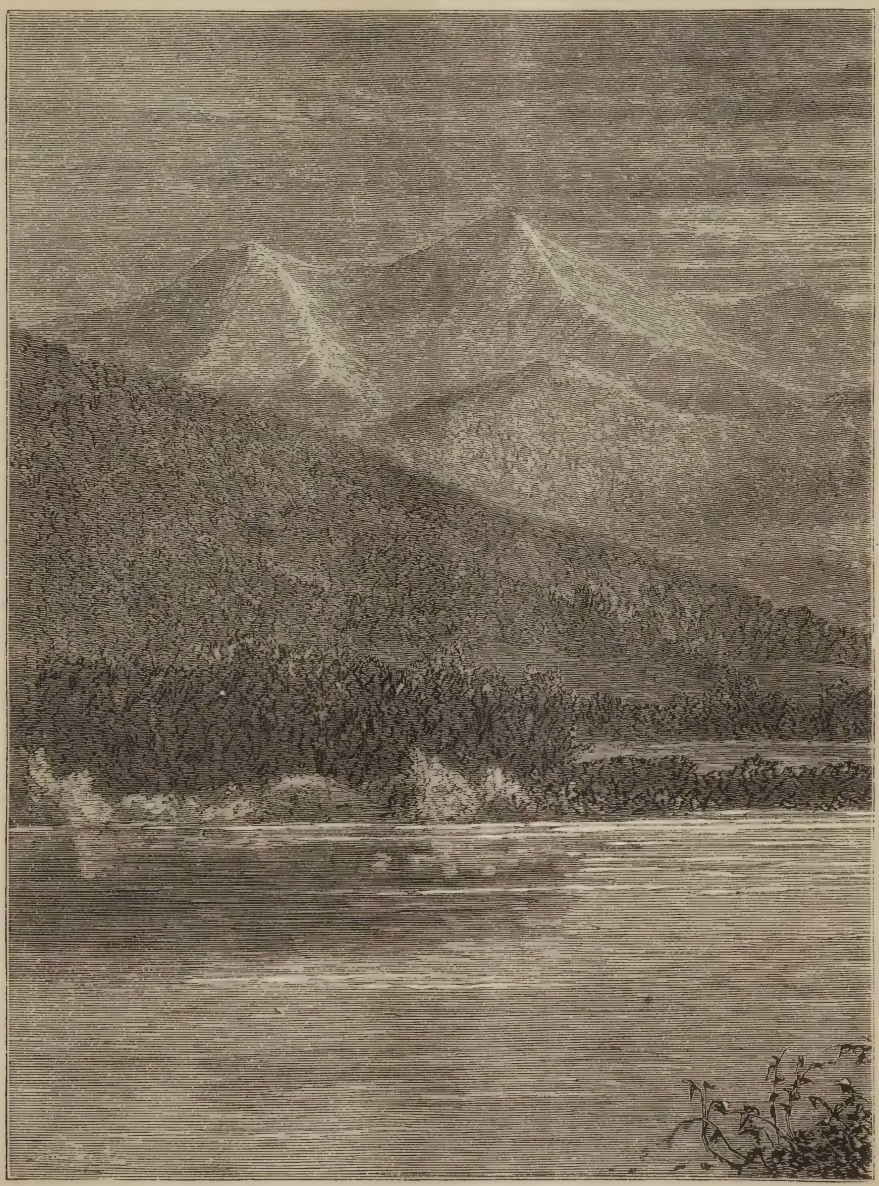
Northward of the Black Mountain stand two famous heights, which Professor Guyot calls "the two great pillars on both sides of the North Gate to the high mountain-region of North Carolina." These are the Grandfather Mountain in the Blue Ridge, and the Roan Mountain in the Smoky. Both of these command a wide view, but the Roan is specially remarkable for the extent of territory which it overlooks. The traveler on its summit is always told that his gaze passes over seven States—to wit, North Carolina, Virginia, Tennessee, Kentucky, Alabama, Georgia, and South Carolina—but, since States are not laid off in different colors, like the squares of a chess-board, he may be pardoned for perceiving no great difference in the imaginary lines which divide the vast expanse. The mountain itself, and the immediate view, are better worth attention. On one side it commands the apparently infinite diversity of the North Carolina highlands, on the other the rich valley of East Tennessee and the blue chain of the Cumberland Mountains, stretching into Kentucky. Like many of the Smoky and Balsam heights, its summit is bare of timber, and forms a level, verdant prairie, ending in an abrupt precipice on the Tennessee side.

Next to the Black, in the order of transverse chains, comes the Balsam, which, in point of length and general magnitude, is chief of the cross-ranges. It is fifty miles long, and its peaks average six thousand feet; while, like the Blue Ridge, it divides all waters, and is pierced by none. From its southern extremity two great spurs run out in a northerly direction. One terminates in the Cold Mountain, which is more than six thousand feet high; the other rises into the beautiful peak of Pisgah, one of the most noted landmarks of the country. Among the mountains which, seen from Asheville, lie in blue waves against the southern horizon, this commanding pyramid stands forth most prominently, and from its symmetrical outline, not less than its eminence, attracts the eye at once. Nor does this attraction end with the first view. Its harmonious lines are a constant source of delight, and the robes of soft color which it wears are constantly changing and ever charming. To see it, as it often appears, a glorified crest of violet, against a sky divinely flushed with sunset rose and gold, is one of those pleasures which custom cannot stale.

It follows, naturally, with all who have the true spirit of mountaineering, that they desire to stand on that uplifted eminence. Those who carry this desire into effect are gratified by a view less extensive than that of the Black or the Balsam, but hardly less worth beholding. The summit of Mount Pisgah forms the corner of the counties of Buncombe, Henderson, Transylvania, and Haywood, and over the outspread face of each—broken by innumerable hill-waves and smiling valleys—the gaze passes to where the tall peaks send their greeting from the borders of South Carolina and Tennessee. Near by rise the Cold Mountain and Shining Rock, with the wooded heights of Haywood rolling downward to the fertile valley of the Pigeon—a beautiful stream, which finally cuts its way through the Smoky and joins the French Broad in Tennessee.

The course of the latter river is plainly to be

marked by its width of cultivated lowlands, as it passes through Transylvania and Henderson, to where Asheville lies, surrounded by an amphitheatre of hills. Among these hills the river enters, and pours its current along a constantly-deepening gorge, narrow as a Western cañon, and inexpressibly grand, until it also cuts a passage through the Smoky, and reaches Tennessee. For thirty-six miles its waters well deserve their musical Cherokee name—Tah-keeostee, "the Racing River"—and the splendor of their ceaseless tumult fascinates both eye and ear. A journey along this gorge is something which no lover of Nature should forego. I have known those who have not looked on its beauty for thirty or forty years, in whose memory still remain — fresh as if they had been seen but yesterday—the great over-hanging cliffs, the verdure-clad mountains, the giant bowlders that strew the channel—tokens of Titanic warfare, round which the triumphant water whirls and surges in tossing rapids—and the fairy islets which it holds in so gentle an embrace. Over the heights which hem this gorge Pisgah looks, and sees the distant mountains of Mitchell and Yancey min-gling their forms and colors with the clouds.



MOUNT PISGAH.

There is a greater attraction in the unknown than in the known, however; and the traveler who has followed the French Broad to where it surges around Mountain Island and sweeps beneath Paint Rock; who has stood on the hills of Asheville, and admired the gentle loveliness of the valleys which encompass it; who has tracked the Swannanoa to its birthplace in the ice-cold springs of the Black Mountain, and climbed to the summit of that Appalachian patriarch—it is natural that such a traveler, turning his back on these places made familiar by exploration, should look with longing at the dark chain of the Balsam, forming so lofty a barrier between himself and the still wilder, still more beautiful region that lies farther westward.

If he possesses courage and resolution, if he does not shrink from trifling hardships, and if he can endure cheerfully a few inconveniences, let him resolve to scale those heights, and gaze at least upon all that lies beyond. There is very little difficulty in executing such a resolution, and nobody who can appreciate the sublime in natural scenery, or who likes the zest of adventure, will ever regret having executed it.

Should he be able to do so, let him descend Mount Pisgah on the Transylvania side, for in all this Eden of the sky there is no spot which wears the crown of sylvan beauty so peerlessly as that fair county. Other counties may boast mountains as high, and atmosphere as pure, but no other has in its aspect such a mingling of the pastoral and the grand, no other possesses such graceful alternations of landscape, which, with the strong effect of contrast, charm the beholder at once. It is with a thrill of positive rapture that one sees for the first time the matchless valley of the French Broad — serene with golden plenty, and held in the soft embrace of encircling heights. In the midst of this valley is situated the pleasant village of Brevard, where the traveler will do well to establish his headquarters. He will find most comfortable lodging and most admirable fare, together with that cordial hospitality which is ever ready to oblige the wayfarer and stranger. Should he possess that mountaineering spirit to which allusion has been made, he need not fear that time will hang heavily on his hands. There are speckled trout in the streams; there are deer in the coverts of the forests; and there are countless places of picturesque interest, many of which are within the easy range of a day's excursion.

This queen of mountain-valleys lies twenty-two hundred feet above the sea, and has at this point an average width of two miles. The three forks of the French Broad—two of which rise in the Balsam, and one in the Blue Ridge—meet at its upper end, and the united stream flows, with many a winding curve, down the emerald plain. Framing the broad fields and grassy meadows are forest-clad heights, and yet beyond rises the blue majesty of the grandest peaks in Western Carolina.

To fully appreciate the charm which fills every detail of this picture, it should be viewed from the summit of a cliff on its eastern side known as Dunn's Rock. The elevation of the hill, which rises abruptly in this castellated crag, is probably not more than five hundred feet above the level of the river; but the river is one which lingers in the memory in colors that no lapse of time can dim. While it is easy to find more extended views, it would be impossible to find one of greater fairness. The pastoral valley lies spread in smiling beauty for fifteen miles, with every curve of the river plainly to be traced throughout that length, the shining water fully revealed in many a mile of undulating stretch—no longer a coy nymph of mountain-glens, but a gracious, though capricious, queen of the sweet lowlands, carrying her crystal current in endless yet most bewitching vagaries around the fertile plantations, and trailing her silver drapery about the base of the green hills. Belts of shadowy woodlands stretch across the cultivated expanse, roads like yellow ribbons wind here and there, dwellings gleam out, half hidden in trees, and Brevard nestles at the feet of the bold elevations which rise behind it.

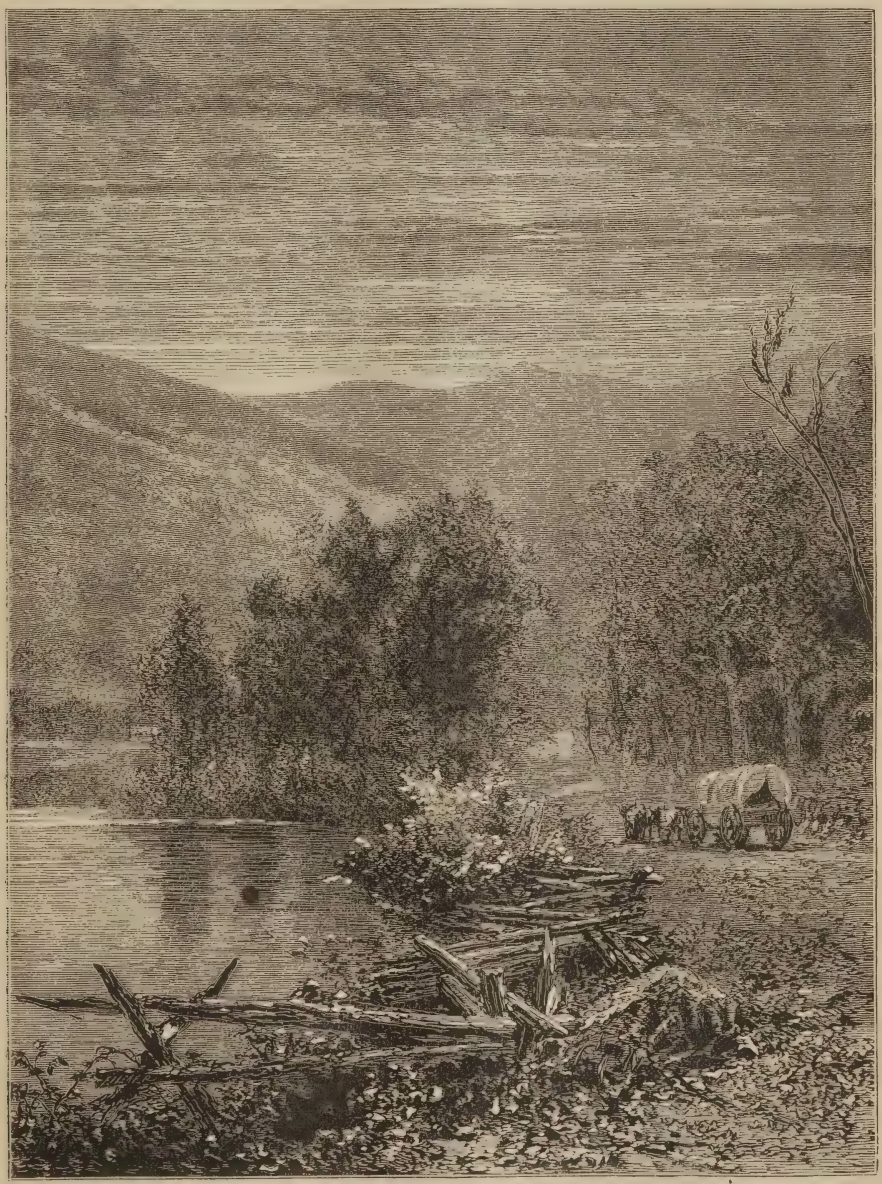
It is difficult to say whether the eye lingers with greatest pleasure on the idyllic softness of this scene, or on the magical distance where peak rises beyond peak until the most remote melt into blue infinity. Farthest toward the west stands the sharp crest of Chimney-Top and the massive outlines of Great Hogback — a noble mountain, deserving a better name. From these well-known summits the waving line sweeps onward in azure beauty until it culminates in the peaks of the Balsam. The loftiest of these stand in full view, together with the whole length of the range of Pisgah. Symmetrical as ever, this familiar pyramid appears, among a multitude of lesser heights, while through the soft-hued gap, where the Arcadian valley curves around Fodder-Stock Mountain, one discovers faint and far the mighty dome of the Black.

Besides Dunn's Rock, there are many other eminences around Brevard which repay a hundred-fold the exertion of ascending them; while down the glens of the hills impetuous streams come rushing in Undine-like cascades. Such are the lovely Falls of Conestee, of Looking-Glass, and Glen Cannon. Into these enchanted recesses the lances of sunlight are scarcely able to pierce to find the laughing water, so luxuriant is the forest-growth which forms depths of twilight obscurity, where ferns, and mosses, and unnumbered bright, sweet flowers flourish.

From Brevard the way to the Balsam is plain and short. Following the north fork of the French Broad into what is called the Gloucester Settlement, the traveler will find himself at the foot of this range. Here he can readily secure a guide, and make the ascent of the peaks, which attain their highest elevation at this point. Professor Guyot has recorded his opinion that, "considering these great features of physical structure" (the Balsam heights), "and the considerable elevation of the valleys which form the base of these high chains, we may say that this vast cluster of highlands between the French Broad and the Tuckaseege Rivers is the culminating region of the great Appalachian system."

It is at least certain that their appearance im-

presses one with a deeper sense of grandeur and sublimity than even the Black Mountain. Immense ridges rise on all sides; lofty peaks lift their heads into the dazzling region of the upper air; escarpments of rugged rock contrast the verdure of the forest which clothes all other points; while trackless path is a trail only visible to the eyes of a mountaineer, which plunges down precipitous hill-sides, winds along dizzy verges, where a single false step would send horse and rider crashing into the abyss below, and mounts ascents so steep that the saddles threaten to slip back over the straining animals, and a cau-



THE FRENCH BROAD.

gorges and deep chasms, where the roar of unseen cataracts alone breaks the silence of solitude, are the characteristic features of the region. Leaving the domain of Gloucester, a traveler of faint heart and wavering courage may be struck with dismay at the wildness of the scenes into which he is led. The tious rider will look well to his girths. Knob after knob is climbed, and yet the dominating heights—as one catches glimpses of them now and then—seem far away as ever. Nevertheless, it is evident that one's labor is not in vain. The air grows more rarefied, the horizon expands, the world unrolls like an

azure scroll, and over it spreads the marvelous haze of distance.

It was the good fortune of the writer to be one of a party who made this ascent during the past summer, and it is little to say that all difficulties and perils were forgotten when we stood at last on the summit of the highest peaks, and felt that we were in the centre of the great system of diverging heights spread around us, far as the gaze could reach, to the uttermost bounds of land and sky. There is an intense exhilaration of mind and body consequent upon attaining such an elevation, and we were exceedingly fortunate in having two days of perfect weather — days of the radiant softness which only September gives.

The spot where we found ourselves was a treeless tract of several hundred acres on top of the Balsam range. The Cherokees believe that these open spaces are the footprints of the devil, made as he stepped from mountain to mountain, and this largest prairie they regard with peculiar awe as his favorite sleeping-place—probably selected because he likes now and then a complete change of climate. On maps of the State this point is marked "The Devil's Old Field," and, apart from the association with his satanic majesty, the title is not altogether inapposite. So peculiar is the appearance of these openings, where grass and bushes of all kinds flourish luxuriantly, that one is almost forced to believe that at some remote period man had his habitation here. Like the Black, the Balsam takes its name from the fir which grows upon it, but, unlike the Black, these trees, instead of covering the whole upper part of the mountain, are found only on the north side. On the southern slopes the deciduous forest grows to the summit, and there—as if a line of exact division had been drawn—the latter growth ends, and the sombre realm of the balsam begins.

Having been bold enough to pitch our camp in the midst of the Devil's Old Field, we were probably punished by finding ourselves next morning wrapped in mist at the time that we should have been witnessing the sun rise beyond a thousand peaks. By eight o'clock, however, the clouds lifted, the mist dissolved away, and seated on the rocky crest of a high knob, with air so lucid and fresh that it seemed rather of heaven than earth fanning our brows, we were truly "girdled with the gleaming world." On one side spread the scenes over which we had journeyed—every height south of the Black clearly visible, and distinctly to be identified—while on the other the country on which we had come to gaze stretched westward, until its great ridges, like giant billows, blended their sapphire outlines with the sky. Overlooking this immense territory, one felt overwhelmed by its magnitude, and the imagination vainly strove to picture the innumerable scenes of loveliness that lay below, among what seemed a very chaos of peaks, gorges, cliffs, and vales.

That the face of this part of the country should appear especially covered with mountains, is not strange when one considers that five great ranges traverse and surround it. Looking west from the Balsam, we saw on our left the Blue Ridge, on our right the Smoky, and in front the Cullowhee, with the Nantahala lying cloud-like in the far distance. Countless intervening chains spread over the vast scene, with graceful lines blending, and dominant points ascending, forming a whole of wondrous harmony. Near at hand the heights of the Balsam, clad in a rich plumage of forest, surrounded us in serried ranks—a succession of magnificent peaks, infinitely diversified in shape, and nearly approaching the same standard of elevation. What exquisite veils of color they drew around them, as they receded away, wrapping their mighty forms in tenderest purple and blue! The infinite majesty of the great expanse, the unutterable repose which seemed to wrap the towering summits in their eternal calm, filled the mind with delight and awe. No words seemed fitting save the exultant ones of the canticle: "O ye mountains and hills, bless ye the Lord, praise him and magnify him forever!"

On the summit of the height where we sat, the counties of Haywood, Jackson, and Transylvania, meet. Of these Jackson is the most westwardly, and is rich in scenery of the noblest description, being bounded by the Balsam, the Blue Ridge, the Cullowhee, and Great Smoky — the innumerable spurs of which cover it in all directions. Yet here, as elsewhere, the pastoral joins hands with the rugged. These mountains are nearly all fine "ranges," where thousands of cattle are annually reared with little trouble and less expense to their owners; and through the midst of the county the wildly-beautiful Tuckaseege flows. Rising in the Blue Ridge, this river forces its way through the Cullowhee Mountains in a cataract and gorge of overwhelming grandeur, and, augmented at every step by innumerable mountain-torrents, thunders, foams, and dashes over its rocky bed, until united to the Tennessee—which comes with headlong haste down from the Balsam—and, losing its name in the latter, it cuts a cañon of inexpressible majesty through the Smoky, and pours its current into the valley of East Tennessee. In Jackson, on the southern side of the Blue Ridge, the head-waters of the Savannah River also rise. The Chatooga, which washes the base of the great Whiteside Mountain, flows into Georgia, and, with the Tallulah, forms the Tugaloo, which is the main head of the Savannah.

At the southern end of this county is Cashier's Valley, famous for its salubrious climate, and so accessible from South Carolina that many gentlemen from the low-country have erected summer residences there. It is more of a table-land than a valley, lying on the side of the Blue Ridge, so near the summit that its elevation above the sea cannot be less than thirty-five hundred feet, and hemmed on all sides by splendid peaks, among which Chimney-Top stands forth conspicuously, while in full view, only four miles southwest, Whiteside lifts its shining crest, as a beacon and landmark. At this point the Cullowhee Mountains join the Blue Ridge. There are few parts of the country less visited, and

there is none that repays exploration better. Whiteside, alone, is worth traveling any distance to see, for it is undoubtedly the grandest rampart of this picturesque land. Standing more than five thousand feet above the ocean, its southeastern face is an immense precipice of white rock—the constituent parts of which are said to be quartz, feldspar, and gneiss—which, rising to the height of eighteen hundred feet, is fully two miles long, and curved so as to form part of the arc of a circle. A more imposing countenance never mountain wore, and it is impossible to say whether its sublimity strikes one most from the base or from the summit.

To reach the foot of the stupendous precipice, it is necessary to climb upward, for probably a mile, through a bewildering world of green woods and massive rocks. When one has fairly entered into these vast forests their tangled depths of sylvan shade and sheen form a region of absolute enchantment. On every side are graceful forms of trees and clusters of foliage, draping vines and delicate tendrils, velvet mosses and ferns, in plumy profusion. Starry flowers lift their sweet chalices, the massive trunks of trees "fit for the mast of some tall admiral" lie buried in verdure. Under arches of cloistral greenness the crystal streams come glancing, like—

> ". . . . a naiad's silvery feet
> In quick and coy retreat,"

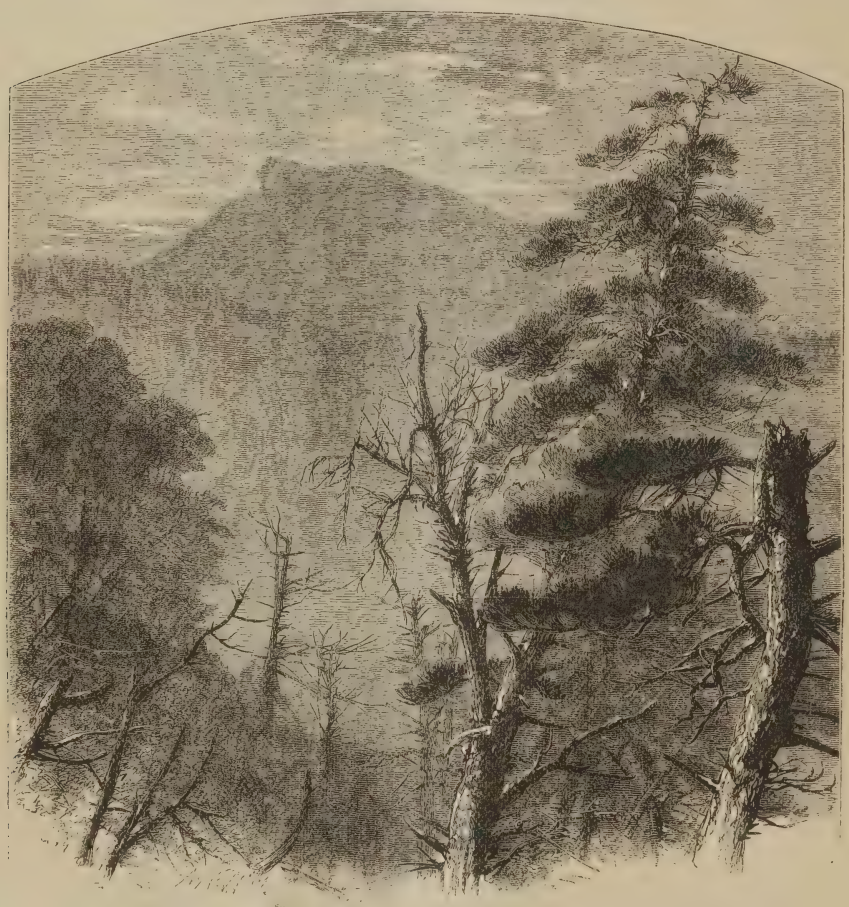
and the music of their swiftly-flowing water alone breaks the woodland stillness. Through such scenes one ascends to the mighty cliffs of Whiteside, and pauses beneath them with a sense of amazement and awe. The first precipice rises six or seven hundred feet in sparkling whiteness, with an outward inclination of probably sixty feet. At one or two points it is practicable for an expert climber to scale this cliff, and stand on the second and even grander ledge. From this shelf—where a narrow belt of trees runs, presenting from a distance the appearance of a verdant zone across the mountain's side—the higher precipice rises in majestic ascent for more than a thousand feet. It is not altogether smooth of surface—as one fancies when approaching it—but is worn by the great forces of Nature, concerning which we can only vaguely conjecture, into numerous escarpments of wild and inexpressibly picturesque form. Cave-like recesses abound, and the largest of these is known as "the Devil's Supreme Court-House." It is an enormous cavity in the face of the precipice, where, according to Cherokee tradition, the prince of the powers of darkness will on the day of doom erect his throne, and try all spirits who fall under his jurisdiction. The approach to it is along a ledge so narrow and dangerous that few people are sufficiently cool of head and steady of nerve to dare its passage. Pending the session of the court the cave is a favorite haunt of the bears which still abound in the neighborhood. Hunters sometimes go thither to seek them; but there is a story told of one hunter which might dissuade others from undertaking such an expedition. This man, hoping to find a bear in the cave, was proceeding cautiously



CLIFFS ON THE FRENCH BROAD.

along the ledge which led to it, when he suddenly, to his dismay, found the bear sooner than he wanted him. Bruin had left the cave, and was leisurely taking *his* way along the narrow shelf, when he, too, was unpleasantly surprised by the appearance of a man in his path. Both came to a dead halt. To the hunter it was a moment of trying anxiety. To turn was impossible, even if it would not have been ill-advised to do so. He had his gun, but dared not fire, for fear of only wounding the animal, and thereby rendering it desperate. Fortunately, it was one of the occasions when inaction proved the best thing possible. After they had steadily eyed each other for some time, the bear decided to retrace his steps. He made an attempt to turn, but the effort sealed his fate. His weight overbalanced him, and down the precipice he went, a crashing mass in which there was not a whole bone when the hunter descended to it.

But if the cliffs are grand, what can be said of the view when the bold brow of the mountain is gained? It is readily ascended from the rear, and when one advances to the verge of its splendid crest the infinite beauty of the prospect thrills one like noble music. The smiling valleys and green depths of forest far below, the azure fairness of distant heights, the misty sweep of ocean-like plains, the fleecy clouds which drift across the radiating sky—all combine to awaken emotions of absolute ecstasy. "From the orient to the drooping west," mountains on mountains rise, cloud-girt, blue-robed, soft as the hills of paradise. Southward the plains of South Carolina fade away into glimmering haze, while west of the Cullowhee lies the domain of Macon and Cherokee—a territory abounding in lofty ranges and fruitful valleys, rushing streams and immense forests—extending to where the cloud-capped peaks of Georgia are defined against the distant horizon. Turn where one will, an infinity of loveliness meets the sight, and the delicious purity of the atmosphere makes one dream of a sanitarium which may be some day established here. It is impossible, however, to regret that such a day has not yet come, that multitudes of tourists have not yet invaded these fair solitudes, and—engraved their names upon the shining rocks!



HAWKBILL MOUNTAIN.

It may be confidently asserted of this whole region that if it belonged to another country its fame would long ago have been heralded abroad; but it is only lately that Carolinians themselves are waking to a knowledge and appreciation of the wealth of beauty hidden in these wonderful fastnesses. To enumerate briefly the advantages which the country possesses sounds almost as if one were describing a fabulous El Dorado. Yet they belong to the order of indisputable truths. To its unsurpassed climate especially many prominent medical men are beginning to call attention, and year by year the number of those who owe renewed health to it waxes greater. It is said that there is no place between the two oceans where the sufferers from that autumnal catarrh known as "hay-fever" or "hay-cold" can find such complete relief as at Cæsar's Head—a bold and beautiful headland of the Blue Ridge, jutting over the South Carolina line. An excellent hotel on the summit of the mountain provides all necessary comforts, and those who desire a dry yet balmy atmosphere, without the least suspicion of dampness or harshness, will find it here. Persons who, if they descend even as low as Asheville, suffer from hay-fever pitiably, can spend weeks on this mountain with perfect immunity from their tormentor. Those who are suffering in any degree with throat or lung disease also find the air beneficial in the extreme. How invigorating and delightful it is to one fresh from a debilitating climate, words can hardly express. Health and strength are borne on every breath of the breeze which comes to the great cliff of Lookout. Seated on this rocky point, the world seems little more than a dreamland far below, and one feels an intense satisfaction in being exalted so high above the vast, shadow-dappled expanse, over which a magical blue light ever hangs, yet where, despite its heavenly seeming, one knows so surely that the manifold troubles and cares of life are active as ever.

Since the features of the region are usually discussed with regard rather to invalids and tourists than settlers, it may not be amiss to add a little practical information on the subject of its agricultural capabilities. No country in the world is better timbered or watered, and few possess a more fertile soil. On this point I cannot do better than to quote a writer (General T. L. Clingman) who has devoted time and labor to preparing accurate accounts of the climate, character, and products, of Western Carolina:

"There are few of the lands too steep for cultivation. They produce good crops of Indian-corn, wheat, oats, and rye. In contests for prizes in the agricultural fairs in Buncombe, from one hundred to one hundred and fifty bushels of the former grain have been produced. No region surpasses it for grasses. Timothy and orchard-grass, perhaps, do best, but clover, red-top, and blue-grass, thrive well. This region seems to surpass all others for the production of the apple, both as to size and flavor. The grape is thrifty, and grows abundantly. Besides the Catawba, a native of Buncombe, there are many other native varieties, some of which are of good size and delicious flavor.

"All kinds of live-stock can be raised with facility. Sheep in flocks of fifty or sixty browse all winter in good condition. I never saw larger sheep anywhere than some I noticed in Hamburg Valley, Jackson County, the owner of which told me that he had not for twelve years fed his sheep beyond giving them salt to prevent their straying away. He said that he had on his first settling there tried feeding them in winter, but he observed that this made them very lazy, and therefore he abandoned the practice.

"Horses and horned cattle are usually driven out in the mountains about the first of April, and are brought back in November. Within six weeks after they have thus been 'put into range,' they become exceedingly fat and sleek. There are, however, on the tops and along the sides of the higher mountains, evergreens or winter grasses on which the horses and cattle live well through the entire winter.

"Very little has yet been done with the minerals of this region. Iron-ores exist in great abundance in many places. The magnetite is found in quantities at many points, and where it is being worked in Mitchell it yields an iron equal to the best Swede. There is in Cherokee County a vein of hematite which runs by the side of a belt of marble for forty miles, and is in many places from fifty to one hundred feet thick. It is easily worked, and affords good iron. Copper-ores are found in many of the counties, and where the veins have been cut in Jackson they are large and very promising. Gold has been profitably mined in Cherokee, Macon, and Jackson; and lead, silver, and zinc, are found at certain points. After the completion of the railroads now in course of construction the chrome-ores and barytes may acquire value."

Notwithstanding these varied natural advantages, the country, taken as a whole, is very sparsely settled. That the inhabitants of its remoter parts—especially in certain localities—are too frequently ignorant and lawless there can be no doubt; but the majority of the population are intelligent, industrious, and eminently good citizens. If their modes of living are still somewhat primitive, no one can question the warmth of their hospitality, the cordial readiness which they exhibit to oblige—sometimes to their own inconvenience—the stranger who halts at their gates. In the course of many journeys I have often had occasion to test this natural courtesy, and it is a simple matter of justice to record that I have never known it fail. Secluded from the fret and tumult of the world, life among these hills is reduced to very simple conditions, and the student of human nature will find many a quaint custom, hear many an odd provincialism, as he pauses where the comfortable farm-houses stand in the shadow of the great hills.

There is still another class—a minority everywhere and always—of people whose culture makes their life, in all save its material aspect, wide as the

world. Such people are charming, meet them where one will, but they seem especially charming when Nature, in her most winsome guise, forms a background for their graceful courtesy of manner, their cordial warmth of heart. Of the land in which their pride is equal to their love, one may say, as Moore of "Sweet Innisfallen:"

> "May calm and sunshine long be thine!
> How fair thou art let others tell,
> While but to feel how fair be mine!"

LOVE OR STUDY.

BY M. E. W. S.



CANTO I.

Scene: EMELYN'S *Library.*

EMELYN (*muses*). Which is best? Love or study?

> "*Aspettare, non venire:*
> *Star in letto, non dormire:*
> *Ben servire, non gradire—*
> *Son tre cose per morire.*"

Dull Italian lesson, dreary!
O my heart, I'm sad and weary!
Visions light and airy, glancing,
Bring me dreams of song and dancing:
Then *his* eyes so dark and dear,
And my horse so gayly prancing,
That is better far than dancing;
If my love is but beside me,
With his own right hand to guide me
(Save me, too, if Beppo rear),
I can ride without a fear!

Why should I, this summer morning,
List the old Italian's scorning?
Disappointed, sad, and weary,
What knew he, the dry and dreary,
Of young love and summer morning,
Air as sweet as new-mown hay,
Honeysuckle, roses gay?
Roses which my lover may
Say are pale beside my cheeks!
I can listen when he speaks,
E'en though the roses rise too high,
Covering me from lip to eye!

Beppo, champing in the stable,
Pulls at rope as he is able;
Proud old Beppo sighs for me;
Dear old horse, I sigh for thee!
Better than Italian lesson,
One gay, rambling hour with thee!

Frederick, too, I know he listens,
Listens for the hour to chime;
He, pale student, is a slave, too,
Slave to learning and to time!
But he counts with love's precision
Just how soon he'll come to me—
The stupid hours 'twixt him and me!
Now, I'll make a brave decision,
Learn my lesson, "One, two, three!"
Say it to my master fairly,
Earn his praise, 'tis given rarely;
Poor, dear, dull, old Agramonte!

[*She translates.*

"*To wait for one who comes not*"—
Yes, that is what I do;
"*To lie in bed and sleep not*"—
Oh, that I never do!
"*To serve well without pleasing*"—
Dear Frederick, what say you?
And shall I die of these three things?
Italian, you're not true!

The TEACHER *enters.*

TEACHER. *Buon giorno, signorita!*
EMELYN. Dear teacher, how are you?
Pray give me this fair morning,
For flower, and bird, and dew;
My heart is sadly fretting,
My dear old horse to see—
My Beppo proudly stepping,
His movement bold and free!
TEACHER. No, lady; give this morning,
So fresh and fair, to me.
Here's Dante, proudly stepping,
O'er cloud, and land, and sea;
And with his hand to guide us,
A movement bold and free!
We will visit Paradiso,
We will ride o'er earth and heaven,
We will go to the Inferno—
Shuddering? No, then, gentle lady,
Not beneath those circling centres,
Not where icy tortures laid he,
Not to that deep, dark Inferno,
Dread and chilling, will I take thee!
Tasso, here, shall charm and lead thee:
He shall talk to Leonora,
Thou shalt hear how he adored her.

Listen, lady, while I read thee—
Give, oh, give this hour to me!

EMELYN. Yes, dear teacher, I will listen,
If the song is youth and love!
Dante's stern and heavy measure
Is my lightsome brain above!
This dear earth contains my treasure,
Heaven will come when life is done;
Not the Inferno's dreadful shadow;
Shadows, deep and dark, I shun.
Give me this gay summer morning—
Give me this warm summer sun!

TEACHER. Ah! dear lady, life is various:
Sunbeams come and sunbeams go;
Can we, on this shore precarious,
Always bliss and safety know?
Take these joys, so sure and certain:
Learning's sober consolation;
Art, to cheer our desolation;
Music, like an angel singing;
Poetry, a perfume flinging—
These are joys that do not go.
Then, when Sorrow draws her curtain,
Shutting out the sun's delight,
Knowledge lights one constant taper
Through our sad and sombre night.
So, dear pupil, young and beauteous,
Learn thy lesson, sad and duteous;
Thou, so young, and straight, and slender,
On thy cheek the fair and tender
Glow of early summer rests;
In thine eye I read the gladness
Of a heart which knows no sadness;
In thy laughter, low and sweet,
The sounds of rippling waters meet;
To learn of thee the art of singing,
Birds come near and build their nests.
Thou *primavera* of the year!
To us all gladsome objects bringing,
Of all sweet promises the best,
All around thee—ever flinging,
Odors clean of violet,
Eglantine and mignonette.
What wonder that all men adore thee,
Praise, and bend the knee before thee?

EMELYN (*smiling*). And this is Tasso you are reading?
No wonder she, whom he is leading
Down the path of stately garden,
Did the best her heart to harden
'Gainst the princes of her land!
Now, indeed, I see them stand—
Tasso, and his proud Leonore.
Read me more, oh! read me more
Of lovers such as she and he!

TEACHER. No, dear lady, 'twas not Tasso,
The lover, who spoke then—'twas me!
Sad I am, and wan, and weary;
Well thou callest me dull and dreary,
All unfit for such as thee!
Thou wilt wed with youth and beauty,
And forget, as comes each new tie,
All these lessons, grave and gay.
But I shall remember ever
Moments of the spring-like day
When *my* Winter found its May!
And I fain would give thee something
Fitting for that wintry weather
Which may come to thee and dwell—
Something which thy memory tells thee,
"Patience, now my sorrow's come,
Patience, now the thought comes home,
The old Italian loved me well!"
Nay, dear pupil, thou art blushing?
In thy cheek the wild-rose flushing
Tells of anger, not of love!
Never will I speak again
A single word to give thee pain.
Tell me, in Italian measure,
Who is he—thy heart's dear treasure,
Whom thou lovest without guile?
Tell me of his eye, and smile!

EMELYN. Yes, dear teacher, I will tell thee—
Who so brave and true as he?
Kind as are thy words and accents,
Not so speaks my love to me!
With his eyes, in sudden lightning,
Tells he me the sweetest story—
Then a smile, all Nature brightening,
Comes to give his face its glory!
Over every gracious feature
(And in tint, in form, in face,
He is Nature's favorite creature;
In beauty, his the proudest place
In all our noble Saxon race)—
All, all, tells his love for me!
Words he needs not, for I see,
E'en as I laugh and chat the while,
He dowers me with a precious smile.
I pause a moment, as I'm dancing,
To look, and see him ever glancing
Those dark eyes! Oh! will they fail me?
Sometimes, alas! their shadows quail me—
Sometimes a great dark cloud I see:
Why should he stoop to worship me?

TEACHER. My scholar Frederick? Yes, I know,
For I have seen his dark eyes glow
When Beppo passes 'neath the blind;
And often in his books I find
A red rose pressed, which thou hast dropped.
And often, too, the lesson stopped
A good half-hour before the time;
He minds it not. Though Tasso rhyme,
Thou art the subject of all verse,
In Greek acute or Latin terse,
In Spanish grave or Gallic gay;
Whether we ponder, praise, or pray,
Thou art the thought, the hope, the lay!

EMELYN (*laughing*). Lay of what minstrel, master mine?
Remember that last fault of thine!
Now read me the Italian line.

TEACHER (*reads*).

"*Aspettare, non venire;*
Star in letto, non dormire;
Ben servire, non gradire—
Son tre cose per morire."

EMELYN (*sotto voce*).

"*To serve well without pleasing?*"

What if that fate were mine!

TEACHER. Dear pupil, thou art weary;
I go, nor come again,
Until this sunshine glorious
Is hid by cloud and rain.
(*Sotto voce.*) Until some tear-drops stealing
That tender cheek shall stain!

CANTO II.

Scene: FREDERICK'S *Library.*

FREDERICK (*musing*). Study or love?
What says the clear and admirable Latin?

"*Sed te nos facimus*
Fortuna, Deam cœloque locamus."

Thus Dryden dresses in his English satin:

"*Fortune a goddess is to fools alone,*
The wise are always master of their own."

True, good old Dryden, admirably done!
The Latin cleared the way, the Saxon won!
Shall I then dream and give away my life,
Because a little girl has blushing cheeks?
Thus early take unto myself a wife,
Because for her my heart unwonted speaks?
Is it not better that Ambition's power
Should hold the life through all its earlier hour,
And let Love come, when the will says it may?
When Life is conquered, Love may have his day!

TEACHER (*entering*). Eh, signor, does the stately Latin
Take thy thoughts away from me?
The Latin's lovely younger daughter—
Such is she I bring to thee!

FREDERICK. Thanks, Agramonte; take this easy-chair,
And read "Il Principe," so false and wise!
To-day I look on life with sombre glance,
Not with a scholar's or a lover's eyes.
If we read Tasso, we'll of gleaming lance,
Jerusalem delivered, fair Clorinde,
The noblest Amazon, whom Tancred loved.
[*He translates.*

"The thongs that braced her helm asunder flew,
With naked head she stood exposed to view,
Loose to the wind her golden tresses streamed,
And 'mid the storm of war the sun of beauty beamed,
Flashed her bright eyes with anger, stern and wild,
Yet lovely still—how lovely had she smiled!"
[*Speaks.*

Yes, they are lovely—these fierce women-men!
Teacher, thou dost not like them? Well, what then?

TEACHER. Nay, read of sweet Erminia, undefiled!
[*He reads.*

"With the rude steel's ungrateful load she pressed
Her golden hair, soft neck, and swelling breast.
Her arm, unequal to a task so great,
Gives way beneath the buckler's massy weight;
Scarce can her limbs the unequal weight sustain,
Her feet move slowly, and she steps with pain."

FREDERICK. A pretty picture, but I love it not.
Read of Clorinda wounded by his hand,
As she falls dying on a foreign strand.

TEACHER (*reads*).

"*Ma ecco ormai l'ora fatale è giunta,*
Che'l viver di Clorinda al suo fin deve;
Spinge egli il ferro nel ben ser di punta
Che vi s'immerge e'l sangue avido beve."

FREDERICK. 'Tis Tasso's masterpiece!
The record fair of chivalry and love;
Yet, master mine, what do these stories prove?
Tancred, the hero, stabs the truest heart,
The cold Armida wins the bravest knight,
Gentle Erminia, scorned, yet passing fair,
Heals Tancred's wounds, and stanches with her hair
The flowing blood which trickles from his side;
What worth man's warfare, what his love, or pride,
If this the story, when his day shall end?

TEACHER. Eh! signor, thus the rhymesters tend,
Man often strikes the heart which loves him best,
And takes the poorest, losing all the rest.

FREDERICK. I tire of Tasso: turn to Machiavel,
And read about the Carnival, instead
Of the great game which Europe played so well,
And failed to win in!
Yes, a Saracen's head
Is all proud Europe gained, in these her grand Crusades.
Yet had success
But followed all these sanguinary raids,
The East with art and culture, would forever bless
Godfrey de Bouillon, Tancred, and the knight
Who bore upon his banner, "Jesus and the right."

TEACHER (*reads from Machiavelli*). "*Gia fummo, or non siam più spirti beati.*"

FREDERICK. Nay, let me translate "The Song of Demons:"

"Driven from the mansions of immortal bliss,
Angels no more, the fate
Of pride was ours;
Yet claim we here in this
Your rude and ravaged state,
More torn with faction and fierce powers
Of vengeance, than our realms of hate,
The rule we lost in heaven, o'er man below,
Famine, war, blood, fierce cold, and fiercer fire,
Lo! on your mortal heads
These vials pour from hands that never tire.
And ere while the glad season spreads
The feast and dance are with you now,
And must with you remain
To foster grief and pain,
And plague you with fresh woes,
And crimes that bring forth woes."

TEACHER. A bitter theme; but what is this
That flutters from thy page—a crimson rose?

FREDERICK (*picking it up*). Yes, a lady's gift! good teacher,
We are fools—fools toying with our passions,
While the world—
The world with all its gifts, is waiting to be conquered.

TEACHER. What is worth conquering but love?

FREDERICK. The land and sea, wealth, power, and man's esteem.

TEACHER. You are ambitious, but remember this,
The line you just have read me:
"Driven from the mansions of immortal bliss,
Angels no more, the fate
Of pride was ours." [*Exit* TEACHER.

CANTO III.

Scene: The Open Air.—The Lovers riding together.

EMELYN. Dear Frederick, thou art pale;
If study so enthralls thee,
Both life and light will fail.
Give o'er these midnight musings,

Be gay and bright awhile ;
Look, love ! the day is festal—
I pray thee, look and smile !
Of books and dreams I'm jealous,
Ah, give these hours to me !

FREDERICK (*smiling*). Give all my hours to thee !
My girl, a sovereign might do that—
Not so, alas ! can I !
By hardest work I earn thee,
By many a long-drawn sigh.
The man who dares to gather
A flower so rich and rare,
Within his arms to guard thee,
Upon his breast to wear,
Must be no vulgar craven,
But read his record fair.
What have I then to offer,
A scholar, poor and proud,
For thee, when voices linger
To sing thy praises loud ?
What fate too glad, luxurious
For beauty such as glows
In eyes like twilight tender,
In cheeks like summer rose !
Thy form so fawn-like, slender,
Thy hands so small and white,
That like the stars which twinkle,
They come to me at night,
In dreams too sweet to tell thee ;
They fan my lip and brow
With touch more soft and fragrant
Than the breeze which cools it now !
My Emelyn, sweet vision—
I see thee, pale and old !
And I dread thy fond decision :



Shall I, the grave, the cold,
Shall I, this beauty take ?
The freshness of thy morning
On my hard fortunes break ?
Or shall I go alone, love,
Then come, some summer day,
To find thee fond and waiting,
And at thy footstool lay
The prizes I have conquered ?—
Which shall it be, love, say ?

EMELYN. What care I for my beauty ?
If so thou please to call
The eye and lip that loves thee,
But thou shouldst have it all.
Where lies my love, my duty,
Save where thy fortunes are ?
And what have hands and eyes to do
But serve thee all my life ?
Let me thy hardest fortune share,
Thou shouldst not fear ; thy wife
Shall not a care, a burden be,
But only hope and rest for thee !

FREDERICK (*aside*). Too easy won by half !
Now for a jóke, a glove, a laugh,
And then I ride away.

CANTO IV.

HALF A YEAR LATER.

EMELYN'S *Library.*

TEACHER (*alone*). Half a year, and I am here again !
Obedient to her word, who rules my life ;
And when I see her, can my heart refrain
To tell her of the fresh, importunate strife
Which comes when *she* is near me ?
Deserted, broken-hearted—yes, I know ;
Will she believe it ? Yes ? I love her better so.

EMELYN *enters.*

TEACHER. So, dear lady, you have sought me,
Bade me come to teach again ;
Tell me, why so silent art thou ?
Whence this saddening pain ?
Has the cloud with lightnings freighted
Sailed across thy summer sky,
And the storm that quails the spirit
Dimmed the radiance of thine eye ?

EMELYN. Yes, dear teacher, thou hast said it :
" Sunbeams come and sunbeams go ·
Can we, on this shore precarious,
Always bliss and pleasure know ? "
Dost thou not remember saying,
" And I fain would give thee something
Fitting for that wintry weather
Which may come to thee and dwell—
Something which thy memory tells thee
The old Italian loves thee well ? "
Dost thou not remember saying,
" There are joys that do not go :
Learning's sober consolation ;
Art, to cheer our desolation ;
Music, like an angel singing ;
Poetry, a perfume flinging ? "

TEACHER. Yes, dear lady, I remember,
But I grieve to hear thee say
May has gone, and now December
Ushers in a wintry day.
What has happened ?—tell me all ;
Tell me as a daughter might ;
I question with a father's right.

EMELYN (*with broken voice*). Dear teacher, this dry rose was red,
But now, like it, my love is dead.
Here Frederick's letters and the flowers
That once were records of the hours

We spent together. See, I pressed
In Tennyson this myrtle-leaf,
And sought the story of Maud;
But, oh! the vision was brief!
"Oh, beautiful, clear-cut face,
Why come you so cruelly meek?"
It seems in these lines it caressed,
That the myrtle my fortune would speak;
And here is a pansy I gave him,
And the verse that it covered was this: [*Reads.*
"And though cold and unkind be thine eyes,
Let unchilled live their kindness below,
In my heart all its love for thee lies,
Like a violet covered with snow."
[*She weeps.*



TEACHER. Dear lady, turn away from these;
Thy fate we all have known:
Some flowers must bloom to fade,
That all the world will own.
Burn all these folded letters,
And the rose and violet too,
The world holds many a flower—
Come away from the sorrowful rue.
We'll read of Italian cities
As the sun is going down,
And the water that flows so silently
Through the doge's silent town;
I'll tell thee of brides of Venice
That were carried off to sea,
And the grooms who stood, and raved, and wept,
For the slaves that were to be;
I'll tell thee of old Ravenna,
And its church with the miracle wall,
And the nun who haunts its cloister
So proud, so pale, so tall;
I'll tell thee of proud Ferrara,
And its learning-loving lord,
Who woed Bianca Capello,
And died by his brother's sword.
And then I will take thee to Florence,
Ah, dearest city of all!
Where Angelo's spirit is pacing
Before the cathedral-wall.
Thou shalt see the Madonna del Sacco,
And hear of that sorrowful life,
The painter, Andrea, who drew her,
But died of his terrible wife.
Then Genoa, city of palaces,
Awaits but the bliss of thy smile!
And Naples, and fairy Palermo,
And many a flower-decked isle.
And, greater than all I have told thee,
My city, my country, my home,
The world's greatest wonder and glory,
Whose stones are her history—
Rome!
Each day shall have marvels of romance
Less sad, but as fleeting as thine,
And above each sunset of emotion
Another new planet shall shine.
Believe me, loved pupil, each heart-break,
Each knowledge of what we're bereft,
But shows us the depth of our treasure,
The thousands of joys that are left.
Thou shalt hear my own story, dear lady,
If so thou wilt listen awhile,
Of the ilex that grew in my garden,
Of the princess who gave me her smile;
Of my palace so fair in the moonlight,
Where the nightingales sing in the shade;
Of the chapel with altar and angels,
Where always my mother has prayed.
Thou shalt hear how I left them for country,
For freedom, religion, and right.
And then thou shalt hear of my prisons,
The dungeon's dark terror and might,
And then thou shalt read me this letter,
A letter which will not burn!
For it bears in its bosom glad tidings,
And the sweetest of orders—"Return!"
The cause that I fought for and suffered
Now triumphs o'er hill-sides of Rome,
And Italia's sons may recover
Their country, their king, and their home!
In dreaming of these, my strange stories,
Let thy sorrowing heart find relief.
To see the great world and its wonders
Brings a patience, a certain relief—
A love that shall silently wait thee,
As a gondola waits at the door
Of some fair marble palace in Venice
To carry thee lovingly o'er.
Shall my love wait a year, love, or more?
Let me on the violet borders
Teach ever my dear native tongue!
It is not that I am so old, love,
It is but that *thou* art so young;
Not older am I than Rinaldo
Who sought for Irené alone,
Who sought by Mnemosyne's statue—
Mnemosyne's statue in stone.
Ah, let not his fate, his misfortune,
His grief, and his sorrow, be mine!
Say that, in my fair Roman palace,
The step that is coming is thine!
I shall patiently wait for thy answer,
As the worshiper waits at the shrine.
EMELYN. Dear teacher, I've read of Rinaldo,
And Mnemosyne's statue so fair,
I have read of the Lady Irené,
With the light in her golden hair;
And I read that when she could not love him,
And the clouds had come o'er the skies,

He took from his bosom a kerchief
And blinded poor Memory's eyes.
Love's funeral now is just passing—
I scarcely can see, for the tear
That my eyes with its shadow is blinding,
His mourners, his flower-decked bier.
Less fortunate I than Rinaldo,
I cannot blind Memory now—
Thy story, thy love, and thy promise,
Bring shame, but not hope, to my brow;
For I have been wholly unworthy—
So noble, so patient, art thou!

TEACHER. At the gate of my old Roman garden
There stands, on a violet-bed,
Ariadne, the daughter of Minos,
Who gave to Theseus a thread;
She guided him out of the mazes,
So great was her love and his faith.
I pray thee blind Memory's statue,
And list what the oracle saith:

"No labyrinth, even of feeling,
But Love can soon furnish a clew;
No danger shall come in the darkness
To him who is loyal and true!"
Thus speaks me my own marble goddess:
Shall I be less hopeful than she?

EMELYN. I pray thee, dear teacher, look round us:
No flower, no leaf on the tree!
Ah! this is that dreary December
That surely "was coming to me"—

"*Aspettare, non venire;*
Star in letto, non dormire;
Ben servire, non gradire—
Son tre cose per morire."

TEACHER. But, no, thou shalt read me thy Tasso,
And let him sweet images bring.
EMELYN. Yes, oft in the depth of the winter
We sigh for a vision of spring!

"CHERRY RIPE!"

BY THE AUTHOR OF "COMIN' THRO' THE RYE," "AS HE COMES UP THE STAIR," ETC.

CHAPTER VI.

"A falsehood in its contrary as great
As my trust was."

THE birds were chattering, twittering, gossiping, flirting, and quarreling, as energetically as though they had not had the use of their tongues for six months, instead of six hours—for a bird's summer night is a very little longer.

A young man in waistcoat and shirt-sleeves, who stood on a ladder, and leaned his arms on the top of the garden-wall, turned round once or twice impatiently, as though he would have liked to scatter the gossipers, but they took no notice of him—not they!

Man may have dominion over the beasts of the field, but it is to be doubted if he have any over the birds of the air, save that which brute force commands. He may capture, torture, and destroy their bodies, but their spirits he reaches—never!

The dog clings with a more than human fidelity to the hand that chastises and caresses him; the cat creeps homeward night by night to the home that feeds and shelters her; all creation bows more or less to the yoke imposed upon it—all save the bird, who asks of man no other boon than that of liberty—liberty to abandon himself (nobly regardless of the morrow) to his own glorious element, to live or die in it, as Heaven wills.

They care no more for his frowns than his smiles; his angry passions affect them no more than does his tender pity for them when they are starved, and cold, and wretched—a flirt of the wings as long as they will fly, a scrap of song as long as their slender throats can utter sound, and away they go, heedless, irresponsive, thankless, neither to be tamed nor taught of man, unless he confines them in a cage, and deprives them of the final cause of their existence.

But mark! when he opens the door of the prison-house, how the bird will fly upward, like an arrow sped from a bow! Weak and half dead though he may be, he will rather die out in God's air than in the care of man, who has not, with all his gentleness, contrived to establish his power over the brave, self-reliant spirit that breathes in that insignificant, frail, little ball of feathers.

"I have a great mind to go over," said the person in shirt-sleeves; "for who is likely to be out at this time of the morning?"

He sat down on the wall, drew the ladder up after him, and dropped it on the other side.

"A means of exit if I am caught," he said to himself as he descended, "but that's not likely. A dull place," he added, as he stood on the gravel-walk that ran round the gooseberry, currant, and raspberry bushes that in due season provide Miss Sorel's table with fruit-pies, and looked about him. And, in truth, it had not much to recommend it, now that the early freshness of spring had departed, and the goodly ripeness and riches of late summer had not yet crowned it with their plenty.

Opposite him was set Mignon's wooden chair, and on the ground by its side reposed a bulky volume of Grimm's "Goblins." Opening it, he saw written on the title-page, "Mignon, her book," and he smiled as he laid it down again.

Under the chair lay the half-finished handkerchief, and beside it a tiny silver thimble; the latter he tried to fit on the tips of each of his fingers in turn — unsuccessfully. Turning round to give the garden a last stare preparatory to remounting the ladder, he found himself face to face with—a young woman. Now, at six o'clock in the morning, young women are, as a rule, to be found in their beds, so that the trespasser had some excuse for looking, as he felt—profoundly astonished, and very much taken aback.

He might also have looked a fool had not his features been turned by Nature rather in the direction of wisdom than folly—an inestimable boon to him who receives it, since the man who looks wise and does foolish things is ever reckoned more sensible than he who looks a fool but acts like a man of wit, the countenance being open to all eyes, while his motives and actions are not.

Mignon (I can't tell why or wherefore she did it, but she did) blushed ; and, it being the first time she had ever blushed at the sight of a man, she overdid the color very much, or the color overdid her, until she looked like a rose that glowed freshly with every breath that stirred its heart.

She faced him thus, full front, for a quarter of a minute, after which she looked at him as calmly as though she wore the ordinary complexion of a maid at six o'clock in the morning, and said :

"And pray *who are you?*

There was a moment's silence ; then the answer came clear and unhesitating :

"I am Adam, the gardener."

He made a slight gesture toward the ladder and garden beyond.

"Oh!" she said ; and by now her face was swept as clean of color as though the red rose had turned to a white one. Perhaps she had blushed because she thought him to be Rideout ; perhaps she was disappointed—who can tell?

"And, if you are the gardener from next door," she said, frowning, "pray what do you do in *here?* If the fruit were ripe, I should have my suspicions about you, for we lost twelve peaches and nine nectarines last year, but really, just now"—she lifted her head and glanced about her disdainfully—"we have nothing here but—snails!"

If it be the property and sign of virtue to indignantly repudiate unjust suspicion, then was not Adam virtuous ; for he let the slur on his probity go by, and remarked :

"They're very bad this year, miss—snails."

"And it is not at all polite to walk into other people's gardens in this way," said Mignon, sitting down, and picking up her work and thimble. "I'm sure I don't know what Miss Sorel would say if she could see you—you must never do it again, you know!"

"Of course not, miss," said Adam, backing toward the ladder ; "not but what I should be very happy to be of use to you at any time ; and, if you should happen to want any little odd jobs done about the place, such as weeding, miss, or the plants watered, or anything of that sort, you've only got just to pop your head over the garden-wall and say 'Adam,' and I'll be with you in a moment."

"Thank you—Adam," said Mignon, doubtfully. "The fact is, I *should* be glad of a little assistance sometimes, especially when I let the fowls out. Bumble always tries to fly away, and it would be such a dreadful thing for all his wives if he did! Still I don't think I can call you ; your master may not like it, to say nothing of our having no ladder ; it's so very *mannish*, you see, for a ladies' school—so I don't quite see how I can pop my head over the wall—thank you all the same!"

"Why, as to the ladder, miss," said Adam, "that's easily managed for I can leave you this one ; and, as to my master, he won't make any objections—he's away."

"Don't talk in that manner," said Mignon, frowning again ; "it's immoral. You ought to do exactly the same behind his back as you do to his face."

Adam coughed. There was nothing remarkable in the cough, but somehow it set Mignon asking herself whether she would have cared for Miss Sorel to see the love-letter she had received, and the one she had written, two days ago.

She looked the gardener full in the face for the first time, and met his eyes. Honest eyes they were, of that gray color that is usually supposed to denote great intellectual power, but small capacity for loving; whereas it is rather the true lover's color, being less changeable than the blue, and more expressive than the brown or black ; clear and reasonable when the passions are at rest, darkening and flaming into splendid earnest when the heart is awake and astir.

"What a strange face for a gardener!" thought Mignon, her eyes traveling slowly downward, and resting on his earth-stained hands.

"Has your master a pretty garden—over there?" she asked.

"Yes," he said, "and plenty of flowers all a-blow ; and a fountain, and summer-house, and shady walks—it's a gay place, very."

He stood before her looking down upon the slim young figure, the slowly-moving needle, the fair, bent head ; his whole energies, and they were not few, concentrated upon the feat of inventing some excuse whereby he might be licensed to remain looking at her a few moments longer.

"It is a fine morning," he said, but whether this remark was the result of the cudgeling of his brains, or a determined attempt to compel a glance of surprise from her at its egregious absurdity, it would be hard to say.

She looked up, wondering why he did not go away ; she had, in fact, forgotten his presence, for her thoughts were fixed upon more serious matters—or so, at least, she considered them to be.

"It could not well be finer," she said.

There was a little pause, while the girl glanced at the young man as men and women generally have a way of doing at a class of people different from themselves, less as though they are creatures of flesh and blood like themselves than as at inanimate goods and chattels created for their especial convenience.

"It is not going to rain," said Adam, either from sheer stupidity, or with some latent hope that his witless folly might win from her a smile at his own expense.

But, alas! not only did she not smile, but, appearing to consider that this remark required no answer at all, worked industriously on.

"Good-morning, miss!" he said. "And now," thought he, "she will have to look me in the face again."

"Oh, good-morning," she said, without raising her eyes. "I thought you were gone long ago!"

He mounted a few rungs of the ladder, lingered, looked back, lost himself for a full minute in the contemplation of that dainty rose-leaf face, then said, in the most modest of voices, "Good-*morning*, miss!"

"Good-morning!" she said, abstractedly, and without looking up.

What was her surprise to hear at least two minutes later a voice remarking high above her, "*Good*-morning, miss!"

It was too much. The smile for which he had waited flashed out like a ray of sunlight upon the petals of a flower, and all her dimples—he had never had a really good view of them before—showed bravely as she looked up and said for the third time, "Good-morning!" But even on the top of the wall he paused to gaze down upon her ere he dropped on the other side, and vanished.

"What an extraordinary person!" said Mignon, aloud. "But, oh, I am so dreadfully hungry!"

As though in answer to the wish, Prue at this moment appeared, her eyes fixed upon the tray she carried, and that contained the girl's breakfast, which consisted of a cup of coffee, a plate of bread-and-butter, and a brown egg not more than two days old, if its outward appearance did not sadly belie its inner.

"There!" said Prue, setting down the tray on Mignon's lap. "I got it for you as quick as I could—but what made you come out so early this morning?"

"The birds made such a noise," said Mignon, tasting her coffee, "and, as I couldn't sleep, I got up. Now, what do you suppose has happened to me this morning? What would you say if I told you I had just had a *visitor?*"

Prue jumped; it was more than a start—it was a jump.

"A visitor, miss!" she said, turning pale, "and pray, who might that be?"

"A young man," said Mignon, tapping the brown egg smartly, "and an uncommonly good-looking one, too! I am going to begin a diary to-day, and write in it, 'Spoke to a *young* man for the first time in my life, and *he* was—'"

"Who?" cried Prue, breathlessly.

"Ah!" said Mignon, gayly; "wouldn't you like to know? He alighted from the clouds, or, more vulgarly speaking, arrived by the aid of a ladder; and he came after—at least I should think he must have, as there was nothing else here but me—what do you *think?*"

"I don't know, Miss Mignon," said Prue, breathless with impatience; "what a teaze you are, to be sure!"

"*Snails!*" said Mignon, looking regretfully at the now empty egg-shell, and turning it upside down, whereby it was metamorphosed from a respectable wreck to a despicable sham. "And whenever I want to speak to him I'm to pop my head over the garden-wall and call out—"

"Yes," said Prue, on tenter-hooks, "call out *what?*"

"*Not* Mr. Rideout!" said Mignon. "Though, indeed, it is almost a pity. Just think of the opportunities one would have for writing and receiving love-letters over a wall with a PAIR of ladders!"

"Then, if 'twasn't Mr. Rideout," said Prue, considerably relieved, her suspicion reverting to the mysterious man in gray, "who could it have been, and what was his name, miss?"

"It was only the gardener from next door, by name Adam," said Mignon. "And, do you know, I do not think that he is quite right in his head, for he wished me good-morning *three* times! Tell me, Prue, do you think I shall get a letter from Mr. Rideout this morning? It is very odd that he should not have sent one back to me when you gave him mine. Did he not seem *pleased* with it, Prue?"

"Pleased enough," said Prue, turning away her head and thinking of her last sight of Rideout, dashing in mad pursuit of the thief who stole the letter.

"But didn't he *say* anything?" said Mignon, puzzled by something in Prue's manner.

"Miss Mignon," said the woman, slowly, "you'd best put him out of your head for a bit, anyways till Miss Sorel comes back, for p'r'aps it won't come to nothing, after all; and if it should turn out as he's no good—"

"No good?" said Mignon, "and 'nothing come of it?' why, you don't suppose I want to *marry* him—do you, Prue? He can hold a pen, can he not, and has got a heart that *feels?* I don't want any more than that—indeed, I shouldn't know what to do with any other attentions; and, if he'll only go on writing me some nice love-letters, he may *be* as ugly as he pleases! I'm not likely ever to speak to him, you know!"

"He's got a nerve of his own," said Prue, shaking her head, "a very wonderful nerve; and it would not astonish me if he came swaggering into the garden this very minute and said, 'Miss Mignon, I've come to marry you;' and it's my belief that if he did, you'd have to *do it*, miss."

CHAPTER VII.

"How will she love when the rich golden shaft
Hath killed the flock of all affections else
That live in her!"

"'It's no matter what you *do*,
If your heart be only *true*,
And his heart was true to Poll,'"

said Mignon, with decision, as she dispensed with a liberal hand the barley she held up in her apron.

"I do wish," she went on, discarding elegant quotation for commonplace prose, and addressing the fowls who scrambled and fought and pushed about

her feet, "that you would have to take your meals like ladies and gentlemen, instead of gobbling away as though you were eating for a wager. There can't be a ghost of a digestion among you—perhaps that's why you're so tough and nasty when you're dead, whereas a little common politeness would make you far more respectable in life and satisfactory in death, if only you could be brought to think so! There!" she added, letting fall her apron with its few remaining grains, and smiling at the scrimmage they occasioned, "that's all; so you need not perk your heads about in that inquisitive way, for you won't get any more for ever so long!"

She sauntered toward her accustomed seat, and the feathered flock followed close upon her heels, imagining that where so much barley had been, more might yet be found.

"I can't help feeling sorry for you," she said, sitting down and addressing them indifferently; "you must find it so horribly dull with nothing to do but scratch, scratch, from morning till night, and look forward to meal-times! I wonder, now, if you ever *think?* Perhaps! And talk, too, in your own fashion. Hans Andersen pretended that he could understand you, but I think that was a make-up of his dear, simple-minded, egotistical, heaven-taught soul! And, indeed, it must have been a happy life that he lived, for surely some beautiful spirit waited upon and informed him of all things rare and exquisite in Nature and creation, breathing lovely images and thoughts into his mind, whispering quaint and delicate secrets, that none but the finest, most spiritualized ear could catch, that passed by the gross ear of the multitude, as the sighing of the wind, or the common, every-day voices of Nature."

The hens did not understand these remarks, and, after standing about for some time in various attitudes of despondency and expectation, they separated and spread about the garden, all save Bumble, the cock, who flew in a clumsy manner to the top of the garden-wall, and thence uttered a loud and derisive cock-a-doodle-doo! that awoke warlike echoes in the gardens round about.

"O Bumble!" cried Mignon, in despair, "this is the *third* time you have played me that trick in one week! Now, I should like to know how on earth I am to get you down again?"

But Bumble had no intention of leaving a place that was evidently so much to his liking; so his only reply to this appeal was to flap his wings fiercely, toss his head proudly, and nearly dislocate his neck in a still louder note of triumph than before, that was speedily answered by his feathered brethren from half a dozen circumadjacent gardens in every imaginable key—high and clear, husky and deep, shrill and quavering, hoarse and grumbling, weak and piping, every note in the gamut of cock-a-doodle-doodum appeared to have its representative, and swelled the inharmonious concert.

Having scaled the wall with a purpose, Bumble did not, however, pause to indulge himself in half an hour or so of crowing, as was his wont of mornings, when time hung particularly heavy on his hands, so set out with a lordly strut, and an evident intention of taking one of those unauthorized and vagabond rambles that were a source of peril to his neck and grief to his mistress; for if he was brave, he was also foolhardy, and oftener than not returned from these excursions so severely mauled and beaten as to lead her to suppose that he had met with more kicks than halfpence by the way.

On one occasion, indeed, he remained away so long that a scarlet-combed and proudly-spurred gentleman of the neighborhood appeared upon the scene, and was accepted by Bumble's lately-obedient wives with that placidity that (added to greediness) appears to be the peculiar characteristic of the hen-tribe. But, alas! one fine morning Bumble unexpectedly returned, and, discovering the profligate usurper of his affections, there ensued a great and grievous battle that is only to be described with fear and trembling, and that ended not until the doughty and justly-enraged Bumble had, with great loss of blood and feathers to the enemy, achieved a signal victory over the daring intruder.

"He is going," she cried, her eyes anxiously fixed on the extreme tip of his vanishing tail. "Oh! what shall I do?"

Her eyes fell upon the ladder, and it put an idea into her head. To clamber up was the work of a moment; and, on looking over the top of the wall, she discovered Adam, digging, with his back turned to her.

"Adam!" she said, breathlessly; "quick—*Bumble!* he will be lost! Don't you think you could manage to catch him again?"

But, before Adam could answer, Providence interposed on Mignon's behalf in a somewhat ludicrous manner.

As Bumble went on his way rejoicing, his toes well turned out, and perking his head from side to side, as though he were determined to see all that was to be seen on both sides of the way, he came suddenly face to face with a cat, who was also taking the air from an eminence, and whose approach he did not perceive till his feathers actually touched her fur.

He recoiled with so violent a start, that it would be folly to assert that a fowl has no nerves; indeed, he could not have looked more horrified if he had met a fox prepared to strangle and eat him there and then.

"What a godsend!" cried Mignon, in prodigious excitement. "If only she would chase him back!"

"If only they would stay looking at each other forever!" thought Adam, gazing up at the innocent, childish face that bloomed in all its delicate colors high above him.

But, alas for his hopes! the matter was decided in a few seconds. Puss claiming the right of way, and Bumble being in far too much of a fluster to efface himself in her favor, she flew at him tooth and claw; while he, reversing himself with extraordinary rapidity, raced backward with outstretched neck and flapping wings, nor rested until he had floundered headlong into the bosom of the family he had so lately quitted.

"Oh!" said Mignon, fetching a deep sigh of relief, "that was lucky!—Good-afternoon! I'm just as much obliged to you as if you *had* caught Bumble, you know!"

She nodded blithely, and vanished so suddenly as to plunge Adam, who had not by any means reckoned on so speedy a disappearance, into utter despair.

Were his wits never to be at hand when he wanted them? he asked himself, angrily, as he stood looking at the bare, brown wall, that had appeared to him the finest spectacle on earth a moment ago.

A good general, however, does not pause to bemoan a blunder, but sets to work instantly to repair it, if possible. Not more than ten seconds, therefore, had elapsed ere he had transversed his ladder, and was looking over into the adjoining garden. Alas! it was empty of all save Bumble, who stood the image of discomfiture among his wives, who may, for aught we know to the contrary, have been twitting him with the ignominious end of his expedition. "Such an opportunity," he said to himself, ruefully, "and to have missed it like that!"

Apparently minded to take a little holiday, he folded his arms on the top of the wall, rested his chin upon them, and refreshed his eyes with a good stare at the prospect before him.

He did not appear to grow tired of this amusement until a certain faint sound in the distance hit upon his ears; whereupon, and with such extreme rapidity as might lead any one on the other side to suppose that the perch on which he stood had suddenly collapsed, he disappeared from the summit of the wall.

Footsteps were coming into the garden, voices were drawing near, and in a very few moments he enjoyed the happiness of parting the wall-flower's leaves, and getting an excellent bird's-eye view of Mignon and Prue.

The woman was, as usual, sitting down; the girl standing with her hands behind her back, and voice a little raised in positive assertion.

"Yes," she was saying, "on one point I am resolved—we will *do something*, Prue! we will lead a gay life, you and I, for at least three whole days, beginning at eight o'clock to-morrow morning! In the first place, we will go to Madame Tussaud's."

"Yes, miss," said Prue, immensely relieved at finding Mignon's iniquitous proceedings resolve themselves into nothing worse than a visit to the wax-figures.

"The day after to-morrow," continued Mignon, "we will go to Hampton Court—but not by train, or in any way that we have ever been before, or are likely to go again—we will go on *donkeys*."

"No, miss, we won't," said Prue, with unlooked-for decision; "you'll not demean yourself in that way while I've got the charge of you. But if we could hear of a respectable shay, now—"

Prue was one of those persons who call anything that goes on wheels a "chaise;" and, indeed, it is a comfortable, well-sounding word, that casts a halo of respectability about the most broken-down of conveyances, for, however vile may be the conveyance that Providence has thought fit to send you, you have but to reflect that in the days of old the finest conveyance was oftener than not dubbed a "chaise," to retain your dignity, and feel that after all things might be worse.

"A shay costs money," said Mignon, shaking her head and pursing up her lips; "you must have a man to drive, and then the horse will want a feed—and I have only got ten shillings and sixpence in the world to last me till Miss Sorel comes back. It is a pity, a very great pity, that neither of us knows how to drive, because then we might get it cheap. I suppose you don't think you could manage to hold the reins, if I took care of the whip, and saw that the basket did not tumble out, and told you when you ought to go slow and when fast?"

"La!" said Prue, tickled into sudden laughter, "just fancy *me* driving—me as never tried to in all my life, nor shouldn't know any more when to go right and when left than the man in the moon!"

"Poor man in the moon!" said Mignon. "I wonder was ever anybody's name taken in vain as often as his is? And, after all, I have no doubt he knows a great deal more about driving and other things than we do, for he must have taken some notes worth having during the last thousand years or two. And as to right and left, I know that when you want to let anything pass, you go straight across the road—that is to say, if there is nobody in your way; though if we got into much of a muddle, we could draw up altogether, as those three old ladies did yesterday, when that old gentleman stopped to sneeze, standing all in a row behind him till he had put his handkerchief away, and toddled on again. And you know, Prue, it is a well-established fact that Providence always watches over all reckless and drunken people, never permitting them to come to grief as prudent, sober bodies do—and I rather fancy we should come under the heading of *reckless!*"

"Yes, miss," said Prue; "but if you've no objection I'd rather not trust these little matters to Providence. Look after yerself sharp, is my motto, and most people's providence is theirselves."

"You are a poor creature," said Mignon, "but you need not think I shall give up the idea, for I shall not. I must not spend all my money on that trip, though, because—are all gardeners *handsome*, Prue?"

The apparently irrelevant question bore reference to something that was then in her mind.

"I don't know, miss—about the same as other folks, I s'p'ose. They're mostly dirty fellows—'bliged to be with the work they do—and terribly fond of their beer and baccy."

"But this one is not dirty at all," said Mignon, puzzled. "His shirt-sleeves are as white as snow; and he does not look as if he was fond of beer—not in the least!"

"*Him?*" said Prue; "and pray who may that be, miss?"

"The gardener from next door," said the girl.

"I saw him just now. He was going to help me to catch Bumble. Now do you think he would be very much offended if I were to offer him half a crown? Then he would be sure to help me at any future time with Bumble, and even keep an eye upon him when I was away."

"Offended!" said Prue; "he'd jump at it, miss. But why should you do that, when you've got so little too? And he won't be a bit grateful to you for it, neither"—by which it would appear that Prue knew her own class thoroughly.

"But I don't want him to be grateful," said Mignon; "it's enough pleasure to me to give it. It's a great luxury," she added, sighing, "the greatest of all under the sun, to give!"

He must have been very greedy, as well as dishonorable, that young man who listened to the foregoing conversation, for at her first intimation of her intentions he gave vent to a quickly-stifled exclamation of delight.

"Half a crown!" he said to himself. "I wonder when will she give it me? To-morrow? The day after, the next? If I watched Prue safely off the premises and went over, might she not even give it me to-day?"

He vowed in his heart that by hook or crook he would at the earliest opportunity find his way into her presence; and, in case she should have forgotten her intention, LOOK half-crowns at her with all his might—only he must be quick about it, or this proposed trip to Hampton would swallow up all her capital, and then where would be his half-crown? She might not have another to give to him for months and months, and then where would *he* be?

Clearly there was no time to be wasted; he must waylay her on the morrow (and here a question as to the possibility of getting suitable holiday attire in which to go to Madame Tussaud's obtruded itself disagreeably upon his mind), and it should go hard with him if he did not catch her away from Prue, and gain the promised *pour-boire*.

For the rest, no lover ever hung on the varying expression of a capricious mistress's eye more fondly and faithfully than would he for the tip of Bumble's vagabond tail. Troy was taken by a stratagem, Rome was saved by the cackling of geese, why should not Bumble be the means of guiding him to the end to which his ambitions pointed?

And he fell asleep that night as happy as a king, with the vision before him of Mignon presenting him with a bright, brand-new half-crown, while his eyes were gladdened by the sight of Bumble majestically vanishing in the distance.

CHAPTER VIII.

"Ye who have yearned
With too much love, will here stay and pity,
For the mere sake of truth."

MIGNON stood with her hands behind her back, winking at Mr. Cobbett, who sat at the foot of the Sleeping Beauty, neatly dressed, with his snuff-box in his hand, and turning his head slowly from side to side, as though he were trying to overhear some of the pure English that he loved. She never could divest herself of the belief that he was as much alive as she herself was; and it would not have astonished her in the least if one day he had closed one of his wicked little eyes in a deliberate return-wink at her, but he never did, and she presently turned away, saying to herself that really he was a gentleman of very little *esprit* after all.

Madame Tussaud herself, that Judy-faced little woman who appeared to be regarding with such pride the spacious, brilliant rooms, Mignon liked, but she could not endure the tea-merchant Honqua, whose all-pervading smile seemed to follow and embarrass her.

"And I am perfectly certain," she said, making a face at him, "that I could not be in the house with you five minutes without trying to put you into a fearful rage, just to see how you would look *without* your smile; but, there, I suppose you would not be Honqua at all then."

She sat down opposite Harry and his six wives, and thought for the hundredth time how exactly like a big, fat, tyrannical turkey-cock he looked, surrounded by a flock of timid, helpless hens, all waiting to have their heads cut off.

"You don't look a very lovable spouse," she said, nodding her head at Catharine of Aragon. "Your wrongs seem to have burned into your blood and turned it dark and bitter; and really, after seeing you, it is not so very difficult to understand why he flirted with Anne Boleyn, and if he had stuck to her I don't know that I should have blamed him much! Only, you see, *when* he got into a *habit* of falling in love with every woman who was not his wife, of course it was not possible to approve of him.

"I think that sly Jane is about the best-looking of the bunch, and she certainly showed uncommonly good sense in departing this life respectably and of her own accord, instead of in obedience to a good hard jog from Harry; and as to that plucky little Mrs. Parr (what a nerve she had got to be sure!), if ever anybody deserved a medal for courage, *she* did!

"I wonder what stuff you were made of?" she thought, looking at the king, burly, clear-faced, as purely red and white as a village beauty in her teens, with amorous blue eyes that spoke the language of love well, or his portraits belie him sorely; "not flesh and blood, surely, or you could never have kept that complexion of yours as you did. Any other man committing one-half your crimes would have grown as yellow as a marigold, and as lean as a starveling hound; but *you* cared not one jot—slew one wife to-day and married your fancy to-morrow as unconcernedly as you ate your breakfast! Did they come stepping softly to your side, I wonder, those poor murdered queens, when you lay a-dying, whispering, 'How does it taste to *you*, this bitterness of death?' You were but a sorry knave after all, in spite of your noble presence and kingly air!

"I wonder where Prue has hidden herself?" she thought as she paused before that imperial blonde

whose beauty won her a crown, and set Europe raving twenty years ago. Mignon always made it a point to go and say, "How do you do?" to the Princess of Wales, the Emperor of Austria, and Marie Antoinette, because they were all so pretty; and it seemed to her the proper thing that these royal people should be handsome, and not plain as they usually are. And she never failed to give a gentle thought to that poor, broken, discrowned monarch, who had lain so still and silent with that black *worsted* face of his beneath the violets that he had loved so well, and that his friends had gathered from far and near to shower down upon him—the last gift that they could offer to their master; the last, the very last honor that they could pay to his memory.

"Oh! there you are, miss," said Prue, turning a corner; "I'd quite lost sight of you, and really it's such a bothersome place for finding people—the figgers get mixed up with the real folks, and there's no telling which is which."

"No," said Mignon, dreamily; "I was wondering just now, Prue, whether these fine ladies and gentlemen step down off their platforms at night when the lights are out, and all the people gone away—do they go rustling softly about, flirting, sighing, whispering, remembering, taking up a love-affair where it dropped a hundred years ago, murmuring love-secrets into little waxen ears, laying their pink lips to chilly painted cheeks—all except the likenesses of living people who can walk about in the daytime, so are obliged to stay quite still and quiet, while the others are holding their revels at night—do Mary o' Scots and Mary of France cross over to each other, and, clasping their little necks, whisper of those unutterably awful moments between the laying of their heads upon the block and the gleam of the sunlight on the descending axe and guillotine?"

"La! miss," said Prue, staring; "of course not—they're only dummies made of wax, as you'd soon see by setting 'em before a fire. And really, when I come here, I feel quite thankful I ain't a king or queen to be stuck up for folks to stare at; one had need to be so very perticler about the shape of one's nose, and the set of one's hair—it would be such a dreffful thing to be fixed up a guy for once and always!"

The band struck up a lively air at this moment, and Prue gave a bound as though somebody had surreptitiously pricked her.

As the sun to the flowers, as a scarlet coat to a nursemaid, as a plum-cake to a hungry schoolboy, was the sound of musical instruments to Prue, and off she started, everything forgotten, to seat herself close to the orchestra, and until that tune should be played out not an eyelash would she wink, or a muscle of her body relax, no matter if the very building fell in ruins about her ears.

Mignon turned her steps to the Hall of Kings, which was presided over by a young person who dispensed lemonade, cherry-brandy, tarts, and buns, when she got a chance, which was not often.

The sight of these delicacies reminded Mignon that she was hungry; so, quite undeterred by fears of what people might think who saw her eating it, she bought a large bun, and sat down to enjoy it opposite the "Claimant." "I don't suppose anybody ever listened to more false swearing in his life than *you* did," she thought, regarding him with interest; "and oh, how you must have laughed in your sleeve at the witnesses during that long, long trial, for you were the only person in court who knew which was telling truth and which falsehood!"

She had eaten about three-quarters of her bun, when somebody passed by at a little distance whose back somehow seemed familiar, yet unfamiliar, to Mignon—a somebody who had a semi-bumpkinish air, as though his clothes, the ordinary Sunday-go-meeting attire of a mechanic, and he were not on good terms with each other; and not before he was on the point of vanishing did she recognize the gardener, Adam.

"Perhaps he has been in there, and will be able to tell me all about it," she said to herself, and instantly jumped up and ran after him, bun in hand. "Adam," she said, not loudly, but her voice reached him, and he turned instantly.

"Good-afternoon, miss," he said; "did you call?"

"Yes, I want to speak to you; come here."

She went back to her red-velvet seat and sat down, and the young man followed. He stood before her, and looked down meditatively, first at her, then at the bun. She caught the latter glance, and altogether misunderstood it.

"Perhaps he is hungry," she thought, "and I dare say he is very poor, not able to afford buns or anything of that kind. I'll go and get him one."

She was gone in a moment, and back again almost as quickly, bearing a large jam-puff, which she held out to Adam.

"There," she said, "it's for you, and very good indeed—make haste and eat it."

"Thank you, miss," said poor Adam, "but I'm not hungry; I'd rather not, please, miss;" but on seeing the look of disappointment that came over her face, he took and began to eat it, like a man.

People passing by stared rather curiously at the girl, who sat eating her bun, and at the young man, who stood opposite her, munching his jam-tart with immovable gravity; but Mignon heeded the looks of nobody—she was thinking deeply.

"Adam," she said presently, "have you ever been into the Chamber of Horrors?"

"Yes, miss, once."

"Was it *very* awful? Did it haunt you for days and weeks and months afterward?"

"No, miss," he said, smiling a little; "but were you thinking of going in?"

"Should you say that a person would be likely to tumble down in a fit?" she went on, disregarding his question.

"Not unless she was subject to fits at any other time."

"Or make a person weak on her legs—not able to stand?"

"No, miss, not likely."

"Then I'll go in," she said, briskly. "I suppose you have a little holiday," she added, "and so came here to spend it?"

"Yes, miss," said Adam.

"You could not possibly come to a better place," she said, gravely; and a sweet little mentor she looked—for all the world like a bunch of freshly-plucked violets, he thought, in her white gown, with its dark-blue ribbons; "it will give you an excellent idea of English history, and every young man who wishes to improve himself should know something of the great men of his country!"

"Yes, miss," said Adam, again.

"I'm going now," she said, jumping up; "good-morning;" and she gave him a blithe little nod, paid her sixpence at the turnstile, and was out of sight in a moment. Adam followed, himself unseen. She paused in the antechamber to look down upon the first Napoleon.

"What a little fellow he was, to be sure!" she said, wonderingly; "though, for that matter, every man who has ever made the world ring with his name has been scrubbily served as to inches."

Then, with a fast-beating heart, she stepped over the threshold of the famous chamber, the grizzly abode of which she had heard such terrible stories, but fetched a sigh of relief when, on looking around, she beheld no more or less than (at the first glance) a waxen assemblage of ordinary men and women, and moving to and fro a score or so of real flesh-and-blood people, who chattered, stared, and gossiped, apparently quite unimpressed by the atmosphere of murder that they breathed.

And yet, when Mignon's eye was caught by the cast of Ravaillac's head, taken after death, and she went near to examine it—when she noted the cruel and slightly-protruded lips, the stealthy, lurid eyes—the brand of murderer that Nature had imprinted upon every line of his face, and that outlived the unutterable, inconceivable horror of the death he died—she began to understand why this room was indeed terrible, why it had so powerfully affected the minds of some who entered it, because it was a record of things true, things accomplished, because every silent figure here present was the representative of a cowardly, atrocious crime that had been committed—because, side-by-side with the destroyer of life, one beheld in imagination the victim or victims, and saw enacted before one the whole frightful scene. Think you so many bitter tears would have fallen when Mr. Irving walked to his doom as *Charles I.* had the story been an imaginary one—had the woes he represented been fictitious? The lookers-on knew that it had all happened—that in some such fashion as this the king had bidden his wife and little ones a long farewell; that in just such fashion he had walked forth in the gray of the early morning, guiltless, to his doom.

She glanced down at Marat, with the blood spurting out over his breast, and that restless hand of his clutching at the knife so bravely sped, at those awful glazed eyes looking upward, and upon his face written ineffaceably the one word, "*Maugné!*"

Mignon stood quite still, for the first time in her life fascinated. She was surrounded by slayers, but the look upon this *slain* man's face took her strangely out of herself, producing in her a strong but repressed feeling of excitement.

There came a time in her life when, in one lurid flash of memory, she understood why the sight of these waxen men and women had moved her so strangely—when, upon the faces of the people who had passionately loved her, and one of whom she had madly loved, she read the awful shadow of the slayer and the slain—when, with the certitude of accomplished destiny, she, looking back, believed that on that morning instinct had forecast to her the horror of her future.

She had unconsciously taken her first step toward the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, when at length she turned away from Marat and paused before Palmer, that most accomplished of assassins, whose smooth face, benevolent air, and shapely hand, gave him the air of a fashionable ladies' doctor, who had made his reputation and fortune (as do they all) by a thorough mastery of the fine art of flirtation in all its branches. One would give something to know what were the sensations of his victims when the mask slipped from those smiling, candid features, and murder—cruel, premeditated, and treacherous—leaped out and stared them in the face. Nay, one would also seek to know in what moral convulsion was snapped the link of sympathy that existed between these men and their fellow-creatures—in what memorable moment they acquired that total insensibility of the heart that enabled them, without the stimulus even of hatred or revenge, to destroy human life as mercilessly, as indifferently, as though they dealt with images of wood or iron; for often man is tempted to destroy a fellow-creature, yet at the critical moment his nerve deserts him, his hand will not carry out that which his brain has had the vileness to conceive—in short, the link of sympathy that binds him to his kind, though strained, is not broken, and he fails to become the murderer that his desires would impel him to be. Mignon was still standing before Palmer, when a gentleman, who had by his side a young lady, caught sight of the girl's profile, and, starting violently, made a sudden step or two forward as though to join her. Recovering himself as quickly, however, he said something in a low tone to his companion.

"I am quite ready to go," she said, coldly and wearily; and what a strange voice it was to issue from such young and beautiful lips! "It was a foolish fancy—no more—that brought me in here." Her tone changed with the last few words to a passionate wistfulness that belied their lightness, and words and tone alike, although uttered at some distance, pierced to Mignon's ears, and produced upon her an instantaneous and extraordinary effect. For some seconds she stood perfectly motionless, absolutely incapable of either speech or movement; then, shaking off with a desperate effort the spell that bound her, she gazed wildly around.

"Muriel!" she cried. "Muriel!"

And the cry sounded eerie and strange in the dismal room, and the people fell back from her as she ran hither and thither, with outstretched arms and a breathless look of joy in her eyes that changed to despair as there came no answer back to her, and all around her she saw but the immovable faces of the waxen people and the astonished ones of the crowd.

Then a curious thing happened, and one that those present have never forgotten—never will forget to their dying day. The girl stood quite still, and there broke from her lips the refrain of a foolish, once famous, song:

> "*Cherry ripe! Cherry ripe, ripe, I cry!*
> *Full and fair ones—come and buy!*
> *Come and buy! come and buy!*"

Then she paused, lifted her hand, and waited for the burden of the song to be taken up by another pair of lips. There was not a sound, save of the distant footsteps that went to and fro, and the muttered exclamations of the crowd. Then she took up the verse again:

> "If so be you ask me where
> They do grow, I answer there
> Where my Julia's lips do smile,
> There's the land of Cherry Isle—"

Here the voice that had started so bravely with its lilt of youth and freshness died away into a passionate, quivering sob.

"I shall lose her!" she cried—"I shall lose her!" and the people all fell back to make way for her as she fled through the antechamber and the Hall of Kings. Hindered here, jostled there, she yet reached the street-entrance in time to see a carriage driving rapidly away, from the window of which there looked a girl's face, brown-eyed, brown-haired, fair as the day, the face of Mignon's lost sister, Muriel.

"*Muriel!*" she cried—"*Muriel!*" Hopeful and overjoyed, she dashed after her in swift pursuit.

Lost in the sea of traffic, bewildered, confused, she yet pushed blindly on. There was the carriage in the distance that held her darling, and she must get to it—if only these cruel carts and cabs would not come between; if only she could pass that great, ugly van before her! The slender little figure in white made a sudden perilous dash forward, slipped and fell. The driver, occupied in chaffing a passing acquaintance, saw nothing. The horses went stolidly on. Some one, who had followed her all the way, came from behind and caught her in his arms—caught her from the death that in another moment would have come to her at the hoofs of those stolid, well-fed horses.

"Let me go!" she cried, struggling fiercely to free herself; "do you know *what you are doing?* I shall never find her now—*never!* I *hate* you, and I wish that you were *dead!*"

CHAPTER IX.

> "... The pearliest dew not brings
> Such morning incense from the fields of May,
> As do those brighter drops that twinkling stray
> From those kind eyes—the very home and haunt
> Of sisterly affection."

A YOUNG man who was digging in his garden with great industry and vigor, and who sent his spadefuls of mould flying hither and thither, as though they were missiles sped after the vanishing heels of an enemy, felt all at once convinced that something unusual had happened to him. He paused in his toil and looked around.

Something *had* happened. At the top of the garden-wall bloomed a flower that was never grown by sunshine, wind, or rain; that had a wistful, delicate face of its own, and a pair of blue eyes that looked anxiously at the gardener; that was, in short, Mignon.

Do the tears of the very young, and of those to whom sorrow is a word, not a meaning, blister the eyes and wring the heart as those shed by souls to whom misery is an established fact, misfortune a recurrent and ever-faithful guest? I know not. To the fresh, unworn heart, with its springs of emotion as yet unsounded and untouched, these early tears that seem to it so bitter are in sooth but a novel experience that has almost the form of a luxury—a timorous step or two taken into a dark and unbeautiful land, whence it retreats with no more unquiet feeling than has he who wanders from the sunlight into the shadow, from the shadow back into the sunlight, knowing that the latter, not the former, is his home.

It is grief added to grief, nay, it is the very intensity of the memory of grief, that alone produces those scalding, agonizing tears that wear channels about the eyes that death itself has not power to smooth away—the woes of the very young leave the eyes clear as crystal, bright as the day, and are as quickly dried as is the silver dew upon the morning grass.

Adam, throwing down his spade, and looking up at that gentle apparition, discovered in her face no sign of the passionate anger and grief that had convulsed her yesterday; on the contrary, she had a timid air, and her voice was extremely low and somewhat faltering as she said:

"Adam!"

"Yes, miss."

"Would you mind very much if I were to *speak* to you?" she said.

"To speak to me, miss?" he said, in a voice no whit more resolute than her own.

"Yes, if you do not mind."

He fetched a ladder—it looked very like a new one—pitched it against the wall, and in another moment there was but a hand-breadth between the girl's face and his.

"I want to ask you a question," she said, hanging her head, and looking sorely ashamed. "Supposing that you loved somebody very dearly, better

than anything else upon earth, and you had lost her and were always thinking of her day and night, and longing for the time when you would find her again, to part from her never any more, and it happened one day by the strangest chance that she was quite near you, almost within reach of your hand, and you knew that if you could only get to her the long, weary waiting would be all over, and you would look into her very face, hear her very voice, and almost *die* for pure gladness that your arms were about her again—would you not for the moment *hate* any one who came between you and her, yes, and wish with all your heart that he was *dead?*"

"I should hate him," said Adam, "with all my heart."

"No," she said, gently, "you would not, though in your anger you might be so wicked as to think you did; and afterward, when you found how that person had saved your life, at the risk of his own, would you not feel so desperately sorry and ashamed of yourself that you would be quite afraid to look that person in the face?"

He was beginning to understand the drift of her meaning now, and a sudden brightness overspread his features, and made him look a different man.

"And was it *that* you wished to say to me, Miss Mignon?" he said; and it was curious how different her name sounded on his lips from Prue's literal and English pronunciation of it. "Why, I thought nothing of your words—people say a great many things when they're angry that they don't mean, and I haven't given those a single thought;" and in this he lied, for they had never ceased to ring in his ears since the time that she had uttered them.

"Have you not?" she said, joyfully; "then that is all right, and we will forget all about it, and—would you mind *my shaking hands* with you, Adam?"

He took her soft, fair little hand in his brown, earth-stained one, looking down upon it as though he held some rare and costly gewgaw, that was unfamiliar yet beautiful to his eyes. Then he laid it down as carefully as though he feared it might break.

"Thank you, miss," he said.

"*She* will thank you better than I ever can," she went on, "for what you have done for me; and she will scold me—ever so gently—for putting myself into that state, because I could not overtake her, for she will say, 'And if you saw me in London, might you not have been sure that I should come straight off to you at Rosemary as soon as ever I was able?' only, you see, I did not think of any of that, but only that she would not answer when I called her—no, nor even listen when I sang the old song."

"*And if she can love a sister in this fashion,*" thought Adam, "*what will not her love be when her heart awakens at last to the lover and husband?*"

She had paused in her speech, not because she had suddenly become conscious that she was talking too freely to the young gardener—she was too absolutely ignorant of the *bienséances* of society, and the word for that—moreover, her instincts were too pure and good to lead her astray, or cause her to recognize him for any other than the friend that he was; but because there was passing through her mind the memory of the tender foolish promise that she and Muriel had made long years ago: how, if either should find herself separated from the other, she was to go through the world as Blondel did in search of Richard Cœur de Lion, singing the favorite song agreed upon between them; for with the song on the lips of the one, the echo in the heart of the other, how could they fail to find each other at last, as the faithful Blondel sought and found his master?

To their passionate, childlike faith all things had seemed possible, and now that the separation had indeed come they were to Mignon possible still—though it might be doubted if there remained to that other lost beloved sister one article of the simple old-world creed that had so amply sufficed to her in the far-away innocent days of her early youth.

"But now," said Mignon, heaving a deep sigh of delight, "it is all coming straight; and if she does not come to-day she will be sure to come to-morrow, and we shall be together all the rest of our lives, and I hope go away from here."

"You would go away from here," said Adam, abruptly, "go away altogether, miss?"

"I hope so," she said, gayly; "indeed, why should I wish to stay a day longer than I am obliged when I have nothing on earth to leave but the fowls and the raspberry and currant bushes, for of course Prue would come too?"

"You are right," he said; "you have nothing else to leave."

Something odd in his voice arrested the girl's attention.

"Would you like to be going away?" she said. "Do you sometimes grow tired of gardening all the year round, as I do of my lessons and idleness?"

"Sometimes," he said.

"And yet it is a beautiful garden," she said, leaning her arms upon the wall, and gazing abroad at the trim, well-kept fruit-trees and the smart flower-garden beyond; "I don't think I could ever be dull with all those flowers for companions!"

"Would you like a bunch, Miss Mignon?" he said, quickly, and thinking that he saw his way clear to an hour at least of her society.

"Are you sure you would not be robbing your master?" she said, doubtfully; "of course I should like to have them, but—"

"Then, so you shall," said Adam; "I'll bring them over to you in less than two minutes, miss."

And with that the brown head disappeared from one side of the wall, the fair one from the other, and Mignon betook herself to the wooden chair that had never held her in so bright and joyous a mood as was hers to-day.

She looked round at the homely, uncared-for garden, and found it fair and pleasant, as the thought filled her heart how in a few hours perhaps Muriel's eyes would have fallen upon it; she glanced at the fat, sour, green bodies of the gooseberries, and

smiled to think that, after all her devout longings for their fruition, it was very likely she would not be here to eat them. Adam reappeared at the top of the wall, bearing an old mat and gardening-knife in one hand, and a great nosegay of roses in the other.

They were every whit as sweet as though they had been grown a hundred miles from London town, and, as Mignon's hand closed upon them, she saw not the four great walls that shut her in, but the stately terraces and brilliant rose-gardens of her beautiful birthplace, Silverhoe. She gave Adam no thanks; nor did he desire any—it was pleasure enough for him to see the girl's face above the flowers. And there were passing through his mind—and surely it was strange that a gardener should know aught of such matters—the lines:

> "Fold
> A rose-leaf round thy finger's taperness
> And soothe thy lips—"

But aloud he said:

"As I have nothing to do this afternoon, perhaps you will allow me to give the garden a little weeding, miss?"

"Do," she said, absently, being too much taken up with her treasures to particularly mind what he did or did not do.

Having looked all about and decided that the weeds grew thickest in the immediate neighborhood of Mignon, Adam deposited his mat at a distance of about two yards from her feet.

Setting to work in a very business-like and energetic fashion, he had presently a symmetrical row of green tufts before him, and no sound save the scrape, scrape of his knife broke the silence.

Any one coming suddenly upon the pair would have said that, over their weeds and flowers, these two people were thinking very deeply; and so they were, only the thoughts of one were far more profound than those of the other.

"Adam," said Mignon, at last, laying her roses down in her lap, "have you got a sweetheart?"

The question was put with such perfect good faith, moreover with such untroubled confidence in a serious reply, that it was equally impossible to resent or evade the question.

"Perhaps, miss," he said, smiling; and it was extraordinary the difference a smile made to his face—it turned its power to sweetness, and altogether displaced a certain sternness that distinguished it; also bringing to light one of those curious freaks of Nature, a dimple, that is never found on a man's face unless Venus will strongly influence his fortunes at one period or another of his life. "Why, miss?"

"Because, if you had not," she said, lowering her voice, "I know of somebody who would just suit you—a very fine woman; and of course you like a fine woman—do you not, Adam?"

"Pretty well, miss," said Adam, whose taste rather inclined to the *petite* in womankind.

"And you would not mind her being a little older than yourself?" said Mignon; "you would not consider that an *objection?*"

"Not if I liked her," said Adam, smiling, "but I won't ask you to trouble yourself about it on my account, miss, because"—he lifted his head and looked her full in the face—"I'm suited."

"Have you quite made up your mind?" she said, looking greatly disappointed; "do you think she would mind very much if you married *somebody else?*"

"I don't know about her," he said, smiling, "but *I* should mind it, miss."

"It's a great pity," said Mignon, shaking her head, "for I am sure Prue would have made you a most excellent wife; and then, if ever I have got a garden of my own, you could have been my gardener. It is certainly very provoking!"

"You forget, miss," said Adam, "that even if I liked Mrs. Prue, it's very likely she would not have liked *me*."

"Do you often write love-letters, Adam?" said Mignon, gravely.

"Maybe, miss. Why?"

"I only wanted to know," she said, resting her chin on her hand, and her elbow on her knee, "what you would consider a *reasonable* time to elapse between the writing one and receiving a reply."

"Do you mean if I wrote to her, or *she* wrote to me, miss?"

"If *she* wrote to *you*."

"If I liked her," said Adam, "I should answer it straight off; but if I didn't like her, I should not answer it for two or three days, or perhaps a week."

"Oh!" said Mignon, quite crestfallen. "Then, if a person did not answer another person's letter straight off, you would say a person did not care much about that other person?"

She looked so wistful and lovely as she asked the question that Adam set his teeth hard thinking. "Can she love him—already?"

"One can't always tell, miss," he said, aloud. "People go away sometimes, or are ill, or busy, or something."

"But, surely," said Mignon, "a man usually answers a first love-letter—the very first a girl ever wrote to him?"

Adam turned his head aside; he was pale as he said to himself, "Her first love-letter—Mignon's first love-letter—and to *him!*"

"He would be sure to answer it, miss," he said, quietly, "if he received it—quite sure!"

"Adam," said Mignon, by-and-by, looking at him thoughtfully, "would you have liked to be a gentleman?"

The gardener laid down his knife and stood erect, to stretch his cramped limbs, perhaps, and a magnificent specimen of manhood he made with his superb *physique* and grand face—grand by reason of its unconscious nobility of regard and expression; the face of a man who had long ago begun to think and feel, but who had not yet cast the noble credulity of youth behind him, or attained to that which has

been termed the most immoral of infidelities, a disbelief in human nature.

"I never liked the word 'gentleman,'" he said, a fine scorn lightening his gray eyes and curving his firm lips, firm by nature, not self-repression, for as yet he had nothing to hide, and his features were as Heaven made them, and controlled and regulated by no inward forces. "What could be better than to be a *man?*" he said. "God's namesake, made in his own image, and vested by him with power over all things upon earth! I have always thought the term *gentleman* must have been invented by some proud bit of life-inspired dust who had somehow risen a little bit above his fellows (not by what he *was*, but by that which he possessed), and wanted to mark the difference between himself and them, and so dubbed himself 'gentleman,' while the others were to remain simply *men*."

"But," said Mignon, astonished at Adam's aspect and words, "is there no virtue, then, in the term 'gentle?' does it not mean that a man is courteous, well-bred, chivalrous, faithful, in a word, to his instincts, that are *gentle?*"

"It ought to mean that," said Adam, "but it does not always. Some of the gentlest born are mere ruffians at heart. Some of those who have every attribute that the men of gentle blood should possess wear fustian all their lives, and die, as they have lived, common, or so-called common, men. But to me the word man has about this much of meaning—it means honesty, uprightness, bravery, truth, pure-heartedness, and doing his duty to God and man, which, being translated, is, I take it, his duty to those whom Providence has placed about him, and his duty to himself."

Breaking the momentary silence that followed on Adam's speech, came the sudden bang of a door; it was the one communicating with the other garden.

The sound of hasty footsteps crushing the gravel made Mignon look up with a start, to behold a handsome young man coming rapidly toward her.

Adam, too, turning his head, recognized in the unexpected visitor that graceless young *roué* and professed lady-killer, Philip Rideout.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE YOUNG DOCTOR.

I.

DR. STOWE'S house fronts on a terrace bordered by a lilac-hedge overgrown with honeysuckles and climbing roses, from which steps descend to the river-bank. Up these precipitous steps two men were climbing one warm June afternoon. They had just fastened their skiff below at the little pier after a two-mile row down the river from the house of a friend; and Dr. Stowe, the elder, showed signs of extreme fatigue, although he uttered not a groan, and abated not a sign of energy, having some dread of his young cousin's scorn before his mind to spur him on. Yet, on reaching the shade and the perfumed air of the terrace, he did say: "Thank Heaven, now we can rest ourselves for the remainder of the day! We will have some iced claret."

"Thanks," returned Dr. Kirk, a young man of not more than twenty-eight. "I never do that sort of thing, nor do I allow myself to feel fatigue after so slight an exertion. Had we really been forced to use our oars, there might be some excuse for iced claret; but we went up with the tide and drifted down with it."

"Well," said Dr. Stowe, good-naturedly, "at your age one should not permit habits of self-indulgence. But, as I am fifty-three years old, perhaps you won't be hard on me."

"Not at all," rejoined Kirk, indifferently.

The young doctor was a blonde, with cool, gray eyes, a determined mouth, and a frown between his brows betraying habits of close study and steady concentration. He had just returned from Europe, where he had been studying for six years under one of the best surgeons in Germany, and now was spending a week with Dr. Stowe, in company with his mother and sisters. He was an incisive and brilliant talker, and for the past four hours Dr. Stowe had been listening to him with considerable admiration expressed on his tranquil, pleasant face—an admiration mixed with wonder. They had lunched with a party of gentlemen, and Kirk had been drawn into describing certain cases in his practice, and had dwelt with pardonable enthusiasm upon the details of marvelously-intricate operations performed under the great surgeon's scalpel. Easy enough to see that the young fellow's warmest interest was in his profession—that both brain and skill were in perfect order for his work, and, although he had not once mentioned any doings of his own, he impressed his hearers with full conviction of his powers; that he had not only knowledge, but could put his knowledge into action; not only acquirements, but those natural gifts of intellect, insight, skill, and courage, which are all combined in the characteristics of a great surgeon. Dr. Stowe was in most respects a happy man, but in despondent moments told himself that he had failed in all his purposes of life. He had taken few steps in his profession before he discovered that he had neither the courage nor the calmness to become a master of his science; he had quailed and retreated before difficulties, and abandoned his purpose of becoming more than a general medical practitioner. In his happy moments he told himself that, when he felt his capacity to assuage suffering, he had done his best; and that, when he was overwhelmed by the mysteries of a disease he was powerless to control, he had staid his hand, and reverently confessed that his science availed him nothing. Whatever good he had done, he had at least

done no harm. Under the influence of such reflections, he was contented with his career, for he had an easy income, an adored wife, and healthy children; but in listening to Kirk, and for the first time appreciating all the discoveries and seemingly miraculous operations of the day, he felt ashamed of his easy, contented, grasshopper life and its cheap successes, and had finally sunk into silence, telling himself humbly that, in these times, when knowledge of physics, physiology, anatomy, and chemistry, had so amazingly increased, a man like himself, without comprehensive learning, without mastery of half or quarter merely of the registered cases; who hated all the new names and many of the new ideas—such a man, he felt, ought not to dare even to speak out bravely before those clever young fellows who with perfect ease carried about such a burden of knowledge as made him stagger merely to think of it. To be sure, once or twice as he listened to Kirk he was inspired to say that, after all the dogmatic conclusions of science, the light thrown upon many of the terrible problems of vital importance to humanity is about as efficacious in illuminating the deadly dangers which lurk in seats of disease and pain as a hand-lamp is successful in dispelling the shadows of the wild chaos of stormy midnight. But he was always afraid of being called an "obstructive," and accordingly said nothing. Besides, he had certain old-fashioned notions, and it occurred to him that Kirk seemed to have as good an opinion of the brains of the scientific analysts who drew with such intelligence and exactness their adroit deductions from physiology and anatomy, as of the great originator and inspirer of all the forms of life which swarm upon the earth. Give him "matter and a push," and probably he or another could do quite as well.

As the two men reached the house a young woman in well-worn widow's weeds came across the piazza, followed by a little boy four years old. So beautiful a child is rarely seen, and even Kirk, who cared little for the gratification of the eye, involuntarily paused, and looked at him with some of the same pleasure with which he would gaze at a rare flower or a limpid spring in the wilderness. Dr. Stowe lifted his hat.

"How do you do, Mrs. Edwards?" said he, shaking hands with her.—"Bert, my man, how are you to-day?"

The young widow lifted a sad, thoughtful pair of eyes, and bowed and smiled, and Bert tugged at the old doctor's hand and clasped his knees.

"By-the-by, Alick," cried Dr. Stowe, with sudden eagerness, "I want you to look at this little man. We old fellows all declare we never saw or heard of such a case, but I dare say a young wiseacre like you knew all about it long ago."

Kirk put his hand under the boy's chin, and looked down into the laughing, cherub face.

"Mrs. Edwards," pursued Dr. Stowe, "this is my young cousin, Dr. Alexander Kirk, and you will be glad to have him examine Bert's case, for his knowledge beats mine all hollow."

Mrs. Edwards looked at Kirk with a slow, thoughtful glance.

"But Bert is quite well, Dr. Stowe," she replied.

"Of course he is; we won't hurt him. But it's a highly-interesting case, you know. Come, now—don't be silly."

"I assure you, madam," remarked Kirk, with high ceremony, "I esteem it a great favor." He smiled as he spoke, and the young woman's reluctance vanished. His smile suggested that he had a heart, whereas she had been painfully impressed by his cold, searching, steady gaze into her little boy's eyes. "He has a face like Raphael's cherub," he went on, lifting the little man to his shoulder—"the prettiest one—who leans his chin on his hand."

Mrs. Edwards sat down upon a garden-bench, and looked after the two men who entered the doctor's office. She sighed as she saw Kirk close the door, for she had grown to resent the suggestion that her beautiful lad was not a perfect child.

Kirk, meanwhile, had lifted the boy to his knee, and was looking at his eyes, raising first one lid, then another.

"What's the matter with his eyes?" growled Dr. Stowe.

"The brain is not just right," said Kirk, doubtfully. "Is it pressure or—"

"Humph!" put in the elder, taking off the little fellow's hat and running his hand through the clustering brown curls. "Just see there—and there!" He regarded Kirk eagerly. "Now, did you ever know anything of the kind?"

"Never," returned Kirk, succinctly, and examined, with a peculiar, slow, cold eagerness, the phenomena pointed out. Dr. Stowe was quite triumphant; at least fifty doctors had seen the boy and declared that no such case was in the books: it was a new disease—or, if not a disease, an entirely distinct and novel form of a defective circulation. The little fellow had always been well, perhaps not so robust and strong as others, but he was his mother's darling, and she had pampered and petted him, fearing lest a rude breath of wind should blow upon him. The trouble dated from his birth, but had—particularly during the past year—steadily increased.

Time passed heavily to the young widow outside, and presently she came timidly toward the window and called Bert. Kirk led him out, and, addressing the mother, asked her half a dozen questions. She answered them clearly.

"Is anything the matter with Bert, Dr. Kirk?" she demanded, then, in her turn.

"Not at present," said he. "I detect no indications even of the smallest derangement of any of his vital functions. Nevertheless, Mrs. Edwards, I should like very much to have him for a patient. I suspect that he is threatened with a dangerous weakness. I believe that I could in such a case afford him immediate and permanent relief."

"He is well now," she cried, sharply.

"To outward appearances, quite well."

"If he is ill, Dr. Kirk," she answered, with a peculiar look about both eyes and lips—"if he is ill,

I will send for you. I will not be miserable until then."

Kirk bowed, walked across the terrace with her, and opened the gate all in silence, but, before he turned away, he offered his hand with his rare smile.

"You will not forget your promise?"

"I hope I may never have cause to remember it," she returned, with a dazzled sort of look.

Kirk walked thoughtfully back to the office.

"The case interests you, Alick," observed Dr. Stowe.

"Remarkably."

"She's a devilish pretty woman, too," added the old doctor, waggishly.

Kirk looked haughty and impassive; he was absolutely frigid at that point of attack.

"What is her class of life?" he inquired. "She seems to be a lady, but you were a little—"

"No woman in the world I respect more," interrupted Dr. Stowe, "but, insensibly, one marks certain distinctions—in fact, she sews for my wife. She is utterly penniless, the widow of a good-for-nothing scamp, who, luckily, got killed in a railway-accident. She has had plenty of trouble, but in every position has gained a real consideration from all with whom she comes in contact. In fact, I suspect she is by nature a remarkable woman."

"My question was a groundless one," said Kirk, with an air of being considerably bored. "I wonder that no one has ever operated on the boy."

"Operated on him?" shrieked Stowe. "What on earth are you thinking about? You said yourself you knew nothing about the case. Dr. S—— confessed that he could not, to save his life, tell whether it was merely a local difficulty, a mere tuberosity, or a part of the brain organization."

"That is what I would like to find out," remarked Kirk, blandly. "It seems an awful pity for a scientific man to be so utterly in the dark."

"Now look here, Alick," said Dr. Stowe, "you are a clever young fellow, and I grant that I am an ignoramus in comparison, but, all the same, I am an old man; I brought you into the world myself, and I have had time to find out a thing or two. Your spirit of scientific research is all very well so long as it is beneficent, but I deny that it gives you the right to pull even a beetle to pieces unnecessarily. Without reverence, without tenderness, without a due sense of the infinite mystery which begirts even the simplest forms of life, I declare to you that I regard your spirit of scientific research as poisonous to yourself and deadly to your kind."

"You are really an extremist, sir," returned Kirk, coolly, for he was never moved out of his cool, inflexible habits of self-command, "and scarcely logical. Your sentiments are a matter of romance and prejudice, and do credit to your sensibilities only; for, of course, as a medical practitioner you are well aware that the mere rudimentary knowledge of physiology and chemistry, upon which you act instinctively, without necessity for thought or reason, is the result of careful scientific labor, research, above all of experiment."

"Of course, I am illogical, and I want to be, God knows. Logic is good in a thousand ways, but I pity the man who is led blindfold by it. In some cases the heart must take the place of the brain, or cruelty will follow. I could no more cut up a rabbit to find out its principle of life—but you will despise me. I confess my weakness of mind; it wrings my heart to think that any life should be sacrificed."

"I have no such sentiments," said Kirk, quietly. "Of course, I wish to hedge life with all proper precautions; but if any life—mine, any one's—can be of use to others, it is a sovereign duty for it to be made use of. It is very pretty talk, perhaps, about the 'sacredness of life'—but where do you find any proof of its reality save in the minds of men who love their own existences and those which minister to them? Nature has no ideas about the 'sacredness of life;' every one of her laws is based upon a precisely opposite belief."

Dr. Stowe passed his hand over his eyes and shivered.

"You are young and pitiless, Alick," said he, rising; "one of these days you will be wiser. I am certain that you have a heart, and when it develops it will heal your intellect. Some time death will touch something dear to you, and, feeling then how impotent is all your wild love, all your knowledge, all your skill to put, even for a moment, a throb into a pulseless heart, light into rayless eyes, you will all at once learn that your cold theories were not made for finite beings like ourselves."

Alick saw strong feeling on the old doctor's face.

"I deeply regret to have uttered any views of mine which could pain you thus," said he, courteously. "You will remember, perhaps, that I have been brought up in a school which forbids sentimentality."

The next morning at breakfast Kirk was triumphant: he had already paid a visit to Mrs. Edwards, and been allowed to make an experiment—simple, yet satisfactory—upon Bert.

"How did you contrive to win her consent?" asked Dr. Stowe. "She is almost foolishly terrified if any one touches the boy."

"I convinced her," said Kirk, smiling, "that I was interested in curing the beautiful little fellow. His life, or at least his mental powers, will become ultimately threatened by this trouble. Prompt treatment might avert a serious calamity."

"After all, Alick," cried Dr. Stowe, cordially, "you have a noble heart."

The young man shrugged his shoulders, for he did not court such praise, and was in truth conscious of few benevolent impulses. As he said, he held single existences cheap, and was at all times contemptuous and occasionally angry with the world that, after science had opened the portals of knowledge so wide, men would not become scientific; that, after science had clearly revealed the laws which should govern life and the feelings, nauseous sentimental chimeras interfered with and hampered every step of men's careers. His visit at Dr. Stowe's was over, and he went back to town to his

work. Young although he was, he was already on the road to eminence; unlike other professional men to whom successes come slowly, late, and tempered with much alloy, his was signal and instantaneous. The first surgeon of the day had suddenly felt his powers failing beneath the strain of incessant hard work, and had been glad to secure Kirk as a partner the moment he landed from Europe. Nothing failed the young man; he had not been established a week before chance offered him a difficult case, which two other surgeons had given up. He at once performed an operation which was not only successful, but apparently miraculous, and as his patient was one of the first men of the day, with a great stake in public affairs, his restored health was of sufficient importance to cause the cure to be trumpeted from one end of the country to the other. That Kirk received a fee which placed a man of his simple habits above want for years, was but a contingent result of his success; his career was decided from the outset; not yet twenty-nine years of age, he was already famous.

But, great man although he was, busy man although he was, a letter from Dr. Stowe early in September led him to go up the river for a day. He had never forgotten the remarkable case of little Albert Edwards, and when he learned that the child was suffering from some brain-disorder, and that the mother had told Dr. Stowe of her promise to send for him, he hastily left town and went up to Riverdell. He had studied up Bert's case, and the mystery of it baffled him: it was not in the books; whatever presages he felt were his own deductions from known physiological causes. The secret of his success had always been a keen scent—a sort of dog-like instinct combined with a peculiar faculty of intellectual divination in detecting the causes which underlie phenomena. Trouble was nothing to him until he had exhausted research. Hence Bert's malady roused him to turn all his energies to the attainment of some knowledge of it, and, after consulting half an hour with Dr. Stowe, the elder physician gladly left the case in his hands. The child's present illness was simply brain-pressure, as Dr. Stowe believed—brain-exhaustion, as Kirk affirmed. He lay back on his pillow weak and drowsy, his mind rambling feebly, but to the eye he was more than ever beautiful as an angel. Kirk sat watching him all through the night while his mother knelt on the other side of the bed; occasionally the two exchanged a word, but each was utterly engrossed in the sick child. As for the doctor, it was his habit to concentrate all his energies upon any case he undertook; while the mother experienced the passion and anguish of love and dread which none but a mother can feel.

Once or twice it did occur to Alick that the young woman within five feet of him was a woman of a somewhat high order, not only possessed of beauty, but with a sort of strength and dignity about her which made any man forget her poverty, her loneliness, her obscurity, and thrill at her looks and tones as she spoke to her boy, with that thrill of awe and tenderness which none but a supremely beautiful woman can arouse in man.

At the end of twenty-four hours Bert was quite himself again, and the young widow came back to realities and a sense of the thanks she owed to Kirk.

"But," said he, taking her hand gravely, "I warn you that he must have many of these attacks;" and he skillfully enlightened her on the precise nature of the disease which he had conquered.

"Can I do anything to keep him well?" she asked, pitifully.

"Nothing."

"Can you, Dr. Kirk?"

He flushed.

"I think I might," said he, briefly.

She looked at him with peculiar intensity of feeling lighting up her pale face.

"Where does his danger lie?" she asked. "Will he die?"

"He may unless he is relieved—but I think it, upon the whole, more probable that his mind may not grow with his body. There is, as you well know, an abnormal development." He set the case before her plainly; he believed that he had mastered it. She listened, growing paler and paler every moment.

"What can you do?" she whispered.

"If you will allow it, Mrs. Edwards, I will bring up four eminent surgeons of my acquaintance. They shall thoroughly listen to my diagnosis—investigate the case and decide with you as to the propriety of the steps I shall propose. I am well aware of my drawbacks in compelling faith," he added, smiling; "I am a young man still, and you will be more ready to listen to graybeards than to me."

"I don't know that," she returned, quickly. "For I do believe in your skill thoroughly, Dr. Kirk. You have quite conquered me."

"That is right," said he, well pleased. "I confess this case interests me deeply. I want to make Bert strong and well."

Her lips trembled.

"He is all I have in the world," she observed, presently.

Kirk's suggestion was carried out, and a consultation of physicians listened to the young man and looked into the case. His zeal infected them, and, a little dulled as was their own professional enthusiasm, his disinterestedness in thus working his hardest in the interests of an unknown widow and her insignificant child impressed them with admiration. He carried the day; even Mrs. Edwards was moved to a warm impulse of gratitude, and the boy himself looked up and smiled in Kirk's face as he began the operation. It was but an initiatory step toward the final experiment which was to be tried that day two weeks. Kirk and his colleagues returned at once to town, leaving the case in the hands of Dr. Stowe, who was to report the symptoms by telegraph each day. The fortnight passed and everything had continued favorable, and at four o'clock on the appointed afternoon the six

doctors were assembled in Stowe's office, waiting for Mrs. Edwards and Bert, for whom the carriage had been sent. It was the most perfect of September days; they were all to remember to the end of their lives the hush about the place, the flight of a shower across the mountain-range over the river, the glowing light upon the yellow stubble among the harvested uplands, the flickering gleams through the wooded vistas to the water's edge. The long shadows lay on the grass, and the afternoon seemed all the more beautiful because of the reddened and goldened trees which Autumn's hand had touched. Through this yellow light came Mrs. Edwards, supported across the terrace by Mrs. Stowe. Bert followed her, playing with the dogs—one a solemn old collie, and the other a frisky Pomeranian puppy.

"By George," said Dr. F——, "you chose a pretty woman to offer your services to; no wonder you are wrapped up in the case; she is as beautiful as a Madonna. As handsome a mother and child as I ever saw in my life."

Kirk looked contemptuous. He knew it to be a critical moment, but to him responsibility was inspiration, and he never felt cooler in his life. The old doctors admired his courage and were proud of him as he went to the door and gravely admitted Mrs. Edwards. She gave him an anxious look, which he returned with a steady, tranquillizing gaze. Bert loved him dearly, and kissed his lips, and clung about his knees, hugging him closely. He had brought him a bunch of late flowers which he presented with pride and glee, and insisted upon showing how well he could spin the top which the doctor had given him two weeks before for being quiet under his hands.

"What will doctor give Bert to-day?" he asked, with a saucy smile.

"Doctor will give Bert a great basket of grapes and peaches if he will hold still and be a man."

"Bert will be a good boy," the little fellow cried, eagerly, running toward his mother.—"Mamma, hold Bert!" and he gayly climbed upon her knee, and answered her kiss with half a dozen.

She had stipulated to hold him through whatever was done, and Kirk had not thought of refusing, for she had both firmness and discretion, and could, moreover, govern her child with a word or look.

The operation began. Five men's faces were knit with deep lines of anxiety and awe; the sixth was calm, inflexible, unmoved. Mrs. Edwards held her boy's head upon her breast, yet saw nothing but the young surgeon's face. The poor little fellow did not feel much pain, and what he did he bore bravely, and smiled into Dr. Kirk's face now and then, as he addressed him brief little sentences, bidding him bear up and think only of how glad his mother would be when he was quite well. He never moved his head, but followed the doctor's movements with curious, patient eyes, as he went to the table, poured out a few drops of a dark fluid, and diluted it with water.

While Kirk was doing this, he explained his method briefly. He felt thoroughly assured of his case. He was used to this position—obstacles, impossibilities, melting away before his skill. As he returned to the group, and stood looking down at Bert, his soul was flooded with serene exaltation to see, as he believed, the first stirrings of the change which was to result in his absolute satisfaction. He was not proud, only glad, in his security that the previsions of his spoken thoughts had weeks ago foreshadowed precisely these results.

"Now, my good little fellow," said Kirk, smiling into the lovely cherub-face, "in a minute more it will be all over, and you have behaved like my little man."

"Bert told mamma he would be a good boy," he answered, smiling.

Kirk bent down. A sort of shudder passed through the tender little body. . . . The moment was over. The curly head drooped closer against the mother's soft, white throat.

"He seems a little faint!" cried Kirk, taking him in his arms, and carrying him swiftly to the window, which was wide open.—"Look up, Bert," said he.

The eyelids flickered; a sort of wavering gleam crossed the little paling face. Dr. Kirk was a strong man, but he had not the strength to hold the little form. He laid it down on the lounge, and bent lower and lower over it with a ghastly face as he met the quickening glances of the other doctors. Mrs. Edwards had followed Kirk, and had flung herself beside the little lad, and was fanning him eagerly.

"Bring ammonia, or camphor!" she cried, in a stifled voice. "Oh, why don't you do something?" She was all the time clasping her child's body, but looked up with harrowing intensity at the six men who seemed turned to frozen images of helpless woe.

"Tell her, somebody!" cried Kirk, in a terrible voice—"tell her the child is dead."

She screamed, and raised the boy's body as if to protect it from some deadly danger.

"No, no!" she cried; "he is only fainting."

But the way the limbs drooped and fell convinced her against her will.

"So you have killed him!" she shrieked, in an agonized voice. "I trusted you, you seemed so wise; and you have killed him!"

She did not shed a tear, but kissed him over and over. She lifted the little shriveled hand, then let it fall. Conviction had struck into her soul. This was easily seen to be the helplessness of death.

Dr. Stowe was crying bitterly, his voice quite choked with tears.

"My dear Mrs. Edwards," said he, putting his hand on her shoulder, "a terrible sorrow has come upon you and upon us all. But I implore you to say nothing cruel. You must submit to the will of God."

"It was not God's will," she cried out, sharply. "Half an hour ago he was quite well. He could talk to me—he could look up at me—hold my hand. He was so happy that we were to have a great supper after we went home from this—"

The thought of the change overcame her utterly.

The shock broke itself out of agonized calm into bitter, burning tears. She was shaken with awful sobs from head to foot, and laid her head on the dead, smiling cherub face, and wept as if her heart would break.

Naturally, the first thought of Dr. Stowe had been the practical one of sending into the house for his wife and daughters. When they came, the men hoped to see the widow leave the senseless clay, and cling to her comforters instead; but nothing could part her from her child.

"You had better speak to her, Kirk," suggested one of the old doctors. "You have more influence over her than any one else."

He shook his head, but rose and went toward her and knelt beside the lounge, and himself lifted one of the little chilly hands. As he did so, a blinding mist of tears came across his vision, and a convulsive tremor shook him from head to foot.

"Mrs. Edwards," said he, agitatedly.

When she saw that he had approached, she shrank away shuddering, and crouched over her boy like a tigress defending her young.

"Don't dare to speak to me!" she cried. "Can't you guess what it costs me merely to look at you? Have you no heart, that you come here to remind me that it was I—I, by my own free consent, gave him up to you to be killed? Yes, killed—you have killed him! He was well, strong, and happy, until you took him from me."

Kirk suffered as if from a stroke of lightning. It was a cruelty that she had felt a faith in him which was mistaken, an expectation which had ended in ghastly disappointment. Still, with all his despairing regrets, five minutes before he had felt conscious of no barrier to their mutual understanding; but, the moment he had touched the child's little dead hand, he had forgotten everything except a sudden realization of the woe he had, no matter how innocently, brought upon this mother. What he experienced was a supreme sensibility to the sorrow which he heard in the cry that came from the depths of an anguished soul. He was conscious of no wish to defend himself against her mad accusations. He did not care for the injustice which condemned his own actions, but he quailed before her sorrow, and without another word went out into the shrubberies, and threw himself, face downward, on the turf.

It was long past sunset before he rose and went back to the house, and the early September dusks and glooms made the contrast of the doctor's office, with its fire and lights, seem cozy and bright; but he sat down joylessly among the four men smoking about the blaze on the hearth.

The old doctors felt badly enough for Kirk, and had, in fact, staid until night on purpose to see him again, and cheer him up. They had no compunction in declaring the matter unfortunate, although it was not one to be deplored by a sensible man. They had examined the boy's brain; it would soon have been forfeited by the very disease which the young surgeon had believed to be at the root of the trouble. His treatment of the case had been admirable, and they had fully vindicated him to the poor mother, who was, in spite of her grief, ready to listen to common-sense. This strange and calamitous result could have been foreseen by none, but was, in truth, a blessing to science, and would probably be the saving of many lives.

Kirk could not bear it; the details of the autopsy were abhorrent to him. He seemed never to have felt deeply before; all the feelings which in most lives are diffused into a weak and wide benevolence of sentiment, by some tardy recurrence of conditions revealed themselves to him at once. For the past two hours her question, "Have you no heart?" had sounded and resounded in his ears, and he had despised himself. Once, in his wrath and despair, he had clutched a handful of herbage, uprooting everything that grew about him, and threw it down, gnashing his teeth in the impotence of his despair; then, sane even in his fury, with a sort of bitter irony, he cried aloud: "That is like me—yes, that is like me! I care nothing for destroying life—not I!" and he had burst into a flood of tears. For Kirk had genius, and no man possesses that high inspiration who has not emotional capacities as keen as those belonging to his intellectual tendencies.

II.

KIRK and the old doctors went back to town that night, but the young man returned two days later to attend Bert's funeral. He had sent flowers enough to bury the little fellow deep below the fragrant burden. After the services were concluded, and Dr. Stowe was leading Mrs. Edwards to the carriage, he went up and stood bareheaded before her. She stopped and looked at him startled, for his face was dreadful.

"I wish," said he, in a stifled voice—"I wish you would say a kind word to me."

She sobbed hopelessly and helplessly, but extended her hand to Kirk, who did not release it until he had put her in the carriage. Then he walked at once to the train, and did not appear at Riverdell again until December, when he entered Dr. Stowe's office abruptly one evening, having come up from town in the first snow-storm.

"How is Mrs. Edwards?" he asked, as soon as the flow of family inquiries ceased on the doctor's side.

Dr. Stowe shook his head.

"I am inclined," said he, "to worry about her. You see"—and his manner became apologetic—"she had nothing in the world except her boy. She is poor, obliged to work for her living, and, of course, has never had an opportunity to make herself general interests; and, besides, is one of those faithful creatures who retain strong traces of any feeling that has once impressed them."

"She still lives in that little house all alone?"

"She does; she went back there after the funeral and took up her accustomed habits."

"That wretched needle-work!" ejaculated Kirk, with a gesture of despair.

"Of course, she must earn a living."

"I have written to her twice," remarked Kirk, simply. "She has not answered, and I am anxious to see her. I am never free from the thought of her."

"I know that you took the accident deeply to heart, my boy," said Dr. Stowe, touched by something in the young man's manner; "but you must not allow yourself any morbid feelings in the matter."

"I have suffered cruelly," returned Kirk, "but I trust I have spent none of my strength in idle suffering. I have tried to do a little good to balance it; there is ample field in my career for a beneficent activity. I am not always in despair."

"You should never despair. You did your best with Bert; you were cordially anxious to build up that fragile life into perfect strength and beauty; that you failed was a calamity, as it always is when a life is forfeited to disease, not restored to health. I was not anxious for the operation, but, on my soul, I have never blamed you, even in my secret thought."

Kirk sighed.

"Her loss!" said he, "that is the damnable part of it!" His lips trembled, he got up and walked to the fireplace, and leaned on the mantel, concealing his face. "I want," he continued, in an odd voice—"I want to marry her."

"Good God!" ejaculated Dr. Stowe.

"I want a chance to comfort her," pursued Kirk, with more resolution—"I pity her so. I seemed never to have felt pity until Bert was dead. I sometimes think it will kill me if I go on as I have done the past two months. I cannot sleep. Unless I apply my entire mind to the least subject in hand, I find myself drifting away into melancholy reverie. I am always thinking about her."

"Have you offered yourself to her in either of the letters you wrote?" asked the old doctor, sharply.

"I have not. I shall do so to-morrow."

"She won't have you," said Dr. Stowe, dryly.

"She must! Our lives were brought together in that horrible crisis. She needs me just as much as I need her."

"I declare to you, Alick, that, even to speak to you in a friendly manner, she has dread, repugnance, even conscientious scruples, to overcome."

"Has she? God pity me then!"

"Why, my boy, when on earth did you fall in love with her?"

"I don't know that I am in love with her, as you call it. Yet her face haunts me—the look of her eyes, the droop of the mouth. It strikes me, judging by my experience in such matters, that what I feel is much more than mere being in love. I met a girl last winter abroad to whom I intended to offer myself as soon as I was established. She has returned from Europe. I have seen her. I am utterly indifferent to her, although I was attracted twelve months since to the point of thinking of her as my wife. There is but one woman in the world to me now."

"Your mother hopes you will marry Miss Van Cott."

"Marriage is something which concerns only the two people interested in the union."

"I am not so sure of that. Your mother is a proud woman. Socially speaking, you may choose your wife where you will. Now, Mrs. Edwards is of no family; her father was educated—a country schoolmaster—but when he died his widow allied herself with quite common people; then this daughter married into humble life; her antecedents and present associations alike are of a class of which you know nothing, just as yours are something perfectly diametrically opposed to her experience."

"Mrs. Edwards is a pretty, refined woman. I have seen her twenty-four hours at a stretch, and in her fatigue, her misery, her preoccupation, she was always pure and simple, a lady, besides being a noble woman. The drawbacks you allude to I am more than indifferent to—I am even contemptuous of them."

"Your family will be offended at the match."

"You are one of my family. I am sorry to offend anybody, but my whole future welfare depends on this. You are very inconsequent: you declare she won't have me, then assume her consent, and argue about unimportant obstacles. On the whole, you have encouraged me. I don't want to hear another word. It is late. I shall go to bed."

The next morning was crisp and cool, with six inches of snow on the ground. It was but ten o'clock when Kirk knocked at Mrs. Edwards's door. She had seen him approach, and after an interval of doubt and pain opened it for him. He only bowed, then stepped in, closing the door behind him, and followed her into the humble little room where she sat sewing. He saw at once that sorrow had made frightful ravages with her, and, besides his kind feeling, his professional sense was disturbed. She looked so ill he trembled for her. She met his eyes, and sank into a chair powerfully agitated.

"You are not surprised to see me," said he, speaking the first word uttered between them.

She regained her self-command.

"You suggested the possibility of your coming to Riverdell," she returned, coldly.

"I hoped for an answer to my last letter, Mrs. Edwards," said he. "I want you to tell me you forgive me." He put his hand on hers, and looked steadily into her face. "Surely," he continued, "you understand my terrible regrets, my profound dejection and humiliation—not alone my sincere sympathy for you, but my tender love and sorrow for your child."

She would have shaken off his touch, but he only tightened it.

"Many a time," he went on, "I have wished myself dead, and Bert alive in my place."

She looked up, for his tone expressed strange vehemence.

"I do forgive you," said she, in a low voice. "I ought to have written and told you so. I not only forgive you, but, when I think what you may have suffered, I have pitied you. Yet at times I feel hard."

"Oh! thank you."

The words were nothing, but all the finest part of Alick's nature was in his face and tone.

They were silent for a few moments. He was still bending down over her, his hand laid on hers. She was somewhat agitated, and endeavored to control herself.

"It was very good of you," she remarked, abruptly, "to send me that money. Of course I have never drawn an order upon it, and never shall. It is just as you placed it at the bank."

"You might much better have made some use of it," said he, hastily. "But do not let us even allude to such a subject. Mrs. Edwards, I have come to ask you to be my wife."

She stared at him incredulously, without even a change of color.

"I want you to become my wife," he said again, and this time the flush on his face kindled an answer in hers. She struggled to free herself from the clasp of his hand on hers, and betrayed such impatience at his proximity that he retreated and took his stand before the fire.

"I understand your motive in saying this," she observed, after a brief pause. "I know little about the world you live in, but I believe that, even among the finest gentlemen, few would ever have been moved to make a proposal at once so disinterested and so noble."

"You consent?" he cried, eagerly, advancing a step.

"No," she returned, coldly. "Nothing could be more impossible."

"Why impossible?" said he, standing before her. "Do not allow yourself to hate me. In spite of all my short-sighted folly, I deserve something better from you."

Nobody alive had ever seen such a look on Alick's face, nor heard such softness, such tremor, in his voice. No woman could have failed to be moved by it, and, above all, Mrs. Edwards, to whom, from the first, he had been unlike any one she had hitherto seen: bringing a law for her actions in his glance, his words, his smile. She had to struggle now with a powerful temptation, forcing herself to regard it not from her own point of view, but one widely different, which made her reject the promise his words and look held out as a falsehood.

"Do not—do not come near me!" she cried, with much vehemence. "Of course it cannot be. I—do not think I hate you. That is not my reason. It is simply impossible. Besides everything else—were I even so weak as to think for a moment of taking you at your word—such an offer on your part is quite unsuitable to your position. You mean to do me a kindness—you pity me—but you are well placed in the world, while I am a poor, plain, unhappy woman, whose health is failing every day, and whose position in life can never be the same as yours."

"Don't tell me your health is failing!" he cried, almost beside himself. "Have I not eyes to see how thin you are—how pale you have grown? Do not torture me, Mrs. Edwards; you are a woman and have your prerogatives, and must use them, I suppose. But be kind; you must see how it is with me—I have but one wish in life—I want to make you happy—I can have no peace until you are happy again."

"I can never be happy any more," said she, with something he took for absolute composure. "In fact, I doubt if I have ever been happy. My father died—my mother married again—my step-father was cruel to me—she was indifferent, and I married very early." She paused, and looked up at Alick. "It was a foolish wish to better myself," she went on, with a half-smile, "and I was properly rewarded for marrying on such grounds—it was a miserable time. He died suddenly—awfully. Better so, I told myself, with a hard, cruel heart, for he had ill-treated me. A man like you could not dream how he had ill-treated me. . . . I never had a chance to love anybody or anything but Bert. I gave all my heart to him, and they say God does not permit such love to prosper. . . . I don't know. . . . I have suffered dreadfully since I was left all alone here, but I am beginning to grow callous—to feel the callousness of the condemned. I am not strong, and something tells me that this life is only a bad dream—that I shall wake up presently and find eternal reality and—Bert."

"Do you mean that you believe you are going to die?" he asked, sharply.

She nodded. He seized her hand, felt her pulse, growing pale as he did so.

"I tell you," said he, "you shall be my wife. I can take care of you—I can cure you. I will not have you throw your life away—I will not have it, I say! Don't you feel that I have a claim upon you—don't you feel that you belong to me?"

"No," she returned, gravely; "really, Dr. Kirk, I do not." But her gravity ended in a smile. "You are a very imperious young man," she went on, coolly, for his passionate vehemence gave her the advantage of him. "You take possession of an idea, and you are impelled to do battle for it. You are generous—you feel yourself obliged to do something for me because you pity me. Wait a little: this feeling will pass when you find it necessary to dismiss it from your mind. 'Tis not as if it had taken possession of your heart."

He laughed a little.

"Come, now," said he, taking her hand in his warmly, "confess that you know nothing about my heart when you say that; for, in fact, your image fills it entirely."

She shook her head.

"It cannot be."

"You refuse me? You give me no hope at all? Is there nothing in me that can win a woman?" He was striding about, and paused in front of her. He had always been in a position to be fastidious, and had never once hesitated to avail himself of his privileges, but it had suddenly occurred to him that he was, after all, not calculated to please a fastidious woman. This unaccustomed state of mind was painfully irksome to him, and he rebelled impa-

tiently against any circumstances where his own decision, his own wishes, could not help him.

"Is there nothing in me to please a woman?" he demanded, again.

"It seems to me," she answered, softly, "that you may win whom you will."

"But not yourself?"

"No, Dr. Kirk, not me."

He left her and paced the room again.

"What could win you, I wonder?" he asked, stopping and looking out of the window. His tone brought the tears to her eyes.

"Oh!" she cried, helplessly, "'tis not that I am insensible to your goodness."

"There is no goodness about it; I could easily show that you were quite wrong when you called my offer disinterested. I confess I cannot see why you reject me. Yet I do not wish you to accept me merely because you are lonely and unhappy. It seems to me, Mrs. Edwards"—he flushed like a girl—"it seems to me that something which I feel in my heart toward you must compel an answer in yours."

"Do not say any more," said she, with a calm dignity which silenced him. "I must refuse what you wish, simply because it is impossible that I should accept. I wish, Dr. Kirk, you would not ask me any more."

He regarded her with a peculiar smile.

"I am a stubborn fellow," he observed, presently. "I shall go back to town. I shall write to you every day, and before the 1st of January I shall be here again."

He bade her good-morning, and went out into the street, where presently he met Dr. Stowe flying through the snow-drifts in his cutter.

"She won't have me—yet," Alick told him, smiling. "Nevertheless, I consider her my charge, and I must not be left in ignorance about her. Go and see her every day for my sake, won't you? And, if her health fails in the least, telegraph to me at once."

For some occult reason Kirk had rarely been in better spirits than he was during the next two weeks. He wrote for two hours every night before he went to bed, yet told the editor of a medical journal, who asked for an article from him, that he had not written a word for two months. In fact, what he did write went off to Riverdell in a large white envelope by the early morning mail. But he had not a word from Riverdell until, the day before Christmas, he received a message by the wires:

"She has taken a terrible cold. I think you had better come up and watch your own case.

"R. Stowe."

Kirk delayed setting out until toward evening, for he had certain arrangements to perfect, but at seven o'clock he arrived at the village and went at once to Mrs. Edwards's. A strange woman opened the door, and, in return to his inquiries, informed him that Mrs. Edwards was sick.

"I am her physician," said Kirk, entering, and, taking off his winter wrappings, marched into the sitting-room at once, and found the young widow lying on a lounge before the fire. For a moment he suffered dreadfully as he sat looking down at the sleeping woman; then she awoke and looked up at him, gazing smilingly, her dark eyes dreamy and beseeching.

He knelt down beside her and flung his arm over her.

"I was just dreaming about you," said she, as if still in a dream.

"That is but fair," he answered her, laughing, "for, asleep or awake, I am always dreaming of you."

And he kissed her shyly.

She shook her head, but smiled into his face frankly as he gazed at her.

"I thought before I went to sleep that I must send for you," she observed. "I wanted to see you once more. I told you I was sure to die."

"But you are not going to die at all," said he, springing up, and looking at the medicines on the table. "Ther," said he, pouring something into a glass, "drink that. You feel pretty well, don't you, dear?"

"I do feel better," she returned. "I can breathe more easily."

He felt her pulse and asked her two or three little questions.

"I feared," said he, with the glimmer of a smile in his eyes, "that you would have nothing to travel in this terrible weather; accordingly, I bought you a fur-cloak to-day."

She stared at him bewildered.

"I should have reached here earlier," he pursued, "but I went down-town and secured two passages for Savannah by Saturday's steamer; then to the Clarendon and engaged rooms for to-morrow and next day."

"I really cannot imagine what you are talking about," she faltered, coloring crimson, nevertheless.

"What is your Christian name, Mrs. Edwards?" he pursued.

"Alice."

"And your age?"

"Twenty-five."

"I have to get our marriage-certificate to-morrow morning," he remarked, gravely, "and this information was essential. Besides, I have often wondered of late what your name was—that it happens to be my favorite name, Alice, is a stroke of unexpected good luck."

And he called her Alice over and over again with every intonation of love and joy and triumph. She stared at him with great, melancholy eyes, utterly dumb. What did he mean? Presently she pinched herself.

"Am I awake," she faltered, "or am I dreaming?"

"Never mind," he told her. "Don't get too wide awake, for I want you to sleep well to-night, since you must be well enough to marry me to-morrow. Alice, dear, don't exert yourself against me—don't pretend that you do not believe it will be the

blessedest thing for us both. It is to be so. In your heart I am sure you do not wish it otherwise. I have arranged everything for an absence of months with you. Hereafter you shall have everything your own way, but now that you are ill you must submit to my plans for you. The South will do you good."

"I told you it could never be, Dr. Kirk," said she, tremulously. "I meant all I said to you."

"Yet you have read thirteen of my letters without disclaiming anything I declared in any one of them. Yield to me, Alice; if you knew the resolution which lies behind every action and word of mine, you would not once think it worth while to waste a breath in opposition."

She burst into foolish tears, but he held her close to his heart, and loved her the better for such weakness and folly; that she had no will to oppose him seemed her crowning grace.

"You are sure you desire it, Dr. Kirk?" she said, after a time

"I think I desire it—a little. You had better not ask me those questions, madam! I'm trying to be a good doctor. I have some idea how to act in that relation, but as a happy lover I am not so sure of knowing how to behave myself. But I must ask one thing: Is it anything to you that I love you supremely—that I wish to devote my life to you?"

"It is life, energy, strength to me," she answered, raising her eyes to his. "I don't deserve it," she went on, brokenly. "I can't guess why such happiness has come to me, we are so unequal, but to know that you care for me a little—that I have something to worship, to put faith in—"

"Do you really put any faith in me nowadays?" he cried, in a tremulous voice. "Hereafter, I'll try to deserve it, my darling."

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When, the following May, Dr. Kirk returned from the South with his wife, there was much talk in his coterie about the influence his "Quixotic marriage," as it was called, would have upon his prospects. But, after he had established himself in his house, and presented his wife to his friends, such doubts and queries vanished at once. She was simply one of the loveliest young married women of the day, and everybody was forced to confess that, let Dr. Kirk have married her with what romantic and generous impulses he might at the outset, there could be no question but that he was by this time madly in love with her. Her story was widely known, and the imaginative were disposed to find a peculiar melancholy on her face; but, if so, it came from no passive or yearning regrets, but was a look which foreshadowed a deep knowledge of life, a capability of heroism, and an undying love for the man whose name she bore. Kirk's career as a surgeon is one of the great things of the day, and has had the highest rewards. He is at times sneered at as too tender-hearted — too impetuously eager with untiring research to save life and arrest suffering; but, in the presence of the sacred mysteries of life, he is blessed by those whom he has served most faithfully as being, of all great physicians, the most humble, delicate, faithful, and infinitely merciful.

THE SINGER'S ERROR.

I LAID aside my singing-robes,
For who can sing alway?
The cherries were as round as globes,
In the middle of the day,
When I laid aside my singing-robes,
And turned from where they lay.

But oh, in sooth, it was so strange
The way the glamour fell
From everything: and ah! the change,
I have not heart to tell,
Since the hour I turned the world to range
Without the singer's shell!

I wandered far, I wandered near,
I had all sorts of ease;
It was the golden time o' the year,
But not a thing could please;
My heart it was so vexed and sere,
It set no store by these:

Till one day I stood up and cried:
"Where are my singing-robes?
I left them by the meadow-side,
When the cherries were red globes."
And I pined for them as never bride
Pined for her wedding-robes.

I journeyed all the live-long day,
And all the dreesome night,
Till I came to where I thought they lay—
But in the lonesome light
A flower stood, white as clouds in May:
I called it Lost Delight.

I plucked and shrined it in my breast,
And named it Lost Delight;
The singing-robes that made my rest
Were of the self-same white;
And sleeping with my flower close pressed,
I miss them in the night!

But every day I seek the place
Where once I laid them down;
Their sight would make more glad my face
Than any great renown.
Yet may I find them by God's grace,
All but the singer's crown!

CHARLES MACKAY'S "RECOLLECTIONS."

TWENTY years ago Dr. Mackay, a dapper little gentleman of three-and-forty, made a visit to America. Of Scottish birth and parentage, but educated in Belgium, he had gone to London at eighteen to seek his fortune in literature. He came to be a fairly successful journalist, was now editor-in-chief of the London *Illustrated News*, and had written several rather clever poems. He went to America, he says, "on a double mission: first, to see the country, make acquaintance with the people and their institutions, and narrate his impressions in a series of letters to the *Illustrated News*; and, secondly, to deliver a course of three lectures on 'Poetry and Song' in the principal cities." Mr. Thackeray had put much money in his purse by means of his lectures in the United States, and why should not Dr. Mackay go and do likewise? Unluckily, the American public cared more to see Mr. Thackeray, and to hear his pungent criticisms on the "Four Georges," than they did to look upon Dr. Mackay, and to listen to what he had to tell them about "Poetry and Song." His lectures met with only moderate success, although several able gentlemen of note, among whom were Mr. Seward and Jefferson Davis, Alexander H. Stephens and Anson Burlingame, tried to give him a lift by publicly inviting the doctor to deliver them in Washington. He says that, "although the author received a respectful welcome from the leading personages of every city through which he passed, he did not truly know what a popular welcome was until he reached Canada;" and, touching this Canadian ovation, he has a good story to tell, which will appear further on.

Not long after his return to England, some dispute arose between him and the new proprietors of the *Illustrated News*, and he was ousted from the editorial chair.

Early in 1862 he reappeared in America, and for three and a half years occupied what he styles "the responsible and often dangerous position of correspondent for the London *Times* from the city of New York," from which position he was recalled soon after the close of the civil war.

He has just put forth two volumes of his "Recollections," in which he tells us that "it is not my intention to assume the place of the hero of my story, but to appear in it merely as the string on which I can collect and exhibit such beads of memory and experience as may illustrate the dangers as well as the successes of a literary career, reflect the spirit and manners of the age in which my lot was cast, and make better known, to such readers as may choose to be companions of my way, the great, the good, and the brilliant men and women with whom my avocations brought me into contact, either of business, of friendship, or of social intercourse." We regret that we cannot say that Dr. Mackay has been altogether successful in carrying out his laudable intention. We should have supposed that he must have known very many more persons worth knowing, and have known them much better, than he appears to have done. But we must make the best we can of what he has been able to give us.

The introductory chapter, in which he speaks of his grandfather, his father, and of his own boyhood, is really fresh and charming. The Mackays were one of the few Highland clans who sided with the house of Hanover against the Stuarts. His grandfather, Hugh Mackay, when a mere stripling, was an ensign in the army of the Duke of Cumberland, and was present at the decisive battle of Culloden, in 1745. He afterward entered the naval service, in which he rose to be captain of marines on board the ill-fated Royal George, which in 1782 went down on a calm day in harbor with her whole crew of eight hundred men.

Captain Mackay was not among them. Not long before some trivial dispute had arisen at the mess-table between him and a brother-officer. Mackay received a challenge, and a duel was fought, in which his opponent was mortally wounded. At that day a British officer who received a challenge was in a sore strait. If he "showed the white feather," he was sure to be "cut" by society, and "sent to Coventry" by his fellow-officers. If he fought, he was liable to be dismissed from the service. In either case his professional prospects would be ruined. A military investigation was held, and Mackay was recommended to retire from the service on half-pay. He took up his abode in the little town of Venloo, in Holland, where his meagre half-pay would go farther than in England.

He had, however, influential friends and kinsmen, who in 1793 procured for his son George an appointment as midshipman in the royal navy. He was barely fourteen, but spoke English, French, and Dutch, with equal fluency, and had picked up a little Spanish. In a few months his vessel was captured by the French, and he was sent as prisoner of war into the interior, where he remained four years. He made numerous unsuccessful attempts to escape, of which many years after he published an account. In these he more than once traversed France from north to south, and from east to west, but was always caught by the *gendarmerie* before reaching the frontiers. At length, by some means or other, he received a pass from the famous General Kellermann.

"What is the English for 'monsieur?'" asked the general, as he was writing the pass.

"The English is 'sir,'" was the reply; and so the permit was written, directing all civil and military authorities to allow "Sir George Mackay to pass without let or hinderance."

Armed with this, he made his way to Stuttgart,

[1] Forty Years' Recollections of Life, Literature, and Public Affairs. From 1830 to 1870. By Charles Mackay, LL. D., author of "Egeria," "A Man's Heart," "Studies from the Antique," etc., etc. London, 1877.

where the British embassador introduced him to the Grand duke of Würtemberg, by all odds the greatest prince in Europe in avoirdupois weight. When his highness read the permit, he was, says Mackay, "seized with such an immoderate fit of laughter at my being knighted in this absurd manner as to make me apprehensive lest he might experience the fate of the fat licentiate while listening to the comic adventures of Gil Blas." The duke gave him an abundant dinner, and at parting slipped into his hand a folded paper, saying, "When you arrive in England tell your countrymen that the Grand-duke of Würtemberg made you a present of all the money he had in his pocket!"

The ducal pocket was apparently not very well filled, for Mackay had to make his way on foot to Heidelberg, Darmstadt, Frankfort, Cassel, Göttingen, Einbeck, Hanover, Bremen, and Cuxhaven, receiving at most or all of these places aid from the British consuls to help him along. Reaching London, he found that an uncle, upon whose aid he had relied, was dead; that his mother was also dead, and that his father, who had married again, had left Venloo and gone to live at Düsseldorf. He soon succeeded in getting an appointment to another vessel, the Hydra, commanded by Captain Lafosey, who afterward came to be an admiral. He used to describe the Hydra as "a hell upon the waters," and the brutal flogging of the sailors as too horrible to be thought of. "Often," said he, "have I wondered that men, who were treated as if they had neither hearts nor souls, should yet, in the hour of danger and of duty, forget their wrongs and indignities, act like true heroes, and pour out their hearts' blood with sublime unselfishness for a country that treated them so detestably."

He bore this life for six years, and then, in a fit of desperation, abandoned the naval service and enlisted as a private soldier. The officers of the regiment soon perceived his superior attainments, learned who he was, and procured for him an ensign's commission. He served in the ill-fated expedition to Walcheren, was invalided by fever-and-ague contracted among the marshes, and returned to England. Recovering his health, he was placed on military service in various parts of Great Britain, and finally at Perth, where he married a descendant of the famous covenanting saint and hero, Donald Cargill. Here, in 1814, was born their only son, Charles Mackay.

The mother died not long after, and the father consigned the boy to the charge of Grace Stuart, a Perth woman, the wife of Thomas Threlkeld, a sturdy Cumbrian, once belonging to his regiment, who, after the peace of Waterloo, had resumed his original trade of a tailor, and settled down at Woolwich.

"Thus," says Mackay, "like Béranger, I passed my earlier years in the house of a tailor. The French poet has told the world in one of his songs that a fairy, born of his own imagination, visited him in the tailor's shop, and predicted his future career. My fairy of the tailor's shop was a sonsie, buxom, comely Scottish woman, who spoke the broad Doric of the Lowlands in all its purity, and had a heart as true and tender as ever beat in a human bosom. Years afterward, ere I had reached my teens, she often expressed the notion that I, too, like Robert Burns, whom she was fond of quoting, was 'a waly boy,' predicting, as she crooned the song, in a low, sweet voice:

> "'Thou'lt hae misfortunes great and sma',
> But still a heart aboon them a';—
> Thou'lt be a credit to us a';
> We'll a' be proud o' Charlie'—

or, as she pronounced it, *Chairlie*. Often, in after-years, has the kind woman's song reëchoed in my mind, when encouragement, come whence it might, was a ray of sunshine on a dark place, and when even the remembered echo of an old song was an aid to a tottering step, and to a young heart that needed sympathy."

Grace—or, as her good tailor-husband called her, *Girzie* Threlkeld—taught the boy his letters and the tunes of scores of Scotch songs, among which a favorite was the old Jacobite "Charlie is my Darling, the young Chevalier;" and, in due time, he was sent to a "dame school," taught by the widow of a corporal of the royal artillery at Woolwich.

In the mean while the father had retired upon half-pay, and was economizing at Brussels. When Charles was ten years old, he came over in order to place his son at school in London. The tailor and his wife were comforted by the promise that Charlie should spend his vacations with them at Woolwich. He made excellent progress in his studies, and was notably proficient in mathematics; but in time, as he says, "poetry and romance stepped in the way, and, throwing their glamour over me, took my heart completely." He began to write verses, and, by the time he was thirteen, had come to think himself a poet. Andrew Robertson, a fashionable London portrait-painter, a disciple of Edward Irving, had known his father, was kind to the boy, gave him many a "tip," showed his verses to Irving, and one day presented him to that great man, then in the very height of his celebrity. The boy, like everybody else, was impressed by the personality of Irving. Of their first meeting he says

"Mr. Irving held out his hand, and shook mine kindly; I, on my part, receiving the friendly greeting with fear and trembling, not unmixed with pride and admiration. But he soon placed me at my ease. His fine, tall, handsome figure, his dignified and beautiful face, to which a slight obliquity of vision lent a weird-like expression of power and genius, without the least suggestion of unsymmetry, and the manner, unusual with men at least in that day, of parting his luxuriant black hair down the middle, after the fashion of women, suggested to my youthful mind, fresh from the study of the most poetical passages of the Bible, that here before me stood an Isaiah or an Ezekiel, a Hosea or a Habakkuk. Indeed, for many years afterward, I thought that if I were a great painter, and had to paint a picture of the inspired prophet Isaiah, I should take Edward Irving as my model. There was something so tender and paternal in the tones of his voice as he patted me softly on the head, that all my awe of him as a superior being disappeared, and I thought I loved him with all my heart as he said, 'I am pleased to see that you are a reader of your Bible. Among all your compositions—which are full of future promise, and as creditable to your heart, my dear young friend, as they

are to your head—that in which you have attempted to dramatize the story of David playing the harp before Saul, to soothe his broken spirit in a paroxysm of madness, appears to me the best.' He produced the manuscript, and began to read my verses with so clear and musical a voice, so perfect an emphasis, and with such a variety of modulation, as suited the changing spirit of the poem, as to impress me vividly that I had never heard reading before, and was never likely to hear it again, unless from the same lips. He brought out beauties in my poor composition that I had never myself suspected, and put meanings into my words which were doubtless latent in them, but which had not been apparent to my own mind until he had enkindled them. All this exalted me in my own opinion; and, I now say it with something like regret, moulded my future career, and made me a man of letters."

One day while Mackay, now something past fourteen, was spending his midsummer vacation at Woolwich, a handsome carriage drove up before the humble door of the tailor. From it alighted a venerable gentleman, who announced himself to the boy as Major-General Robert Mackay, of the East India Conpany's service, and the uncle of his father. He had often heard of his great-uncle, of the kindness of his disposition, and of the interest which he had promised to take in his future career. The general said that he had come to take the lad to his father at Brussels, where he was to be placed at a first-class school, and, if he improved himself in his studies, the general would use his influence to procure for him, when he was sixteen, a cadetship in the company's service, a position which in those days was an almost sure stepping-stone to a fortune. He found his father not uncomfortably situated. In addition to his half-pay, he was earning something by giving lessons in French and English, and had several pupils, among whom were the two sons of the Prince of Orange, the heir-apparent to the throne of the Netherlands. He had also married a woman "who was a first-rate manager, and knew how to make a small income produce more comfort than some people can extract from a large one," and who took very kindly to her step-son.

Things ran smoothly for a couple of years. Mackay learned to speak and write French as readily as he did English, was a tolerable German scholar, and had made some progress in Italian and Spanish. He also kept on writing poetry, and had planned an epic poem, two or three tragedies, and several tales in verse, in imitation of Byron. But his sixteenth birthday came, and not a syllable of the promised cadetship.

"How it came about," he says, "I never knew; but only learned, in the vaguest and most unsatisfactory manner, that the kind-hearted general and my kind-hearted though somewhat irascible and impetuous father had quarreled about something or other. My father, though sorry for the quarrel, would not admit that he was in the wrong; he was a poor man, and his pride was certainly equal to if not superior to his poverty. So these two walked for the future in separate paths, and my military prospects ended in nothing. I was not disappointed. On the contrary, I was rather glad; for my heart had long been finally set on the literary career. I had read much of its glories, but had heard little of its perils and pitfalls; or, hearing, had taught myself to despise them."

The general's remittances having ceased, the lad, nothing loath, found that he must do something for himself. His father's good repute procured for him a situation every way desirable; for "the pay was liberal, the labor light, and the hours of attendance not burdensome." It was that of "secretary to an old English gentleman, who wanted a young man to keep his accounts, answer his letters, read the French and Belgian newspapers to him in English, and accompany him in his drives." For a while his abundant leisure hung lightly on his hands. He read a great deal in French and German, for English books were not easy to be had; wrote, and translated from and into French and German; and settled more and more into the determination to go to London and become a man of letters. His father at length acceded to his wishes, and in 1832, being then eighteen years old, he went to London, with a very moderate supply of money, and, as he says, with "high hopes, great ambition, and immense inexperience."

His father went with him. The fortunes of the half-pay officer had apparently flourished in a modest way, and he was able to present his son to quite a number of persons with whom the Mackays could claim kith and kin. Among these were Eric Mackay, Lord Reay, the head of the clan; Lord Panmure, and Lord Cochrane. He intimated that his own quarrel with General Mackay need not prevent his son from renewing acquaintance with his old benefactor. We hope that he did so, for he incidentally mentions that a portrait of the old man by Sir William Beechey is still in his possession. One introduction led to another, and in a few months Mackay, who had published a little volume of poems, "now happily out of print," was introduced to John Black, the editor of the *Morning Chronicle*, to whom he offered a paraphrased translation of Béranger's poem, "Mon Habit." Black accepted the poem, and gave him an order for five guineas for it, saying: "That is as much as Milton's first payment for 'Paradise Lost,' and I dare say more than even Béranger received for the original. It is given not so much as a payment, but as a retainer." "This," says Mackay, "was the pleasantest money I ever received before or since: pleasant, yet to some extent fatal, for it tended to fasten my inexperienced feet in the thorny path of literature, and to confirm me in the confidence that the profession of literature was profitable as well as honorable."

John Black figures largely in Dr. Mackay's "Recollections." In personal appearance and in some points of character Horace Greeley long after reminded him of Black. There were, however, some notable points of difference. Black was an excellent linguist, and especially fond of Greek, into which language he was wont to boast that he could read off at sight one of his own leaders, or that of anybody else. He was, moreover, an excellent judge of "mountain-dew," and had once fought a

duel with Mr. Roebuck, a member of Parliament, who had impugned the character of the *Chronicle* in general, and of its editor in particular. The duel was quite harmless. Two shots were fired, when the parties shook hands, the honor of both having been fully satisfied. Black's second was Simon MacGillivray, a peppery Scotchman, one of the proprietors of the paper, and a boon companion of its editor, equally fond of toddy or a joke. The editor had a large black Newfoundland dog named Cato, who accompanied him wherever he went. He was once invited to spend a week with the rich Mr. Morrison at his seat of Fonthill, whither of course he took his canine favorite. MacGillivray persuaded the sub-editor to insert a paragraph in the "Fashionable Intelligence," to the effect that "John Black, Esq., and —— Cato, Esq., had gone on a visit to Mr. Morrison of Fonthill." The next number of the Tory *Age* contained a fierce denunciation of the insult to the aristocracy of England perpetrated by that vile radical journal, the *Morning Chronicle*. "Will it be believed," exclaimed the indignant censor, "that —— Cato, Esq., is no other than the editor's big black dog? The intention to insult not only the king, who is the fountain of honor, but the whole aristocracy, is palpable." The poor sub-editor was on the point of being discharged by the other proprietors, when MacGillivray came to the rescue by avowing that he was the author of the jest, whereupon the others concluded that no harm had been done, the joke was a good one, and the *Age* had made a fool of itself.

Black had many years before come up on foot from his native Dunse, in Scotland, with hardly a penny in his pocket, and, getting employment on the *Chronicle*, had worked his way to his position. He retained, as Thomas Carlyle has done, the broad Scottish accent, and had plenty of homely humor, to express which he was nowise dainty in the choice of words. His special hobby was the collecting of old and out-of-the-way books, of which he came to have fully fifty thousand volumes. His collection was especially "rich" in what are technically called "Facetiæ," such as anonymous advertisers style "spicy," but which the law designates by a much less euphemistic term. Of these he had several thousand, mostly in French and Italian, for in his view such books in English had too little wit and humor to give zest to their indecency. He designed to bequeath his library to his native town, and once imparted this intention to his friend and crony, John R. MacCulloch, the political economist, who cried out in his very broadest Scotch:

"Lord save us, mon! if you do, it's to be hoped the provost an' the balies will mak' a bonfire o' your books, or at all events station a force o' police-constables at the library-door to prevent anybody frae going in. Such a collection is eneuch to poison the haill Border."

"Na, na," rejoined Black; "there's not a soul in Dunse, or within twenty miles of it, that can read either French or Italian, and the 'Facetiæ' will do no harm. There may be a minister or twa who can read French, an' it's a kind o' leeterature that ministers aye like."

"Tak' out the 'Facetiæ,'" persisted his friend; "an' when you die, they'll roup at auction for a good round sum, an' excite a keen competition amang the rich old reprobates o' London. Give the good books, if you like, to Dunse; but keep the 'Facetiæ' for your executors."

None of the books, good, bad, or indifferent, ever went to Dunse, for Black was obliged to sell the whole to provide himself with bread in his old age.

Mr. Black early promised Mackay that he would endeavor to procure for him a permanent engagement on the *Chronicle*, and gave him the sensible advice to cultivate a good prose style, which was, after all, what a newspaper most wanted. In a few months he was made assistant sub-editor. About this time there was a sharp rivalry between the *Chronicle* and the *Times* as to which should take the lead in London journalism; and the *Chronicle* was thought to be rather ahead, having a circulation of nine thousand; but one day, to the great consternation of its proprietors, it was proved, by the authority of the parliamentary returns, that the sale of the *Times* had shot up to eleven thousand. The wealthy proprietors of the *Morning Chronicle* set themselves at work to improve the character of the paper, and in 1837 resolved to issue also an *Evening Chronicle*, one of whose distinguishing features should be an original article of a literary character in each number.

"When I joined the *Chronicle*," says Dr. Mackay, "there was on its parliamentary staff a young reporter named Charles Dickens, universally reputed to be the rapidest and most accurate short-hand writer in the gallery; and who was known to a few, among others to John Black, as an essayist and humorist of highly-original genius." Dickens was then also contributing to the *Monthly Magazine* a series of papers over the signature of "Boz," and Mr. Hogarth, then sub-editor of the *Chronicle*, and subsequently the father-in-law of Dickens, was deputed to negotiate with the young reporter for contributions of a similar character for the *Evening Chronicle*. Dickens's reply to this application fell into the hands of Mackay, who has ever since preserved the manuscript. Dickens wrote with timid anxiety:

"MY DEAR SIR: As you have begged me to write an original sketch for the first number of the new evening paper, and as I trust to your kindness to refer my application to the proper quarter, should I be unreasonably or improperly trespassing upon you, I beg to ask whether it is probable that if I commenced a series of articles written, under some attractive title, for the *Evening Chronicle*, its conductors would think I had any claim to *some* additional remuneration (of course, of no great amount) for doing so?—Let me beg of you not to misunderstand my meaning. Whatever the reply may be, I promised you an article, and shall supply it with the utmost readiness, and with an anxious desire to do my best. . . . I merely wish to put it to the proprietors, first, whether a continuation of light papers in the style of my 'Street Sketches' would be considered of use to the new paper; and, secondly, if so, whether they do

not think it fair and reasonable that, taking my share of the ordinary reporting business of the *Chronicle* besides, I should receive something for the papers beyond my ordinary salary as a reporter.—Begging you to excuse my troubling you, and taking this opportunity of acknowledging the numerous kindnesses I have already received at your hands since I have had the pleasure of serving under you, I am, my dear sir, very sincerely yours,

"CHARLES DICKENS."

This modest suggestion was favorably considered, and two guineas were added to the five, which had been the weekly salary of the "young reporter named Charles Dickens," who, by-the-way, was a couple of years older than Mackay. This is the only characteristic mention of Dickens which we find in the "Recollections." We imagine that Mackay knew very little of him. Quite likely the associate sub-editor held himself somewhat above the reporter and humorist.

The struggle for supremacy between the *Chronicle* and the *Times* had lasted for some years, when, if we may put faith in Dr. Mackay, "an incident occurred which, if the *Chronicle* had taken advantage of it, might perhaps have given it the superiority." The dispute between Great Britain and the United States respecting the Oregon boundary was at its height, and "the money-market was sensitive lest, unfortunately, the Americans should prove so unreasonable as to render a war inevitable; the President's message was consequently looked for with more than usual anxiety, and speculation was eager to know whether its tone would be peaceable or hostile." One December night—or rather morning, for it was an hour and a half past midnight—Mr. Black was shut up in his room, putting the last touches to his leader for the next day. Mackay was asleep in another room, waiting for the last lines of copy, so that the paper might be made up, when the night-porter announced that a gentleman was below, desiring to see the editor on urgent business, which would not admit of a moment's delay. When shown up to Mackay's room, he said that he was just from New York; the steamer by which he was a passenger had stopped for four hours at Queenstown, and he had jumped on board one which was on the point of starting for Liverpool. There he had engaged a special train, for which he had paid eighty guineas; and here he was, with a copy of the *New York Herald* in his pocket containing the President's message, which was at the service of the *Morning Chronicle* for the sum of five hundred pounds. Mackay hurried to Black with the news. The editor was greatly excited. "What am I to do?" he said. "It is a large sum. Ask the gentleman to wait ten minutes while I think it over." The gentleman refused. "I can't wait ten minutes. If the *Chronicle* won't do business with me, I must do business somewhere else; but I like the politics of the *Chronicle*, and give it the first offer. But, as I am weary and thirsty, I will go to Short's tavern next door and wait five minutes, while I have a glass of brandy-and-water. Not another minute can I spare." Black paced up and down the room, speaking by fits and starts: "I am afraid I shall be blamed by the proprietors if I agree to pay so large a sum. But, after all, it would be well worth five hundred pounds to have the message exclusively. No! I am afraid we cannot. It would be hard upon me to have my bargain repudiated. If MacGillivray were sole proprietor, I would not hesitate. What shall I do?" "Risk it," said Mackay. At that moment the stranger was shown up, and produced the *New York Herald* with the message, ten or twelve columns long. At the last moment Black declined the offer. The stranger folded up his paper, and, with a curt "Good-night," disappeared. Two minutes later Black sent Mackay to run after the man and bring him back. He was just in time to see him jump into a cab and rattle off in the direction of the *Times* office. There was no other cab on the stand, and it was useless to follow him on foot. Next morning the *Times* contained the message in full; and Black acknowledged that it would have been better for the *Chronicle* to have paid a thousand pounds than to allow its rival to gain such an advantage over it.

Among the occasional contributors to the *Chronicle* was Sydney Smith. He wrote a most illegible hand. In one of his letters he wrote something which the printers construed to be "stripping spirit." He sent a correction, which was interpreted and printed as "strippling spirit;" and it was only by a personal interview that it was found out that what he supposed he had written was "skipping spirit." His spelling was no better than his chirography. He had sent to the *Chronicle* a letter to Sir Robert Peel in relation to a recent railway accident. Peel took occasion in Parliament to intimate that the reverend gentleman's interest in the matter might be attributed to "personal fear; whereupon Smith rushed into print with the following letter, which is, says Dr. Mackay, "reprinted *verbatim et literatim* from the original manuscript:

"TO SIR ROBERT PEEL. a Cruel attack upon me Sr. Robert to attribute all my interference with the Rail Roads to personal fear. Nothing can be more ungrateful and unkind: I thought only of you and for you—as many Whigg Gentlemen will bear me testimony who rebuked me for my anxiety. I said to myself and to them our lovely and intrepid Minister may be overthrown on the rail. The Lock'd door may be uppermost he will kick and call on the Speaker, and the Sergeant at arms in vain—nothing will remain of all his graces, his flexibilities, his fascinating facetious fury, his Social Warmth, nothing of his flow of Soul, of his dear heavy pleasantry, of his prevailing Skill to impart disorderly Wishes to the purest heart, nothing will remain of it all but an heap of ashes for the parish Church of Tamworth. he perishes at the moment that he is becoming as powerful in the drawing-room of Court as in the house of parliament, at the Moment when Hallah (not without hopes of ultimate success) is teaching him to sing, and Melinotte to dance.

"I have no doubt of your bravery Sr. Robert though you have of mine, but then Consider what different Lives we have led, and what a School of Corage is that Troop of Yeomanry at Tamworth, the Tory fencibles: who can doubt of your Corage who has seen you at their head Marching up Pitt Street through Dundas Square on to Liv-

erpool Lane? and looking all the while like those beautiful medals of *Bellona frigida* and *Mars sine Sanguina*, the very horses looking at you as if you were going to take away 3 per cent. of their oats. After such Spectacles as these the account you give of your own Corage cannot be doubted. The only little Circumstance which I cannot entirely reconcile to the possession of this very high attribute in so eminent a degree, is that you should have selected for your uncourteous attacks Enemies who cannot resent and a place where there can be no reply. I am, Sr, yr. obt. st. Sydney Smith."

Old Sam Rogers took very kindly to young Mackay, and often had him to his famous little breakfasts, well pleased, perhaps, to have a listener to whom his often-told stories were fresh; for, as Mackay relates, once, when he and Campbell were there, the latter listened so inattentively as to lead to the suspicion that he had heard all that many times before. Rogers urged upon his guest the importance of writing very slowly. It had taken him, he said, three whole weeks to compose a short note to Lord Melbourne, suggesting the grant of a pension to Cary, the translator of Dante; and he had spent a fortnight upon his epigram upon Ward:

> "Ward has no heart, they say, but I deny it—
> He *has* a heart, and gets his speeches by it!"

This would almost justify the story told of Rogers, that, when he expected to give birth to a poetical idea, the street before his door was littered with straw, and the knocker muffled; and, when the crisis was over, the customary white-kid glove was placed on the knocker, and the servant was directed to reply to all inquiries: "Yes, madam; a very fine couplet, and Mr. Rogers is as well as could be expected." The conversation once fell upon Byron, whose poems were sharply criticised by Rogers.

"But at least, Mr. Rogers," said Mackay, "you will admit that there was *fire* in Byron."

"Oh, yes," replied Rogers, "there was fire, and plenty of it; but it was *hell-fire!*"

For the following capital story about Wordsworth, Mackay is indebted to Rogers, who, however, declined to vouch for its absolute genuineness; and we suppose that it must be received with some grains of allowance, thought Rogers had told it so often that he had come almost to believe it:

"At the anniversary dinner of the Literary Fund Society, Wordsworth sat at the dinner-table next to a gentleman who told him that Mr. Stephenson, the eminent engineer, was present, and that he was accustomed to say that his great delight while superintending the construction of the Skerrievore Lighthouse, on the west coast of Scotland, was, in the long summer evenings of that high latitude, to swing in a hammock and read 'The Excursion.' In the course of the evening the toast of 'The Poets' was proposed and responded to, when there was a call for 'Mr. Wordsworth.' He rose slowly, and said: 'My lords and gentlemen, I cannot make a speech. I never did make a speech, and I fear I never shall. But there is a gentleman here present, Mr. Stephenson, the great engineer. If you will call upon him to speak, he will doubtless tell you something that will interest you more than anything I could say. *He will tell you how he passed the long summer evenings when he was building the Skerrievore Lighthouse!*'"

If the story is an invention, it is pretty well matched by what actually did take place at Mackay's first meeting with Wordsworth at Rydal Mount. After some desultory conversation, Wordsworth suddenly said: "I am told you write poetry. I never read a line of your poetry, and I don't intend to. You must not be offended with me; the truth is, I never read anybody's poetry but my own. You must not be surprised; for it is not vanity that makes me say this. I am an old man, and little time is left me in the world. I use that little as well as I may to revise all my poems carefully, and make them as perfect as I can before I take my departure." Mackay, desiring to turn the conversation, asked the name of a picturesque mountain across the lake. "Dear me!" exclaimed Wordsworth, "that's Nab Scaur. Have you never read *my* poems? I have described Nab Scaur more than once in my poems." And then he recited a passage of twenty or thirty lines.

In 1844 Mr. Mackay resigned his position on the *Chronicle*, and became editor of the *Glasgow Argus*, the leading Whig journal of Scotland. He retained the place until 1847, when he returned to London, and became editor of the *Illustrated News*. A vigorous effort was made in those days in Scotland to enforce a more strict observance of the Sabbath. A great meeting for this purpose was held in Glasgow, at which the principal speaker was the venerable Dr. Wardlaw. He resided in the country, some five or six miles from his church in the city, and was accustomed to ride in on Sunday upon a little pony. At this meeting he had spoken half an hour in vehement denunciation of the sin of Sabbath-breaking, when a man rose in the gallery and modestly requested the doctor to repeat the fourth commandment. A great hubbub arose at this interruption. The doctor quieted it by saying that he had no objection to repeating the commandment. He had got as far as "thine ox and thine ass," when the man in the gallery begged permission to ask the reverend gentleman whether the words "ox and ass" did not mean all beasts of burden, and whether the divine law that applied to an ass did not apply also to a pony. "It certainly does," replied the doctor. On the next two Sundays the venerable clergyman walked into town; but on the third he once more came riding upon his pony. He explained to his congregation how he had come to the conclusion that this was no violation of the commandment. After thorough investigation and anxious prayer, it seemed evident to him that the original Hebrew Sabbath applied to animals of burden as well as to man; but that the change of day to the Lord's day applied only to man—leaving the Sabbath of the brute creation as it originally stood. "Upon this principle," he said, "I have resolved to give my pony its Sabbath rest upon the Saturday, and to ride it, as my increasing age and infirmities demand, on the Lord's day, or Sunday."

The Scottish railways were obliged by law to convey the mails on Sunday, but they were not obliged to carry passengers; and some of them refused to aid and abet in Sabbath-breaking, by suf-

fering a passenger to enter a train upon any pretext. Early one Sunday morning in 1848, a lady drove up in her carriage to the railway-station in Perth. She had driven all night in order to catch the mail-train for Edinburgh. She was told that she could not go by the train. She explained that she was the Duchess of Sutherland; that her father, the Earl of Carlisle, was lying at the point of death at Castle Howard; and begged that she might be permitted to go by the train. It was all in vain. The officials were courteous but firm. Their orders were imperative, and they must obey them. The result was that, owing to this refusal, the duchess reached Castle Howard a few hours too late to see her father alive.

Among Mr. Mackay's acquaintances in Scotland was Thomas De Quincey, "the opium-eater." He was very old and very poor, living sometimes in London, sometimes in Edinburgh, and sometimes in Glasgow. He had resumed the habit of laudanum-drinking, and paid frequent visits to Mackay's editorial sanctum, visits which usually closed by the request of a shilling to purchase laudanum, a wine-glassful of which he was wont to drink with as little compunction as if it had been so much claret. He was not always able to pay for his lodgings, and sometimes had to resort to degrading shifts. The last time Mackay ever saw him was in the streets of Glasgow. They met suddenly at a turning. "I knew I should meet you!" exclaimed the opium-eater; "three streets distant I was mysteriously aware that our two orbs were approaching each other." He then launched into a wild and mystical harangue, which lasted twenty minutes, and closed by a request for sixpence to buy a draught of laudanum.

Dr. Mackay devotes a chapter to each of his two visits to the United States: and very amusing chapters they are. We are sorry to suspect that some of our countrymen must have amused themselves by playing upon the unsophisticated gentleman. He was greatly struck by "the apparent prejudice against Englishmen and the British Government." Some one explained to him that "one of the reasons for the anti-British prejudice that existed in the Northern and Western States—New England excepted—was that New York, Pennsylvania, and Ohio, and others to the north of what was called 'Mason and Dixon's line,' were not wholly, or to a large degree, of British descent; that the Dutch predominated in the city, if not throughout the State of New York, once the Dutch colony of New Amsterdam; the Germans in Pennsylvania and Ohio, and the Norwegians still farther west; that neither of these nationalities had any pride in or respect for Great Britain, its history, its language, or its literature." Others assured him that this apparent aversion "was not the genuine expression of American feeling, but only so much wild buncombe employed to coax the Irish vote." He assures us that a prominent Democrat in New York said to him: "The Irish and the niggers are the curse of our politics; and I fervently wish that every Irishman in America would kill a nigger and be hanged for it." The doctor charitably suppresses the name of this "prominent Democrat in New York." Had it been disclosed, we fear he would stand a poor chance at the next election. Another person, "a celebrated officer in the war against Mexico," proffered quite a different explanation. He said:

"It is not dislike, except among the Irish and the Germans. I will tell you what it is. England has held her high place in the world quite long enough, and we Americans think our time has come. A man may love his father, but he does not wish him to live on forever and keep his son out of his patrimony; and that's just about our feeling. What we Americans would like, would be to see old Mother England beset by a coalition of all the powers of Europe against her—France, Russia, Germany—the whole kit of them—and reduced to the sorest extremity in fighting for national existence. And just in the very nick of time, when the dear old critter was at the last gasp, the United States would come to the rescue, scatter her enemies like chaff before the wind, and annex her to our glorious Union—the oldest and the noblest State in it."

No wonder that the astonished Briton declared, "No man living will see that day." The valiant general admitted that this might perhaps be so; "but," he said, breaking out into prophetic rapture—

"That union will come in Fate's appointed time; and a splendid union it will be. It will rule the world, I tell you; and will so dominate over all other nations as to render war impossible either in Europe, Asia, or America, unless our race permit it."

Among the notable Americans with whom Dr. Mackay became intimate was Mr. Seward, whom he describes as "a man of convivial tastes and habits, and very fond of small jokes, which were commonly much wittier in intention than in effect." They must have become on most confidential terms if we are to put implicit faith in the doctor's account of what took place at a dinner given by the British minister, the only persons present being the host, Vice-President Breckinridge, Mr. Seward, and Dr. Mackay. The conversation was mainly between the two Americans, and turned upon the approaching disruption of the Union, the chief difference in opinion being as to the time when it would take place. Dr. Mackay avers that he wrote the conversation down in his note-book at the time, which certainly was a rather odd thing to do at a dinner-table:

"Mr. Seward was of opinion that the Union would break up into at least three sections: the Northern, the Southern, and the States to the west of the Rocky Mountains on the Pacific seaboard. Mr. Breckinridge inclined to the belief that the sections would amount to four, inclusive of the three already mentioned, and the six little New England States, which he thought would separate from the North, and either seek incorporation with Canada, or endeavor to extend their union at Canadian expense."

No wonder the British minister said nothing, while matters so deeply concerning the empire were broached. "Mr. Seward," says the doctor, "thought the Union might last five years longer. Mr. Breck-

inridge thought the disruption would be more speedy. The two Englishmen did not venture to express an opinion." Whereupon—Mackay *teste*—Mr. Seward turned to him and said:

"I ask you as an observant traveler—as a writer for the press—to record the sentiments of at least one American, who knows his countrymen, that, come when that day will—and it will come in Heaven's appointed time, and no earlier—the United States, both of the North and the South, will set a glorious example to the world of the value of free institutions. They will prove to the corrupt, rotten, effete old monarchies and empires of Europe how vastly superior the republican system is to theirs; and that two such brothers as the North and the South will act as brothers, and not as foes; they will shake hands peaceably, and part without bloodshed. The Union compelled by force may suit European ideas. It will never suit the ideas of America."

When this speech, worthy of the great Elisha Pogram himself, was finished, Mr. Breckinridge (unless Dr. Mackay's eyes deceived him) "smiled, as if dubiously," and said, far less eloquently, but still most impressively:

"If such be the wish of the North, I am sure it will be the wish of the South. The continent is big enough for both of us, and, though separated from each other, as it is certain we must be, we shall still be able to stand against Europe as one power in holy and defensive alliance."

The minister's "hospitable table" must have had its effect upon some of his guests. Was it upon the two Americans, or upon the British "writer for the press?" We wish our space would permit us to detail the close intimacy which, according to Dr. Mackay, existed between him and Mr. Seward: how when, in 1859, Mr. Seward visited England, Dr. Mackay became his guide, philosopher, and friend; how the doctor got the statesman's portrait inserted in the *Illustrated News*, and how gratefully the high favor was received; how the Briton took the American to hear and see "the notorious Baron Nicholson, of the Judge and Jury Club," to attend a mock trial of the Sickles case; how the tipsy "baron" put indecent questions to mock witnesses, and Mr. Seward said, "That man has legal acumen enough to adorn the Supreme Bench at Washington;" and of one of the equally tipsy mock counsel, "In my country a man of such eloquence and ability as this would rise to any position in public life that it pleased him to seek. He would have an excellent chance for the presidency;" how when the "harmless, honest, and insignificant" Lincoln became President, Mr. Seward, then Secretary of the State, invited Dr. Mackay to visit him in America, and "give us what we want, and what will immortalize you—a *song for the Union;*" and how Dr. Mackay did not come, and would not write the song, whereby the "people of the North were ultimately obliged to be contented with a negro hymn" about John Brown, and his soul marching on; but how Dr. Mackay did something much better for Mr. Seward; for (he being still witness) it was mainly through Dr. Mackay's representations that Mr. Seward gave up Messrs. Slidell and Mason, and thereby avoided a war with Great Britain. These, and many more things relating to Dr. Mackay's first visit to the United States, we would have been glad to detail, but must content ourselves with touching upon the popular ovation with which the lecturer on "Poetry and Song" was greeted in Canada, after his not altogether flattering reception in the United States.

He quotes from the Toronto *Globe* a long account of this ovation, or series of ovations, the substance of which is that at Montreal his lecture was attended by upward of sixteen hundred persons, after which he was entertained at a public supper, the band of the Seventy-third Regiment being in attendance, and serenading him. At Hamilton, at the close of the second lecture, he was invited to a public entertainment. At London the corporation gave him the gratuitous use of the City Hall, where one thousand persons were present, and a public supper was hastily organized, "at which the healths went round until the small hours of the morn." At Quebec, after the lecture, there was a public supper; and at Ottawa "the poet was publicly serenaded in the beautiful grounds of the Hon. Mrs. Mackay, of Rideau Hall." To this glowing account the doctor modestly adds:

"Justice compels me to give an explanation that the cordiality exhibited was not wholly due to myself, but was a sort of reaction against what the Canadians considered a depreciation of themselves and their country, and a vindication of their literary status. Mr. Thackeray was invited, by a committee appointed for the purpose, to lecture on 'The Four Georges' in the principal cities. He declined, stating as his reason that it was not worth his while to go to Canada, inasmuch as 'the United States had bigger fish for the catching than Canada could supply.' The result was that the influential Canadians who invited Mr. Thackeray resolved to shower upon the next English lecturer who came among them the welcome which they would have given to that gentleman if he had been more gracious in his reply. The next lecturer happened to be myself, and I inherited, as it were, from Mr. Thackeray an amount of good-will which might have been his had he chosen to accept it."

From Dr. Mackay's account of his second visit to the United States, during which he "occupied the responsible and often dangerous position of correspondent of the *Times* from the city of New York," we condense his narrative of the only case mentioned by him in which he was exposed to anything looking like peril, premising that a report had preceded his arrival in New York to the effect that he had presided in London at a meeting where a "Northern traitor" had lectured against the Union:

The day after his arrival at his hotel, a waiter brought a card bearing the name of "Mr. Miles." "Show him up," said the doctor; whereupon entered "a tall, gaunt, bony man, whose height, I should think, exceeded six feet by three or four inches." He seated himself, without being asked, without saying a word, and the doctor very naturally inquired what had procured him the honor of the visit. "Well," he replied, "I want to know what you've come to our country for. Yes, sir, we want

to know whether you're a friend or a foe." "Who are the '*we*' that you speak for?" queried the astonished doctor. "Who are *we?* Why, *we* are the great American people, sir, engaged in a struggle for our national existence, which we intend to preserve, by God, though hell itself, as well as the brutal and bloody English aristocracy, should go against us. That's who *we* are!" Some further conversation ensued, in which Mr. Miles assured the doctor that he was "an enemy of our glorious Union," and that "in my private opinion you have come here for no good; and at this moment you have Jeff Davis's gold in your pocket." The blood of Mackay was now fairly up, and he replied: "And it's *my* private opinion, Mr. Miles, that if you don't leave the room this moment you'll be kicked out."

It was a thrilling moment. "Mr. Miles," says the doctor, "was a strong man and a big man, as I have said, and I am only of the middle size, and not particularly muscular, though there is a very unmistakable spice of the devil in me when I am incensed. I imagined for a moment or two that the end would be a very inglorious personal encounter between us." But, undismayed by the thought, he calmly rose and rang the bell; whereupon "Mr. Miles rose from his chair, put on his hat, and, without saying another word, left the room before the waiter made his appearance."

"I know that I am not a coward," writes Dr. Mackay; "yet I was very much relieved by the peaceable termination of this disagreeable affair. 'Dennis,' I said to the waiter, 'I shall not be at home to Mr. Miles any more. I don't know him; do you?' 'Sure, and I do. He's always about the bar, collecting news for the papers. He's a reporther.' 'Well, I want to have no more to say to him, though I should be glad if I had the opportunity of kicking him just for once.' 'You'll never have the chance, your honor. He'll keep out of your way.' And so he did, most probably," concludes Dr. Mackay, "for I never saw him again in the flesh, though I received a letter from him asking if I would 'loan' him ten dollars."

We must acknowledge that our faith in the absolute truthfulness of this thrilling narrative is a little shaken by the doctor's averment: "I afterward learned that Mr. Miles was an Irishman by birth, a naturalized American, and that his real name was Miles O'Mulligan. He afterward served in the Federal army with the rank of colonel, and was killed in the battle of Antietam." Mr. Miles's eloquence, as reported by the doctor, seems to us to lack the genuine Hibernian flavor; and, moreover, the battle of Antietam was fought only some nine months after the occurrence of this memorable incident—certainly a very brief space for one to leave the reportorial ranks, enlist in the army, rise to the rank of colonel, and, after serving as such, meet a hero's death. And, furthermore, in the list of the officers slain at Antietam, we have looked in vain for the name of Colonel Miles O'Mulligan.

THE TOWER OF PERCEMONT.

BY GEORGE SAND.

X.

"I WAS in love with Mademoiselle de Nives," said Jacques, "when she was in the convent at Riom. I had been out of college for a long time, though Henri was still there, and was intending to go to Paris to commence my law-studies. I was passing my vacation at our town-house, and, from one of the dormer-windows of the granary, frequently saw Mademoiselle de Nives standing at the window of her cell looking out upon the convent-garden. It is true, she was but fourteen years old; but she was already beautiful as an angel; and, at the age I had then reached, admiration for beauty may rightly be called love. But I was too little accustomed to persons of her condition to think of making a declaration of my passion, and if by chance she turned her head toward me I quickly hid where she could not see me.

"One Sunday Henri, who came to pay me a visit, not finding me in the house, took it into his head to look for me in the granary, where he discovered me absorbed in reverie, and made fun of me. I hurried him from the room in great haste, lest he should see the beautiful charmer who occupied my thoughts. As, however, he persisted in teasing me with epigrams, I confessed that I was in love with a certain Marie in the convent. The malicious *gamin*, for the sake of fun, wrote ridiculous letters to her under the signature of 'Jacques,' and she imprudently made fun of them with her companions. They laughed too loud, and the nuns, who kept watch, seized the balls in which were concealed the love-letters thrown over the college-wall. Madame de Nives was informed of the grave offense. She used it as a pretext for transferring Marie to the convent of Clermont, where she passed a most unhappy youth.

"She will tell you herself what she suffered, uncle; for she has set her heart upon seeing you and asking your advice and protection. You must, indeed, listen to her. During this time I forgot her, willing or not; for I was in Paris, and my childish dreams gave place to more serious realities. However, I learned how much the poor girl was to be pitied for my fault and Henri's. He knew nothing about it, as Miette talked only to me, and sometimes she showed me her friend's letters, which gave me great pain; but what could I do to repair the wrong? I was not an eligible party for her, and

could not demand her hand in marriage; besides, the countess did not wish her to be married. She was determined to force her to become a nun, pretending that her daughter-in-law wished to devote herself to a religious life and rejected the idea of marriage.

"Chance alone could bring about the events that followed. I found myself thoughtlessly involved in a romance, and obliged to accept the *rôle* assigned me.

"Two years since, I was at Clermont on account of an affair of which it is unnecessary for me to speak. All the hotels were full, as it was during the assizes. I was passing through the streets with my valise in my hand in search of a lodging when I met Charliette face to face. I had a vague idea that this woman, married and established at Riom, had been Mademoiselle de Nives's nurse, but I was ignorant that she had remained faithful to her charge as a dog to its master. I did not even know that, on account of this devotion, she and her husband had since taken up their residence at Clermont. I repeat it, and I solemnly assure you, my dear uncle, that chance has been the powerful agent in all that concerns me.

"Charliette has been pretty; she has still a fresh and agreeable countenance. I had been polite to her at an age when I had no idea of anything else. We were, therefore, very well acquainted, and I was glad to meet her. I confided my embarrassment to her, asking if she knew of any furnished room that would answer my purpose.

"'You need not go far,' she replied; 'I have a furnished room that will suit you exactly. I do not use it, and I shall ask you no rent for it—too happy to render a service to a countryman, and especially to a brother of Miette, who is so good and ready to do a kind deed to every one. Come and see if the lodging suits you.'

"I followed her to a narrow and dark lane, running along high walls, and entered into an old house more picturesque than pleasant; but the chamber in question answered my purpose, and Charliette's husband offered it to me so cordially that, lest I should hurt the feelings of these worthy persons, I took immediate possession of my new quarters. I intended to take my dinner at an hotel, but they would not consent. Charliette said that she had formerly been the cook at the Château de Nives, and was sure she could suit me. In truth, her cooking was excellent; but I am not aristocratic, and do not like to eat alone. I accepted only on condition of having my hosts at my table, and of seeing them served at my expense in the same manner as I was.

"The same night I went out to keep an engagement, taking a key of the house with me. This does not interest you, uncle; but I am obliged to tell you in order to explain the conversation I had with Charliette the next evening.

"Her husband had gone to the workshop, and I was sitting at the table with her, tasting a quince-cordial of her making that had been bottled at least ten years, when she said to me:

"'Are you going to run away again this evening, and return at three o'clock in the morning? Poor fellow! your health will be ruined by such late hours; it would be far better for you to marry and settle down quietly. What do you think about it?'

"'No, indeed,' I answered. 'I have not yet exhausted the pleasures of youth.'

"'But when you have, it will be too late, and you will find nothing but a rejection of your offers. If you will be reasonable, I can perhaps make a match for you beyond your hopes, even while you are still young and handsome.'

"At first I laughed at Charliette, but, when I found she was really in earnest, I was forced to listen to her. She talked of a fortune of more than a million, and a young woman of noble birth whom I already knew, since I had been in love with her.

"'Ah!' said I, 'can it be possible that you are speaking of the little De Nives?'

"'The little De Nives,' she replied, 'is now a young lady nineteen years old, beautiful and good as an angel.'

"'But she is in the convent?'

"'Yes, on the other side of this wall against which you are leaning.'

"'Indeed?'

"'It is just as I tell you. This old house, where we are, forms one of the out-buildings of the convent. I was established here as a tenant soon after Mademoiselle Marie was shut up in the convent. I promised to follow her, and we arranged beforehand a plan of action. I know how to play my part, although I could not conceal that I had been her nurse. The nuns, who wished to force her to take the veil, distrusted me a little when I asked for work, and questioned me adroitly to find out whether I should encourage the resistance of the young novice. I was more shrewd than they were: I replied that Marie was altogether wrong, that theirs was the happiest condition in life, and that I had always advised her to adopt it. They brought us face to face; but we were on our guard. She received me very coldly, and I accosted her in the harsh tone of a devotee determined to preach her a sermon. She sent me away in disgust. The farce was well played. The community received me into great favor, and intrusted to me the washing of the linen for the chapel. I came off so well, and showed myself so assiduous in the performance of convent duties, that I was soon considered as belonging to the personal service of the community, and was free to go where I wished, and communicate as much as I pleased with Marie. If you will go up-stairs with me, I will reveal a secret that you must not betray. Your sister is the best friend of my dear little one, and you would not wish to add to her unhappiness.'

"I swore to keep the secret, and went up a little break-neck stairway by the light of a candle that Charliette held. I found myself in an old storeroom, where, on lines arranged for this purpose, albs, surplices, and linen garments, embroidered or trimmed with lace, were hung to dry.

"'See,' said Charliette, 'this is my work, and the

way I earn my living. The abbés who officiate in the nuns' chapel say that nowhere else do they find vestments so white, well-starched, and comfortable: but this does not interest you. Wait; you are in the inside, or nearly so, of the convent, for the door that you see above those four steps communicates directly with the bell-turret of the chimes that announce the services. My husband, who is piously inclined, has been received into the house to keep these bells in order, and repair them, if necessary. He has a key to this door, and he would not trust it to me during the night for anything in the world; but the dear man must sleep, and, when I want the key, I shall have it. And, when Marie needs it, she will pass through this door to make her escape! Do you understand me now?'

"'I understand you perfectly; and the thought of such a fine adventure makes me almost insane.'

"My adventures in the city seemed no longer of any importance, and I did not go out that night. I talked all the evening with Charliette, who came back to renew the conversation after her husband had gone to bed. This devil of a woman wrought me up to such a state of excitement—I do not wish to conceal anything from you, uncle—that, if the thing had been possible at that moment, I would have carried Marie away immediately, regardless of the future.

"But the consent of Mademoiselle de Nives must be obtained; and as yet she knew nothing of the condition of affairs. Charliette's plan had been improvised on seeing me. I had several days before me to reflect upon the undertaking, and a crowd of objections rose in my mind. This young lady who does not know me, whose sole idea of me rests upon the memory of the absurd letters that she perhaps still attributes to me—this noble girl, so rich, and probably so proud, would most certainly reject Charliette's insinuations. What was my surprise when the next evening Charliette said to me: 'Everything works well; she did not say "No;" she wants to see you first; she well knows that you are considered the handsomest man in the country—but she has never seen you. Go Sunday morning to mass at the convent; she will be behind the curtain, so situated that she can look at you; only appear composed, and do not raise your eyes from your prayer-book; I will lend you one; besides, I shall be near to watch you. You must be prudent.'

"I was prudent, excited no remark, and Marie had a good opportunity to see me. In the evening Charliette brought me a letter of hers that I know almost by heart:

"'My good friend, I have seen him; I do not know whether he is witty or handsome—I am no judge of that—but he appears well, and I know from his sister that he has an excellent character. As to marrying him, that demands time for reflection. Tell him to come back in a year; if he has then made up his mind, perhaps I shall do the same; but I will make no engagement, and I shall hold fast to my determination.'

"I could have wished for a shorter probation—but I must abridge the story so as not to fatigue you. Charliette could not obtain a more favorable answer, and I went back to the country very much absorbed in my romance. At the end of the year of trial—that is, last year—I returned secretly to Clermont, and quietly took possession of my room in Charliette's house.

"I said nothing to my sister of Marie's formal commands, for I was sure that Miette would not plead my cause. I learned, however, through her, that she was the confidante of Marie's desire to escape from the convent, and had entreated her to be patient until she became of age, offering her an asylum at her house when she was legally free. This did not favor my suit, for Marie, no longer needing my assistance when she became of age, would not have the least reason for choosing me in preference to any one else.

"However, my submission to the trial imposed, and my fidelity in returning at the appointed hour to receive her orders, pleaded for me. I had this time an interview with her in Charliette's storehouse. I was dazzled with her beauty; she was dressed as a novice, in white from head to foot, and as pale as her veil: but such eyes, mouth, and hands! I lost all control of myself in my passionate admiration, and in spite of Charliette's presence, who did not leave her, I found words to declare my love.

"'It is as I feared,' she said; 'you expect an answer, and if I do not say "Yes" immediately, you will hate me.'

"'No,' I replied; 'I shall suffer much, but I will still submit a little.'

"'Only a little? Very well! listen: I believe in you now, and rely on your assistance in escaping from this convent, where I am dying, as you plainly see; but I have no desire to be married at present, and I will not accept any man who does not love me with the most absolute disinterestedness. If you are that man, you must prove it, and give me your aid without any conditions.'

"This decree did not alarm me; it is out of the usual order of things if a man cannot make himself loved if he wishes it, and possesses ordinary advantages. I promised all that she demanded. She told me that she wished, as soon as she escaped from the convent, to take refuge with Miette, and to see me there secretly until she became better acquainted with me; but she knew Miette would oppose every plan for a marriage between us, and she must not be allowed to have any suspicion of the contemplated arrangement. Marie was also sure of her willingness to receive her. 'I no longer fix any time,' she added, 'for I have already received proofs of your honor and devotion. When circumstances permit me to regain my liberty, I will send you this little ring that you see on my finger. It will say: "I am waiting for you; take me to your sister."'

"After this interview, I was more in love with Marie than ever, and I assure you, uncle, that no other woman occupied my thoughts. My second probation was longer than I anticipated, almost as long as the first. I knew, through Charliette, who

passed a day at Riom, that Miette insisted in her letters that Marie must wait until she was twenty-one years old. It was through Charliette that the two friends corresponded.

"I was almost discouraged as the epoch drew near, and thought, unless I carried her off, I should never be anything to her but a friend. However, one beautiful morning, about two months since, I received the gold ring, slender as a hair, carefully folded in a letter! I set out I ran, I flew, I arrived at the place appointed—"

"And you carried her away? Then the story is finished!"

"No, uncle; it is just commenced."

"I understand very well; but there are confidences I do not wish to receive, or boasting that I do not wish to listen to."

"Neither the one nor the other, uncle; I will tell you the truth: Mademoiselle de Nives is always entitled to respect."

"That does not concern me."

"Which means that you doubt it! Well, will you believe me when I say that I behaved, not like the buffoon to whom you often do me the honor to compare me, but like the clown who draws the chestnuts out of the fire for—"

"For whom?"

"For the harlequin."

"Who is the harlequin?"

"Can you not guess?"

"No, unless you are jealous of Henri because he danced with the pretty peasant-girl this evening."

"Yes, I am very jealous, for there is something else."

"Then go on; I am listening attentively."

"I arrived at Clermont *incognito;* alighted, threaded my way carefully, and slipped stealthily into Charliette's house at night, and gave expression to my joy and gratitude.

"'Listen to me,' she said; 'fine words are only words. I am engaged in a matter that may have serious results, and, if my husband does not kill me when he finds out what I have undertaken to do, he will at least beat me. You are going to run away with a girl who is a minor. Her step-mother will make a public scandal of the affair; there will be a lawsuit, perhaps, in which I shall be implicated—at all events, driven from the convent where I have a good place and the means of gaining a poor living! I know very well that Mademoiselle Marie, who is rich, will reward me generously for all that I have done for her; but there is my husband, who knows nothing and will countenance nothing. This will not prevent him from losing the custom of the convent and being obliged to leave the country on account of the reports that will be noised abroad. Will you not make some sacrifice on your side for my poor husband, who may not find another situation for a long time? I am a poor woman, and do not know anything about business; I do not even know if Mademoiselle Marie will be able to do me all the good she wishes to; this is the reason I have brought you together, and you are so good and generous! For all that, ideas change sometimes; if you should forget or disown my services, you have bound yourself by no engagement, you have offered me nothing, promised me nothing.'

"I spare you the details, uncle. You must have foreseen, while listening to me, what then happened. I was simple enough never to have thought of it. I had indeed said to myself that there is no absolutely Platonic disinterestedness in this world, and that on the day when I married Mademoiselle de Nives we should have a generous nuptial gift to bestow on the good nurse. This was very simple, as it ought to be; but I had never expected that this woman would lay down her conditions beforehand and try to make me sign a note for twenty-five thousand francs. I hesitated for a long time: on one side, I was unwilling to purchase my marriage from such a wicked woman; on the other, I was equally unwilling to bargain for the honor and the pleasure of carrying off my intended wife. I thought I could get out of the difficulty by promising to pay a round sum in Paris when I arrived there with Mademoiselle de Nives. Nothing would answer; Charliette would not give her aid in the elopement unless she had the note in her pocket. I took my pen and began to write out a conditional promise. No, Charliette wished for a promise without any conditions. She maintained—and she was right to a certain point—that an engagement drawn up in this way compromised her, her husband, and myself. 'I must,' she said, 'rely upon her sense of honor to tear up the note if the marriage did not take place;' but I could not resolve to risk losing twenty-five thousand francs without compensation, and we separated at midnight without coming to any conclusion, Charliette promising that the elopement should take place the next night if I yielded to her demands.

"I was so agitated and perplexed that I could not think of going to bed. My window looked out upon a bed of cabbages surrounded with a slight fence. On one side was the garden of the little house hired by my hosts; on the other side was the back part of the kitchen-garden of the convent. It could be cleared with a bound. I had made observations enough to know the locality by heart. On the side toward the street, our little yard had a door closely locked, and a very high wall defended with fragments of broken bottles; this door belonged to Charliette's tenement, and the key was not guarded by her husband with the same care as that of the storeroom. It often remained in the lock on the inside. There was, therefore, a means of escape in this direction as well as through the storeroom and the door of the house; but Mademoiselle de Nives must be informed of it, and make her way from the convent-garden into the kitchen-garden. Absolutely, I did not know if the thing were possible.

"At all hazards, I determined to investigate the door of the little storeroom. Who knows if I could not discover some means of opening it? I tried to go out. I saw that Charliette had locked the door of my room, and that I could not break the lock without making a great noise. I had with me my

large country-knife supplied with instruments for all purposes, and I walked from the door to the window without any hope of finding an escape from my situation, when I fancied I saw a grayish figure glide along the fence, move away, and return with every appearance of uneasiness. It must be Mademoiselle de Nives. I did not hesitate. I made signs with my lighted cigar that appeared to be perceived and understood, for the mysterious figure did not go away. Then with dexterity and promptness I took the bedclothes and tied them end to end. I fastened them as well as I could to my window, situated nearly twenty feet from the ground, and slid down. When this extemporized rope came to an end, I let go entirely, and fell among the cabbages without receiving the least injury. I ran to Mademoiselle de Nives, for it was indeed she! With one kick I broke down the fence, took her by the hand without saying a word, and led her without making any noise to the door opening upon the street. The key was not in the lock, and my knife was not of an edge to struggle with this ancient and monumental work. Mademoiselle de Nives, astonished at this plan of escape, entirely different from what she had anticipated, asked me in a whisper where Charliette was.

"'I am going for her,' I said; 'remain in the shade, and do not stir!'

"I went into the artisan's workshop to find some kind of a tool; but, as I groped about in the darkness, a sudden inspiration recalled to my mind an insignificant circumstance of my first installation at Charliette's house. At that time I asked her for the key of the yard so that I might keep my appointment and return without disturbing any one. She said, as she gave it to me: 'You must hang it, when you come back, on a large nail above my husband's work-bench, lest he suspect something unusual. He is a devout person, and would be scandalized.' I searched immediately for the nail where, two years before, I had replaced the key. There indeed it was; I seized it, praying to Heaven that it might be the same.

"Fortune was on my side—it was the same! It turned noiselessly in the lock; and, seeing myself master of the field of battle in spite of my jailers, I could not help saying, with a smiling countenance:

"'All is right! My host, the locksmith, keeps everything in his department in good order.'

"'Do you make puns at such a moment?' said Mademoiselle de Nives, full of amazement. 'You have a remarkable degree of coolness!'

"'No, I am gay—beside myself with joy,' I replied, shutting the door carefully, 'but I know what I am about.'

"'You do not know! you have forgotten Charliette, who is going to accompany us.'

"I invented an excuse. 'She is waiting for us at the station,' I said. 'We must join her as quickly as possible!'

"I hurry her along through the dark and deserted streets, and we soon reach the railway-station. A train has just arrived, and stops only five minutes. Marie lowers her veil, I buy the tickets, and hurry with her into an empty compartment.

"'What does this mean?' she cries, as she sees the cars starting. 'I am here alone with you!'

"'Yes, you are alone with me for the journey. Charliette's courage failed her at the last moment, but I have enough for two. Can you trust me? Do you look upon me as an honest man?'

"'You are a hero, Jacques! I believe in you, and will do as you wish. If Charliette is a coward, I am not; but I have no money, no luggage—'

"'I have in my pocket all you need. With money one finds everything in Paris. You said you wished me to obey your commands unconditionally, and I promise obedience. Your esteem is the only recompense I demand; but I want it without reserve; your confidence will be the proof that I have obtained it.'

"'You have it entirely, Jacques. I give it to you in the presence of God, who sees and hears us!'

"I found myself put upon my honor, but Mademoiselle de Nives helped me to control myself by her absolute ignorance of my agitation. She is a singular girl, as bold and courageous as a lion, innocent as a little child. She has not a particle of coquetry, and yet there is an irresistible seduction in her frankness and simplicity. She has read, in her father's old château, romances of the age of chivalry; I really believe she has never read anything else, and has always thought that every honest man was easily and naturally a perfect cavalier of the ancient times. She thinks that goodness is as easy to others as it is to herself. I learned to know her even to the bottom of her heart in the two hours' conversation we had together, and the more passionately I loved her, the more it became impossible for me to tell her so. I could do nothing but make protestation of my devotion and submission; I saw plainly that not a word must I utter concerning love and marriage.

"As soon as the train had gone far enough to make it impossible for her to leave me, I determined to tell her the truth, and described my interview with Charliette.

"'When I saw,' added I, 'that this woman tried to take advantage of me, I lost all confidence in her. I feared also that, not being able to extort money from you, she would sell your secret to the Countess de Nives. I refused her aid, and relied only on myself to deliver you. Fortune is certainly on my side, for I do not yet know why you happened to be behind that fence.'

"'I will tell you,' she replied. 'Every arrangement was made for my escape this very night. I was already supplied with the disguise of a workwoman that I am now wearing. I promised to be at the door of the storeroom at midnight—my cell is close by—and this was easily accomplished. At midnight I was there, according to agreement; but I scratched in vain upon the door—I even knocked cautiously; it was not opened, and there was no response. I remained for a quarter of an hour almost beside myself with uneasiness and impatience. I

thought Charliette's husband had found out our secret, and had shut his wife up. Even in that case you ought to be there, and would have spoken to me through the key-hole; if necessary, you would have broken down the door. Some serious accident must have happened to you. I cannot tell you what tragic and frightful things I imagined. I could not endure this anguish, and resolved to enter Charliette's house through the garden to find out what was going on among you. I climbed over a *treillage* on the wall separating our flower-garden from the kitchen-garden. I am light and adroit; reaching the top of the wall, I jumped down upon a heap of straw I saw on the other side. Then, while running to the fence, I saw your cigar shining like a bright point in the darkness, and watched the luminous whiffs you drew forth, until I comprehended that you were there and recognized me. What terror I felt in seeing you descend from the window so courageously! After all, you are here, and my nurse abandons me! What you tell me of her avarice grieves me without astonishing me very much. She has never asked me for money; she knew I had none; but she knew also that some day I should come into possession of my fortune, and gave me often to understand that she had a right to my gratitude. I am not disposed to forget her, and I will make no bargain with her; but from this day I no longer accept her services, and will send her away if she tries to rejoin us.'

"'There is no need of her coming,' I said. 'Trust me to render pursuit unavailing. However, if by a miracle she finds us, keep on the right side of her, and pretend to be ignorant of all I have told you; otherwise she will hasten to denounce you.'

"Having arrived at Paris without molestation, we took refuge in the lodgings of Jules Deperches, my best friend in the city, who, I knew perfectly well, would be glad to render me any service in his power. Like an honest man, he gave up his apartment to us without asking a single question, or even seeing the veiled face of my companion. I hastened to hire a room for myself at the nearest hotel, and left Marie to repose.

"The next morning I lost no time in procuring linen, dresses, bonnets, boots, and an outside garment, for my poor Marie, destitute of everything. I did not spare money; I brought her a charming toilet, as well as the more simple one she asked for, not wishing her to attract attention.

"I cannot describe the happiness the child felt in receiving these gifts and in beholding her beautiful dress and rich linen—she, who for years wore only the thick woolen garb of the young nun. I was delighted with the appreciation she manifested, and ran to buy for her gloves, a parasol, a watch, ribbons, and everything else I could think of! She discovered that I had good taste, and promised to consult me always in regard to her toilet. She was absolutely on confidential terms with me, and called me her brother, her dear Jacques, her friend. The sweetest words issued from her lips; her eyes caressed me; she thought me handsome, lovable, brave, witty, charming; she loved me at last, and I ventured to kneel before her, and entreat the happiness of kissing her hand.

"How do you think she received my advances? She held out her hand to me, and I was foolish enough to cover it with kisses. She drew it back brusquely, angry at first; then her feelings found expression in a nervous burst of laughter.

"'What kind of manners are these, my dear Jacques?' she said. 'I do not understand them; but I feel that I do not like them. You forget who I am; but, indeed, you do not know, and I see that it is time to tell you. I am not what you suppose—a girl eager for freedom, and in a hurry to find a husband. I have not yet decided in regard to marriage. I am religious—a devotee, if you will—and a life of celibacy has always been my ideal. I have not been unhappy in the convent from the fault of those around me. It is the necessity for conformity to rule that was my enemy and my executioner. My life depends upon movement, air, and noise. My father was a horseman and a hunter; I take after him, resemble him, have his tastes; confinement kills me, and I have a horror of convents because they are the prisons where I have been forced to pass my life; but I love the nuns when they are good, because they are pure women, and their renunciation of the delights of domestic life seems to me an act of courage and heroism. Therefore I deceived no one when I said, as I often did, that I was not opposed to convent-life. My step-mother relied upon this declaration; and, when I refused to make an unconditional engagement before I became of age, she greatly feared lest I might dispose of my fortune to some community. She was even angry with the Abbess of Clermont, who did not wish me to be pressed too strongly. I have an idea in my head that I have not confided to any one, and I still dream of being able to realize it. I hope to recover my property, and I shall then found perhaps an order of Sisters of Mercy, which I shall establish at Nives, to take care of the poor and the sick, and to bring up children. We shall not be cloistered, and we shall travel through the country continually to help the needy and to do good works. It seems to me that I shall be perfectly happy in carrying out this plan. I shall be equally devoted to a holy life, with charity for my only law of action, without being shut up alive in a tomb, or running the risk of letting the heart die out with the reason. You see, then, very plainly, my good Jacques, that you must not kneel before me, nor be always kissing my hand, as if I were a great lady, for I never shall be one.'

"Such is Mademoiselle de Nives's plan, and, if you see her, you will learn that she has not yet decided to modify it. You will say that it ought to have been in my power to make her change her resolution. You may well believe that I did my utmost; but how can you persuade a woman, when you have nothing but words to use in the contest? Pardon me, uncle, words are fine things when one possesses your power of using them. It was useless for me to study law; I shall always talk like a villager, and I know nothing of the subtile arguments that hold, even

against their will, such sway over those who listen. A woman is a being naturally captious, who cannot be taken hold of by the ears, and who submits to a certain magnetism only when she does not keep herself too far away from the fluid; but what can be done with a woman who will not allow the least familiarity, and who possesses such a spirit of strife and revolt that no one but a brute or a savage can tame her?

"I was obliged to submit absolutely, and become an Amadis de Gaul, to be allowed to remain at her side. The worst of the affair is, that in this game I have become amorous as a schoolboy, and the fear of displeasing her has made me a drudge and a slave.

"Besides all that I have mentioned, she is full of contrasts and inconsistencies. She has been brought up in mysticism, while the cultivation of her reasoning powers has been systematically neglected. All her thoughts being turned toward heaven, she plays with the realities of the world as with charming nothings which she will leave behind, since religious exaltation carries her elsewhere. She is passionately fond of dancing, dress, and pleasure. When we were in Paris, after the first evening, she wanted to go to the theatre to see the decorations, the ballet, the opera, and the fairy-scenes, but did not care a particle for literary performances or tragedies, and could not endure the slightest indelicacy. She did not understand these things at all, and yawned while looking on; but the grottoes of the sirens and the Bengal lights were happiness to her—almost delirium. I hired a corner-box where it was very dark, and closeted myself with a pearl of beauty, admirably set; and the box-keepers, who alone saw her charming face free from thick veils, smiled at my happiness, while I played the *rôle* of a great pedant condemned to explain strings and machinery to a child seven years old.—You are laughing at me, uncle?"

"Yes, I am laughing; I find it a well-merited punishment for a Don Juan of the Latin Quarter, who takes it upon himself to elope with a novice without having suspicion of the kind of bird he has taken charge of. But, to come to the point, did she seek legal advice in Paris?"

"Indeed she did! Among her oddities, she possesses a surprising knowledge of business, and a facile memory of the law-terms connected with it. She consulted M. Allon, and now knows her situation on her finger's-end."

"Very well: did she tell him that, in allowing herself to be carried off by a great paladin, well known in the country for his good luck, she gave arms against herself to a step-mother who is still her guardian, and who can reclaim her and reinstate her by force in the convent, if it were only for a week, with all the flourish of trumpets of a great scandal?"

"I do not believe she told all this to her lawyer, but I think she told it to her confessor, for she had a religious consultation with a very able and influential abbé, who, learning that she had more than a million to devote to the service of his faith, found her above all suspicion, and sheltered her from all danger. He advised her to separate from me as quickly as possible, and to keep concealed until the day she came of age. He did not, however, forbid her from regarding me as a brother and a friend; for Marie, who was unacquainted with my past follies, probably represented me to him as a lamb without spot, capable of giving her assistance in her holy enterprise. In short, all these proceedings being ended, we once more took the cars, and, after a week passed *tête-à-tête* in Paris with your humble servant, she returned to Vignolette on a beautiful summer night, as pure and tranquil as when she came out of the convent."

"Was it you, then, who accompanied her to your sister's house? I thought she arrived there with her nurse."

"Ah! I forgot to tell you. As we were leaving the railway-carriage to dine at Montluçon, whom should we meet but Charliette? She was on her way to Paris in search of us, and little thought of finding us so soon. Marie, guided by my advice, received her kindly. 'You were afraid at the last minute?' she said. 'This is all for the best, since you are not involved in the affair, and will be more useful than if you had followed me to Paris. You can take me to Mademoiselle Ormonde's, and remain at Riom to gain information of my step-mother's proceedings.'

"Charliette went with her to Vignolette, and then rejoined her husband at Riom, where I have since met her. We two had a lively explanation. She naturally is in a rage with me, since I succeeded in frustrating her plans. At first she thought I had acquired the rights of marriage over Mademoiselle de Nives. When she found out her mistake, she raised her head and renewed the offer of her services on the same terms, pretending that, according to her anticipations, her husband, driven from the convent, had lost his situation and would encounter many obstacles in recovering the one he had formerly occupied at Riom. She threatened, in covert words, to reveal everything to the step-mother. I was obliged to come down with money, especially as I believe the honest and pious husband in perfect agreement with the wife to take advantage of the situation without appearing to know anything about it. However, I made a better bargain than the note of twenty-five thousand francs, and resolved, as soon as Marie came of age, to send the nurse about her business.

"Unfortunately, and against my sister's wishes, who dislikes and distrusts her, she has seen Marie very often during her stay at Vignolette. She has kept her secrets faithfully, but has used every effort in her power to prejudice her against me; and I am certain that she has suggested another husband to her, but I cannot tell whom she has chosen to supplant me, or upon whom she rests her new hope of a fortune. I know only one thing: this evening Henri accosted Mademoiselle de Nives like a person with whom she had made an appointment; they talked in a low tone, but with much excitement, dur-

ing the pauses in the *bourrée*, and afterward disappeared together. I thought I had planned so wisely in putting out the light; it was indeed a brilliant idea! They took advantage of it to run away!"

"Where do you think they have gone? If it is to Vignolette, I am certain that Henri will not allow himself to cross the threshold."

"I do not think they have gone there, for this very reason. Perhaps Marie has taken it into her head to return to the convent and remain during the last days of her minority."

"In that case, Henri would have given better advice than you did."

"And his position in regard to her would be better than mine," replied Jacques, with a sigh.

"Hush!" I said. "Some one is calling us—it is Henri's voice."

He soon joined us.

"I was uneasy about you, father," he said. "All our relatives have gone, regretting not being able to say good-by. My mother is waiting for you at Father Rosier's."

"And where have you been," I replied, "during the two hours that I have been in search of you?"

"You were in search of me? Not in this mysterious wood, where you have been with Jacques for an hour at least?"

"But where do you come from?"

"From home. I returned a little fatigued and bored with this ball in the midst of the dust; but not seeing you, I thought you might want me perhaps, and came back to the *fête*, which is finished, and my mother is very impatient."

We left Jacques slightly reassured, and went to deliver Madame Chantabel, who, accusing me of being delayed by a client, stormed for the hundred-thousandth time against pleaders and advocates.

Did Henri wish to confide anything, or make a confession of any kind to me? As soon as we returned, in order to give him the opportunity, I went with him to his room to smoke a cigar before going to bed.

"You know," I said, while talking of the events of the day, "that Miette came to bring her bouquet to me?"

"I know it," he replied, "and regret not having seen her."

"Who told you that she came?"

"A servant; I cannot remember who it was."

"She was at the *fête* this evening. You did not come near us, though we saw you from Rosier's garden dancing with a very pretty village-girl."

"Yes, I danced one *bourrée*, thinking it would amuse me as it used to."

"And that wearied you?"

"If I had known that Miette was there—"

"You would have invited her, I suppose?"

"Certainly. Did she see me when I was dancing?"

"I don't know; I was looking at your partner. Do you know what a remarkable person she is?"

"Yes, for a peasant; very white, with small hands."

"Who is she? and where does she come from?"

"I did not think to ask her."

In making this reply Henri threw his cigar into the fireplace, as much as to say, "Is it not about time to go to sleep?"

I left him without urging him any more. Either he was sincere, and ought not to suspect what was passing in my mind, or he was determined to be silent, and I had no right to question him. My son was not as easily penetrated as his cousin Jacques. He possessed a stronger will and greater breadth of character.

The next day and the day after, in order to see him even for a little while, I was obliged to climb up to the tower, where he had installed himself with two workmen and a servant. He was so delighted with this romantic spot, that he was fitting up a lodging-room for a refuge when stormy weather surprised him in his walks.

"You are in a great hurry," I said, finding him engrossed with painting and hanging. "I agreed to let you have one or two rooms furnished to suit your own taste, and you have carried out my economical ideas too rigidly."

"Not at all, father," he replied; "I know very well that I am a spoiled child, and that you would deny me nothing for my pleasure; but, while examining the locality, I discovered that it would be in better taste to leave the rooms in their old-fashioned rusticity than to make additions and improvements. Here are the two apartments that old Coras occupied. I have put this great sofa of Cordova leather in the bedroom instead of the broken-down bed. The hangings are in good order, excepting the dust that has settled upon them, and I have found a carpet to conceal the broken tiles. The casements close firmly. This ceiling, with joists blackened by smoke, has an excellent tone. In short, a great deal of sweeping was required, and a few repairs in the painting that will be dry this evening. To-morrow I shall bring some books and a good old-fashioned table, and I shall be like a prince."

The next day he finished his furnishing with the surplus of our old rubbish, and passed the afternoon in arranging the books he had chosen in the closets.

I was intending to go to Vignolette to find out if my niece was in a more tranquil frame of mind, when I received the following note:

"Do not be troubled about me, my good and dear uncle; we had no discussion of affairs at home. I found my companion there on my arrival: she had returned with her nurse, and did not say a word of her thoughtless freak. I thought it was my duty to ignore it utterly, and not to oppose her evening walks with this woman, who now comes every day, and appears to have acquired much more influence over her than I have. I do not wish to be mixed up too much with their petty secrets; my duty is limited to hospitality. Fortunately, time moves on, and will soon release me from a responsibility always painful when unaccompanied by authority."

This missive did not make me feel any more at ease, and I began to watch Henri stealthily with scrupulous attention.

I remarked on this same evening, as well as the evening before, that he rose from table when coffee appeared, and went away with Ninie on his shoulders to "play horse" in the garden. There were shouts and bursts of laughter, then the noise grew faint in the distance, and at the end of half an hour the child returned with her nurse. Henri did not reappear until an hour later, saying that he had smoked his cigar out-doors, that his mother might not be annoyed.

On the third day of these proceedings I resolved to disburden my mind. Circumstances favored my intention: Madame Chantabel had two old friends for guests, who plunged into cards with her as soon as dinner was over. She did not concern herself about the little girl, who seemed to adore Henri, and on whom Henri seemed to dote.

The days were rapidly growing shorter. I waited for the twilight, increased by the thick foliage of clumps of trees, to steal into the garden, and thence into a neighboring meadow, where a double foot-path ascended in one direction to the tower and in the other descended to the village.

I heard the child's voice coming from a clump of willows shading a spring on the border of the meadow, just at the foot of the rock that bears the tower. I turned my steps in that direction, keeping close to the bushes, and soon saw Henri come out of the willow-trees, bearing Ninie in his arms. He took the shortest course—that is, instead of going, as I did, along the hedge, he followed the path leading to the garden. Evidently he was carrying the child to the house to give her back to her nurse; but he was going to return. I was on the watch, and saw two women come from under the willow-trees, take the path to the tower, and disappear in the foliage of the vines covering the hillock. I still waited, perfectly quiet, in the thicket, but I did not see my son return as I anticipated. Upon reflection I said to myself, if he returned to the tower he took a more direct road—he crossed the nursery and climbed the rock perpendicularly.

I heard the village clock strike. It was only eight o'clock. Henri would not reappear in the drawing-room till nine. He had, then, already returned to the tower. I could go there through the vines, since the two women had got the start of me. I did not hesitate, and, although the ascent in this direction was steep, I arrived at the foot of the tower in less than ten minutes. It was entirely dark; there was no moon, and the sky was overcast, but it was silent and calm. I could easily conceal myself even when approaching near the entrance, and my information must be obtained through the sense of hearing. This was neither long nor difficult. Henri and one of the women were standing three steps from me; the other woman kept watch at a little distance.

"Now, then," said Henri, "have you decided?"

"Yes, positively decided."

"Very well; do not return to-morrow—it is useless."

"Oh, yes, again to-morrow! Do let me come."

"I warn you that it is very imprudent."

"I know nothing about prudence; what do you know of it?"

"I have some to spare!"

"I am above all this idle talk, and have a higher aim than to watch that chimera which in human language is called reputation. I am responsible only to God; and if I do right in his eyes, I may laugh at everything else."

"But you wish to be successful, and must not create useless obstacles. If your secret is discovered, the object of your solicitude will be sent away."

"How will my secret be discovered unless you betray me?"

"I have sworn that I will not betray you; but the child will talk."

"What can she say? She saw a peasant-girl, who embraced and caressed her—that is all. My dear friend, let me come to-morrow!"

"To-morrow it will rain in torrents: the sky is covered with clouds."

"If it rains, do not bring Ninie; I will come just the same to hear news of her."

"Very well; on one condition, that it shall be the last time, and you will allow me immediately after to confide everything to my father."

"Let it be so! Adieu until to-morrow. O my dear friend, may God be with you and bless you, as I bless you! Adieu!"

She called her companion with a light whistle, and both took their way through the pines. Henri followed them to the verge of the woods, as well as I could judge from the light sound of their footsteps on the paths and over the dead branches.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

IN WEARINESS.

MY child, you may take your eyes away,
And your violets, too, I fear;
There is nothing sweet in the world to-day,
That was so sweet—last year.

Should a fairy come to my threshold-tree,
In her leaf-green cloak and hood,
When the stars are lit for a tryst with me,
Would I meet her if I could?

The rain may beat the bird from the bough,
And the worm may wound the rose;
The grass may grow in the graveyard now,
Till the winds whirl back the snows.

My child, you may take your eyes away;
I know they were sweet—last year;
There is nothing I want in the world to-day
But—the wings of the dove, I fear!

GIORGIONE'S VENICE.

WE passed under a portico which led from the landing of the canal, and emerged upon a small *campo* with a church upon one side and a stunted tower overtopping the low houses. On the wall of the tower was an old stone evangelist in relief, long-haired and bearded, with a book in his hand. Opposite was a line of small gray houses, with flowering plants on their balconies, and bits of carved stone inserted in their walls. High up on one of them was a painted wooden sign: "Female Education, with Instruction in Foreign Languages."

In the middle of the *campo* stood a massive well with a broad scroll coping, uncarved save for a bass-relief of an antique water-jar on either side. Against the church-wall sat a bronzed peasant in a broad felt hat with a red carnation in it, his sunburned chest showing through his ragged, open shirt. Before him were two large baskets, in one of which reposed, on a bed of vine-leaves, slender, pale-green figs, with their crimson hearts bursting into the sunlight. From the handle of the other basket hung tapering clusters of green early grapes.

On one side of the *campo* stood an old palazzo, with a front of pale plaster which had dropped away in patches, leaving the faint yellow tones of the brick, shading to rose-color, gleaming in the sunlight. The plaster was darker wherever the rain, and the *scirocco*, and the salt air of centuries, had brushed it in passing, as about the arched lintels and sunken ledges of the windows. It turned to black where it formed a background for the weather-beaten shutters that were of pale green, full of luminous white undercurrents shifting with the sunlight—a color-reflection that was caught up into the Venetian houses far back in the ages from the mysterious depths of the canals.

The paleness of the plaster was here and there broken by some dim curve or half-defined outline of faded brown or light flesh-red—some faint suggestion of a human head—some rounded line that hinted at human grace. The large window of the *piano nobile* was broken into arches of gray stone. On the narrow balcony were large, bare-limbed geraniums, with their leaves grown yellow in the late summer. A few meagre blossoms shot up against the pale house-front from the gaunt arms that were stretched through the spaces of the railing. They were like skeleton hands, striving to clutch at the skirts of the passers-by to tell them of the horror and agony the place had known. High up under the rich red brown of the tiled roof, an old gray tablet, dark with age—an emblem of joy, and love, and fame, a laurel-wreath tied with flowing streamers—was inserted in the wall. Thus the two master-tones of the love-tale that the old house has told to the people through the centuries, are symbolized to-day upon its front, among the sun-faded blinds and the weather-stained plaster.

On the level of the *campo* was a square green door, with the sunlight beating against it. On the threshold drowsed an old woman with her rags gathered about her.

The *campo* lay in that rapturous silence that fills the streets of Venice in the afternoon—silence in which your heart beats loud and your pulses throb at the mysterious voices that are in the sun-thickened air. A nameless, restless force is at work under all the enchanted quiet, for there is always an undertone of memory in the sunlit slumbers of the Venetian street. The thought of the dead past stirs forever in the city's heart.

"What keen artistic sense lies at the root of all Venetian circumstance!" remarked my companion. "In another place the tide of the centuries might have stranded Giorgione's death-chamber upon some noisy thoroughfare, but in Venice the latent harmony of life is in every beat of the city's pulse."

We paused under the balcony, from which the sere geraniums stretched out their knotted arms. The old woman on the threshold, startled by our voices, brushed her scant gray locks away from her gnarled face, and gazed at us with supplicating eyes.

"A *lombardo* for the love of the Virgin, *signori*, and I will say as many *De Profundis* for your dead as you will."

We dropped a copper into her withered hand, and bade her pray for the soul of the painter Giorgione.

A woman came out through the arched window above, and stood leaning over among the sparse red blossoms, gazing down upon us with kind, wondering eyes.

"Signora, is this Giorgione's house?" we asked.

"No, signori, there is a notary living here now, my husband. Signor Giorgione must have moved away last year, before we came."

There was a noise as of wooden heels across the *campo*, and a girl, who had been sewing in a doorway opposite, came clattering toward us.

"Signori, I will show you the house of Giorgione. It is behind the *campo*, on the other side. He has never lived here."

"But are you sure?" we asked. "The books say—"

"Mare di Diana! The books! I have lived in the *campo* since I was born. I know the house."

There was a pretty confidence in the gesture with which she drew up her slender form that inspired us to follow her. She wore a loose cotton garment, short enough to display her neat white stockings, the pride of all Venetians of the lower class. Her shoes were wooden soles with high heels and a pointed strip of black cloth, embroidered with bright flowers across the top. All her wealth of dusky hair, filled with blue shadows, was braided in a loose knot low on her stately neck, and cut short at the temples to fall over the ears. She

had that broad, low brow, with the repose of the antique upon it, that came up from the south with the fugitives that settled on the islands of the lagoon. The width of the face from temple to temple, the sculpturesque eyelids with their heavy fringes, the chiseled features, the full, red mouth, stamped it as that passionate southern beauty which is calm and statuesque in exterior, but has unconscious lava-fires burning below the fair vineyards of its surface.

She led the way through a narrow lane behind one of the old gray houses. There was an old arched alcove across a passage that had once served as a shrine. A half-obliterated fresco was on it—some old, hard outlines, that might have been drawn in the days when the Vivarini painted tabernacles for the churches—a yellow-haired Virgin with the Child, seated in glory, with a monk and a bishop kneeling one on each side; pale, spectral shapes, that stood out in dim relief in the twilight of the passage. Beyond the arch gleamed a space of shining water, which leaped up into the sunlight when the boats darted across the opening.

In front was a high wall, from behind which rose a slender larch-tree, that drooped wearily against the high, pointed windows of the old houses, that were black with centuries of damp and mould. An old man, unshaven, blear-eyed, with a worn cap on his head, was leaning over one of the quaintly-carved window-ledges, with his arm thrown caressingly about a box planted with yellow marigolds.

"Signor Giorgione," cried the girl, "here are some strangers who wish for rooms, as nearly as I can understand."

"We are all full, signori. I am very sorry," answered the old man, deprecatingly.

The girl turned away with a disappointed air, and we followed her back to the *campo*, where she resumed her seat in the low doorway, and bent her dark, graceful head over her work.

The old *campo* passes the long, languid days of the late summer in dreaming of the time when the pavement rang with the footsteps of student-lads who pressed about the threshold of their master Giorgione, and called upon him to come down and join them in their wild sports. "There will be masques to-night," cry the lawless young painters; "and we shall sup afterward by moonlight under the shadow of St. Mark's." The gods and monsters that the master's hand has frescoed on the pallid plaster grin down an acceptance. A figure appears at the balcony-window, and cries out to the young idlers to return to their studies, and abide the nightfall.

It is a tall figure, with a beautiful young face, framed by the velvet cap of the painter-guild. As he stands there in the sunlight in his dark-green velvet garment, full of rich shadows, with the concentration of genius upon his face, you would not believe him the trifler, the pleasure-seeker, that all Venice hails him. The broad brow, the strong features, the firm chin, tell of quick, impatient, creative power. Only the graceful curve of his mouth suggests the hidden flaw within this vessel, in which burns the sacred fire.

He is colossal in his achievements when he has once convinced himself that creation is the worthiest end of life. But there is no ideal so noble, no resolution so bold, that it will not vanish before the touch of soft lips or the glance of tender eyes. Why should he sit and toil over one form of beauty, when all God's creation lies at his feet, waiting but to be grasped?

But now and again comes a moment when the thought of the sacred charge committed to him rushes through his heart. Then, with the impulse of his strong soul a score of touches from his eager hand creates a shape that sets the whole town wondering at his power. And then his old demon whispers to him that love and life are better than art, and so for months he gropes on through the darkness that thickens about him toward the light that eludes his grasp. His days are one long struggle between the instincts of life and the instincts of art. His youth, his beauty, his passionate nature, are forever at war with the cold, stern asceticism of intellectual creation. He had a Greek nature, this Venetian of the *cinque cento*, and his was the pure sensuousness of those perfect organizations that accepted beauty as the gift of the gods, and made their lives lyrics, and bathed their bodies in sunlight, and shunned the darkness of thought and mental suffering.

And yet I wonder if those wise young painters, who shook their heads over the noisy riot with which Giorgione filled the Venetian streets, never recognized in his wild merriment the agonies of a despairing soul. Did they never feel in his gorgeous canvases an undertone of pathos? Did no undefined sadness creep over them when they gazed upon his pictures of women, those lovely faces with the moulded features and ripe, parted mouths, and tender, rosy brows shadowed by rich, bronzed hair, and deep, brooding eyes that give the lie to their flushed, bare limbs? Some dim memory of suffering endured far back in the ages hides under those voluptuous curves, some consciousness of approaching decay lurks beneath the fair marble surface, some presentiment of early death fills the deep eyes with awe.

Such a form as those that glow upon his canvases, with the mysterious death-prophecy written on their brows, used to stand on the balcony of summer afternoons and gaze down upon the slumbering *campo*, with the arms of the flowers clutching at her sweeping garments of deep-red velvet. There were rubies on her bare, white throat, and the deep-red carnations of Venice burned among the dull gold coils of her hair. She leaned over among the dark-red damasks that hung from the balcony, a rich mass of color against the tawny frescoes of the wall, and the sunlight deepened the glow of her hair, and made dark furrows in her velvet drapery, and gleamed in the jewels about her throat, and transfigured her to the wine-goddess, the bacchante, the color-queen of the Venetian revels.

The young students, passing across the *campo*, lowered their voices as they caught sight of the stately form, and said one to another, "It is Giorgione's love!" Did they feel the lurking agony in that smooth, fair face, the forethought of pain and suffering in the beautiful eyes, the tears gathering behind the laughter that made the old *campo* ring with gladness? Yet for her there was naught in life but love, and joy, and pleasure, velvets and jewels, and every night a fresh revel.

The sun stole away behind the low houses, and the heavens glowed with the faint red of the lagoon reflection, and then the color died away, and left the pale, luminous green of the twilight and one young star to keep watch over the slumbers of the *campo*. Then the heavens darkened slowly, and the early moon threw a line of silver across the arched window of the balcony, and in the hall behind there were crystal lamps that threw jets of reflected flame upon the tapestries and damasks that hung on the walls, and on the soft, flushed faces with parted lips that looked out from the pictures on the easels. The stately figure with the dreaming eyes drew back from the loneliness of the moonlit *campo* into the bright-draperied hall.

In the canals behind there was the hollow thud of the gondola against the walls of the *rive*, and the weird cry of the gondolier echoed above the noise of merry voices. There were shouting and laughter on the stairs of the palazzo. The doors of the great hall were thrown open, and a bright-robed crew rushed in, singing snatches of old ballads and stately sonnet-measures; young painter-lads with guitars and mandolins strumming to the accompaniment of their light voices; slender figures in doublet and hose of blue, and scarlet, and yellow; lovely women, with bare throats and floating locks, in damask, and satin, and brocade, and jewels. They brought wine with them, and carried their glasses uplifted, drinking to love and pleasure. They wore crowns of the long ivy-arms, that the lads had snatched from the gardens along the canals, and they placed one on the locks of Giorgione, and saluted him, in his heroic Greek beauty, as the young pleasure-god, Bacchus. They wove the trailing tendrils into a coronet for the stately head with the carnations burning upon it; and they twined it about both their bright garments, and poured out the red wine faster and faster, and swore there was no future and no past.

Faces grew flushed and eyes strangely bright, and jeweled bosoms beat high. The heat of the lamps, and the fumes of the wine, and the glow of the crimson and gold, made the hall seem ablaze with flame, and stifled the breathing of the revelers, and quickened the pulses of their hearts. They pressed out on to the balcony to feel the night-wind lay its sea-kissed fingers upon their heads. Among them towered Giorgione, with the ivy-crown on his beautiful head, and pressed close against his heart was a fair, vine-wreathed brow, and deep, sweet eyes gazed up into his, full of love-questionings. Below, the *campo* lay wrapped in the white shroud of the moonlight. Dark figures glided across the space of silver, and were merged in the shadows that gathered about the doorways and corners. The old evangelist on the church-tower stood dark against the radiance, frowning upon the white shoulders that were marble in the moonlight, and the gleaming jewels, and the pallid brows, and the proud figure of the young wine-god, with his upturned face, transfigured to the divine repose of the Greek immortals.

Why should he strive to create new beauty when it lay within and about him? Love and youth and pleasure were the highest life could offer. The legend of heaven and the soul was an old worn fable, told by monks in convent-cells.

Suddenly the noisy laughter died away, and the tinkling mandolins were hushed. From the tower of the church echoed a deep bell-voice, which made the old houses tremble with fear and the *campo* cower low in frightened silence. Again and again the solemn stroke beat the air. "The bell for the dead," muttered the revelers, and some turned and crossed themselves, and others grew white and haggard, and murmured a half-forgotten prayer. An awful consciousness crept over them of cold, dark regions of space, which each soul must traverse alone and unguided, where no human sympathy can lighten the dreary way—where each soul is shut up within itself to do and be, and, though it might cry out through the ages in its agonies of loneliness, no other soul could approach to bear it company. No wonder that young Giorgione, to whom had been given to preach the stern, high doctrine of the soul's isolation, which goes hand-in-hand with the immortality of genius, and who had fled before it with the cowardice that could not bear the loneliness of thought and creation, should have beheld black gulfs of remorse and despair yawning within his soul at the sound of that bell for the dead, and should have gazed into the desolate solitude of eternity that was to follow the light and warmth and color of his Venetian life. He drew the golden head closer to his breast with a clasp of dread and despair, for he had divined the separation and loneliness of immortality.

The solemn warning of the bell died away, and the painter shook off the fearful mood of revelation, and cried out to the student-lads that the hour had come for the masques. The women snatched up their veils and fastened the small black masks across their eyes, and the painters slung their lutes across their shoulders, and they hurried down the stairs and out on to the moonlighted *campo*, with the ivy-crowned painter at their head. The mad train disappeared in the shadows of the portico behind the house, to wander all night through the echoing streets, like some bacchanalian procession on an antique tomb, all riot and revel and drunken mirth and flushed faces and reeling gait.

A little later, and a heavy lethargy holds the life of the city in its grasp. A sickening vapor arises from the canals that fills the air with corruption. The sky is a vessel of fiery brass, although the sun is hidden by clouds, and the pavements burn the

bare feet of the passers-by. The people carry knots of sweet-scented flowers and vials of essences in their hands, for the plague is abroad in Venice. As they cross the *campo* they glance upward at the balcony where the painter Giorgione was used to stand on summer nights and make his lute whisper love-words to the girl by his side among the flowers. It is long since the painter has been seen in the studios, and it is rumored that he has been stricken by the pest.

There he lies, in the great hall behind the balcony-window, the strong, beautiful wine-god, writhing in agony among the crimson velvets and damasks of his couch, his lips purple, his cheeks white and sunken, his eyes glaring with wild restlessness, the damp of death gathering on his brow. On a table near by stands a flask of the deep-gold Cyprus, and the silver vessels of his *festa* time are within reach of his hand. By his couch watches the form that was used to clothe itself with the wine-hue of triumph. The carnations that flamed in her hair have burned to ashes. The roundness of her soft cheek and throat has vanished forever. The pallor of death has settled upon her mouth; the glassy stare of dissolution is in her eyes. But she will not die yet, for she loves, and he whom she loves has need of her. She snatches the vessel of Cyprus from the table and stoops over him with tremulous limbs to give him drink, but the cup slips from her hands and she reels and falls on the pile of damasks by his side, and the foam gathers about her mouth as the convulsion of death distorts her features. What now boot the jewels and the velvets and the silver vessels and the scented lamps? Their souls must go forth bare and unclothed into the strong, white daylight of immortality.

From the walls gaze down the beautiful, sensuous faces that the painter loved, with their sadness deepening into horror in the presence of the great mystery. The dull gray light streams in through the balcony-window over the deep-red hangings and the ghastly faces of the dying. For them there will be no more moonlight, no more masking, no more playing of the dear lutes.

A sob breaks from Giorgione's purple lips. Some faint memory of the beautiful dead past sweeps over him, and he turns his agonized head to meet the eyes that have so often been raised to his in the old, sweet moonlight-time. But there is no response in the dull gaze that is bent so fixedly upon the crimson hangings of the wall, and no motion stirs the white laces about the marble throat. A horrible sense of loneliness rushes through the painter's dying soul. She has left him forever—has drifted out alone on to the great, dark ocean of eternity. In that supreme moment the problem of life is solved for the painter in all its bitterness. The dim intuition that the prayer-bell had power to awaken in his heart in the old, merry, masking-time, grows in that fatal instant into the naked, solemn, fundamental truth of the universe. He learns now, when it is too late, that every soul is shut up within itself, to be, to create, and to suffer, and that neither human love nor friendship can stand between the soul and its destiny.

All that had made the painter's life beautiful had left him. Only the reality of the soul's eternity remained to him, and the thought of the weary, endless regions of darkness through which he was to wander alone, unloved, forevermore. With a last yearning look toward the white cold face upturned to the red damasks of the wall, the painter fell back upon his couch and died.

A little space, and the lovers lay side by side, clothed in their *festa* garments—she in the dark red she loved, with her golden hair flowing about her, he in the royal green that had flashed so often in the sunlight among the flowers of the balcony. The gray daylight darkened into the overcast dullness of nightfall, and the silver lamps were lighted as of old on masking nights, and the sickly, clouded moonlight stole in through the window.

There was the dull thud of a boat against the wall in the canal behind, and on the pavement of the *campo* a muffled tread, and heavy footsteps on the stairs that once echoed with the light touch of revelers. The door was thrown open, and a company of black-robed figures, with hoods and masks, glided into the hall. They lifted the bodies from their crimson couch and bore them in their arms through the open door, and the lovely, prophetic faces on the wall grew terrible with horror. The lovers were carried together down the stairs they had so often mounted hand-in-hand—their dead faces almost touching, their hair mingling, their velvet robes trailing in the same pathway. They were borne out at the door into the dark *campo*. In the canal behind, the black-draped boat awaited them, with the lantern at its prow. The lovers were laid side by side on the bier, and the *becchini* entered the boat and grasped their oars, and the beautiful forms, with their marble faces and the rich glow of their *festa* draperies, shot off into the darkness of the waterways that had so often echoed with their cries of revelry. The pleasure-sovereigns of Venice had drifted off forever on to the great black ocean of immortality!

And this is why the old *campo* lies to-day in a lethargy of grief, and the very sunlight is filled with pathos. The old, passionate love-story is wrought into every fragment of the crumbling plaster, every cavernous space in the worn brick of the old houses, every poor, shabby flower growing on the window-ledges!

There was a quick footstep in one of the narrow *calles* behind, and a man emerged upon the *campo* with a little girl by his side. He carried a guitar slung about his neck, was young and fair-bearded and pale-faced. He was some toiling artisan, who, after hours of confinement in some dark workshop, had come forth into the narrow streets to earn an extra copper for the sickly wife and the children at home.

The child by his side wore a faded cotton gown falling to her knees in straight folds, and carried a

small tin plate in her hand. Her pale young face was framed by golden curls falling to her shoulders, with the front locks bound around her head and knotted at the back to define the outline, after the fashion of the saints in old Carpaccio's pictures. She might have stood for one of those demure little maidens who look out from his canvases, seated on the steps of the throne, with their violins on their shoulders and their music-books open before them, while their hair falls straight down their fresh cheeks, and their eyes, deep and earnest, gaze into regions we know not of, and their single garment of dark cloth covers their supple young bodies in long folds.

He loved these little street-singing maidens, that grand old Carpaccio—loved them because he saw in them the prototypes of the angels who visited him in his dreams, and because he recognized the divine immortality of childhood, and because of the beautiful innocence and unconsciousness of their brows, and the dewy freshness of the mouths that wailed forth the fire and passion of the love-songs of Italy through the burning summer days and the voiceful summer nights. He loved them because they were poor and neglected, and grew like the thistles on the sea-shore, and were brave and happy and strong through all their suffering young lives ; and because he was a poet, as all great painters are, and knew that the flower of humanity blossoms not within stately halls and palaces, but by sunny stones and hedges on the highways.

The pale musician strummed a prelude on his guitar, and began one of those old *ritornelli* that have echoed through Italy for centuries. Full of passion and melancholy as the Italian nature, they are like the souls of the people uttering the dumb thoughts that their untutored mouths cannot mould into speech. For generations they have been wailed through the yellow cornfields and the reddening vineyards of the plains, lightening the toil of the laborers. The hill-side winds have caught up their refrains into the rustling olive-boughs. Girls have sung them into the fern-grown basins of the village fountains. Dark-eyed peasant-boys have screamed them through the silence of moonlight nights to the music of worn harmonicas under the fig-trees at cottage-doors.

Fishermen, rowing in their boats on the lagoon, send the refrains back, to lose themselves in the domes of the city. Mothers croon them to the children in their arms as they crouch on their thresholds of summer nights. Young girls, who sit at work high up in the windows of the brown roofs, behind the sturdy, bright flowers, send them abroad, clear and fresh and sweet, over the canals below, so that the people gather on the bridges to listen, and marvel at the youth and love in the worn ballad, and go on their way with tears in their eyes and old memories in their hearts.

The old *campo* roused itself from its slumbers at the impassioned voice of the singer. The weather-stained walls brightened with feeling, and the old stone escutcheons on the house-fronts grew instinct with life. Soft women-faces appeared at the garret-windows among the chimneys. The brown-skinned peasant, crouching behind the green beauty of the figs in his basket, beat a barefoot accompaniment on the pavement. The girl sewing in the doorway gazed dreamily before her, and a soft flush crept over her brow as she listened, and her work fell from her hands. The old woman drowsing on the threshold of Giorgione's house, as of old his models basked in the sun, aroused herself and listened with pleased content to the ancient melody. It had been sung to her, perhaps, by some dark-faced lover years before, ere her hair grew white and her face wrinkled, and she took to begging to keep her soul in her body. The notary's wife came out on to the balcony among the geraniums, and sent a copper ringing on to the stones at the feet of the little singing maiden. Some deep, hidden under-current of harmony in the relations of humanity, perhaps, led her to divine that this might have been the song Giorgione sang to his lute, to the golden-haired girl he loved, up there among the flowers in the moonlit summer nights. It could not have been more full of youth and passion and tenderness than the words the pale young singer utters, as he stands there with his child by his side, gazing anxiously about him with the thought in his heart of the sick wife waiting at home in the little garret-chamber above the canal, cooking the scanty supper of *polenta* to stop the hungry mouths of the younger nurslings :

" Vien dal tuo fido amante
Che spasima per te."

" Come to thy faithful lover who is dying of longing for thee," he sobs, with the pleading of despair. In his notes is that undertone of pathos which lends such mournfulness to the songs of the people. Perhaps it is the consciousness of the disproportion between the songs and the lives of the singers which escapes thus in their voices.

The song died away in an echo from the narrow streets, and the *campo* settled back into its dreams. The singer, with the golden-haired child, crept wearily on down the dark *calle*. We followed him through the dismal passages until he disappeared across a bridge, and we heard his voice echoing afresh in a neighboring *campo* with the shrill child-notes piercing through its mellow sweetness.

We threaded narrow ways that lay, dark and warm, in the lateness of the afternoon. The people were strolling through them with fans in their hands, and white floating garments and fluttering veils swept on by our side. Standing on the bridges, and looking down the canals, the houses seemed to swerve from their course and bow toward one another, and almost to meet at the end of the dark street of water. It lay, cool and quiet, with the shadows of the projecting balconies and the stooping palace-fronts deep in its heart, rippling caressingly about the gaudy, painted stakes, with the summer wind blowing a kiss to it as it fluttered from bridge to bridge, from the carving on the water-gate to the rosy oleanders leaning over the balustrades. Wherever the dark water-space was spanned by a single arch, the shadows were gathered into one

heavy blackness that lay in sullen despair at the feet of the gleaming, white-marble curve.

There is a subtile fascination in the Venetian water that holds the stranger gazing deep into it as though to fathom its secrets—stagnant and sluggish as the life of the city, green and inscrutable as the eyes of women that the Venetian poets loved, glittering and careless as the old-time mirth and revelry, black and fierce in its depths as the heart of the old republic, full of mysterious lights and shadows, false-hearted, and cold, and cruel. The gleam of the knife is in its sunny aspects, the stealthy, throttling fingers of the executioner are in its lapping and fawning touch on the palace-steps; the faces of drowned maidens rise up where the moonlight gleams pale upon it; the moan of the prisoner, dead long ago in the ducal dungeons, shivers through it in the silence of the night. It is a beautiful, treacherous siren, the Venetian canal, who calls out to men through the glowing nights and the sultry days to rest their weary limbs forever among the glittering green gems of her bosom—some lovely, hard-souled enchantress of the *cinque-cento* poets, watching for her prey on a floating island in a magical sea.

We came suddenly upon a length of canal which was cut far in the distance by another water-way, and formed with it a green, sun-gleaming space. High up above the opening across the canal, a small iron bridge reached from one roof to another against the faint blue of the heavens, covered with a vine that had turned blood-red with the heats of the late summer. The long arms hung down, climbing and clustering one about the other like the close-woven red *arazzi* of feast-days, leaving free the space above the canal, and closing in about the pale palace-fronts on either side like a triumphal arch. It trailed its wine-colored tendrils low in the dark canal like the streamers in the *gondole* of a festa-time. Beyond the sunny open space was a background of pale-red wall full of deep shadows, where the lime had dropped away in patches, and broken by a wide, gray water-gate.

A chorus of voices, the shrill and piercing notes of children, the deeper tones of women, echoed in the distance. It came nearer and nearer—the sweet old refrain—

> "Vien dal tuo fido amante
> Che spasima per te"—

that had been caught up from some *campo* behind, where the pale young musician and his child were waking the old walls to tenderness.

Beyond the wine-hued arch a boat emerged from the side-canal and floated across the space of gleaming water against the soft red of the far wall. A lithe figure stood dark against the brightness, swaying with the stroke of the oar. Women crouched low in the boat, and children stood upright among them. They were *contadini*, in bright dresses of yellow and blue, with crimson and scarlet kerchiefs on their heads and about their shoulders. The wailing refrain rang down the length of the canal, and lingered about the doorways and the bridges and on the mouths of the people after the boat had glided on into the darkness of the water-street.

We passed under a pointed archway with a great angel carved upon it, long-haired, with wide-spread wings, and a straight garment falling to his feet. In either hand he held an escutcheon, a rampant monster with beak and claws. The streets of Venice are filled with these angel-apparitions. They smile upon you at every chance corner. They bless you from high up under the eaves of the houses. They make the humanity of the streets beautiful to you. A glance at their serene, sweet shapes has power to send you on your way with a heart full of peace and good-will.

Every turning of a Venetian street awakens some keen delight of sense, some new perception of beauty. The people you meet seem close akin to the saints carved on the church-fronts. The angels come down from the house-tops and walk beside you with outstretched hands. You note a thousand acts of loving-kindness that elsewhere would escape you, for the people seem to feel that celestial beings walk among them, and the thought of their common destiny is brought close home. The weary mothers carrying their tired children, when the burden is breaking their hearts, glance up at the stone Virgin with her Babe in her arms, seated high up on a house-front. The hard-working fathers, plodding home through the twilight, mark some figure of the great All-Father gazing down from a church-portal through the shadows.

The very beggars, lame, old, and ill, who crawl about the thresholds with their rags dropping off their shriveled bodies, find hope and companionship in some shaggy stone head, grotesque and pathetic as their own, wide-mouthed and wistful-eyed, that tells them of centuries of patient endurance and waiting and mockery at its ugliness that it has known since the brain of some old architect conjured it up to an eternity of pain and agony and consciousness of deformity. They are mournful to despair, those grotesque heads of the Renaissance that leer upon you from the water-gates and the low cornices on the edge of the canals. They cry out not to be judged after the appearance of their bodies, for that their souls are pure and good within them. They are like beautiful spirits imprisoned by malicious enchanters in hideous shapes. Their sad, pleading eyes follow you, as though they were searching for the prince or the paladin who should break the spell and give them back their rightful forms.

Beyond the arch of the angel an old man with a red cap sat against the house-front, with a basket before him full of crimson carnations and the sweet, drooping white lilies of the late summer. Their odors swept with the wind along the narrow street, and in at the open doors and the mouldy corridor where the women sat sewing, and through the windows of the low, dark shops where pale-faced men sat and waited with patient resignation, and mounted like the fumes of incense to the stone angel that watched over the humble street from his post high up on the arch against the narrow strip of sky.

High above the glittering water-street, and the stained brick of the wall, and the rusty gratings of the low windows on the canal, was a terrace at the corner of a house. There was a green vine-trellis over it, from which hung long clusters of half-formed grapes, with the sunlight that had stolen through the openings of the leaves gleaming upon them, to make them match with the pale beryl of the canal below. The side-walls of the terrace were frescoed with high-colored landscapes, blue seas, and skies, and mountains, with white-sailed boats and red-capped fishermen rising monstrous against the fresh green of the drooping vine-arms. Along the parapet stood a row of stately purple *fleurs-de-lis*, like old French men-at-arms serving under the Venetian flag. Behind the brilliant breastwork appeared the outline of a girl's head, dark and shapely, with the hair built high upon it.

We turned a corner, and came suddenly upon a *fondamento* above a canal. Women and children, bareheaded, with their knitting or strings of beads in their hands, as though they had just left their seats in the doorways, stood about the narrow entrance of a house that faced the staircase of a bridge. Their shrill voices were hushed, and a solemn awe lay upon the faces of the children. Within the corridor of the house stood small boys in white, lace-edged garments, with unkempt heads, grasping long white tapers by painted wooden handles that had skulls carved on them. The silence was broken but by the wash of the canal against the wall, and the low murmur of a chant that floated down the dingy stairway.

The sound of the voices grew plainer, as though a door had been opened. There was a noise of feet and a flutter of white robes at the head of the stairway. The acolytes moved slowly down the steps, bearing their lighted tapers aloft, and their comrades in the vestibule made way for them into the street. There was a heavy tread on the landing, and four figures in long red gowns, with coarse, unshaven faces above them, and shabby boots and torn trousers showing under the folds, made their way down the narrow stair, bearing a burden covered with a lace-edged white cloth. "The *becchini!*" whispered the women outside, and they drew closer together, casting looks of terror and dislike at the red-robed figures with the swarthy, honest faces. The old plague-horror lingers in the Venetian hearts, and the old name of the pest-time servants of the city clings to these humble sacristans and grave-diggers.

In the vestibule they paused and laid their burden down on the trestles, and drew their faded red handkerchiefs from somewhere behind their dingy shirt-bosoms, and wiped their hard, seamed faces and gray, shaggy heads. There were wreaths of the white, languid lilies on the poor cotton covering of the coffin, aad a crown of artificial roses with "*Alla mia sposa*"—"To my betrothed"—in silken letters on the white ribbon that tied it, and a pyramid of early dahlias, yellow and crimson, at either end. The priest descended the staircase, making it creak with the burden of his portliness, and brightening the dingy vestibule with his golden vestment and his round fresh face with the square black cap above it. He chanted cheerily as he advanced, and the acolytes caught up the solemn refrain in their shrill boyish voices. The *becchini* took up their pitiful burden, and, followed by the priest and the acolytes, stepped out into the street.

There was a silence of a moment in the corridor, and then down the stairs came a group of coarse-faced women, with eyes reddened by weeping. They wore dark cotton dresses, from which the red shawls and kerchiefs and gold ear-rings had been banished—the nearest approach they could make to mourning; for money was scarce and food dear, and the living had more need of care than the dead, who were in glory with the saints. Behind the women walked a young man with his eyes bent on the ground—slender, and tall, and fair-haired, with the supple grace of the gondolier in his carriage. Behind us a girl's voice whispered, "There is her lover, Giovanni."

The procession moved on across the bridge, the painted wooden standards borne aloft by the white-robed boys, the yellow garment of the priest flashing in the sunlight, the red robes of the *becchini* bright against the pale gray of the house-fronts and the sere leafage on the balconies. Beyond was a sweep of canal that curved into darkness about an overhanging portico, and was lost in the tawny side of a church. The bridge had an old escutcheon for its key-stone, and a patch of green vine starting from the crevice and throwing a caressing arm about the old monster of the crest and drooping against the darkness of the inner arch. The sunlight streamed through the water below, streaking it with gold, and over the great boat-stakes, striped serpent-fashion, blue and white, with golden crowns on them, and a scarlet crest beneath.

We followed the train through a narrow passage to where the sunlight gleamed on the slimy steps of a canal-landing. A great black hulk lay against the wall, painted with emblems of death in ghastly white, and rowed by oarsmen in dresses of shabby black. The *becchini* placed their poor load upon the black surface carefully, that the pitiful memorials might not be shaken, and then turned away with a salute to the priest, stripping off their red garments as they went. The priest and two of the acolytes entered a shabby gondola. The women packed themselves closely in another, and the young man took off his patched jacket and grasped the rear oar, while a great sob burst from his throat. It was plain to see that the boat was his own, and that many a time the *sposa*, who lay so white and cold under the pale lilies, had sat in it, throned in triumph on a regatta-day, grand in her gold necklace and the wealth of her young beauty.

For her there would be no more strolls under the arches in the moonlight, with her young lover's arm about her, and their fresh voices rising together in some passionate old ballad—no more drifting on the lagoon of feast-days, in the glowing sunlight,

with the old love-songs ringing from their throats over the answering waters—no more kneeling hand-in-hand in the dusky churches before the lighted altar, gazing with sweet wonder from the love on the Mother's face to the love in each other's eyes.

In the days to come, the poor young gondolier, lying under the thick vines of the trellis at the *traghetto*, will hear the cheerful noon-bells as of old, and will watch in vain for the graceful shape that was wont to hurry across the *campo* at the first stroke of the hour, with the earthen pitcher of macaroni, and sit laughing by his side while he ate. The afternoon that followed was a long love-dream to him, and the Madonna in the vine-niche, with the roses before her, smiled lovingly upon him. Now the flowers will smell of decay, and the Virgin's eyes will be full of tears.

As the death-barge pushed off, the bells of the parish church began to toll slowly and sadly, with tears and sobs and the dread of the judgment in their muffled voices. A hush fell upon the passers-by, and the men removed their hats, and the women crossed themselves and muttered a prayer. Suddenly, from the canal behind, where the dark girl-head was bent over its work among the vine-leaves of the terrace, rang a joyous refrain. Some young heart, lost in its own love-dreams, had not marked the death-bell nor the funeral-train, and through the narrow ways and the silent canals echoed, sweet and strong, and full of longing, the pleading call that all the summer afternoon had thrilled the slumberous streets with passionate memories:

"Vien dal tuo fido amante
Che spasima per te."

"MY SON VICTOR."

AT the farther end of that part of Lansdowne Ravine which was included in the Centennial Exhibition grounds is a spring of deliciously pure and cool water. Hundreds of visitors found their way thither, and, after refreshing themselves, were prone to rest for an hour or two on some one of the benches with which the bottom and banks of the ravine were plentifully furnished. On the left, returning from the spring, and somewhat removed from the junction of two paths, one following the curve of the stream, and the other leading over the bank in the direction of Horticultural Hall, was a clump of trees and bushes forming a charming nook not readily discovered by the hurrying throng, but eagerly appropriated by the leisurely lover of quiet. There was a bench on each side of this clump, and, from the peculiar formation of the foliage and fashion of the spot, the occupants of either seat were hidden from view to occupants of the other, while conversation by one party would be distinctly heard by the other.

It happened, one fine day late in June, while the bench on the upper side of the clump was occupied by a fine-looking, scholarly young man, busily examining a catalogue of Memorial Hall, that three ladies, coming from the direction of the spring, with the usual electrical rustle that emanates from silken dresses, and sounded the gentle alarm of their approach, possessed themselves of the other bench. Two of the ladies were young; one dressed in deep mourning, with a pale, sad, delicate face; the other, clad in a gray-silk costume, was abloom with health, her entire *physique* and expression being that of freshness, animation, and gayety. Her beauty was of that happy medium between a blonde and brunette—features of the Greek, with eyes, hair, and complexion of the southern and northern races combined, which constitute what may be termed the American type. The lady who completed the trio was of handsome middle age, richly attired in black silk, and with the air of a dame belonging to the *haute aristocratie*.

"What delicious water that was, and what a charming nook this is! We must thank you, Mrs. Dana, for bringing us here," exclaimed the young lady in black. "I know of no place in the 'grounds' so secluded and delightful for rest as this."

"I am glad you like it, Margaret," replied the elder of the ladies; "we will come here again to-morrow."

"Then to-morrow it will rain," sounded the musical voice of the girl in gray.

"Surely, there are no indications of rain now, Eleanor," observed Margaret.

"True, but what mamma proposes Providence otherwise disposes. Her plans never meet with the approbation of the elements. Although she builds air-castles from January to December, they all meet with the fate of the house built upon the sand."

"You see, Margaret," smiled Mrs. Dana, "with what disrespect my daughter treats what she calls my castle-building. I had hoped that, with all the care and pains lavished upon Eleanor's education, she would be more steady, dutiful, and respectful; less of a tinder-box, and not at all inclined to make fun of her mother."

"O mamma, what an *enfant terrible* I must be! I suppose you would have me walk and behave on the boarding-school principle of head erect, arms straight at the side, toes turned out, and say: 'Yes, madame; no, madame; I regret, madame,' etc., with the air of a popinjay. One day I am a pop-gun, another dynamite, while to-day I am a tinder-box. Some night you may expect me to go off like a sky-rocket, in honor of the completion of some of mamma's gorgeous castle-building. Ah, me! if I was only the pink of perfection, like Papa Brooks's son Victor!"

"O Eleanor, what indiscretion to mention the name of people here!"

"There's nobody near us, mamma," coolly replied Eleanor, looking about. Had she been in a position to observe the effect her words had upon the

gentleman back of her, she might have been startled. The young man, who was at first annoyed at the feminine clatter, and buried his head still deeper in his book, looked quickly about him as he heard the words, "Papa Brooks," "Victor," etc.

"Whew! that's my name!" he said to himself. "This is growing interesting. Listeners hear no good of themselves; but how am I to get away, without attracting the attention of the party?"

"But I don't see that there's any harm done," smiled Margaret. "Who 'Papa Brooks' and 'Victor' may be, I am sure *I* never could divine."

"You'll want a biographical sketch sooner or later," rattled on Eleanor; "so here it is, condensed: Firstly, Papa Brooks is mamma's lawyer, legal and general adviser. Secondly, Victor is his son, a most extraordinary prodigy of excellence and genius—a graduate of all the schools in Philadelphia and universities in Europe; he speaks ten live languages, twelve dead ones, and is now occupying his elegant leisure in writing books diversified with the sublime topic of how to elevate the human race. Thirdly, Papa Brooks never tires of extolling the virtues of this victorious millionaire of intelligence."

"O Eleanor, where will that dreadful tongue of yours lead you? It is a shame to talk so of Lawyer Brooks—so good a friend as he has been to us; and he makes so much of you, too."

"O mamma, you know I quite adore Papa Brooks. He is a charming old gentleman. But I can't help laughing at the one little family tune he pipes, which makes 'my son Victor' the music of his yesterday, to-day, and the future. Why, Margaret, you just ought to hear him! You would think that 'my son Victor' discovered gunpowder, and framed the Justinian laws—a god; more than a god, Apollo and Mars combined. I wonder, mamma, that you have never invited Papa Brooks to bring his paragon around and introduce him. He is coming to see you, in the morning, about the sale of those Western lands, is he not?"

"Yes, that is the understanding; but I could hardly invite him to bring his son to see us; it would scarcely be in keeping with our dignity as women."

"You are statesmanlike there, mamma. No doubt Papa Brooks would be puffed up with delight at such an opportunity to show off 'my son Victor;' while 'my son Victor,' already so voluminous with conceit—"

"Shocking, Eleanor!" interrupted Mrs. Dana, with emphasis.

"But why do you call him conceited?" inquired Margaret.

"Oh, he is a writer, an author; all such creatures are conceited, for how else could they set themselves up as moulders and guiders of public opinion, if they didn't regard themselves as immensely superior to what they finely term the masses? Conceited! How can he help being conceited, with his dear old duck of a father continually quacking his praises? If *I* only had such a mamma! But alas! as it is, I shall go off like a dynamite some day, 'unwept, unhonored, and unsung.'" And as Eleanor's extemporized sigh fell upon the ear of her unknown listener, he was ready to die for a moment of explosion, to swing his hat, throw himself at the feet of the owner of the "dreadful tongue," and proclaim himself "my son Victor," the "millionaire of intelligence." But to do that would be to betray his enforced eavesdropping—to disgrace himself in the eyes of those whose esteem he had so lately come to value most highly. So he restrained his feelings, a mixture of chagrin and delight, but to be plunged into new trouble by hearing Mrs. Dana suggest that they go to the gardens. The party might choose the path up the stream, when a casual side-glance from Eleanor's wandering eyes would reveal the situation. The best he could do would be to draw his hat well over his eyes, conceal his face with the book, and pretend to be observant of nothing outside those categorical pages. Fortunately, however, the dreadful Eleanor, who volunteered to lead the way, after rising and shaking out the furbelows of her dress, began the ascent of the bank, laughing and stretching back her parasol toward her mother, saying:

"Although I am not exactly a Hercules, mamma, neither Apollo nor Mars, yet I think you may safely grasp that parasol-handle, and rely upon me to help you up the bank."

"But why go over the hill?" pleaded Margaret, lingering.

"Because, fair child of the South, it is nearer, and life is short. Besides, the climb will put two little dabs of color in your pale cheeks.

"There is no resisting you, Eleanor," laughed Margaret. "If you led the way to the moon, I suppose we should follow you."

"And have a good stare at that baby-faced man in it," retorted Eleanor.

The young man behind the scenes heard no more, but his curiosity had led him to peer through the foliage for a glimpse of the party.

"Beautiful! charming!" he exclaimed under his breath, as his eye fell upon Eleanor, in the attitude of extending her parasol to her mother. "I would like to tell her that, if I am a god, she is at least two goddesses—Diana and Juno."

It had been such an event! Finally he could give play to his amusement, and between intervals of laughter, which struck him as being ludicrous, he being alone, and moments of reverie, he retained his seat until the relay of charmen came to clear up the ravine and carry away the *débris* of luncheons and lunch-boxes. He then quickly walked away, apparently upon "specific thoughts intent."

About five o'clock Mr. Victor Brooks was *chez soi* again in the paternal mansion, an aristocratic old house in C—— Street, that had been in the Brooks family for three generations. He seated himself at his writing-table, and after a good deal of running his hands through his hair, pulling at his mustaches, with snatches of promenades up and down his "den," he had written a note, folded and addressed it; then ringing for a servant, their faithful old black Jerry appeared.

"By-the-way, Jerry," began young Mr. Brooks, "I didn't know but father sometimes sent you with messages to a Mrs. Dana, one of his clients, and, if so, you must remember her address?"

Jerry remembered perfectly well, and could go there as "straight as a plummet."

"Very well, then, Jerry," pursued the young man, "I would like you to carry this note around immediately after dinner; it is for Miss Eleanor Dana. You need not wait for a reply." Jerry gave assurances that he would faithfully execute the message, and withdrew.

Mrs. Dana, Eleanor, and their guest, Margaret Stone, were sitting on the back verandah of Mrs. Dana's handsome residence in Spring Garden, inhaling the fragrance of the mignonette and sweet anemone, that the slight evening breezes wafted up from the garden below. They had been chatting leisurely of their sight-seeing during the day, complained of the fatigue attending it, and finally Mrs. Dana and Margaret proposed to retire. At this moment a maid-servant appeared, bearing a silver tray upon which were a couple of letters; one for Mrs. Dana, the other for Miss Eleanor. The former excused herself, to go to her room and read her letter. Eleanor said hers had no stamp on it, and was undoubtedly a circular from some shop inviting attention to the attractiveness of its wares. So after the departure of her mother, and kissing her friend "good-night" with a "schlafe wohl," she sat alone a while longer. When she returned to the back-parlor she carelessly opened the envelope for a glance at its contents. In a moment her countenance had changed to one of intense curiosity. She read:

"DEAR, BEAUTIFUL SKY-ROCKET: The combined god, Apollo and Mars, is so much indebted to that 'dreadful tongue' for an enumeration of his manifold and most extraordinary endowments, that he is fain to express, at this early moment, his profound acknowledgment thereof, that the 'dynamite' may know that, with all his 'conceit,' the 'millionaire of intelligence' is not devoid of that saving grace, gratitude. The speaker of 'ten live languages and twelve dead ones' furthermore wishes to express his eager desire for an introduction to this unique delineator of his character, and humbly, honorably, and respectfully ventures to suggest the hope that the charming trio will not abandon the spring to-morrow, nor the 'charming nook,' as the writer of these lines hopes to lead thither his unsuspecting but 'adorable old duck of a father,' who will, with your gracious permission, present, with the happy grace that accompanies a chance meeting,

'MY SON VICTOR.'"

"O my! O heavens! what have I done?" breathlessly exclaimed Eleanor; then, hearing her mother approaching, she sped lightly but tremblingly up to her own room. Had she read that letter aright? She drew it from her pocket again and began its reperusal. Before she had finished, she heard her mother's knock, and, hastily cramming it in her pocket, she lowered the gas, began to let down her hair, and cried:

"Come in, mamma!"

"I dropped in, Eleanor," began her mother, "to say 'good-night,' and that my letter was from Dubuque, about those Western lands. I am afraid we shall have some trouble about them. However, I will be guided by Mr. Brooks's judgment in the matter. But good-night, dear." And, kissing Eleanor, she passed out. "By-the-way," she asked, reopening the door, "was your letter of any importance?"

"Not the slightest, mamma; only a begging letter—poor father, starving children—the usual rigmarole. The country is quite overrun by tramps and beggars."

"Strange it should have been sent to you! But it may be the poor man is really deserving of need. Let me see the letter, Eleanor."

"O mamma, I haven't it in my hands just now—have stuffed it away somewhere. But we will probably hear from him again. Oh, hum! I believe I am tired, too. Good-night, mamma."

Mrs. Dana redescended the stairs, and charged the maid, if the man came again with a note to Eleanor, to bring her the letter, for he was a beggar, and she might be able to help him.

"Oh, what a stupid lie!" soliloquized Eleanor, when again alone. What possessed me to utter it, I don't know. It all comes from my dreadful tongue." A rereading of the letter made it no better. After her feeling of chagrin had in a measure passed away, she began to see the ludicrous features of the affair, until it seemed to be decidedly romantic. But in what manner had her remarks reached the ears of "my son Victor?" Either he himself had overheard the conversation, or some one had reported it to him. Further than this all was mystery. The ugly part of it all was, that, for the first time in her life, she had deceived her mother. Although she tried to justify her "fib" to her conscience, her feelings were anything than pleasant. "However, the only thing for me to do now," she argued, "is to keep the affair to myself, and in the future to bridle my dreadful tongue. But what *can* Mr. Victor Brooks think of me?"

The next morning the three ladies met at breakfast, and, after that meal was concluded, Eleanor and Margaret went into the garden, while Mrs. Dana withdrew to the library to await her lawyer. While looking through a morning paper, the maid came with a letter, saying it had been left by the same messenger that had delivered the one on the preceding evening for Miss Eleanor.

"And did you detain him?" asked her mistress.

"I tried to, ma'am," replied the maid; "but he refused to wait, and hurried away."

"Strange sort of a beggar!" murmured Mrs. Dana.

She opened the letter—a heavy, rough English envelope, with paper to match, which surprised her as coming from a poor man petitioning for aid. She read:

"Do not fail to be at the 'charming nook' at the usual time this afternoon. I have arranged for the earnestly-desired meeting. I trust my communication of last evening reached you safely."

"No signature! An anonymous, secret correspondence! Ah, what shame and disgrace, that *my* daughter should stoop to such intrigue! To be *so* deceived by my child I had so trusted! A begging letter, indeed!"—and, distraught with grief and anger, she rang.

When Jane reappeared, her mistress put on an air of anxiety, and inquired particularly as to the appearance of the "poor man."

"Oh, I do not know as he was a poor man, ma'am; he looked more like an upper servant in a gentleman's family," replied Jane. She was sure he was the same person who had brought the letter to Miss Eleanor the night before, and the same person who had heretofore brought messages for madam.

Before Mrs. Dana had time to think who had been in the habit of bringing her messages, Mr. Brooks was announced. He entered in his usual jovial manner, flourishing a palm-leaf fan, and wiping his face with a fine square of cambric.

"A very sultry morning, Mrs. Dana," he said, by way of salutation. "I trust you are enduring this weather with becoming equanimity. And where is the charming Eleanor this morning?"

"Eleanor has a friend from Virginia spending some time with her—the two are in the garden. A Miss Stone—lovely girl, but very melancholy from the loss of a sister."

"Ah, indeed, from Virginia! An F. F. V., I suppose? Some of those old Virginian families are charming—good stock. And what is the matter under consideration this morning, Mrs. Dana?" He looked at his watch meantime, and continued: "I have an engagement with my son to go to the Exhibition to-day. It is too outrageously oppressive to undertake anything fatiguing; but he insists upon my going; says it's the coolest place in the State, and that I have yet to see the best part of the fair by seeing the picnicking in Lansdowne, and drinking from a certain spring of delicious water there. I suppose you and Miss Eleanor go often?"

"Yes, quite often, since Miss Stone came. She is so low-spirited; we are trying to cheer her up again. We were intending to go to-day, but I have been put into such a state of feeling by a scandal that has just come to light that I feel unfit for anything."

"Scandal!" echoed the lawyer. "It is rather an unusual time of the year for a scandal, with everybody leaving town for the country."

"Nevertheless, it has happened; and I would like to give you the facts, and to have your advice for the poor mother of this wayward girl. Imagine, Mr. Brooks, if you can, a lady with a daughter—two daughters, for that matter—moving in the highest circle of society. On this daughter in particular she has lavished all that care and money could bestow, and now she discovers that this girl has been carrying on a secret correspondence with a man—meeting him privately, unknown to her mother, at appointed times and places. Now, what should the lady do?"

"Do!" repeated Mr. Brooks. "I don't see as she can do anything at all. If it is a love-affair, she had better let it alone. To interfere in such a matter is only to aggravate it. But how did the mother find out about this secret relation?"

"By a letter that accidentally fell into her possession. I begged her to let me have it, as I wished to consult you about it. It is one of those strange things never to be accounted for. My friend was very indulgent to her daughter—daughters—and, if the fellow was respectable and her equal in position, there was no earthly reason for secrecy in the acquaintance, so far as one knows. Oh, I do so pity my poor friend! Only to think if it had been *my* daughter!"

"Perhaps your friend exaggerates the matter. I would like to see the letter, if you will permit."

Mrs. Dana tremblingly drew it from the envelope, keeping the latter in her hand.

Her lawyer adjusted his glasses, and, as he read the note, a queer expression passed over his face.

"Now, madam," he continued, "if you will let me see the address on the envelope, I think I can throw some light on this mystery."

"Oh, how can you ask that?" exclaimed Mrs. Dana, excitedly. "I could never think of betraying the name of my friend. But what do you think of that letter?"

"I don't see anything in it to make such an ado over. The note may not be from a man at all, and, if it is, need not necessarily mean anything disreputable. Young people will have their nonsense—their privacies."

"Not necessarily such privacies as that—*that* is disgraceful. Moreover, it *must* be something very bad; for the girl—the young lady's mother tells me—had represented to her that a note brought by the same messenger as this the night before came from a beggar—a poor man with a starving family."

"Yes, yes, quite likely, Mrs. Dana; but let me see the name on the envelope."

"Impossible! It seems to me like unpardonable presumption for you to ask it. I had hoped to find you sympathizing with the poor mother, when, on the contrary, you rather uphold the daughter. No, no! I would die sooner than reveal the name of this friend who confided her trouble to me."

Mrs. Dana had grown very excited, and, rising from her chair, began pacing up and down the room. The puzzled amusement on the lawyer's face only served to increase her anger. Seeing that his client was in no mood to transact business, he, too, arose to go.

"Then you'll not let me see the envelope?" he still pleaded, good-humoredly.

"*No!*" she thundered—"a thousand times *no!*"

"Very well, madam," he replied, gravely. "I had thought you would trust me enough for that." Then, looking down at the carpet, he added: "*I think I know the handwriting* of that note; and, if I am not

very much mistaken, I know upon what young man's table lies the pen with which those words were written. I bid you good-morning, madam;" and, without further ceremony, he withdrew.

He had scarcely more than taken his leave when the merry voice of Eleanor rang in the hall.

"Good-morning, Papa Brooks" (she had always called him that); "I'm coming to see you, although mamma"—by this time she had entered the room, and, seeing nobody but her mother—"why, where is Papa Brooks? And here I have brought Margaret to hear him say, 'My son Victor.'—But what is the matter, mamma? You look, indeed you *do* look, perfectly *awful!* Did Papa Brooks bring news that our bank has failed; that we are beggars—decayed aristocrats?"

As the word "beggars" slipped off her tongue, Eleanor herself began to quake. Perhaps Papa Brooks had heard all about it—what she had said of him and his son in Fairmount—and had come, brimful of wrath, to communicate it to her mother. The thought checked her wagging little tongue.

"No loss of money," groaned the mother, "but a greater loss—the loss of honor! A shameful scandal has come to light—in our circle of society, too."

"Scandal!" breathed Margaret, surprised, looking anxiously at her hostess.

"Only a scandal, mamma!" ejaculated Eleanor. "I thought from the expression of your face that something extraordinary had occurred. A scandal is an every-day affair, and I see no reason why you should so take to heart what in no wise concerns us personally."

"Alas, one never knows when dishonor will strike at one's own hearthstone! To think that a young lady reared in the most careful and loving manner, of the highest social distinction, should be guilty of carrying on a secret intimacy—have appointed times and places of meeting! Of course, *my* daughter would never be guilty of such a thing!"

"Certainly, Eleanor would never do that," said Margaret, quietly. "I don't understand how any self-respecting girl could do such a thing."

"Oh, of course Eleanor would not be guilty of such a thing! *She* never deceives her mother. *She* never could wear an air of innocence—pretending to be comme il faut, and yet at the same time be engaged in a disreputable intrigue. Oh, no, no! and yet a girl of her own station in life has done this; and, in a circle like ours, the shame of one disgraces us all."

"O mamma! what on earth ails you?" exclaimed the daughter, throwing herself gayly on her knees before her mother. "You speak in riddles—you are more mysterious and awful than an old Greek sibyl. It is all a 'Mene, mene, tekel, upharsin,' to me, most august parent! Deign to explain to your most curious audience of two. A daughter of Virginia and a scion of the blue blood of the Quaker City await."

"Oh, what hypocrisy there is in this world!" groaned Mrs. Dana. "Dissimulation where we least expect! I suppose this young woman who has disgraced herself and her circle, and filled her mother's heart with shame and anguish, could wear an equal air of innocence! Alas that, for the low pleasures of a disgraceful intrigue, a secret correspondence, one should be willing to barter so much—to hazard all!"

"Well! well! well!" sighed Eleanor, rising to her feet, and passing her hand slowly across her forehead. "If mamma had read us a lecture in the language of Zoroaster I should have comprehended it no less. Are you sure you are not mad, mamma? If Papa Brooks has turned your brain, I'll—"

"Oh, torture!" ejaculated her mother, wildly.—"Forgive me, Margaret; but this dreadful affair has nearly distracted me; and Eleanor's frivolity, considering the circumstances, is intolerable!"

The two girls looked at each other in amazement, and then at Mrs. Dana, who had buried her face in her handkerchief. Finally Eleanor spoke:

"Since mamma has turned into an inexplicable mystery, I suppose our plans for the day will be given up; and, until she removes her mask, I think we had better return to the garden, Margaret."

Mrs. Dana waved her hand toward the door, as if to give indorsement to the suggestion, and the two girls passed out to muse and wonder over the strange event of the morning.

After the young ladies had left her, Mrs. Dana sat for a long time in reverie. Eleanor's unconstrained manner and air of innocence perplexed her. There was a mistake somewhere, or her daughter was a most consummate actress. At length she rang the bell again for her maid.

"Have you any idea, Jane," she began, holding up her two hands, making the letter A of mutes, "where the messenger came from who brought that note this morning? You say he has been here before. Do you remember who sent him then?"

Jane stood silently thinking for a time.

"I think, ma'am," she said, slowly, "that he said once, 'Here is a package for Mrs. Dana with *Mr. Brooks's* compliments.' Yes, I feel sure he was the one—a colored man, you know."

"A colored man? No, I didn't know that. I wonder if it could be Jerry? If he comes again, Jane, be sure and let me know it before he gets away."

Upon reviewing her interview with her lawyer, Mrs. Dana began to feel a sense of remorse at her treatment of him. Surely, so true a friend as he had been for years would not betray her confidence, and if her daughter had really an acquaintance with a person which for any reason whatever she wished to keep secret, who else could be so safely and wisely taken into confidence and counsel as Mr. Brooks? Then, too, he believed he recognized the handwriting. And Jane felt sure that the same messenger he employed had also brought those notes to Eleanor. Putting those things together, what could she infer? Slowly trying to find a clew to the truth, like a flash the suggestion came into her mind: "What if it is his 'son Victor?' Who knows? What other handwriting should he at once so quickly recognize?

Why else should he have defended the girl? And then, too, probably the very reason why Eleanor had talked so satirically of the young man was to kill the more effectually any suspicions that might arise." With this possibility in her mind, she very rapidly arrived at the conclusion that Mr. Victor Brooks and her daughter were secretly in love, and that the sooner they were forced to publicly acknowledge it and be married the better. Full of this thought, she resolved to send a note to her lawyer, apologizing for her rudeness in the morning, and asking him to call again during the day. At least she would find out if the truth lay in that direction.

Meantime Papa Brooks had returned thoughtfully home.

"That rascal Victor is up to something now," he said to himself—"writing anonymous notes to a girl. Who can she be? The sly dog! He ought to be married, and it would be a happy day if I could see him bring home a bride like Eleanor Dana. I've the inside track in this affair. The sly fox, I'll make him wince!"

After reaching home, he went straight to his son's room, and, after a vigorous "Come in" in response to his knock, Mr. Brooks entered "my son Victor's" *sanctum*.

"Well, this is a very oppressive morning, my son," began the father, pouring out a glass of ice-water. "I begin to feel that the heats of summer as well as the snows of winter tell on my old body. I suppose at my age a fellow can't safely count on many more years of life. After all, I conclude"—seating himself, and vigorously plying his palm-leaf—"that there's but one more thing in this life for me to see."

"And what's that, father? You seem to be in a despondent mood this morning," observed the young man.

"Well, that, sir, to come straight to the point and not beat about the bush, is to see you married—'tis high time. Here you are, nine-and-twenty, getting to be a confirmed old bach! The one thing needful for you, my son, is a wife."

"I suppose, father," answered Victor, smiling, "that a wife is to be selected and appropriated like a piece of merchandise. I had been laboring under the impression that taking a wife was a rather hazardous business. The world is full of charming young ladies; but after a few years they all disappear and are seen no more—so I conclude that marriage transforms them into commonplace and indifferent women."

"All nonsense, my son! Your conclusions are not worth a picayune! Fine girls make fine women—if they're not spoiled by their husbands. A girl who has had the right sort of home-training and comes of good stock is not likely to become a stupid idiot the moment she is married."

"But how is a fellow to know whether a girl has had the right sort of home-training? He sees her only in what may be called the different avenues of society, and he never knows whether she combs her own hair, darns her own stockings, is an angel in the sick-room, or can do anything better than to shine and gleam a brief moment like a fire-fly. Then they are shallow creatures; they never go to the bottom of anything, and, for steady-going companionship and *real* society, I would rather have any three books I can take down from those shelves than all the women I have ever known. But then"—and he slowly arose and walked to a window—"but then I know very few ladies, and my judgment may be erroneous. Yours is unquestionably much better, and as you have quite a *clientèle* among the fair sex, you ought to be able to select the kind of victim you would like for a daughter."

"So I am—one that would suit me to a T; the most charming girl in the world. I have known her since she was a child. She is a little on the harum-scarum order, but the best heart, and the brightest, sunshiniest creature in Philadelphia. I'd be the happiest old churl in Christendom if she'd come here and brighten up this old den, that has been gloomy enough since your mother died. If you could only marry her, my son!"

"What's her name, father?"

"Dana—Eleanor Dana; her mother is one of my clients. I'd have this old house fixed over into a perfect paradise; you could go off on a wedding-trip to Europe, Asia, and Africa, if you liked, and the house be all ready for you on your return. But you would have to be better to her than you have been to me—not that I've any fault to find; only, if I ever caught you trying to pull the wool over her eyes as you do over mine, I wouldn't stand that, sir! You'd very soon think your father had turned into the typical mother-in-law."

"Probably the angelic Eleanor would herself furnish that article!"

"So she could, son, and as fine a one as ever lived, although she and I had an 'unpleasantness' this morning. Plenty of the elements in her, but I like spirit, and Miss Eleanor is not of the angelic tribe, sir. I always fight shy of your angelic creatures. I like mint-sauce on my mutton. But madam, the mother, was on her high horse this morning."

"Well, father, it is time we were off," observed the son, looking at his watch. "'Tis nearly eleven now; we will lunch at Les Trois Frères, have our *siesta* in Lansdowne, and come home only in time for dinner."

Some hours after, as they were seated on the bench by the "charming nook," Victor remarked:

"By-the-way, father, you were saying something about an unpleasantness with Mrs. Dana this morning. I hope nothing serious occurred?"

"Well, as to that, I don't know! A woman's a woman, and there's no accounting for her whims. She's got a clew to what she calls a scandal: that a daughter of a friend—so she represents it—has been holding a secret correspondence with a fellow, making and keeping appointments with him, etc., and that the affair had come to the mother's knowledge by one of the lover's notes falling into the mamma's hands. Mrs. Dana had this note in her possession, and allowed me to see it. The moment I saw the

handwriting I recognized it—so I *think*" (and here the father glanced sharply at the son)—"and I begged her to let me see the address on the envelope, but this she persistently, and, as I thought, unreasonably, refused; and, because I pushed my request, and rather took the young lady's part, she got very much excited. So I came away and left her wrath to subside. But I imagine the poor young lady will have a hard time. The note was anonymous, which had a bad look, you know, and it seems, too, that in receiving one the evening before by the same messenger, the girl had represented it to be a begging letter — something of that sort. Undoubtedly it is a love-affair, but, if my suspicions are correct, there is no need of secrecy so far as one old fellow is concerned. To see the two fairly plighted, he'd buy the finest ring at Bailey's—one set all around with diamonds big as beans."

"And is it permissible to ask who this old fellow may be? This is a rather interesting scandal!" observed the son, with an assumed air of indifference.

"The old fellow, sir, is, as Miss Eleanor would say, Papa Brooks!"

"Well, father," laughed Victor, lightly, "your suspicions must fall on two individuals in whom you have more than common interest!"

"Exactly; but suspicions are suspicions, and, as a lawyer, I must await further developments. By-the-way, this is a charming nook, my son! just the place for an 'appointment.' I imagine there's some little love-making in Lansdowne."

"Probably," was the brief response. Then followed a space of silence in which both men kept up a vigorous thinking. The elder, his face radiant with smiles, felt convinced almost beyond a doubt that the intercepted note written by his son had been addressed to Mrs. Dana's own daughter. He was too shrewd to be blinded by that lady's prevarications as to the "daughter of a friend," or by his son's indifferent manner. The only feature of the case that annoyed him was, that the two should keep their acquaintance a secret, evidently for no reason except to conceal it from their parents.

Since listening to his father's revelations, Victor gave up all hope of seeing the trio at the desired place of meeting, and was overwhelmed with mortification at having subjected Miss Dana to the unjust imputations that he felt sure had already been heaped upon her. That Miss Dana might misunderstand or be offended at his presumption, he well knew, and that she would revisit the nook at his request he could hardly have expected. Still he did hope that the honest and sincere desire that possessed his own heart for her so to do, would reach and influence her own. He realized that he risked much in sending her the second note—it was something like a personal in the newspapers—it was neither like him to send it, nor like her to respond to it, he felt sure. Yet he had made the venture, hoping for a happy result.

As the two gentlemen sat down to dinner on their return home, the father found a note from Mrs. Dana at his plate, which had been left soon after their departure, asking him to call again during the day.

"No accounting for the caprice of women!" remarked Brooks, senior. "Madam Dana evidently thinks I bear my threescore years and five as lightly as a bird does its feathers. But I am too fagged out to go to Spring Garden to-night. Her highness must wait until to-morrow. Meantime I will send Jerry with a note."

"As to that, father, I am going in that direction to-night," said his son, "and will leave the message you desire for Mrs. Dana." With a "Very well," the matter was not again referred to.

"If there is any truth in my suspicions," mused the father, "the less intermeddling the better. I'll venture no more comments until I have something definite." As he sat quietly enjoying the after-dinner hour, a sudden thought seemed to strike him, and he rang for Jerry.

"You were not here last night, Jerry, when I rang for you?" he said, as the old servant appeared.

"No, sir; I went out on an errand for Mr. Victor."

"And where did Mr. Victor send you?"

"To Spring Garden with a letter, around to Mrs. Dana's."

"And was the letter for Mrs. or Miss Dana?"

"For Miss Eleanor Dana, sir."

"Hum! And you carried another early this morning?"

"Yes, sir; about half-past eight o'clock."

"All right, Jerry. I wanted to know something about your habits. I didn't know but you were getting unsteady in your old age." The faithful domestic laughed as if half abashed, and withdrew.

"There is no longer any doubt about that," said the lawyer; "my son Victor is in love with Miss Dana. But, the sly minxes, why all this secrecy? Only trouble can grow out of it. Already Mother-in-law Dana is in a towering rage. Now that I've had my dinner and had a rest I feel better, and I'll go around and see how the 'scandal' is progressing! There must be an upshot of some sort by this time." And a few moments later saw Papa Brooks following in the footsteps of his son.

Although the "awfulness" on Mrs. Dana's face, as Eleanor expressed it, had given place to a mysterious and unmistakable determination, the usual sociability and good-humored raillery between mother and daughter was by no means fully restored. Eleanor and her guest had made no progress toward solving the event of the morning, and Margaret had been further mystified by Eleanor's assertion that their conversation of the previous day had been overheard. How did she know? "Oh, she felt sure of it—something had happened to convince her of it." Her guest began to think there was a huge something back of all their movements.

If Mrs. Dana's ultimate conclusion that the guilty parties in the secret correspondence were her daughter and her lawyer's son had lacked in strength, the rapidly-succeeding events of the evening quickly ratified it. When Jane brought her a card, saying it was for

Mrs. and Miss Dana, and she read the name on it, "Mr. Victor Brooks," she said to herself: "Not finding the fine Eleanor at the charming nook at the usual hour, he has ventured to come here for an explanation. Jane probably misunderstood him in thinking he asked for me too. But so much the better: the young gentleman will learn that Mamma Dana's ideas of moral propriety differ very decidedly from those of Papa Brooks." She paid herself the usual attentions before the mirror, gave a pat or two to her grenadine dress, and, with the stateliness of a Roman dame, swept into the presence of Mr. Victor Brooks.

"I am not surprised at this visit, Mr. Brooks," she began, with freezing dignity. "If I am not mistaken, sir, you are the author of an anonymous note addressed to my daughter this morning?"

"You are not mistaken in that, madam; but allow me an explanation of this. My father—"

"Informed you, I suppose, that your note of rendezvous, instead of reaching my daughter, fell into my hands. My consternation, my humiliation, upon finding that my daughter was holding a secret correspondence—"

"I beg you, Mrs. Dana, to allow—"

"With an anonymous note-writer," she continued, without heeding the interruption, "was so extreme that I lost my temper, and treated your father very rudely this morning. There can be, Mr. Brooks, but one honorable solution to this painful affair. If your relations to my daughter warrant the intimacy of private meetings, it is quite time—more than time—that they be justified in the one and only manner, which undoubtedly you most desire, and which must, of course, suggest itself to the mind of an honorable gentleman. As you are doubtless anxious for the 'earnestly-desired meeting,' which failed to-day, I will no longer delay what must be an extreme pleasure to two such very intimate friends as Mr. Brooks and Miss Dana. Have the goodness to excuse me, sir, and I will send my daughter to you."

"But, madam — Mrs. Dana — there is a great misunderstanding here. Your daughter—"

"What misunderstanding, pray?" vehemently interrupted the lady. "Did you not send her the notes of this morning and last evening?"

"I frankly confess, Mrs. Dana, to have done so, but—"

"Quite enough, sir. Any further arrangements you may have to make with my daughter I trust will not require the seal of secrecy;" and she quickly left the room.

The young man comprehended the situation at once, but he scarcely had time to consider whether it was, upon the whole, to his liking or not, when the beautiful Eleanor, a lovely vision draped in white illusory stuff, stepped quickly and lightly into the room. Upon seeing a stranger, she suddenly stopped, softly exclaiming:

"I beg your pardon, sir! but mamma told me I was to find a friend, an *intimate* friend; I am Eleanor Dana, and whom have I the honor of addressing?"

"The discoverer of gunpowder, Miss Dana, the framer of the Justinian laws!"

"But I do not understand!" said Eleanor, slowly, as if trying to comprehend something difficult. "I have the honor to address—?"

"A millionaire of intelligence—my son Victor!" exclaimed the gentleman, smiling.

"Oh, me!" exclaimed Eleanor, throwing, for a moment, her lovely hands over her still lovelier, blushing face. "I am ashamed beyond expression for my dreadful, wagging tongue! I beg your pardon a thousand times, Mr. Brooks, but I fear you can never forgive me;" and she involuntarily extended her hand, which he was not slow to hold for a moment in his own.

"I have nothing to forgive, Miss Dana, but a thousand pardons to entreat of you: first, for listening to your conversation of yesterday, which I found charming, but which you believed no one could overhear; again, for presuming to send you an anonymous note this morning asking you to be at the 'charming nook' to-day at the usual time, but which was intercepted by your mother: and the result, both ludicrous and deplorable, places us in a situation you would never imagine."

"Ah!" exclaimed Eleanor, taking a long breath, "that explains the mystery of the day. Mamma has actually been a sphinx of incomprehensibility. She has muttered strange things about secret correspondence, private meetings, etc., accompanied with reproaches and insinuations that passed my ken. But you have seen her? What did she say?"

"She was so possessed by one thought that I found it impossible to explain the truth to her, and exonerate you."

"And what was her one thought?" eagerly queried Eleanor.

"This: that the only thing left for the guilty parties of a secret intimacy"—and the young man's fine eyes gleamed with the humor of the situation—"is an immediate arrangement of marriage. It is most ludicrous, I know," he continued, observing Eleanor's blushes and confusion; "she is under the impression that we are, indeed, intimate friends, and that, for some as yet unexplained reason, we have kept our acquaintance secret. And my father—I think that is he in the hall."

"Well, my children," began Papa Brooks, as he entered the drawing-room, "you're a pair of sly foxes!—You know I always wanted you for my daughter, Eleanor. If I had had the whole management, I couldn't have been better suited. But there was no need to keep it from me. Victor is a good boy, but I never thought he would fall in love and stay in it in precisely this fashion.—Come, now, children, tell me all about it. I've borne this suspense ten hours and a half, and I'm an old man, you know."

He seated himself on a sofa, and sat looking at "the children," who gazed at each other, then at him, and finally broke out in a merry strain of laughter. The old man looked hurt when Eleanor tried to explain.

"Why, Papa Brooks, you are mistaken! Everybody's mistaken! Your son and I are the merest strangers. There's no engagement between us!"

Mr. Brooks looked questioningly at his son, who added:

"I am sorry what Miss Dana says is true; but you are laboring under a mistake, father."

"Oh, nonsense!" exclaimed the father, impatiently, rising to his feet. "There's no sense in trying to blind my eyes any longer. You love each other; you were made for each other; you ought to be married. You've carried on this fol-de-rol secrecy long enough.—Come, Victor, own up! It is cruel to tease your old father in this way when you know it to be the crowning wish of his life to see you two married."

"But, father—"

"Let's have no more 'but, fathers,' I beg.—Where is your mother, Eleanor?" asked the senior Brooks, half angrily.

"I left her on the back-porch a few minutes ago with Miss Stone," she replied; and he strode indignantly in that direction.

"You comprehend the situation, Miss Dana?" said the young man, breaking the silence that followed his father's exit.

"Yes."

"What are we to do?"

"I don't know."

"My father's heart is set, as you see, upon having you for his daughter. I knew that before, Miss Dana. It is your mother's wish also that our relations be honorably 'sanctioned.' I have no wish to take any undue advantage of this situation, but I begin to feel, I think, as did Moses when he saw the goodly promised land, and feared he could never reach it."

He looked deeply into Eleanor's eyes; she met his gaze calmly, simply saying, "I do not understand you."

"What one must feel when he sees the sweetest boon of life, maybe in his reach, prove only an illusion; to but taste the wine of life, when a full draught would give him immortality; to hope for what is most precious and dear to the heart, and to be tortured with doubt — can you understand that?"

"Do you mean—" She hesitated, and her face paled.

"That I love you is what I mean, Miss Dana."

She stood silent, with bowed head, for a while, when a gleam of her fun-loving nature sparkled over her face, and she looked archly up.

"With this dreadful tongue of mine, Mr. Brooks?"

"With that dreadful tongue, Miss Dana; and the dynamite, the pop-gun, and the tinder-box! Mars and Apollo should not be afraid!"

Eleanor faintly smiled, and walked slowly up and down the long parlor; then she returned to where her lover was standing.

"What would you require in your wife, Mr. Brooks?"

"That she love me with her whole heart."

"And what can she expect of you?"

"The very same; with my hand I offer you all that I have of good, of truth, of loyalty, of love. Can you give me as much in return?"

After a pause, that seemed an age to Victor, she spoke:

"Nay, Mr. Brooks, think well what you do! Remember"—and her voice resumed its wonted roguishness—"remember that our acquaintance only began the long space of half an hour or so ago, and that, although we 'women jump at conclusions,' yet I think, in an affair of this magnitude, a little manly logic would not be unwholesome. I frankly confess that, like *Miranda*, 'I have no wish to see a goodlier man;' but neither you nor I, Mr. Brooks, wish to repent at leisure, even to please our two friends on the back-porch, and be 'altogether romantic.' I appreciate very deeply your confidence, but I am sure—" and she hesitated.

"Sure of what, Miss Dana?"

"Sure that I should appreciate a confidence of somewhat *longer* duration still *more*, Mr. Brooks."

"*How* long, Miss Dana?" asked Victor, smiling. "I believe, like Festus, that we live by *days*, not *years*; and it has been a long and a large day since yesterday."

"Long and large as a day may be, Mr. Brooks, I think I would need at least three hundred and sixty-five of them in which to find out whether I could give you a fitting return for all that you have offered me 'of good, of truth, of loyalty, of love.'"

"Oh, never so long as that, Miss Dana! You are worth a hundred Rachels, therefore I should carry you off, *vi et armis*, before imitating the Hebrew patience of Jacob. Put your answer only a week hence, at the farthest."

"Ah! you regard this matter too lightly, Mr. Brooks."

"Nay; all my soul is in it. When you give me your hand, it must be for all time. My clasp of it can only be loosened by death. It is now the last of June, and I may come—"

"Come! June, July, August"—and she counted the months off on her fingers—"you may come in November, 'the melancholy days,'" smiled Eleanor.

"If I live so long!" sighed Victor. "You may be sure I will come to-morrow. But let us now go to our parents;" and he drew her hand through his arm.

"For more reproaches?" she archly asked.

"No; we've had enough of them.—We have come, father — mother," laughed Victor, as they emerged through the open window, "to announce—"

But before he could add the announcement, which pertained solely to the misunderstanding of the "secret correspondence," Papa Brooks had bounded from his chair and taken Eleanor in his arms. She felt the tears from his eyes falling fast on her cheeks, while in a voice choked with emotion he said, with characteristic antithesis:

"Mine eyes have beheld my salvation — and yours, too, Victor. God bless you, my boy—my children! I can forgive you all your foolery, now.—There's nothing like a centennial, Mrs. Dana!"

Then Mrs. Dana and Margaret tendered their

congratulations in quick succession, while a hurried word from Victor, whispered in Eleanor's ear, not to "spoil the joke," constrained her "dreadful tongue" to say, gayly:

"Ah, mamma, I never thought you would intercept a letter!"

"A State-prison offense, madam," remarked the lawyer, judicially.

"*An offense we most gladly pardon*," added Victor, with significant emphasis.

"How so?" asked his father.

Although the children are now off for "Europe, Asia, and Africa," his question has not yet been answered.

"Those sly foxes hold a secret yet," Papa Brooks often says.

THE DEFENSES OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

ROMANCE, poetry, the records of historians, and the tales of travelers, have so fully illustrated and fixed the city of the first Christian emperor in our literature, that probably it is as familiar to the imagination of the untraveled reader of



CONSTANTINOPLE.

the United States as any spot beyond the seas. Indeed, there is no city which accident and circumstance have combined to render more conspicuous for many centuries. The gateway, as it were, between Europe and Asia; European in locality, Asiatic in population and customs; a city of the East oddly and picturesquely grafted with many Western features and characteristics; a place where two civilizations have met and have long, but vainly, struggled to commingle—Constantinople offers contrasts more dramatic, and incongruities more interesting in sharply-defined contrariety, than any metropolis on the globe.

Nature is prodigal and lavish in her embellishment of the Ottoman capital. The situations and surroundings of Constantinople are picturesque and striking beyond description. Built on rocky heights, its glittering minarets and bulb-like domes rise above a scene replete with almost every marvel of landscape beauty. There is not, perhaps, the gloomy and jagged majesty of Gibraltar and Ceuta, the grim Pillars of Hercules at the other gateway of the Mediterranean. But there are graceful and sunny heights; from the eminences above the busy bazaars you may espy the sparkling waters of the three seas, the Euxine, Marmora, and the Mediterranean, and the two historic straits, the Bosporus and the Hellespont, now called the Dardanelles; while just below, dividing Stamboul from Pera, runs the serpentine stream, the Golden Horn. To the northwest you have a clear view of the wooded heights of the Little Balkans; still more to the west, the summits of the Tekir Dagh line the horizon.

Semi-barbaric art, rich, gorgeous, sensuous, has adorned this site with piles and edifices which give to the scene, as Constantinople is approached from the Dardanelles, an almost fairy-like aspect. It seems as though an imperial city of Persia or Hindostan had been conveyed hither and set down. It is needless here to speak of the palaces, the harems, the mosques, the bazaars, of the Turkish metropolis; suffice it to note the romantic interest they lend to Moslemized Byzantium.

Events have, for many centuries, consecrated to Constantinople many of the most thrilling pages and chapters in the history of the world. Call to mind its sieges, its transitions from monarch to monarch, from race to race, from creed to creed; follow its troubled career from the days of Persian power to those of Constantine, from its being made the seat of the Eastern and Christian Empire to its capture by the second Mohammed, and its frequent vicissitudes, dangers, and deliverances since it has been ruled over by the Osmanlis, and you will find no more dramatic or tragic narrative extant.

The attention of the world, as many a time and oft before, is now called to Constantinople, in consequence of the reopened and redisputed Eastern question. The very pith of that European bugbear, indeed, is, What shall become of the city of the Eastern Cæsars and the Moslem caliphs? The decay of Turkish power, steadily and inevitably as it progresses, indicates that, ere very many years, its fair capital must fall into other, more vigorous, and European hands. The importance of Constantinople, in a commercial and military point of view, is immense. Whatever power holds it will command the access to and egress from the Euxine, and will in due time control the eastern end of the Mediterranean. Russia, pent up by it, craves it, to gain an outlet for her commerce. England covets it, so as to protect her empire in India, and to hold the Mediterranean at its eastern end, as she already does at its western end, by Gibraltar.

It is beyond the power of prudent prophecy to predict how soon the struggle for Constantinople will come. But it appears in the highest degree probable that a war will arise between Russia and Turkey ere many months, if indeed it will not have already come when these pages reach the public eye.

Such a war entered upon, Russia will aim boldly for Constantinople. That will be the prize which she will see ahead as the crowning reward of her struggle. To defend and save Constantinople, on the other hand, the Turks will strain every nerve, will exhaust every sacrifice; and if, at the last, it appears that the Turks found their enemy too much for them, it is not improbable that England would step into the breach, and with all her power resist the capture of Constantinople by the legions of Muscovy.

This becomes an interesting question, therefore: Can Constantinople be taken? What are its defenses? What advantages do land and sea provide for its safety? What can military art do to render it proof against assault?

One historical fact may be noted at the outset: that Constantinople, when last captured, was taken from the southern or Asiatic side, and that that capture occurred more than four centuries ago. Since that event it has resisted every attack; and the race that now holds it holds also the Asiatic shore opposite.

Many years ago Count von Moltke wrote a treatise on the defenses of Constantinople, in which that greatest of living military strategists in substance gives it as his opinion that, with proper military precautions, which he proceeds to suggest in detail, the priceless site of the city could be made absolutely impregnable. General Macintosh, an English officer of eminence, came to the same conclusion when, twenty-three years ago, he examined the defensible features of the situation with reference to the eventualities of the Crimean War. A still more eminent military authority, Sir John Burgoyne, says that the one condition of perfect defense is the command of the neighboring waters by an adequate naval force. "If," he asserts, "we can secure the Dardanelles, we may play any game we please, with great or small means, in the neighborhood of Constantinople."

The English navy is supreme; an irresistible English fleet has remained at anchor in Besika Bay, just at the entrance to the Dardanelles, for the past nine or ten months. There can be little doubt that, if Constantinople were seriously threatened, this fleet would pass into the strait itself. And it may be added that even the Turkish navy is superior to the Russian, and the sultan would have in this circumstance an immense advantage over his hereditary foe.

By occupying the Dardanelles with her fleet, England would be able to control the Sea of Marmora and the Bosporus; and, by the latter inlet into the Euxine, she could with little difficulty check any attempt the Russians might make to assail Constantinople by water on the east. In order, however, to retain her naval position in the Dardanelles, she would have to fortify the peninsula of Gallipoli at their entrance, so as to keep up communication with the Mediterranean, and thus insure exhaustless reënforcements of men and of provisions.

Now, a glance at the map will show us how admirably Nature has provided for the defense of Constantinople, and how herculean would be the task that Russia would impose upon herself if she attempted to capture it. We see that the city occupies a triangular space, of which the Sea of Marmora bounds one side, and that most important and celebrated though little stream, the Golden Horn, another. The third side is that which faces the northwest—that is, the interior of Turkey. The two water-sides could, of course, be amply defended by the English fleet, or, with little question, by the Turkish. It would be necessary to anticipate that an assault, should the enemy get so near, would come from the side fronting landward. It happens that across this side, from the Seven Towers to the Golden Horn, there stands a wall between thirty and forty feet high and four or five feet wide; at frequent intervals upon it are projecting towers. In front of this wall some fifteen or twenty paces is a lower wall, also having towers, and beyond is a dry ditch fifteen feet deep, with faced scarp and counterscarp. "Immense fragments of the wall," says Von Moltke, "and halves of towers have fallen, and lie on the ground unbroken; but there is no regular breach on the side toward the land. In those parts that have remained standing, the stones and mortar have hardened, in the course of fourteen centuries, to the

consistency of rock, and the whole is overgrown with gigantic ivy. Although the lofty battlements are visible from a distance of four or five miles, on an approach within cannon-shot range the wall completely disappears behind a thick wood of cypresses, which covers the extensive graveyards of the Moslems. It would, therefore, be very difficult to batter breaches in it, especially with field artillery; the effect produced by mortars would likewise be but trifling, as a space of more than a thousand paces behind the wall is occupied almost entirely by gardens."

It is a full mile from these fortifications to the thickly-settled quarter of Stamboul; while, in the old Seraglio and the Cyclobion, Constantinople has formidable citadels at either end of the town.

The most vulnerable quarter is that, on the other side of the Golden Horn, called Pera and Galata, with its population of one hundred thousand, mostly Christians, Jews, and Armenians. Here, strangely enough, the sultans have their great military establishments—their arsenal, dockyards, artillery-shops, and gun and cannon factories and founderies. The approach to Pera is undefended by walls and citadels, like that toward Stamboul. Yet Von Moltke thinks that this quarter might be defended with little difficulty by massing the main body of the beleaguered army on the plateau on the north of Pera, where earthworks could be thrown up, and either wing rest upon convenient ravines; thus leaving the more impregnable parts of the city to the natural and artificial defenses already spoken of.

The dangers to which the City of the Sultans is exposed from assault are, therefore, few and remote. It seems to be tolerably certain that it could not be captured by storm from the land-side; the Russians will have to wait long before they plant the standard of the double eagle on the citadel of the Seraglio, or rush over the ramparts to the sound of their national hymn. But, being impregnable to assault, how would Constantinople stand a long siege? What are the chances of starving the Moslems out?

So long as the contiguous seas and straits are commanded by an adequate and friendly naval force, the Turks have little to fear from this source. It is true that the supply of water which the Roman emperors once provided the city by an elaborate and costly arrangement has been grossly neglected by their Asiatic successors. It appears that, on the ranges of hills north of Constantinople, there are always in the spring heavy rains and snows. The water of the wells being scarce and bitter at best, the emperors built a series of canals, dammed up the water on the hills into artificial lakes, and the water was conducted by arched brick conduits for twenty miles to the city. Some of the aqueducts were one hundred feet high, and ruins of them may still be seen. The water thus conveyed was ample for the whole population; but, as an enemy might cut this source of supply at many points outside the walls, the emperors had a series of reservoirs built on elevations within the city, which were always kept filled against the eventualities of war. The sultans have been so shiftless as to allow these splendid works to go to decay; the reservoirs have been built over or converted into gardens, while some are choked up with rubbish.

But, happily, there is another source whence Constantinople can derive an ample supply of water for an unlimited period, and that of an excellent quality. This source is the innumerable springs which well up on the Asiatic shores of the Bosporus and the Sea of Marmora. The "Vale of Sweet Waters" near Scutari, whither the veiled ladies of the Seraglio and the harem repair in their close coaches on pleasant afternoons, is famous; and the name rightly describes the delicious water which is found everywhere in that vicinity. The Springs of Sultanieh, opposite Serapia, are especially notable for the abundance and the delightful taste of their waters.

The Turks need not fear being starved out so long as the Sea of Marmora does not fall into hostile hands. "The banks of this splendid inland sea," Von Moltke declares, "feed numerous flocks, and grow wheat, olives, wine, fruits, and vegetables, in great quantity. The fertile plains of Broussa are in constant communication with the capital by the port of Mudania, and the sea affords an endless supply of excellent fish." Besides, provisions can be brought in from the Mediterranean, through the Dardanelles, just as long as Russia fails to raise a fleet, or make an alliance with a power that has a fleet, superior to that of England or of Turkey—neither of which events is likely to happen soon.

The Bosporus, with its bright waters and minaret-peaked shores, fairly bristles with defenses. That little narrow channel, but nineteen miles long from sea to sea, and in many places less than a quarter of a mile wide, winding in and out, and dividing two continents, is replete with terraced batteries, and forts of green sandstone, and round towers; and woe be to the Russian war-ship, of whatever calibre, that, having been able to enter its mouth, should seek to reach Pera amid the heavy guns which frown down upon the rapid and narrow stream! "A ship," says Von Moltke, "would here, while engaged in closest fight with one of the batteries, be raked from stem to stern by all the rest." Four great fortresses are the Cerberi, which guard the City of the Crescent on this the only side from which Russia could possibly reach it by water. Moreover, on both sides the eminences between which the Bosporus flows, at the end toward the Black Sea, rise to heights of eight hundred feet; while at the other end, toward the Sea of Marmora, the hills are lower, but are precipitous in many places to the water's edge—so that, if an enemy attempted to land on the Asiatic shore, he would be exposed to a ruinous fire from a ground safely occupied by the defenders of the city.

Thus the Bosporus presents superb natural advantages for protection, and recently its noble fortresses have been equipped with new armaments, so as to be ready for a deadliest defense. "Under the gray hills," says an English writer who lately visited the spot, "half hidden away in rich groves of cy-

presses, and faced with banks of flowers, the heaviest guns in the world are awaiting to contest with the invader the passage of the water upon which Constantinople stands." From Fanaraki, which boasts a hundred and sixty pieces of artillery, and its opposite neighbor of Anadoli Fener, with its sixty guns all ready to direct their overwhelming fire across the blue rocks which rise in ominous fashion at the entrance to the Bosporus, and threaten to grind the inconsiderate to pieces, to Scutari and the Golden Horn, where long steel barrels peer from grass-covered embrasures, the ships of an enemy would have to run a gantlet of artillery which numbers its pieces by many hundred. The water below, too, would be a deadly mine, crowded with torpedoes, which would blow all but the stoutest ships to pieces. "Rock after rock, and hill after hill, would vomit forth such a tempest of iron that more potent seamen than the Russians might quail at the prospect."

But, as a fact, it seems highly improbable that Russia, even though she should fight the Turks single-handed, could advance even to within sight of Constantinople. Two great lines of defense, as will be seen by a glance at the map, will interpose between her army and the magnificent plain upon which the famous city of Adrian stands. The first of these is the Danube, which it will be difficult for the Russians to cross at the very outset of their campaign. But, having defied the Turkish gunboats on its "beautiful blue" waters, and forced the Turkish defenses on its left bank, another and far more formidable barrier will rise before them in the majestic range of the Greater Balkans, which stand in a compact and nearly straight line from east to west, as if Nature had thrown them up as a mighty fortress of rock to protect Constantinople from a northern invasion. Let us suppose, however, that the feat of crossing the Balkans has been achieved. The Russians are obliged to leave a large force at each point gained, and at every step southward their army grows less. Meanwhile, when they reach the plain of Adrianople, their task is but begun. Indeed, General Diebitsch did reach it in 1829, but could get no farther.

Constantinople has by no means to depend upon its own fortification for defense; Nature has given it bulwarks between Adrianople and her walls which it would task the highest military skill to overcome, if, indeed, it is not impossible to do so. The Russians would gaze through their glasses across the vast plains, and see rising before them barriers from which they might well shrink in despair. About twenty miles from Constantinople, on the west, and on the road to Adrianople, two little bays run into the main land. From the farther of these a line of hills six hundred feet above the level of the road frowns down upon it; on either flank is the sea. Batteries placed on these hills would command a plain several miles wide; and over this plain the assailing army must, perforce, march. These batteries could be held for a long time; for reënforcements could be added from the sea whenever the defenders flagged or their ranks were thinned. For ten miles these hills render access toward Constantinople impossible. The peninsula is, however, sixteen miles across. A gap of six miles lies between the hills and the Lesser Balkan range, which forms the line of defense on the other side. But these six miles are a mass of thick brushwood, interspersed and succeeded by swampy plains, parted by sharply-rising ground—just such a spot, in short, as would give the Turks an immense advantage, confronting, from abrupt eminences, a foe struggling amid brush and bogs.

They would be protected on either hand by the sea, and behind them they would have a well-watered valley, with pastures running along its gentle slopes, through which they could maintain direct and rapid railway communication with the capital itself. For a space of four hundred square miles they would have free range for their horses; and, should the enemy attempt to approach Constantinople by regular approaches, this space would be available for giving him endless annoyances. At the same time the Russian line of communication, extending as it must from the Pruth, across the Danube, the Balkans, and the plain of Adrianople, would be exposed throughout this long distance to being constantly broken; and here would be a perpetual danger, modified, but by no means got rid of, by robbing the assailing army of regiments to guard it.

A visit to those great arsenals and works of the sultan which stand near the Tophana, at Pera, almost in sight from the windows of the room where the embassadors of the powers recently met in conference, would convince the most obstinate doubter of Turkish prowess how ample and formidable have been the preparations for defense in the matters of armament and munitions. Here, in the great storehouses which at once catch the eye as the Bosporus is approached from the west, and in the yards contiguous, is gathered the material which is to serve for action in case of war. Krupp, Armstrong, and Fraser cannon, in long rows, show their yawning mouths. In the armories may be seen artillery, and Martini-Henry rifles, and carbines, and tons upon tons of shot and shell. The Tophana must be emptied before Constantinople becomes again the metropolis of the Greek Church.

It seems certain, then, that, as far as Nature and every resource of military art are concerned, the capture of Constantinople is a feat from attempting which even the iron-handed Colossus of the North might wisely shrink. Were the English joined with the Turk, such a capture may be set down as an impossibility. Good military authority asserts that forty thousand English, or eighty thousand Turks, could hold the European citadel of Mohammedanism for an indefinite period. And here is hinted an element in the defense of Constantinople which it is well not to leave out of sight. A war between Russia and Turkey would be a war of religions as well as a war of races—that is, the fiercest and most determined sort of war in which men or nations engage. Whatever the shortcomings of the Turk, he is not only a brave but a stanch and an effective soldier. His fighting qualities are amply proved by the entire

history of his career on both continents. His enemy need not count either on desertions or panics to give him an advantage. He must, on the other hand, reckon on obstinate, persistent, death-contemning resistance to the very end. Especially will this be so in a war in which the old warlike spirit of Islam will be aroused to its most desperate pitch. Man for man, the Turk fully matches the Russian for military service; in defense of his faith and of his homestead, he more than matches him, be the assailant Cossack or Muscovite. Added, therefore, to the natural and artificial defenses of Constantinople, would be the martial spirit and grim courage of the assailed army, commanded, as it would be to a great extent, by English officers, trained not only in the strict school of Woolwich, but also by experience already derived from battles. Were it necessary to save Constantinople from the Russian and the Christian, the fierce and swarthy legions of Asiatic Turkey would swarm eagerly across the Bosporus, coming to the aid of their imperiled caliph and their brethren in Europe. Thus, with ample communications, with great walls and citadels, with full command of the seas, with Nature everywhere favoring a perfect defense, with the self-sacrificing spirit of ardent religious faith, it may well be conjectured that the Turks are prepared to protect their splendid capital from whatever foe may attempt to wrest it from them.

OUT OF LONDON.

BY JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

CHAPTER VI.

ROUTINE.

I.

CAPTAIN SLEASBY would need a volume to do him justice, and therefore I must interrupt my annals of him here, only reserving the privilege of presenting him momentarily here and there, as occasion may offer. So intimately associated is his image with all my thoughts of Byemoor, that, were it removed, I should scarcely recognize the familiar surroundings.

After I had become tolerably well fitted into my brick-and-plaster shell, Hedgley advised my exploring the neighborhood, and offered himself as my guide, philosopher, and friend, in the enterprise. But I resolved to postpone such expeditions until I was better acquainted with the movement of affairs round about my own door-step. England is the home of routine, and some study of it is essential to a right conception of English character. The island has been so long settled, and its sides and ends are so close together, that its life has taken to circling in small eddies; petty events recur continually and with clock-like regularity, as they never can do, at least to anything like the same extent, in a vast continent like ours. As regards all the ordinary affairs of existence, prophecy is here as easy as reminiscence; and the satire of Mr. *Punch's* annual foretelling of the events of the coming year lies in the fact that it is merely a digest of the year that has gone by. Economy, in the complete sense of the word, is a necessity and a science; and there is as much difference between these islanders and us continentals as between the physical proceeding of the passenger in a crowded street and that of a California ranger. Unless everything traveled strictly in its appointed groove, and kept its fixed times and customs, the collision and pressure would soon cause the island to explode. Such narrow boundaries are perhaps a factor in civilization: England could not hold so many savages as it contains Englishmen. Where each man must confine himself to his own square yard of space, self-interest teaches him the wisdom of decency and good manners; he is led to do the best with what he has, because he knows that he must put up with that or nothing. If, when one set of circumstances failed to suit him, he could roam off to another, there would be no inducement (other than his own sense of propriety) to supply deficiencies by expedients.

In England, if I am in doubt as to what day of the week it is, or even what hour of the day, I do not consult my watch or my calendar. I simply wait until something occurs, and that recurrence tells me what I want to know. That organ-grinder, for instance, informs me that to-day is Wednesday, instead of Tuesday, as I had supposed; and the arrival of the baker, instead of the milkman, proves the hour to be six, instead of half-past four. In a land where the sun, the standard regulator of time, appears so seldom, the social machine might easily run away but for these pendulum-like phenomena. Every Englishman is perforce his own solar system; he is moved by hidden influences at stated times, and travels his rounds inevitably and accurately. Certain philosophers have gone so far as to announce a theory of human automatism—a theory which only observation of life in England could have suggested; there is, perhaps, no people in the world who do so much of their daily work automatically. Statistics are laws, and tyrannous ones. Not only must fashionable people be out of and in town, be born and die, be married and divorced, at certain fixed seasons; but Parliament seems to have special days for particular kinds of blunders; railway-accidents and other calamities observe stated periods; and it might almost be affirmed that the criminal classes commit their crimes in prearranged succession, preferring to murder in spring, to forge in summer, to practise burglary in autumn, and to make up for lost time generally in winter. Philanthropy, on the other hand, is unquestionably a creature of routine in Eng-

land ; and, though you may burn to be charitable—say, on a warm day—custom will admonish you to restrain your feelings until the weather (and possibly your heart likewise) is cold.

In fact, there is only one thing in this country which holds itself above all rules and traditions, which refuses to be uniform, and which never can be counted on. It is the only thing that Englishmen themselves admit their inability to understand. There are, of course, many matters besides this which pass an Englishman's comprehension, but these he disposes of by the simple device of incredulity. Not so can he get rid of the present difficulty, whose reality forces itself upon his notice at every turn, and modifies his prospects and conduct every day. It is the weather, and the weather alone, which is the Briton's insoluble problem. It gives him no rest ; he has made, and is making, most strenuous efforts, what with weather-bureaus, meteorological charts in the *Times*, thermometers, and barometers, to discover a method in the madness, but in vain. They watch its vagaries curiously, and at each unexpected alteration they turn to each other with puzzled, admiring glances. Singularly enough, too, the weather is more uncertain in this home of certainties than in most other less precise countries. Probably this may be a wise dispensation of Providence, for, if the weather were as settled as the people, all England would become a mere machine-shop, and anything like real life would be impossible there. But the waywardness of their barometers wards off such death, as salt vivifies the sea ; and, instead of grumbling, they would do well to be thankful for it. They and their weather-changes throw one another into relief, and so become mutually picturesque. The only invariable thing which the Englishman can derive from his climate is his umbrella—that ill-favored symbol of suspicion and ungeniality.

II.

I TALKED over these matters with Hedgley one spring afternoon, sitting beside the fire in his comfortable little study. A fire is seldom out of place in England : even in the depths of summer you may generally kindle one after sunset ; and, on the other hand, the cold is never so severe as to necessitate anything hotter than an open grate. The evils of stove-life are so flagrant that I may spare to insist on them ; and the charms of an English fireside are perhaps not less well known ; yet I cannot deny myself the pleasure of pausing before one for a while. Every Englishman loves it, and has an instinctive prejudice against warming himself by any more artificial means than that and exercise ; though it must be admitted that gas-stoves do find their way into houses now and then—and set them on fire occasionally.

Anthracite coal is foreign to this happy land, and the better varieties of native coal burn so as to delight the beholder, and are most satisfactory to poke. I suppose a coal-fire in an open grate cannot be so picturesque as a log-fire on brass andirons ; but it is good enough for humanity, and cozier, perhaps, than its rival. It is more compact, too, and suits better with the size and complexion of average modern rooms. The only objection to it is, that you become so dependent upon it as not easily to endure its temporary absence. The four walls become lifeless when the fire is extinguished ; the eye craves the vanished nucleus of light, life, and motion ; and the ear misses the soft rustling of the burning—busy, yet indolent. Even the sunshine cannot take its place, unless you go out-of-doors to enjoy it ; the white rays dim the beauty of the fairest room, and ungenerously reveal the secret of the dust-ridden atmosphere. The coal-fire wooes to a cottage the man whom sunshine has driven from a palace.

Hedgley's study is an agreeable nook, to which I shall introduce the reader ; not because it is Hedgley's, but that it is typical of the way the rooms of many artistic and cultivated English people are getting to look nowadays. Opening the door and pushing aside the *portière*, we find ourselves in a sage-green retreat, set off with antique black oak, and brown-backed, gold-lettered books in long, low bookcases. Advancing about five paces across a Persian rug, we pause on a brown bear-skin, in front of a brass fender. Here is a great black-oak mantel-piece, with shelves or brackets above ; and a round, convex mirror in the midst of them, of which Hedgley is particularly proud. Up one jamb of the mantel, across the lintel, and down the other jamb, runs a quaint inscription in old-fashioned lettering. The shelves are covered with carved ivory or sandal-wood curiosities, Japanese and Indian porcelain, small bronzes, and a vase holding a royal sheaf of peacock-feathers. Besides the bookcases, there is a black-oak cupboard, with twisted legs and polished brass locks and hinges. Round the sage-green walls (which are warmed somewhat by the delicate tracery of gold that wanders over the paper) are hung pictures in flat gold frames ; not many of them, but beautiful for color or form. There is one broad window, the upper section of old stained glass, curtained by a soft, brownish-green fabric ringed on a bar of brass. Then there is a bronze chandelier of a severely simple design, light from which is communicable through a green pipe to an Argand lamp on the massive study-table. Lastly, in order to the contemplation of all these things, you are invited to sit down on either one of two comfortable but unpretending chairs ; or to recline on one of the broadest-bottomed, most luxurious lounges in all upholstery ! Such a room is pleasant at all times ; especially, perhaps, of a spring afternoon, when there is a veiled luminousness of sunshine without, and the air is cool enough to justify a good fire. Everything looks mellow, refined, and home-like ; and as the day declines, the firelight is reflected more and more brightly from the glistening Dutch tiles, and the brass knobs of the fender, and the twisted leg of the neighboring oak cabinet, and even from the gilt backs of the serried books, in their brown and maroon bindings. Impalpable blue layers of fragrant tobacco stretch and wind across the still air ; and in the pauses of conversation only the rustle of the flame, the ticking of our

watches, and the drawing of our pipes, are audible.

The fire is an excellent companion for an else solitary day; it amuses and gratifies without being obtrusive; and since nothing can obtain our full affection which does not make some demands upon us, we find occasion from hour to hour to rise and perform some trifling service or other for our warm-hearted friend. Of these, poking is the most important, and no well-conducted fire-worshiper will allow anybody, be he who he may, to wield the poker in his stead. There is a moment, half an hour or thereabouts after the fire has received a fresh supply of fuel, when the upper layer becomes fused into a continuous crust, black above, but red below, and arched, as it were, over the glowing cavity which the partial consumption of the smaller coals has left. To the unpractised eye the aspect of affairs might seem unpromising; but the connoisseur exults. A single, steady thrust, delivered point-blank at the key-stone of the arch, causes a great gush of flame to burst suddenly upward; two more will break the whole mass into fragments, above which roars and writhes a full-bodied vegetation of fire, such as might flourish on some southern slope in Tartarus. Or, again, when a bed of burned cinders and ashes has collected in the bottom of the grate, how good it is to force the poker along horizontally beneath the lowest bar, whereby the refuse sifts through to the pit, and all above grows brighter and hotter, as a lethargic mood is enlivened by a draught of fresh air! Sometimes the fire burns low ere we are aware of it, and we must pile the red-hot embers carefully together, and feed them with small mouthfuls of coal at a time, as we would give food to a starving person — not too much at first, lest the vital spark which we meant to foster be extinguished. Gradually this germ of life increases in volume and strength, until we might fling the whole contents of the coal-skuttle upon it, with no other danger than that of setting the chimney on fire. But, if the weather be very cold, too much freedom of blazing is not to be permitted; for, charming though it looks, it gives not out the maximum of heat, and what heat there is goes mostly up the flue instead of out to the room. Therefore, after the grate has been heaped high with sound fuel, and the conflagration is well under way, we throw a layer of cinders over the top. It seems a pity to do this, at first; the cinders look gray and dead, and the flame vanishes with a mortified air, as of one whose generous aspirations have been unexpectedly snubbed. But the dullness soon gives way to a glowing if sobered comfort; little feathers of white and purple flicker over the mounded surface, while the compacted incandescence underneath radiates outward an ardor of heat insupportable save at a respectful distance. Such a fire will last you from four to six hours without renewing, and all you can do is to give it a little polishing up with the hearth-brush once in a while.

At last night comes, and the lamp; and toward the small hours we suffer our companion of fifteen genial hours gently to decay and fall to ashes under our eyes. As the last glow fades out, a little shadow of regret and loneliness settles over our spirits. Where has this glowing, blustering, kindly, brilliant fellow gone? Is his grave in the soot of the chimney, or among the dust of the ash-pit? Does he share our reluctance at parting, or has all his ardor been a vain show, devoid of any personal regard? Has he hopes of meeting us on the morrow, or has he taken flight for good and all? Well, away with him! if need were, we could even now conjure up another as good as he. But we cannot in the world find new human friends, to love and be loved, like those that are lost. Whatever can be twice alike, has no soul; and therefore let us waste no more sentiment over a cold grate. There was never anything here that knew or cared for us, and it is for that very reason that we have consociated together so agreeably.

III.

I HAVE followed my coal-fire to a premature grave, in order to have done with it; but it was about the middle of that spring afternoon that Hedgley arose and stretched himself, and proposed that we should have a look at the garden.

"What an absurd importance Englishman attach to their gardens!" observed his guest, as we strolled out. "On an eighth of an acre of indifferent land, he will grow such a crop of pride and self-complacency as might furnish forth a British army returning from the conquest of Russia. The man who sells seeds in England has made a fortune; and there are several weekly newspapers, and even complete books, that circulate and grow fat by humoring the same mania."

"It's a creditable mania," returned my friend. "Bacon puts gardeners above builders, as products of a more refined civilization. A garden, you know, doesn't mean a kitchen-garden or a farm; but something useless except for its beauty."

"But your average Englishman living in the country doesn't care for his garden because it is beautiful. What he interests himself about is, that it shall be in the fashion as gardens go, and more irreproachable than his neighbors'. If you see him examining his roses closely, he is not luxuriating in their fragrance and beauty, but searching for bugs. If he contemplates his lawn, it is not for joy of its velvety greenness, but to discover whether James hath trimmed and watered it properly. If he loiters under the shade of his spreading beech-tree, it is with the pruning-knife in his hand—not that he may enjoy the green leaves veiling the blue sky. And so of other things."

"No great harm in that. Beauty is enhanced by order."

"It means simply that gardens have been crammed down the Englishman's throat before he is ready for them. Some few enthusiastic and æsthetic persons, who were—or fancied themselves—able to appreciate the real delight of gardening, have contrived to make gardens the fashion; and now

everybody with more ground at his disposal than his house can cover must have one. But they no more know the true use of it than a Digger Indian would know the use of Raphael's 'Transfiguration.' The Indian would make the picture into a wigwam, and the Englishman turns his garden into a topographer's map. If it could keep itself, independently of his meddling, at the highest pitch of trimness and condition, he would take no further interest in it. And it is worse for the mind to have beauty in sight, and to disregard it, than not to have it at all."

"That may be; but your whole argument is founded upon an assumption. Because you find a man doing his best to make what good thing he has better, or even to keep it from deteriorating, you assert that he is blind to its goodness. The first inference is against you. The beauties of Nature are meant to be meddled with—we can't keep our hands off them; and it is in that respect that Nature is more enjoyable than the fairest picture that ever was on canvas. We can only sit still and admire the picture; but we have a hundred ways of enjoying a landscape—of taking a part in it, so to speak; and each new way adds zest to the others. Who wouldn't lose his interest in a garden that was above his interference? By mowing my lawn every week, and bedding out my flowers, and pruning my trees and hedges, I imbue them with my own personality, and thus make them objects of affection; and he who loves as well as admires a thing of beauty, admires it better than the person of equal culture who admires without loving."

"I'm not discussing abstract theories," I interrupted, for Hedgley was wont to be interminable in this vein of remark, "but taking men as I find them. Look at Captain Sleasby. He potters about his garden for hours every day; and you can't affirm, knowing him for what he is, that his mind is refined and purified thereby. The truth is—not only with him, but, in a greater or less degree, with us and all men—that our perceptions are so strained and jaded that beauty, pure and simple, does not satisfy us. We don't want beauty: we want the fashionable distortion of it; and when that fashion changes for another, we shall acknowledge the distortion of the former. It is like women and their bonnets all the world over."

"I thought it was with Englishmen that you were finding fault," returned my friend, dryly. "If you admit that we and everybody else are as bad or worse, I need not defend them. Few people, I suppose, are cultivated enough to go into raptures over a mathematical curve, or, if there be any such, I don't want to meet them. But I think we are drifting into generalities," he broke off, blowing the ashes from his pipe-bowl.

"It is my fault, and it is I that lost by it. To return to our original point. Though you say that a garden is not a kitchen-garden, I have observed that in England the latter is never very far from the former; and I fancy the owners look upon their flowers as a sort of semi-æsthetic vegetable, whose apogee is an honorable place at the annual flower-show. And finally—for I don't want to waste any more of this beautiful afternoon in listening to and refuting your arguments—what a thoroughly English trait this petty gardening is, take it how you will! Imagine an American settling contentedly down for life on a half-acre of ground, with a trowel, a pruning-knife, and a lawn-mower! For a year or two he might enjoy the amusement; but after that he would be bored—his ambition would begin to prick him. He would want the garden to grow bigger, or to change somehow. The prospect of repeating indefinitely the same processes on the same scale would become insupportable. Either that or his Americanism would evaporate out of him, and leave him just such a self-centred, unaspiring, conservative monarch of the infinitesimal as his British cousin."

"It's true enough," said Hedgley, pondering sagaciously, with his hands in his pockets, "that we Americans don't care much for things that won't grow, either up or down, year after year. It has been remarked that we as a people are remarkably fond of our children. I think the reason is, that children change so fast. If they were like gardens, having to be begun all over new every season, and never getting beyond a certain point, we would scalp them the third year, and try something else. But hist! Agricola is going to whet his scythe."

IV.

HEDGLEY was very fond of seeing and hearing mowing; and I think it was in order to the enjoyment of this luxury, rather than for the lawn's sake, that he had the grass "attended to" so often. He used to declare that, of all modes of being awakened in the morning, the pleasantest was to hear the whetting of a scythe outside your window. And certainly it is a soothing and piquantly-agreeable sound, which seems to take us back into the dawn of the world, when reaping was the most arduous labor incident to the blessed human race. It has a blithe, sharp, clinging quality, passing through several gradations, as the sharpening advances from the shoulder to the tip of the long, curved blade. Everything connected with grass-cutting is deliciously primitive and Arcadian, and the poor wretch who invented the mowing-machine has done as much to make the earth stale and dreary as any other individual in history. What an impertinent, rattling, superserviceable little busybody that mowing-machine is! How immeasurably distant in feeling and significance is its breathless, ludicrous, soulless clitter-clatter from the long, grand, leisurely, measured onset of the primeval scythe! The scythe itself, with its keen, rapacious blade, its irregular, crooked heft, and its funny, little twig-like handles, is the most picturesque of agricultural tools. Then how fascinating to watch the semicircular armsweeps and creeping, deliberate advance of the mower! There is freedom in his swing, and yet a heedful accuracy; he lays the grass gently aside; his hot shadow oscillates, pendulum-like, beside him. Anon the sharp edge clicks against a pebble. Agricola pauses, slowly sets the crooked instrument on end, wipes away the grass that sticks to it with his hard,

brown hand, wipes the sweat from his own brow, then draws the slim whetstone from his belt, and begins, "Clitho-clio! clitho-clio! clitho-clio!" He is never in a hurry, and never ought to be: the grass will wait for him. Each separate stroke has its stated time, like the beating of the mower's heart, and the play of his lungs, so that the scythe itself seems to come breathing toward us through the grass, with stealthy, snake-like motion. And yet there are people who will buy a mowing-machine, and congratulate themselves upon its possession.

Whether or not Englishmen appreciate gardens at their true value, there can be no doubt that they recognize their usefulness as an extension of available house-room, and as protection against the intrusion of the road. The faces of American houses have a way of resting their chins directly on the sidewalk, and brazening it out before the passers-by, which is distressing to civilized modesty. The evils of seclusion may be great, but they are not so deplorable as the evils of publicity. A mere house is not enough for a man to live in, and roads are not enough for him to walk in. Unless he can be out-doors and at home at the same time, he puts up with only half a life. These tiny English gardens provide that essential convenience, and the Englishman profits accordingly. He likes the open air more than we do, and makes himself more at home in it. His garden medicines him against many ailments, to relieve which we resort to pills and ointment. If I see Captain Sleasby laboring with especial diligence in his vineyard, I know that he has been paying devotion to the grape in another form the night before, and is working off the effects. For the cure of nervous disorders I should exhibit a front garden with a high wall, instead of morphine or chloral; the smell of earth and flowers, the greenness of grass and leaves, the watching of vegetable growth, the lazy excitement of bedding-out and greenhousing. What better restorative for a harassed brain than to follow the slow spreading of moss over the garden-wall, or the silent, imperceptible creep of ivy up toward the eaves? Years, instead of being so many condensed lifetimes, as they are in the Bourse and in Wall Street, would be comfortable, thoughtful, sagacious days, of which not the restless getting up and going down of innumerable foolish suns would be the measure, but the dignified duration of beneficent seasons. How few the events of such a life, and yet how full of pith and meaning! It bears the same relation to the stock-broking method of existence that the afore-mentioned scythe does to the mowing-machine.

In England the seasons melt so gradually into one another, and have such a strong family resemblance, that they might all be mistaken for different moods of one. In what is called winter certain trees lose their leaves, and the coolness becomes a little cooler than it was in summer; but that is all. Snow, if by some accident it appears, is frightened at its own temerity, and generally melts into invisibility before it has well reached the earth. Ice is likewise a fleeting curiosity, the use and properties of which few Englishmen understand. The sky is wondrous kind to England, and hides its face continually behind soft veils of clouds, out of very shame at its own partiality. In Hedgley's garden the last of his monthly roses are still in bloom when the first violets of the new year have become fragrant; and as for that lawn of his, over which we have lingered so long, it was greener in December and January than in June and July.

V.

I HAVE already alluded to the organ-grinder as part of the routine of Byemoor; he comes every Wednesday, and is a frouzy Italian of the usual type, with a great facility in taking off his broad-brimmed hat, and a particular fondness for playing "Santa Lucia" and singing it at the same time. His singing is just what might be expected; but that is the only tune he ever does attempt. Perhaps, before he emigrated, he had some sentimental association with this piece of music. If so, what a singular instance is afforded of the dependence of sentiment on mechanism! He would have forgotten the tender episode years ago had his organ been constructed a little differently; but, as it is, he remembers it twenty times a day; and the memory has become the most inveterate and substantial fact of his existence. He does not himself know how large a part of him it is: only, if his organ were to break down, and he were to procure a new one, set to other measures than "Santa Lucia," I think the poor exile would pine away and die ere a week were over.

Although his voice is so harsh and untuneful, there are persons in a walk of life somewhat similar to his own whose tones are highly melodious. Some of the peddlers, hawkers, and old-clo' men, can chant their wares or wants in a voice distinctly audible half a mile away, and yet as musical and true as an organ-stop. It seems remarkable that such constant exercise of the voice should not destroy its smoothness and timbre, especially considering the life peddlers lead, and the weather they are exposed to. But there is probably more to be learned in respect to peddlers' chants than the laity would be apt to imagine. In the first place, it is always a chant repeated at regular intervals, and in precisely the same key. Doubtless, too, the chant fixed upon is the one which experience has proved to be easiest for the peddler's voice. Long practice strengthens his lungs, and also enables him to pitch the note so as to reach the maximum of distance with the minimum of exertion to the chanter. There are no two whose sing-songs are exactly alike, and there is, moreover, a great and comical contrast between that sing-song and the ordinary conversational chatter to which they descend when suddenly addressing a customer, or speaking to each other. They no longer seem the same person; they change from vagrant organ-stops to vulgar tramps; and, if they were wise, they would never speak to the public, whether near or afar off, otherwise than in that single bar of melody which they have trained themselves to deliver so well. It

would be interesting to make a collection of these various bars. One that I remember was the opening of Strauss's waltz, "An der schönen blauen Donau," and was particularly pleasing to the ear, though the words were nothing more imposing than "Any rags—bones?" Another fellow, who drove a donkey-cart, and possessed a female slave to do his errands and tedious jobs for him, was wont to repeat a petition for "Any old rags of any sort" to the tune of a passage in a well-known opera. All England is musical with these vagabonds, whose mode of life cannot be without its attractions; but it may be safely affirmed that their melodiousness is generally the only thing they have got worth purchasing, and the only thing unpurchasable.

The regular tradesmen have no such harmonious quality; it needs a Bohemian mode of life to develop it. The milkmen, indeed, possess an inhuman caterwaul whereby they announce their presence, though why a caterwaul rather than any other kind of yell I am at a loss to conceive; perhaps it may be connected in some way with the fact that cats are fond of cream. The baker, too, has a call, but a very prosaic one; while the butcher contents himself with simply thumping on the back-door. But I have somewhere met with the suggestion that thoroughly honest, respectable persons rarely have good voices, or at least have not the power of using them musically. I cannot assert that the average British tradesman is always respectable and honest; but, so far as I have observed, he rarely possesses musical talent; and that is, at any rate, something.

CULTURE-HEROES OF THE ANCIENT AMERICANS.

THOSE events which mark the beginnings of civilization have in most ages and among most peoples been associated with remarkable personages. This was just as natural as that military exploits should serve to enwreath great names that have come down to posterity. The remembrance of decided advances made in the gray fore-time, the remote prehistoric days for the elevation of a tribe or people out of a condition of savagery, was kept alive and fresh by the personification of the movement itself. Its various stages were made the acts of an individual, often of mysterious origin, of superhuman parentage, and of divine or semi-divine attributes. If he were not a full-fledged deity at first, it only required the lapse of a few generations and the natural development of human credulity to constitute him such.

Nowhere than upon our own soil do we find a more interesting field for observing this tendency in the unenlightened mind. The idea of the divine, as portrayed in the mythologies and legends of the ancient inhabitants of this continent, must ever be an interesting subject for consideration. The belief in a supreme or at least in a supernatural being or beings is common to most of the tribes of aboriginal Americans. These deities are truly legion, and the legends of their remarkable origin, their conflicts with each other, and their conduct toward men, are so numerous and marvelous as to require only the hand of genius that produced the "Thousand and One Nights," to reveal their more than Arabian wonders.

In fact, this would be a much easier task in many instances than to reduce them to a rational basis. Still, many traditions, transmitted by the aborigines, are striking illustrations of either the indwelling conception of the divine in the mind, or of a forgotten revelation, fragments of which have floated down from a remote source, and been lost in a confused mass of religious fancies. The materials for the study of this subject have been collected in Mr. H. H. Bancroft's splendid work, "The Native Races of the Pacific States," with an industry and a skill which rival, if they do not surpass, any previous attempt in the field of American antiquities. In the treatment of the subject before us, what is naturally omitted by the special scope of Mr. Bancroft's work is furnished by Dr. Brinton, in his "Myths of the New World," and the works cited therein. To the first author, especially, we are indebted for his comprehensive and critical presentation of so many culture-myths.

Among the rude and uncivilized tribes of the Northwest coast, the idea of divinity was very diverse, and in some cases obscure. The Tinneh, a great people occupying a vast expanse of territory, reaching from the Arctic Ocean southward to the fifty-fifth parallel of latitude, worship the "man in the moon," who, as they suppose, formerly lived among them as a poor and ragged boy. This boy once made so large a pair of snow-shoes that he attracted the attention and ridicule of the entire community where he resided, and became the object of much heartless sport on the part of the villagers. But soon there came a time of great scarcity; the hunter traversed the forests in vain; the earth bore no fruitage. Still, to their surprise, when every hope of success was exhausted, they were often led to freshly-killed game by some mysterious influence. Their benefactor soon proved to be none other than the poor boy with the great snow-shoes—the object of their ridicule. Though grateful to him at first, they soon forgot his benefactions when the time of plenty returned, so much so as on one occasion to refuse him a morsel of fat meat. The divine personage who had externally manifested himself to them in the guise of a ragged boy, now offended, took his departure to his residence in the moon. However, in a month, he returned, appearing as a full-grown man, forgave their ingratitude, told them that his home was in the moon, and that he would always assist them in the chase. One punishment, however, they must suffer,

namely, that henceforward animals should be lean the entire winter, and only fat in the summer.

The Nootkas of Columbia have a tradition of a benefactor and teacher who appeared to them long ago. He came to them up the sound in a canoe of copper. The paddle in his hand was copper; even his clothing was of the same metal. This mysterious, copper-clad old man sojourned for a while among them, taught them the use of the metal which made him so conspicuous—told them that he came from the sky, and that some time in the future, when their land should be destroyed, they would all die, but, after death, rise and live with him above. Enraged at this prophecy of their destruction, they arose and killed him, and, in possessing themselves of the canoe, fell heirs to the benefits which arise from the knowledge of copper. They, however, repented of their crime when they realized, at too late an hour, that the copper-man was the incarnation of their deity, *The Great Spirit, The Man above.*

In both of these legends we observe the tendency, alluded to a moment ago, of first personifying the introduction of civilizing influences, and then of deifying that personification. In the boy with the great snow-shoes, suddenly elevated to the position of divine patron of the chase, we see clearly some inventive genius, who, ridiculed at first by his fellows, at last is acknowledged a benefactor on account of his discovery of improved appliances for hunting. The copper-man is nothing more than the introducer of copper among the Nootkas.

Not so easy is it to interpret the legend of the lost paradise of the Okanagans (Columbians), in which their culture-heroine, the tall and fair Scomalt, figures so conspicuously. Long ago, when the sun was young and no larger than a star, far out at sea stood an island inhabited by a gigantic white race. It was called "White-Man's Island," and was presided over by the fair Scomalt. There came at last a time of discord; civil strife spread conflict and death all over this insular paradise, until its queen arose in her displeasure and said: "Lo! I will drive these wicked far from me; my soul shall be no longer vexed concerning them, neither shall they trouble my faithful any more." So she drove the rebellious to one end of the island, which she cut off from the main part of the island, and set it adrift at the mercy of the waves.

The tempests which beat upon it were so severe that all of its inhabitants perished except one man and woman, who, seeing their danger, made them a canoe, in which they escaped. For many suns they drifted to the westward, until at last they came to certain islands, and, steering through them, finally reached the mainland. So weather-beaten were these fortunate voyagers that their original whiteness had disappeared and their color changed to a dusky red. All the people of the continent were their descendants, and inherited the dusky hue of their storm-tossed progenitors.

Most of the Californian tribes worship a supreme being, whom they designate as *The One above, The Great One, The Old Man above*, the latter appellation bearing a striking resemblance to the Scriptural name "Ancient of Days."

Father Boscana, one of the earliest missionaries to Upper California, as cited by Mr. Bancroft, records an interesting legend told him by the Indians of San Juan Capistrano, California. The mountaineers and lowlanders each had a different version of the legend, but agreeing substantially in the main points. It is as follows: An invisible and omnipotent being called Nocuma made the world and all that it contains. He made it round like a ball, and held it in his great hands; but it rolled around so much at first that he found it necessary to ballast it by inserting a piece of rock called *Tosaut* at its centre. The sea, which then was only a little stream encircling the globe, was so filled with fishes that no room remained for the increase of their numbers. Their very fins were crowded out of water, and motion was wellnigh impossible. It was with the greatest difficulty that the eldest and wisest of the fish, by counseling some of their dissatisfied comrades against the baneful effects of the sun and air, prevented them from forming a colony on the land. The want of feet was urged by these aquatic sages as being sufficient in itself to soon bring destruction upon the would-be colonists.

This little agitation of an important question brought about the removal of what was their greatest inconvenience. By the aid of a large fish they discovered and burst asunder the great rock Tosaut. In its centre they found a bladder filled with a substance which when emptied into the water made it all salt, and caused the sea to swell up and overflow a great part of the globe, and fix its boundaries as we find them at the present time. Nocuma then created man from the soil, calling him *Ejoni*. The creator then made a woman whom he called *Aé*. Their descendants replenished the earth.

One of their grandsons, *Ouiot*, proved himself to be a notable personage; his prowess was matchless, his dominion of the soil and race undisputed. At last he grew old, and his unnatural children, together with his somewhat aspiring subjects, plotted to kill him, alleging that he was no longer capable of governing them. They resolved that he should die by poison, and, though he was aware of their intentions and took every precaution for thwarting their purposes, still they succeeded in dropping a powder, made of the rock Tosaut, upon his breast while he slept. The cankerous mineral ate its way to a vital part, and proved fatal.

After the funeral was celebrated, a council was held to make arrangements for providing animal and vegetable food instead of the white clay on which they are said to have lived at first. While they consulted together, they were startled and overawed by a remarkable apparition. A being manifested himself to them whom they supposed to be Ouiot, but who declared himself to be greater than Ouiot. He told them that his name was Chinigchinich (the Almighty), and that it was his purpose now to create another race similar to themselves; that henceforth they should be his chosen priesthood, sorcerers to the

beings he was about to create. He then bestowed upon them divers gifts, saying: "One of you shall bring rain; another, dew; another shall make the green corn grow; another, seeds to ripen; and still another shall cause game to abound, and your children shall inherit these gifts forever." Then this remarkable and beneficent deity made the new race, male and female, out of the clay of the lake-bed, and from this pair the Californians suppose they descended. The places for the worship of Chinigchinich were numerous, and always served as places of asylum as secure as a Greek altar or an Israelitish city of refuge.

Any attempts at determining the true significance of this legend might lead to hopeless and useless conjecture. When one has called it a creation myth, he has said all that can safely be ventured toward its explanation, unless some one of an ecclesiastical turn of mind might discover in these two separate creations the origin of priesthood and laity.

The greatest race of our predecessors in most of the Eastern and Middle States, the Algonquins, worshiped, with remarkably clear ideas of divinity, their god *Michabo*. The ordinary translation of the word would be "Great Hare," but Dr. Brinton sees still another significance in the word, and renders it by white or light, and from these he derives *dawn*.

Michabo was the reputed ancestor of this numerous race. He made the sun and moon, and from a grain of sand found at the bottom of the great waste of waters he fashioned the habitable land, set it growing, and floated it upon the waters, until it had grown so large "that a strong young wolf, running constantly, died of old age ere he reached its limits." He was the guardian of the Algonquins, the inventor of picture-writing, and of the fish-net in imitation of a spider's web, the founder of the meda-worship, the ruler of the winds, and preserver of the world. He was also a mighty hunter; one of his footsteps measured eight leagues, the great lakes were his beaver-dams, and his hands alone were sufficient to tear away and destroy the cataracts that impeded his progress. In the "moon of the falling leaf"—the golden-tinted autumn—it was his custom to seat himself by his wigwam-door ere he should retire for his winter's sleep, and with well-filled pipe to puff into the sky balmy clouds that floated over hill and woodland, filling the air with the haze of "Indian-summer."

The author above mentioned, in his examination of the etymology of the name of this deity, says: "From it is derived the words for the east, the dawn, the light, the day, the morning. Beyond a doubt, this is the compound in the names Michabo and Manibozho, which, therefore, means the great light, the spirit of light, of the dawn, or the east; and, in the literal sense of the word, the Great White One—as, indeed, he has sometimes been called." With this explanation of his name, the myths and traditions of his birth and attributes are easily understood. On the distant shores of the vast ocean whose waters were supposed to encircle the world, on the edge of the earth where the sun rises, his home was situated; thence he was invoked to the medicine-lodge. In the meda-worship the winds, his messengers, were called from the east; and from this home, in the rosy dawn, with daily watch and care for his people, the god sent forth the great luminaries on their journeys, freighted with life and light to men from the storehouse of their divine maker.

Michabo was conceived of as possessing a two-fold character. He was adored as the god of light, eternally opposed to, and in perpetual conflict with, darkness; and again he was worshiped as the prince of the powers of the air. As the god of light, he was eternal; but, in order to his comprehension, it was necessary that he should have a parentage, even though his parents were acknowledged to be objects of his creation. He is grandson of the moon; his father is the west wind, and his mother a maiden who dies in giving him birth.

Dr. Brinton thus analyzes this remarkable genealogy: "The moon is the goddess of night; the dawn is her daughter, who brings forth the morning, and perishes herself in the act; and the west, the spirit of darkness, as the east is of light, precedes, and, as it were, begets the latter, as the evening does the morning." The Algonquins believed that from the moment of his birth their deity had prosecuted relentless war against the spirit of darkness. The legend which describes the struggle declares that it began on the mountains; the west was forced to give ground, for Michabo drove him across rivers and over mountains and lakes, until at last he came to the edge of the world. Here the fugitive spirit cried "Hold! it is impossible to kill me."

It was no restrained imagination that called into being such a similitude, such a parallel between the daily flight of night before the advancing sun, and the more subtile and ceaseless conflict which has been waged since the world began between the powers of darkness and the powers of light. The inhabitant of the solitary wilderness, used to the chase, familiar with the adventures of its progress and the excitements of its successful termination, easily beheld in the dawn appearing at first upon the mountain horizon, but rapidly pursuing its opposite element across earth and sky, woodland and lake, until the night was lost in the west, a chase, a conflict that must be endless, which even the instincts of a savage told him was going on about him.

Equally significant are those legends which describe him as prince of the powers of the air, for there, too, his contest is with the lowering storm and the rushing tornado; the bowlders of the prairies are hurled by the enraged combatants, and the lightnings and thunders are Michabo's weapons. At the termination of the conflict he is always victorious; the threatening storm and the rushing northwest wind are subdued, and their fierceness melted into gentle showers that water the fruitful vines. The flint-stone, the symbol of fire, he dashed in pieces and scattered to the four winds; the elements of cloud and terror were compelled to retreat before his presence. Such was the conception which the savage mind had of the divine. In him they recog-

nized the giver of all wisdom, all mental enlightenment; to him they attributed every success, and they recognized his assistance by offerings at the termination of the medicine-hunt or of any undertaking. This beautiful idea of the divine indwelling in minds beyond the influence of revelation cannot fail of eliciting admiration.

The Iroquois had a culture-myth bearing a striking resemblance in its meaning to the above. Twin brothers were born of a virgin mother, who died in giving them birth. Their grandmother was the moon, whose name was derived from the word for water, which seems natural enough, since in mythology the moon was the goddess of water, and, in the opinion of a certain school of prognosticators, still plays an important *rôle* with rain, tide, and weather. The names of these were Joskeha and Tawiscara respectively, the former meaning the White One, the latter meaning the Dark One.

The founding of Rome was not the only occasion on which twin brothers have quarreled. Joskeha and Tawiscara soon came to blows, the former using a stag-horn for his weapon, to the decided discomfiture of the latter, who used only the wild-rose. Tawiscara fled for his life, but the blood gushing from his wounds fell upon the ground and turned to beautiful flint-stones of crimson hue. The victorious brother then retired to the east, where the sun rises on the borders of the ocean, and there established his wigwam with his grandmother.

He became to the Iroquois all that Michabo was to the Algonquins. He transformed the earth from a sterile and arid waste into a blooming paradise; he discovered and destroyed the great frog which swallowed all the waters, for there was a certain water-goddess who differed from the moon in that she consumed instead of dispensing rain, and has often been personified as a frog, which, among the Aztecs, was cut from a single piece of emerald—or, in human form, holding in her hand the leaf of a water-lily, ornamented with frogs.

This patron god, having discovered fire, imparted its knowledge to mortals. He watched and watered their crops, brought them golden harvests, and stocked the forests with game. He, too, was the god of light, having his home in the rosy bosom of the dawn. It was, no doubt, a common occurrence for the idea of the supreme being to be attached to and confounded with some distinguished hero or civilizer who brought new powers or new light to a semi-civilized people.

Two traditions often became confused by the interchange of details, and in the course of years were resolved into one, which attributed finite qualities to a deity and infinite powers to a man. As a consequence of ignorance and the disturbing events of war, or the unsettling tendencies of migrations, tribes sometimes lost all recollection of the original name of their deity, and transferred his attributes and achievements to a notable personage, who had figured among them at no very remote period.

Something like this is noticeable in a few of the traditions current among the Pueblos concerning that remarkable and many-sided culture-hero, Montezuma. It must be borne in mind that the mythical Montezuma is in no case to be confounded with either of the Mexican monarchs of the same name. The Pueblos believed in a supreme being, a good spirit, so exalted and worthy of reverence that his name was considered too sacred to mention. Like the ancient Hebrews, who designated Jehovah's as the "unmentionable name," the Pueblo called attention to Montezuma as a less sacred name, but at the same time declared its bearer to be the supreme god. The variety of aspects in which Montezuma is presented to us is due to the fact that each tribe of Pueblos had its particular legends concerning his birth and achievements. Many places in New Mexico claim the honor of his nativity—at a period long before those village-builders were acquainted with the arts of architecture, which have since given them their distinguishing name. In fact, this culture-god was none other than the genius who introduced the knowledge of building among them.

Some traditions, however, make him the ancestor and even the creator of the race; others, its prophet, leader, and lawgiver. Mr. Bancroft says: "Under restrictions, we may fairly regard him as the Melchizedek, the Moses, and the Messiah of these Pueblo desert-wanderers from an Egypt that History is ignorant of, and whose name even Tradition whispers not. He taught his people how to build cities with tall houses, to construct *estufas*, or semi-sacred sweat-houses, and to kindle and guard the sacred fire." It has been aptly remarked by one writer that Montezuma was the great "somebody" of the tribe to whom the qualities and achievements of every other were attributed.

Fremont gives an account of the birth of the hero, in which his mother is declared to have been a woman of exquisite beauty, admired and sought for by all men. She was the recipient of rich presents of corn and skins from her admirers, yet she refused the hands of all her suitors. A famine soon occurred, and great distress followed. Now the fastidious beauty showed herself to be a lady of charitable spirit and tender heart. She opened her granaries, in which all her presents had been stored, and out of their abundance relieved the wants of the poor. The offerings of love were made to perform their mission a second time. At last, when the pure and plenteous rains again brought fertility to the earth, the summer shower fell also upon the Pueblo goddess, and she gave birth to a son, the immortal Montezuma.

The intelligent chief of the Papagos, whose people occupy the territory between the Santa Cruz River and the Gulf of California, related a legend of the origin and offices of Montezuma, which, while it surprises the reader with its close resemblance to some leading points in the Hebrew and Chaldean Genesis and deluge accounts, still is conspicuous for its inconsistencies, and in its closing statements for the absence of any knowledge of time. In substance it is as follows:

The Great Spirit, having made all things—sky, earth, and the living creatures which inhabited it—

descended into the earth for the purpose of creating man also. Digging in the earth, he found clay, such as a potter uses; this he carried back with him to his celestial abode, and dropped it again from the sky into the pit from which he had dug it. Instantly Montezuma, the genius of life, sprang from the pit, and became a partner in the creation of other men. The Apaches were the next formed, and were so wild that they severally ran away as fast as created. Those were golden days which followed the birth of the race; the sun was very much nearer the earth than now, and his grateful presence rendered clothing useless. A common language between all men, shared even by beasts, was one of the strongest possible bonds of peace.

But at last this paradisiacal age was ended by a great deluge in which all men and living creatures perished. Only Montezuma and his friend, the coyote—a prairie-wolf—escaped. This wonderful animal, with semi-divine attributes, plays a remarkable part in the religion of many of the Pacific tribes, and furnishes us a parallel in our Occidental mythology with the half-human, half-brute combinations of Greco-Roman mythology. The coyote, gifted with prophetic powers, had foretold the approach of this great calamity, and Montezuma, heeding the warning, had built him a boat, which he kept in readiness on the summit of Santa Rosa. His sagacious friend, the coyote, also escaped in an ark made from a gigantic cane which grew by a river's side: having gnawed it down and crawled into it, he stopped up the ends with gum, and escaped. When the waters subsided, the two met again on dry ground. Montezuma then employed the coyote on several wearisome excursions in order to discover the extent of the land, which developed the fact that upon the east and south and west the water yet remained. Only on the north was there land.

The Great Spirit and Montezuma again created men and animals, and the former committed to his partner in the work the duties of governing the new race. These were, however, neglected by Montezuma, who became puffed up with pride, and permitted all manner of wickedness to prevail. The Great Spirit remonstrated with him, even descending to the earth for the purpose of moving his faithless and haughty vicegerent to restore order, but with no avail. Then, returning to his abode in heaven, he pushed the sun back to a remote part of the sky as a punishment on the race. At this, Montezuma became enraged, collected the tribes around him, and set about the construction of a house which should reach heaven. The builders had already completed several apartments, lined with gold and silver and precious stones, and progressed to a point which encouraged all to believe that their defiant purpose would be accomplished, when the Great Spirit smote it to the earth amid the crash of his thunder. Here the account becomes very confused —a great leap is made from Montezuma the culture-hero to Montezuma the emperor, and the two become confounded.

The legend states that, upon the defeat of his rebellious scheme, Montezuma still hardened his heart, and caused the sacred images to be dragged through the streets for the derision of the villagers; the temples were desecrated, and defiance to the Supreme declared. As a punishment, the Great Spirit caused an insect to fly toward the east to an unknown land, to bring the Spaniards, who utterly destroyed him.

The post-diluvian part of this story presents the hero in quite another light than that generally accepted by most of the Pueblo tribes, in which he is represented as having been the very model of goodness and beneficence—the founder of their cities, of which Acoma was the first and Pecos the second. Before taking his departure from his people, he prophesied that they should suffer from drought and from the oppressions of a strange nation, but promised them to return as their deliverer. He then planted a tree upside down, and bade them preserve the sacred fire notwithstanding their misfortunes, until the tree fell, at which time he would return with a white race, who would destroy all their enemies and bring back the fertile showers.

It is said that this tree fell from its place as the American army entered Santa Fé, in 1846. In the cramped, subterranean *estufa*, the Pueblo fed the sacred fire burning in the basin of a small altar. It was a warrior's vigil, for by turns their heroes descended into its suffocating atmosphere, thick with smoke, and charged with carbonic acid, to wait often for two successive days and nights without refreshment, often even until death relieved the guard.

For generations these strange architects and faithful priests have waited for the return of their god—looked for him to come with the sun, and descend by the column of smoke which rose from the sacred fire. As of old the Israelitish watcher upon Mount Seir replied to the inquiry, "What of the night?" "The morning cometh," so the Pueblo sentinel mounts the house-top at Pecos, and gazes wistfully into the east for the golden appearance, for the rapturous vision of his redeemer, for Montezuma's return; and, though no ray of light meets his watching eye, his never-failing faith, with cruel deception, replies, "The morning cometh."

One of the most ancient and revered gods of the Mexicans, prior to the days of the Aztecs, was *Tezcatlipoca*. All the attributes belonging to divinity seem to have been conceded to him. An examination of the prayers addressed to him on various occasions, and for nearly every imaginable purpose, at first leads the reader to suppose that the concept of god in the Mexican mind was nearer that which we have of the true God than was ever reached by the wisest of the Greeks. So long as Tezcatlipoca remains in his celestial abode, that supposition is well enough, but no sooner does he touch the earth than he plays a *rôle* quite inconsistent with his previous good character. From Mr. Bancroft's excellent translation of some of these prayers recorded in "Sohagun," I give the following extracts:

"O thou almighty god, that givest life to men, grant me in thy mercy everything needful to eat and to drink,

and to enjoy of thy soft and delicate things; for in grievous toil and straitness I live in the world. Have mercy on me, so poor I am and naked, I that labor in thy service, and for thy service sweep, and clean, and put light in this poor house, where I wait thine orders; otherwise let me die soon and end this toilsome, miserable life, so that my body may find rest and a breathing-time."

The following prayer for restoration to health has often had its parallel:

"O god, be merciful and send away this sickness, which is killing me, and I will reform my life. Let me once be healed of this infirmity, and I swear to serve thee and earn the right to live; should I by hard toil gain something, I will not eat it nor employ it in anything save only to thine honor."

We also give two extracts from a lengthy and pathetic prayer for deliverance from poverty:

"O lord our protector, most strong and compassionate, invisible and impalpable, thou art the giver of life; lord of all, and lord of battles, I present myself here before thee to say some few words concerning the need of thy poor people, the people of none estate nor intelligence. When they lie down at night they have nothing, nor when they rise up in the morning; the darkness and the light pass alike in great poverty. . . . Our lord most clement, invisible, and impalpable, I supplicate thee to see good, to have pity upon them as they move in thy presence, wailing, and clamoring, and seeking mercy with anguish of heart. O our lord, in whose power it is to give all content, consolation, sweetness, softness, prosperity, and riches, for thou art lord of all good, have mercy upon them, for they are thy servants. I supplicate thee, O lord, that thou prove them a little with tenderness, indulgence, sweetness, and softness, which indeed they sorely lack and require. I supplicate thee that thou wilt lift up their heads with thy favor and aid, that thou wilt see good that they enjoy some days of prosperity and tranquillity, so they may sleep and know repose, having prosperous and peaceable days of life. Should they still refuse to serve thee, thou afterward canst take away what thou hast given; they having enjoyed it but a few days as those that enjoy a fragrant and beautiful flower, and find it wither presently."

We might continue to cite a number of equally excellent prayers, on various subjects, especially prayers in time of war—to the god of battles; for a ruler, that he may not abuse his power; to be rid of a bad ruler; prayer containing confession for sins; for penitents and for other objects: but the extracts above will suffice to show the elevated character of the god.

When we come to consider his character as portrayed in images and in legends of his terrestrial manifestations, the contrast is very glaring—the picture quite a different one from that drawn in our minds by these spiritual petitions. It is the old story over again, read a thousand times before, that the god of an unenlightened mind is but a reflection of its own moral condition. Use of the arts of deception, of witchcraft, and of cruel trickery, rather than the manifestation of power, characterizes the conduct of Tezcatlipoca in all the minor legends of his career among men.

His statue in the city of Mexico was cut from a piece of obsidian, of a kind peculiar for its qualities of cleavage, and named *teotetl*, or divine stone, from the fact that long, splinter-like knives were made from it for use at sacrifices. The idea intended to be conveyed by the expression of his countenance was that of youth, symbolical of his immortality. The adornments of the statue were of the costliest kind, consisting of gold and precious stones. In his left hand he held a mirror of gold bordered with a framework of precious feathers; on this the eyes of the god were ever intent, for in it he saw reflected everything that occurred on the earth. In the right hand he held four darts, the instruments of his wrath, for the punishment of sin; and, as symbolic of the swiftness of his movements, the fore-foot of a deer was attached to his right foot. His elegant vestments, made of the finest cloths, were wrought in gold, adorned with the plumage of tropical birds, and fringed about with rosettes of red, and white, and black.

In a dark chamber, surmounting the temple, sat the stone god, and into his holy of holies none but the priest dare enter under pain of death. At the corners of the streets seats of stone were constructed, shaded by green boughs—renewed every five days—where the invisible god rested when on his walks through the city, and so sacred were these holy resting-places that the king himself would not venture to sit thereon.

There came a time, however, when Tezcatlipoca was not content with having his effigy worshiped at Mexico, but wished to bring himself in more immediate contact with men. He accordingly descended from the sky on a spider's web, and, rambling through the world, came to that *Hesperia* of the Occidentals, the El Dorado of the Toltecs, called *Tulla*, where dwelt the sage and beneficent god *Quetzalcoatl*. There seem to have been four Tullas, but one of them, especially, tradition points out as the birthplace of the race, or at least the starting-point of the great migrations of peoples. Whether on this continent or not, is yet undetermined. Quetzalcoatl, of whom we shall soon speak more fully, was the god of this legendary paradise; his people never hungered, the soil spontaneously bore abundant harvests, happiness and peace reigned uninterrupted. His palaces were the most magnificent and costly in existence, whole houses being built of *chalchinits* (a rare green stone of Mexico), or of silver, or of rich feathers. His subjects were very skilled; their commerce was with many peoples; they were artisans also, who carved beautifully in stone, and cast the precious metals into the most graceful devices.

Tezcatlipoca, envious of the magnificence enjoyed by Quetzalcoatl, determined upon his destruction. His first appearance at Tulla was in the *rôle* of a great ball-player, and Quetzalcoatl, being very fond of the game, engaged in play with him, when suddenly he transformed himself into a tiger, occasioning a panic among the spectators, in which great numbers were crowded over a precipice into a river, where they perished. Again the vicious god appeared at Tulla. This time he presented himself

at the door of Quetzalcoatl's palace in the guise of an old man, and asked permission of the servants to see their master. They attempted to drive him away, saying that their god was ill. At last, because of his importunities, they obtained leave to admit him.

Tezcatlipoca entered, and, seeing the sick deity, asked about his health, and announced that he had brought him a medicine which would ease his body, compose his mind, and prepare him for the journey which Fate had decreed that he must undertake. Quetzalcoatl received the sorcerer kindly, inquiring anxiously as to the journey and the land of his destiny. His deceiver told him that the name of the land was Tullan-tlapallan, where his youth would be renewed, and that he must visit it without delay. The sick king was moved greatly by the words of the sorcerer, and was prevailed upon to taste the intoxicating medicine which he pressed to his lips. At once he felt his malady healed, and the desire to depart fixed itself in his mind.

"Drink again!" exclaimed the old sorcerer; and again the god-king pressed the cup to his lips, and drank till the thought of departure became indelible, chained his reason, and speedily drove him a wanderer from his palace and kingdom.

To relate in detail the witchcrafts of this tricky god would require more space than we can here devote to him. After Quetzalcoatl's departure he directed his vicious magic against the Toltecs themselves, and allied himself in marriage with their king Vemac by a most romantic artifice. In the market-place, just beneath the palace-windows, he appeared as a poorly-dressed vender of green peppers. The king's daughter, looking out, observed him, and the disguised god at once infatuated her mind with such a love for him that she refused to be quieted until he should be brought to her and made her husband. A search was made for him after the frenzy had nearly driven the princess mad, but he was nowhere to be found. Criers were sent out in search of him, calling out the name Toveyo, which he had assumed, but with no avail. After a few days, however, he reappeared at his old stand, vending green peppers. Here he was captured and brought before the king, who questioned him as to his origin and business, and commanded him, against his repeated protestations of his unworthiness, to accept the hand of the princess. They then washed and painted and dressed the cunning god, and celebrated the nuptials, and the king's daughter was restored to her right mind.

This act on the part of the king excited all his people to jealousy, and they spoke contemptuously of his conduct in marrying his daughter to a peddler. The king then commanded them to take Toveyo to war with them, and to retreat from him in the heat of battle, leaving him to the mercy of the enemy. This pleased the people, and they followed the king's commands, deserting Toveyo, together with a number of dwarfs and cripples, when the enemy approached. But the god was not to be outwitted, and, calming the minds of his deformed companions, he rose up alone to meet the enemy, and slew them without number.

Then was Vemac alarmed, and prepared a magnificent reception for Toveyo and his companions, and welcomed them into the city with great manifestations of joy. Toveyo gracefully received all the honors bestowed upon him, and said nothing of the treachery of which it was designed he should be the victim. He, however, was not to suffer such treatment without revenge. He appointed a time for a great festival, sent a crier to the top of a high mountain to call the people to its celebration, and, when the time came, he himself led the people in the dance, playing on a drum. The song and dance were infatuating, and rapidly grew more and more exciting, for the god led in everything himself, and by his subtle magic intoxicated their senses, so that the festive night became a scene of uncontrolled revel, and the roar of melody an inharmonious din. The happy throng was shortly transformed into a mob.

In the panic which followed, multitudes of people attempted to cross a stone bridge built over a fearful gorge or ravine, washed at the bottom by a rapid river. This bridge Toveyo broke in pieces when covered with people, and with a grim satisfaction stood by beholding their destruction. In most of the legends concerning his conduct toward his enemies, he verifies the declaration, "Whom the gods wish to destroy, they first make mad."

A pleasing contrast presents itself as we turn from the consideration of the character of Tezcatlipoca to that of Quetzalcoatl, whom some have called the American Adam, others St. Thomas, and still others the Messiah himself. He is said by one of the old writers to have been the only one of the gods who possessed a human body, and that he was begotten of his father, the supreme being, by the simple exhalation of his breath. His name has been variously defined, but seems to be most frequently rendered "snake-plumage," or "bird-snake."

The serpent was everywhere considered an emblem of the vernal shower, and was thought to be in some way instrumental in bringing it, together with its refreshing and fructifying influences. So here, in the name of Quetzalcoatl, we find a progressive step indicated in the workings of the mind, an advance from the lower figure of the serpent alone to that of an aërial combination, which, while it contained all the virtues of the serpent, is lifted to a higher element—that from which the shower falls. The feathery vapor-cloud of summer is but the plumes or wings of the shower which the serpent symbolized.

From the distant East, from the fabulous Huehue-tlapallan, this mysterious personage came to Tulla, and became the patron god and high-priest of the Toltecs. He is described as having been a white man, with a strong formation of body, broad forehead, large eyes, and flowing beard. He wore a mitre on his head, and was dressed in a long, white robe, reaching to his feet, and covered with red crosses. In his hand he held a sickle. His habits were ascetic; he never married, was most chaste and pure in his life, and is said to have endured penance

in a neighboring mountain, not for its effects upon himself, but as an example to others. Some have here found a parallel for Christ's temptation. He condemned sacrifices, except of fruits and flowers, and was known as the god of peace, for when addressed on the subject of war he is reported to have stopped his ears with his fingers.

Quetzalcoatl was skilled in many arts, having invented gem-cutting and metal-casting. He furthermore originated letters, and invented the Mexican calendar. The legend which describes the latter states that the gods, having made men, thought it advisable that their creatures should have some means of reckoning time, and of regulating the order of religious ceremonies. Therefore two of these celestial personages, one of them a goddess, called Quetzalcoatl to counsel with them, and the three contrived a system which they recorded on tables, each bearing a single sign. That sign, however, was accompanied with all necessary explanations of its meaning. It is, however, noticeable that the goddess was assigned the privilege of writing the first sign, and that she chose a serpent as her favorite symbol.

Upon leaving Tulla, driven from his kingdom by the vicious enmity of Tezcatlipoca, he ordered his palaces of gold, and silver, and turquoise, and precious stones, to be set on fire. The myriads of rich-plumed songsters that made the air of the capital melodious with song accompanied him on his journey, pipers playing on pipes preceded him, and the flowers by the way are said to have given forth unusual volumes of perfume at his approach.

After journeying one hundred leagues southward, he rested, near a city of Anahuac, under a great tree, and as a memorial of the event he cast stones at the tree, lodging them in its trunk.

He then proceeded still farther southward in the same valley, until he came to a mountain, two leagues distant from the city of Mexico. Here he pressed his hands upon a rock on which he rested, and left their prints imbedded in it, where they remained visible down to a very recent date. He then turned eastward to Cholula, where he was received with greatest reverence. The great pyramid was erected to his honor. With his advent the spirit of peace settled down upon the city. War was not known during his sojourn within it. The reign of Saturn repeated itself. The enemies of the Cholulans came with perfect safety to his temple, and many wealthy princes of other countries erected temples to his honor in the city of his choice.

Here the silversmith, the sculptor, the artist, and the architect, we are led to believe, from the testimony of both tradition and remains, flourished under the patronage of the grand god-king.

However, after twenty years had elapsed, that subtile, feverish draught received from the hand of Tezcatlipoca away back in Tulla, like an old poison in the veins, renewed its power. Again his people, his palaces, and his pyramidal temple, were forsaken, that he might start on his long and final journey. He told his priests that the mysterious Tlapalla was his destination, and, turning toward the east, proceeded on his way until he reached the sea at a point a few miles south of Vera Cruz. Here he bestowed his blessing upon four young men, who accompanied him from Cholula, and commanded them to go back to their homes, bearing the promise to his people that he would return to them, and again set up his kingdom among them. Then, embarking in a canoe made of serpent-skins, he sailed away into the east.

The Cholulans, out of respect to Quetzalcoatl, placed the government in the hands of the recipients of his blessing. His statue was placed in a sanctuary on the pyramid, but in a reclining position, representing a state of repose, with the understanding that it shall be placed upon its feet when the god returns. As the Pueblos looked for Montezuma, so did the Cholulans wait for the coming of Quetzalcoatl. When Cortes landed, they believed their hopes realized, and sacrificed a man to him, and sprinkled the blood of the unhappy victim upon the conqueror and his companions.

Father Sahogun, when on his journey to Mexico, was everywhere asked if he had not come from Tlapalla. No wonder when the fleet of Cortes hove in sight on the horizon, almost in the same place where Quetzalcoatl's bark had disappeared, that the Mexican, who had been waiting centuries for the prince of peace to return, believed his waiting to be at an end. No wonder that he inquired of the distant and mysterious Tlapalla. In this state of expectancy we find a most natural and fruitful soil for the operations of the Spanish conquerors. It is not our purpose to attempt a solution of the Quetzalcoatl mystery, if it is a mystery at all. Theories ranging from the most realistic to the most fanciful, the most commonplace to the most extraordinary, have been advanced for the explanation of his origin and nature, and still it is doubtful whether any of them are correct. Whether he was more than a mythical Nature-deity on the one hand, or a wise and princely stranger on the other, we submit to the reader's own judgment. As it is, the inquirer must wait for a more definite acquaintance with his history, until the silence of the great stone records on pyramids and temples is broken, and the Toltec cities, which lie buried under the perpetual shade of forests, are compelled to give up their secrets.

A FLORIDIAN ISLAND.

THE Atlantic coast of the Southern States is bordered by a chain of low and mostly long and narrow islands, separated from the mainland by estuaries, some of which broaden into great rivers and bays, while others form mere narrow creeks. Many of these islands, like Sullivan's Island, near Charleston, for instance, are but reaches of barren sand, with at best a scanty growth of coarse grass, a few thickets of myrtle-bushes, and some scattering palmettoes and yuccas, while others comprise thousands of acres of fertile soil.

Where these islands are narrow, sandy, and naturally well drained, they offer desirable sites for summer residences—the constant sea-breeze by which they are fanned rendering them cool and salubrious in the extreme. *Ante bellum*, the inhabitants of the unhealthful neighboring mainland were wont to escape to them during the hot months, leaving their plantations in charge of the overseer. Some of the larger fertile islands, however, often embracing fresh-water ponds, marshes, and low, swampy grounds, are fully as malarious as the low mainland of the coast-region, with the exception of here and there an elevated situation on the ocean-side, where little summer villages sprang up for the accommodation of the neighboring planters.

The climate of these islands, so far as temperature is concerned, is delightful—the sea-breezes tempering the heat of summer, and the close approach of the heated current of the Gulf Stream imparting a mildness to the winters unknown in the interior. On them also almost every kind of tree and plant seems to flourish more luxuriantly than on the mainland. Here the long, fine fibre of the sea-island cotton was developed, and here it reaches its perfection.

The superior advantages of islands had been observed and noted in the time of Pliny, who, speaking of the origin of the various fruits grown in Italy, says that most of them were brought from the isles of the Archipelago. "The walnut-tree," he says, "came from Sardinia; the grape, the fig, the olive, and many other fruit-trees, were brought originally from other Mediterranean islands. The olive and other plants only flourish in the neighborhood of the sea." It is so here. The olive grows more luxuriantly and produces better crops on these sea-islands than in the south of Europe; and the fig, the strawberry, the pear, and the peach, are equally at home on them.

Following southward this chain of natural coast-defenses, we reach, at Amelia Island, the northeastern corner of Florida. This, though not so set down in our geographies, is undoubtedly one of the "Fortunate Isles," Nature having here manifested unwonted prodigality in the bestowal of her benefits; and a combination of favoring conditions—topographical, hydrographical, and climatic—sets it apart as one of the great centres of population, wealth, and civilization. Here man is invited to build a great island-city—a semi-tropical New York, embowered in orange-groves, overtopped by date-palms, with broad streets and park-like open squares, shaded by evergreen oaks and magnolias; and gardens, the gorgeousness of whose tropical flowers should be mellowed by the sheltering broad leaves of the banana and the linear foliage of the tall and graceful bamboo; and to stretch out beyond it and across the river into the neighboring mainland a checkered expanse of orange and lemon groves, orchards, fruit-gardens, and market-farms.

Evidently man has hitherto failed to understand this invitation aright. The Spaniards, who were shrewd people in such matters, it is true, seemed to appreciate the advantages of the island; for they made a settlement here at a very early period. "Old Town," a cluster of odd-looking houses on a bluff near its northern end, still keeps alive the memory of the swarthy Celtiberians whose names one may read on the moss-grown and brier-wreathed crosses in the ancient cemetery; but only the nucleus of the great city of the future exists in the pretty little town of Fernandina, with its three thousand inhabitants and its moderate business as a shipping-port. In place of the orange-groves, olive-orchards, vineyards, and market-farms, which are to be, there stretches a waste of "palmetto-scrub," pine-barrens, and jungle-like "hammocks," to the southern end of the island. The deer and the raccoon are hunted where millions of dollars' worth of fruit and vegetables ought to be growing. The indications of Nature are unmistakable nevertheless.

A long, narrow strip of land, stretching from Cumberland Sound on the north to Nassau Sound on the south, a distance of fifteen miles or more, and having a width of from half a mile to a mile and a half; the Atlantic Ocean, threaded near the shore by the steaming current of the Gulf Stream; on the east, a broad estuary (Amelia River); on the west, a belt of dense evergreen forest, backing the coast sand-hills to break the force of occasional gales from the eastward—these are some of the local causes of the exceptional climate of Amelia Island. In summer, the constant southeastern trade-winds give a delightful coolness to the air, while the surrounding tepid ocean-tides moderate the cold of winter, and render killing frosts almost unknown, as the ripening of the banana and the guava in the gardens of Fernandina clearly proves. In fact, the frosts are slighter and less frequent here than at places in the interior more than a hundred miles farther south. Add to this the fact that there are no swamps or ponds of stagnant fresh water on the island, and therefore no malaria or malarial fevers, and I need not further enlarge upon its climatic advantages.

The roar of the breakers, mellowed into a slumberous murmur by distance, reminds me of the beach—the pride of the Fernandinians—which is one of

the finest on the whole coast, extending in an unbroken line the entire length of the island, and being as smooth and hard as old Ocean's rollers can make the shining, shell-strewed sand.

From our house on the hill near Old Town I get glimpses, through gaps in the belt of evergreen woods that borders it, of the dark-blue expanse of the Atlantic, and often on these clear, bright, glorious autumn days I think how pleasant it would be to ramble through the flowery fields and fragrant woods to the beach; but, alas! our Floridian paradise is a paradise lost. Its fields, which look so charming in the distance, are overgrown with green briers and beset with bur-grass, thorny cactus, and nettles, and the intervening thickets, even now in the last days of October, are swarming with mosquitoes of the most bloodthirsty type; so I postpone the ramble. A drive or a horseback-ride from town over the fine shell-road would be better.

In some of the towns and older settlements of Florida one is constantly reminded of the song of the homesick Mignon:

"Know'st thou the land? 'Tis there the lemon blooms;
'Bove shady groves the golden orange looms;
There gentle winds come sweeping o'er the land;
The myrtles stir and high the laurels stand."

Here, in town, every front-yard is a little orange-grove, and every garden boasts its row of bananas. Lemons, limes, and guavas, grow and mature their fruit side by side with the peach, the pear, and the plum, of cooler latitudes. Even the cabins of the negroes remind one of tropical pictures, so embowered are they sometimes in the peculiar foliage of hot climates.

As you leave the town, the scene changes. No suburban villas with their parks, gardens, and groves (though there are fine sites for such residences), meet the view, but in their place a waste of "palmetto-scrub" and long reaches of pine-barrens, with here and there a little clearing and a squalid negro hut. The inhabitants are squatters on land which nobody thinks of sufficient value at present to claim possession of. Their cabins are built of logs or rough boards, are furnished with wooden chimneys plastered inside, and sometimes are thatched with palmetto-leaves. One even sees huts the walls of which also are covered with palmetto-leaves attached to a slight frame of poles. Who is so poor that he cannot have a house in a country like this?

Interspersed among the pine-lands are "hammocks," many of them as fertile as the best bottom-lands of the West. The forest-growth on these consists of live-oak, hickory, magnolia, sweet-bay, and many other species of trees, mostly broad-leaved evergreens, inwoven and sometimes almost smothered by climbing vines. So dense are some of these hammocks, especially at their margins, that it is impossible, without much labor with hatchet and axe, to pierce them. Others are more open, but the wildest luxuriance reigns in them all; and they are the paradise of the deer, the raccoon, and the panther.

In the rivers and creeks ducks and other water-fowl abound, and fish of many kinds and oysters are everywhere to be had for the taking.

Such is this half-tropical Floridian island in some of its most striking aspects, but I cannot put upon paper the intense blue of the skies which bend over it, or the splendor of the sunshine which envelops it, as in a sea of glory, day after day and month after month, all the year round. The song of the mocking-bird, and the fragrance of the magnolia and the yellow jasmine, are equally beyond my powers of description.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

IF the indefatigable Dr. Schliemann does not succeed in reconstructing history, and transferring the Homeric tale from the region of fable to that of actual fact, he will at least have achieved a by no means vain or useless purpose—that of feeding and satisfying the eager and commendable curiosity of mankind. Never have the "finds" of antiquarian delvers and diggers—not even those of Layard in Assyria, or of his successor, George Smith, or of the slowly-toiling excavators of Pompeii—been so full of thrilling and romantic interest as the discoveries which the devoted German has made, or thinks he has made, on the famed plain of Troy, and now among the ruins of the only less-famed city of Perseus and Agamemnon. Unlike most of his countrymen, who are usually cautious, cool, incredulous, painfully weighing evidence on this side and that, and watching intently lest they should allow a sentiment of poetry or tradition to color the theories they construct, Dr. Schliemann has a perfect faith—we had almost said credulity—in the importance of his discovery, the identity of the antique objects he unearths with those mentioned by the blind bard, and in the historic existence of events hitherto regarded as legendary. It was a German, we believe, who proved that the heroic William Tell never existed except in the lively imagination of the Swiss: it is a German who now tells us that Troy certainly was, and Priam, and Achilles, and Agamemnon, and Hector; that an elopement, breeding war, really took place on the part of Paris and Helen; and that he has found the treasure of the king, the citadel, and many other of the objects and places described in the "Iliad."

Dr. Schliemann has logically transferred his researches from the Troad to Argos, and, crossing the Ægean, has settled down to the excavation of the long-mysterious ruins of Mycenæ. Those ruins are, not improbably, contemporaneous with those of Troy; and from Mycenæ came the king who commanded the Hellenic forces before the Asiatic city, the brother of the outraged husband of Helen. Substantial results have

followed the painful digging of the German and his devoted wife, which enthusiastic couple "may have been seen" squatting on the ground under the rain, troweling up the earth, and every now and then bringing forth from oblivion golden diadems and goblets, ear-rings and necklaces.

Whether or not these ruins date as far back as the warlike monarch who, according to Homer, was not the first of the great men of earth, it seems at least clear that they existed as stately edifices at a period when glass and iron were unknown in Argos, that is, in the period which archæologists designate as the "Bronze age;" and the same may be said of the Troy unearthed by Dr. Schliemann. As yet he has been able to find no writings or inscriptions, from which it would appear that the sepultures of the gorgeously-arrayed bodies which he has found took place, in all likelihood, before the Greeks had adopted the Phœnician alphabet. Yet the artistic beauty of the pottery and jewelry which have so abundantly rewarded Dr. Schliemann's delving shows to what a high state of perfection the workmanship of goldsmiths and potters had attained in this unquestionably remote period.

Dr. Schliemann is not, indeed, entitled to the credit of discovering the site and making the first researches at Mycenæ, as at Troy; for the Treasury of Atreus, the Gate of the Lions, and the cyclopean walls which once surrounded the city, were excavated many years ago. No doubt the tombs which Dr. Schliemann has found are those of an ancient line of powerful and wealthy kings, who must have lived in gorgeous fashion, to judge by the splendor of their funereal ornaments; for one of them, at least, was buried with a crown of gold over two feet long, while their rings and other jewels, adorned with precious stones, further attest their luxury. We have as yet, doubtless, but a small installment of the discoveries the indefatigable doctor is destined to make at Mycenæ; and very likely, before he has completed his task, he may come upon inscriptions which will prove incomparably more precious to history than the golden treasures already found.

While Dr. Schliemann is thus engaged in following up what traces he may of the historic truth of the Trojan War, we are reminded that, though living in what is sometimes called a "new" country, we have our antiquities as well as Argos and the Troad. Probably Dr. Schliemann would politely demur at calling anything not more than eight centuries old antique; but to us, whose oldest habitable buildings are scarcely two, a stone like that of Dighton, in Massachusetts, that bears an inscription which is believed to have been carved by the Icelanders in the year 1007, has the flavor of a really venerable curiosity. A meeting has been held recently in Boston, to consider whether a memorial should not be erected to the Norse discoverers of America, by whom Dighton rock is believed to have been left as an heirloom to a then unimagined nation. Of course it is proper to honor thus the intrepid Icelandic voyagers who, five centuries before Columbus, followed the Eric sons to Cape Cod and the Narragansett; and the idea of preserving the carven relic they left should certainly be carried out.

But if we begin to erect monuments to all the supposed discoverers of our favored continent, there will be much work for the architects, and frequent calls upon the purses of the patriotic rich. There are the Welsh, for instance, who claim that certain of their doughty countrymen drifted as far as these shores in 1170, and who tell wonderful stories about Indian tribes in the interior who were found to understand that many-consonanted vernacular which the Celt, certainly, alone in Europe, can either read or speak. Before Eric the Red, too, there were, in all likelihood, discoverers of what was to be America. Greek writers mention lands beyond the western waters, accounts of which were brought back by the venturous Phœnicians; and there are learned men who imagine they have found evidences of Chinese or Japanese discoverers, who must at least have come over before the Icelandic expeditions.

The public-spirited antiquarians of Boston, however, may safely urge that, of all authenticated discoveries, that of Eric is the oldest. Here, it seems, there is no room for doubt; both Iceland, in its Eddas, and America, in its Dighton rock and other relics, furnish evidence that our coast was skirted for over a thousand miles by the Icelandic brothers; while the same hardy race sowed Greenland with villages, and spread terror throughout Northern Europe, so formidable was their prowess on the sea. We need not on this account, however, give up our loyalty to the name and memory of Columbus; for a discoverer is one who makes known to civilization a land either previously unknown or, if once known, forgotten and lost sight of; and it is pretty certain that the Europe of the fifteenth century was either ignorant or oblivious of the Icelandic discovery.

We have indirectly learned of a movement on foot among a few journalists designed to introduce into our newspapers the French custom of attaching the name of the writer to every critical article. In France this is made necessary by statute; in this country it would be hopeless to expect legal enactments enforcing the practice, and thus we can only look for its adoption by the influence of public opinion. Conservative as Englishmen are, they have gone further in this direction than we have, one of their critical literary journals now appearing with every article signed by the writer. No doubt there are many advantages in the anonymous system; so many, indeed, that we should think it better to adhere to established custom, were it possible to shut the columns of the newspapers against irresponsible and malicious persons. But, inasmuch as the present method permits anonymous writers to vent their spleen at pleasure, to stab at reputation with the immunity of an assassin in the dark, and under the protection of that vague generalization "we" to utter gross misstatements with the self-assurance of ignorance or the malice of envy, it is evident that a change ought to be made. It need not follow that independence in criticism would suffer therefrom. There

has always been a false notion that freedom in expletives is a necessary corollary of freedom in criticism. Searching criticism rarely offends if it is written in a dispassionate tone, with justice and discrimination, after evident study of the thing criticised, and with the clear purpose to establish the truth. And it is quite certain that this sort of criticism would be far more common if every critic knew that he would be held fully responsible for his utterances. As it is now, the critic thinks his principal function is to amuse his readers, that it is not necessary to be discriminating and just, but simply to say pungent and witty things that will entertain his readers, no matter who may suffer in consequence. A man over his own name would hardly like to face the world with the criticism that a great poem is "effusive idiocy," or a great painter "a pot-boiler," or a fine novel "a strain of lunacy," thereby proclaiming to all informed and just-minded persons the measure of his imbecility or the depth of his turpitude. The consequences would be quite too unpleasant to be tolerated, and in very self-defense the critic would be forced to understand what he is writing about, and, having arrived at just conclusions, to express them in a reputable manner.

The license of criticism has always been one of the surprising things in our civilization. Property is guarded with the utmost care, but reputation is scarcely protected at all. The law gives redress for vicious defamation, but none for reckless opinion. An artist, for instance, brings to a painting wide experience, large knowledge, and bestows upon it his best skill. Upon the picture thus earnestly thought out and laboriously evolved, his future almost depends. Such an artist has no right to expect good-natured flattery in the judgment of his painting, but he has an imperative claim upon the justice of every one who looks upon it. Neither ignorance, nor presumption, nor envy, should be permitted to deprive him of that which fairly belongs to him—the right estimation of his work. It is therefore monstrous that a so-called critic, after a hasty glance at a painting, should be permitted to publicly defame and damn it—permitted to do so wholly regardless of the fact whether his judgment is a just one, or whether he has acquirements that fit him for his self-assumed censorship. It happens too often, in America, that criticism is ridiculous puffery; it happens, on the other hand, much too often that criticism is malicious, or, in aiming to be "smart," immolates a victim for the sake of a laugh. It is a false and a strange civilization that relentlessly hunts down the thief, but lets the robber of reputations go unscathed; that places the value of a few coins above that which gives men consideration among their fellows, and enables them to reap the rewards of their labor.

And how prompt all of us are to utter opinion! It is not yet one of the canons of morals that right to opinion has its limitations. "No one," once remarked a gentleman in our hearing, "has a right to a wrong opinion." This assertion in its effect was like the explosion of a torpedo. Every listener became agitated, and each hotly resented this embargo upon established privilege. "Who is to decide whether opinion is right or wrong?" was the prompt demand. "No one," frankly admitted the first speaker; "but, while whether an opinion is right or wrong must remain uncertain, the acceptance of the law I have laid down would at least impress upon every one the obligation of caution in forming opinion, the necessity of knowing something about a subject in regard to which he is to act Sir Oracle, and would thus serve to form a sentiment, the purport of which would be that loose and thoughtless censure is an offense against justice, and in pure morals a crime." No one assented to this argument. It was considered a clear infringement on the right of everybody to give a judgment on anything under the sun at thirty seconds' notice. The right to judge was clamorously maintained, but the right of the judged to a just decision was most imperfectly understood; and yet was not the position of the solitary advocate defensible? While there is no tribunal before which it may be determined whether criticism is just or unjust, we may be sure that if we insist upon the dictum that opinion must not be uttered until after due examination, and as a result of study and knowledge, one may not always be right, but the effort to be so will extenuate any wrong he may commit. The current idea of the right of opinion is not far from saying that a judge may give a decision without hearing the evidence, and sentence to punishment without knowing whether the accused has a defense or not. There ought, moreover, always to be a presumption in the favor of that which we are judging. The author who has written, or the artist who has painted, has in all likelihood given study and thought to his performance. His purpose may be different from that which his critic supposes; he may be able to establish that his view of the subject is founded upon sounder principles than are those by which his censor judges; he has indisputably the right to explain his purpose, and set forth the laws under which he has acted, before a verdict can be rendered with any degree of fairness.

It seems to us that the function of criticism is commonly mistaken. It has never exercised the favorable influence upon art or literature claimed for it; the great æsthetic achievements in every country have preceded the epoch of criticism. When people begin to analyze and to formulate their impressions, they have lost the force that creates. It is right enough that we should study the principles that directed creative power, but, if we assume that this process is going to fire ambitious doers, we shall be in error. Criticism has no doubt elevated the taste of some people, but it has also made hosts of cynical skeptics: for one man it has taught how to understand and admire, two have had all their zeal and enthusiasm extinguished by it. It has been a restraint upon genius, rather than an encouragment to it; men have far more often fought their way into recognition despite it than by its aid. It seems to us that criticism can have but one distinct advantageous purpose, and that is, not to break butterflies on the wheel, nor to tilt at aspirants that

will be sure in the end to find their natural level, but to explain and to elucidate, to set forth purpose, to detect meaning, to expound principles, to point out what has been accomplished, to give the uninstructed person the benefit of another's knowledge, insight, and faculty of perception; to show the world of careless readers or observers the beauties and excellences they have overlooked. There is no need to expose the blunders of mistaken aspirants—they will die of their own disease; but there is need of looking into the heart of what has been worthily done, of discovering the meaning of original genius; to act for the general public as a guide, a Greek chorus, an expounder; to be a light that illuminates, rather than a free lance that destroys.

THE annual exhibition of the New York Water-Color Society, which opened in January, is peculiarly significant of the rapid growth of art-culture in our country. This society is just ten years old, and, when it gave its first exhibition a decade ago, it had but a meagre display of native pictures to offer to a public generally uninstructed in and prejudiced against water-color painting. To-day the society displays on the walls of the Academy a very noteworthy collection, and addresses a large constituency with whom pictures in water-colors are almost a passion. We know of no good reason why any one should make himself a partisan in behalf of either oil or water colors: each method has its purpose and its sphere; and hence an art-lover may give in his adherence to the transparent tints of one vehicle as suitable for certain classes of subjects, without losing or qualifying his admiration for the other.

The present exhibition of the Water-Color Society is very noteworthy in showing a general rise in the level of artistic execution. "Every one," a critic remarked to us, "has got on an elevator and reached a higher plane." This, unfortunately, while nearly true, is not entirely so. There is an occasional instance of a painter who has relaxed his attention or forgotten his skill; but altogether the exhibition is the most striking instance that we can recall of a general advance in execution along the line. Last year's collection contained a few paintings as good as anything on the walls this season; but there are now numerous instances of thoroughly good work—the bad pictures, for once in an exhibition, are the exception.

But, while cordially acknowledging this marked development of skill, it still remains a matter of regret that our artists cling so tenaciously to a narrow field of subjects, that genuine imagination enters so rarely into the selection or the composition of their themes. It is agreeable to observe the fidelity with which they reproduce the characteristics of our own scenery, or enter into the spirit of far-off landscapes; and it is peculiarly satisfactory to discover that the features and incidents of early American life form so frequently the subject of a picture. But our artists must have more audacity if they are fully to command the suffrages of the community; they must select with greater courage, with more dramatic insight, with larger imaginative power, with stronger human passion; there must be more pulse in their veins, more fire in their brain, more energy in their will. An art can never be great that hangs upon the edge of human life, and feels none of the grand stir and agitation of the passions. We need in art the fascination of beauty, the charm of superb color, the incarnation of ideas, the thrill of effective action, and not merely a hundred prettinesses that do no more than give a little feeble pleasure, or win the idle satisfaction of the *dilettanti*.

WE have referred to the enlarged constituency which the water-color painters address. Unfortunately, in this country, the art-public is at best but a melancholy minority of the whole people. Artists multiply, and art-taste widens, but there is no general, broad, catholic art-instinct. Those who paint pictures, and those who admire them, constitute a sort of republic of their own, separated by distinct lines in their culture and their ideas of life from the rest of the nation. Were it not that art-feeling is marked and deep with this special class, we should be tempted to concede the truth of the recent criticism of a French critic that "art has absolute limitations of latitude and longitude, and is therefore unknown to many peoples." This assertion, strange enough, no doubt, to many readers, is made in a recent work by Charles Blanc. This Gallic critic feels assured that genuine art is not to be found outside of France, Belgium, and some parts of Germany; he admits that he cannot decide whether climate, or religion, or ideas and manners, or institutions, constitute the cause of this lamentable fact, but he thinks it clear that in certain communities the feeling for art is wholly unknown. Without quarreling with this conclusion—for it seems to have some groundwork of truth—one is puzzled to understand the boundaries defined by the astute critic. That some good paintings come from Germany, and many poor ones from Italy, we all know, and it is certainly surprising to find the art-faculty thus transferred from the south of the Alps to the north of them. Why modern Italy should be so prolific in inferior work is beyond our wisdom to say, but, despite this fact, no one, we imagine will deny the passionate art-impulses that underlie her civilization. It is certainly strange. In Germany and England there exists an art-set almost wholly apart from the rest of the people—one that is filled with measureless contempt for the Philistinism of the burgher class; one that makes and has its own world of feeling, judgment, and being, and which produces much of the noteworthy work of the period. A similar class is growing up in America; but in France and in Italy the artists and the people are fully in accord: they are one in their sympathies, their delights, and their instincts.

The logic of all this would seem to be that art-production is not necessarily an outcome of national proclivities. France and Italy have similar conditions; yet one leads the world in masterly work, and the other has not one painter of distinguished fame. England and Germany, with their dull, unsympathetic multitudes, altogether outdo the land where every bosom is filled with

the passion of beauty, the love of form, the intoxication of color, and a land whence come the most inspiring traditions, and which holds a majority of the best examples of past art.

These facts are encouraging for art in America. Were it necessary that art should be a product of some wide-spread sentiment, of a deep national feeling, we should need at least another hundred years to bring about any marked result; for we may be sure that, while the people at large may have the sort of liking for pictures that children have, they possess but the minimum of art-feeling. But the class to which we have referred separates itself from the indifference of the multitude, cherishes ideals and cultivates tastes unknown outside of its boundaries; is filled with its own purposes, aspirations, sentiments, and perceptions: and this class promises in the end to build up a worthy national art-history; and as ideas do, however slowly, at last permeate large masses, we may hope in the far future to see our people generally fall under the dominion of tastes they have now no natural power to comprehend.

To most men the inclination to "take sides" on all subjects and matters whatsoever is irresistible. The judicial mind is a rare product, even of a ripe civilization; there is something of excitement and combative joy in being a partisan, whether it be a partisan of a candidate or of political principles, of a questioned hero or event in history, or of a style of painting or pottery. It is amusing to observe, too, that men will eagerly take sides, grow red in the face, and dispute, and fume, and fret, and wax wroth with one another, about subjects which in no way affect their pockets, interests, well-being, or happiness, in any way. Events distant in time and place are scarcely less provocative of this disputative tendency than events near at hand and in progress.

Now, in the present quarrel between Russia and Turkey, we find that a very large proportion of the American press, and no doubt of the American people, too, are inclined to take very earnestly the side of Russia. Yet it seems very difficult to sympathize with either of these nations if we stop and consider what they have been and are, and what are their present ambitions. That there should be little pity or condolence for the Turk, indeed, is no wonder. Everybody feels that he is out of place in Europe; that he has abused his position there; that he is "unspeakable," as Carlyle says, in his utter incapacity to govern so much as tolerably. Cruelty, oppression, perfidy, bankruptcy, have ever followed in the wake of the career of the successors of Othman.

But why, on the other hand, should we sympathize with Russia? It is true that during the civil war the czar spoke some kindly words of interest in the cause of the Union; but they cost him nothing; and the only noteworthy aspect of his courtesy was the fact that it was an utterance of sympathy from the most aristocratic of despots to the most republican of peoples. It would be illogical in the extreme to say that, because the czar was courteous then, we should approve of his expedients and ambition now.

The only other ground that we can think of for sympathizing with Russia is the theory that as a Christian power she is contesting with Moslem Turkey in order to better the condition of her Christian subjects. But who that has followed the thread of even recent Russian history can believe that she is going to undertake war for the philanthropic object of disenthralling an enslaved race, and procuring religious liberty for the Christians in Turkey? It is very clear, on the other hand, that her paramount object is dominion, and that the Bulgarian oppressions are but a cloak and an excuse. When has Russia been conspicuous for her zeal in freeing oppressed peoples? On the contrary, as has recently been said with force and truth, "she is the power which, throughout history, has been the most consistent upholder of absolutism in Europe—the only European power which has to this day no representative system, and which continues to be an absolute autocracy of the purest type."

Russia crushed Poland, and trod Hungary under foot to deliver her bound over again to despotic Austria. It is not twelve years since she visited on the Poles the most horrible oppressions, and the Poles are more truly Christian, certainly, than the Bulgarians; while even now, ever and anon, Polish victims may be seen in groups wending their way to the desolation of Siberia. Her cruelties committed in the Caucasus, and notably those imposed, within four years, upon the defenseless women and children in Khiva, the authors of which were decorated and promoted, place her at least on as low a level of savage barbarism in her methods of ruling as that to which the Bulgarian massacres have brought the Turks.

Russia has again and again proved the utter faithlessness of her pledges. She promised reforms in Poland forty years ago, and not one reform has been instituted yet. She agreed to leave Samarcand, and then Khiva, and her garrisons still hold both. The emancipation of the serfs alone redeems her history within the memory of living men from being a dreary narrative of tyrannies numerous and remorseless, of systematic cruelty to the races subject to her rule, and a haughty adherence to old despotic ways of governing by force. Surely there is little material here upon which to base the sympathies of an enlightened people living in the full light of liberty. There is no reason to believe that Russia would govern Bulgaria any more gently than she does Poland; and the example of her methods there should make us pause before we conclude that the substitution of the czar for the sultan in Turkey would benefit her oppressed races.

New Books.

TWO modern queens have received a kind of apotheosis at the hands of their contemporaries and of posterity—Mary Stuart and Marie Antoinette. The former, perhaps, is now oftenest regarded with mixed feelings of contempt and pity; but toward the latter the wellnigh universal sentiment is that respectful, tender, and compassionate admiration to which Burke gave such eloquent expression. Marie Antoinette, indeed, no more than others who occupy exalted station, escaped the shafts of detraction; but the unutterable tragicalness of her fate has completely obliterated the stains of scandal, and, as Sainte-Beuve strikingly remarks, she has become to modern minds what Hecuba and Andromache were to the ancients—"objects never named to inattentive ears, never contemplated without lively sympathy." The interest excited by her story is as fresh and engrossing as ever; and it is not surprising that a writer like Professor Charles Duke Yonge, who possesses a sort of instinct for the popular, should make her the theme of an elaborate work.[1] It should be said, however, at the start, that Professor Yonge's "Life of Marie Antoinette" does not take its sole *raison d'être* from the popular interest which the theme would be sure to inspire. During the past ten years no fewer than a dozen volumes of correspondence, disinterred partly from the archives at Vienna, and partly from collections in private hands, have been given to the world. This correspondence includes not only numerous letters from Marie Antoinette to her mother Maria Theresa, to her brothers Joseph and Leopold, emperors of Austria, and to several of her most intimate friends, such as Madame de Polignac; but also a regular series of letters from the imperial embassador at Paris, the Count Mercy d'Argenteau, who was specially deputed by Maria Theresa to act as friend and adviser of her daughter in the new sphere to which she had been so early assigned. The letters, as a whole, cover the entire period between the arrival of Marie Antoinette in France, in 1770, and the dethronement of Louis XVI., in 1792; and they not only let in a flood of light upon the character and career of Marie Antoinette, but form an almost complete history of the most secret doings at the French court during the most eventful and momentous period in the annals of the nation. Seldom or never has the most intimate and interior life of a conspicuous public character been revealed so fully as these letters reveal that of Marie Antoinette; and not a few of them deal with topics almost too sacred for the profane touch of public criticism.

As none of this immense mass of valuable material has hitherto been incorporated with any life of Marie Antoinette, and as Professor Yonge has made extensive use of it throughout, it is evident that his work will easily supersede any and all of its predecessors. We may add that he has made it indefinitely more perilous than before for any English writer, at least, to follow him over the same field. It would be difficult to name an author who possesses fewer of the characteristic qualities of an historian, and in the case of Marie Antoinette he has avowedly undertaken the task of eulogist rather than of critic or judge; yet he is industrious and honest, and it is generally easy to find in his own record of facts ample material for the refutation of his often absurd and always dubious conclusions. Any reader who should accept, *verbatim et literatim*, Professor Yonge's estimate of the character, qualities, and influence of Marie Antoinette, would certainly carry in his mind a most inconsistent and portentous portrait; but then the only excuse that could be offered for one who should perpetrate this folly would be that he was too dull, or too careless, or too prejudiced, to distinguish facts from rhetoric. We fancy, for example, that no one will be found to adopt Mr. Yonge's reiterated opinion that Marie Antoinette possessed in a high degree the "instincts and insights of true statesmanship," when Mr. Yonge's own narrative proves to demonstration that it was her mistakes of judgment on several critical occasions that sealed the fate of the monarch, if not of the monarchy. Beyond doubt, they were the mistakes of a loyal and lofty-minded woman and queen, and they wrought for themselves a terrible expiation; but, in contemplating the lamentable tragedy that closed Marie Antoinette's life, we cannot help feeling that one of the most poignant elements in her punishment must have been the consciousness that she was largely responsible for the awful fate which had overtaken not only herself but those whom she loved far better than herself. There is something chivalrous, and even touching, in the author's fidelity to the hapless queen whose story he tells; but it is evident that he has idealized her in his mind, and that he takes poetic license when he diverges from the chronicling of facts to the drawing of conclusions.

It only remains to say that Professor Yonge's fervid and picturesque style finds here a thoroughly congenial subject, and that the book is absorbingly interesting from beginning to end.

[1] The Life of Marie Antoinette, Queen of France. By Charles Duke Yonge. With Portrait. New York: Harper & Brothers. 8vo, pp. 473.

CURRENT gossip tells us that Mr. Tennyson is firmly convinced that he is possessed of dramatic powers which, if they could only find adequate expression, would establish his primacy among the poets of the time, even more securely than his lyric poetry has done; and the brief interval at which "Harold"[1] has followed "Queen Mary," would seem to indicate that he will give himself no rest until he has either found that adequate expression, or proved his faith in himself to be a delusion. Whether "Harold" is an advance upon "Queen Mary" or the contrary, is a question which has already divided the critics, but it is quite evident that the two works are entirely different in character. Though "Queen Mary" was very far from being a mere "closet drama," it was yet addressed mainly to the reading public, and had to undergo extensive modifications before it could be produced upon the stage. "Harold," on the contrary, is, if not a genuine "acting play," plainly designed to be such, and could probably be put upon the boards without the elimination of a scene or the omission of a line. After this statement, it is hardly necessary to say that everything in "Harold" is on a much less pretentious scale than in "Queen Mary." The *dramatis personæ*, for example, are reduced from forty-five to twenty-three; the spectacular accessories are kept easily within the limits of modern stage-carpentry and scenic effects; the interest is concentrated almost too exclusively upon the three or four leading characters; and there is but one speech exceeding thirty lines in the entire play. Part of the concision and even rude directness of style was designed, doubtless, to bring home to us those primitive times when, as Carlyle says, men found it easier to act than to talk; but it is not to be believed that, if Tenny-

[1] Harold: A Drama. By Alfred Tennyson. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 16mo, pp. 170.

son had had the reader chiefly in his mind, he would have left his work so bare of those imaginative flights and felicities of expression which no poet has ever surpassed him in, and which made even "Queen Mary" so charming a companion for a quiet evening. The ultimate destiny of "Harold" (at least in the author's intention) is the stage, and there only, perhaps, will its merits or defects be fully revealed.

This being the case, it is evident that the real test to apply to "Harold" regards the attractiveness of the characters which it creates, and the power with which they are delineated; and here the critic is, as it were, divided against himself. Harold, "the last English King of England," is a wonderfully real person, full of force and vigor, and endowed with all the virtues which Mr. Freeman assigns him in his painstaking "History of the Norman Conquest." His grand and noble figure dominates the entire drama, and though the sentiments which he erects into principles, and by which he shapes his conduct, have a decidedly modern flavor, this impairs in no perceptible degree the imaginative fidelity of the delineation. After Harold, the most skillfully-drawn character is that saintly enthusiast, Edward the Confessor; and William, Count of the Normans, is well portrayed in two or three brief but brilliantly forcible scenes. The least effective of the important characters are the two heroines, who are intended to contrast with each other, and to lighten the atmosphere of the drama, but whose *raison d'être* the reader never entirely succeeds in penetrating. Edith is good and weak, and Aldwyth is bad and weak, and neither really takes form in the imagination, though some of the finest verbal jewels of the play drop from the lips of the latter, while the sweetest and most touching of lyrics are placed in the mouth of the former. It is quite possible, however, that on the stage, and in the hands of a strong and experienced actress, Aldwyth might prove to have marked dramatic power. As to the minor characters, they are without exception remarkably well drawn, and though kept duly subordinate, are distinctly individualized.

The chief fault of "Harold," from the dramatic point of view, is that it is deficient in passion. Patriotism and superstition are the ruling motives, and both are impressively illustrated; but, unfortunately, patriotism, as Sir Thomas Browne says, "is but a cold affection," and not even the aid of metaphysical powers can render superstition alluring to modern sympathies. Love, hatred, revenge, jealousy, and ambition—all these enter into the story, but merely as incidentals; and, in consequence, the movement, though sufficiently rapid, is destitute of that fire, and vigor, and emotional force, that characterize great tragedies. Many of Shakespeare's historical plays set the heart throbbing and the blood galloping through the veins: "Harold" can be read with scarcely an acceleration of the pulse.

MANY readers of the JOURNAL in its weekly series will probably recall certain appetizing paragraphs giving vivid glimpses of the manners, customs, and characteristics of the German middle classes, which we extracted at the time from current issues of *Fraser's Magazine*. The papers from which these extracts were made have now been collected into a handy little volume, entitled "German Home Life,"[1] and we can commend it heartily as a book from which much entertainment may be derived, and no little instruction. The author (understood to be the Countess von Bothmer) is an English lady, who resided long in Germany, enjoying, as the wife of a German gentleman of position and influence, exceptional opportunities for studying, not merely the superficial aspects of manners and institutions, but that intimate social life of a people which strangers so seldom succeed in penetrating. The facts with which she deals are for the most part such as have come under her own observation, and her comments upon them have been subjected to the test of personal experience; and partly on this account, partly by reason of her evident desire to be entirely fair and impartial, the book is remarkably free from those hasty generalizations and dogmatic pronouncements which usually characterize attempts to delineate a foreign people. The author will hardly be accused of entertaining any very keen admiration for German modes of life; but, on the other hand, she does not set down aught in malice, and exhibits none of that spirit which, in Mr. Julian Hawthorne's "Saxon Studies," for example, mars the interest of a most brilliant and suggestive work.

In scope, the treatise makes no pretension to either system or completeness; the aim is rather to present lively and authentic sketches of such characteristic and distinguishing traits of one people as would naturally prove interesting to intelligent members of another. While in the chapters on "Religion" and "The Church" topics for serious reflection are suggested, the author's chief object in those on servants, furniture, food, manners and customs, language, dress, amusements, women, men, and marriage, is evidently to be entertaining without being frivolous.

[1] German Home Life. Uniform with "French Home Life." New York: D. Appleton & Co. 16mo, pp. 312.

WITH the spell of Mr. Black's genius fresh upon us, it is difficult to assume a critical attitude toward his work; yet we think few readers of "Madcap Violet"[1] will dissent from our opinion that, excellent as it is in some respects, it is the least pleasing of all the author's stories. In the subtile and delicate delineation of character there is no falling off, and James Drummond touches higher levels than Mr. Black has hitherto been content to walk upon, at least with his men; but he appears to have fettered himself with conditions under which he frets more and more as the story goes on, and for which at the last he seems to take malicious revenge upon the reader's feelings. Of course we do not pretend to indorse the absurd proposition that every story should have a pleasant ending—human life, unfortunately, does not always conform to "the syllogisms of happiness;" but we certainly think that in the infliction of pain the novelist should be subjected to the same sort of restraints as the surgeon—he should not inflict it wantonly or unnecessarily, nor carry it beyond the point essential to the accomplishment of his legitimate purposes. Now, judging "Madcap Violet" even by this moderate standard, we hardly see how Mr. Black can acquit himself of the charge of wanton cruelty. The *dénoûment* of the story is too shocking for contemplation; one instinctively puts it out of the mind. And the offense is aggravated by the fact that there is not even an artistic necessity for anything of the kind. The faults and errors of the characters involved had been amply expiated by the sufferings already endured; there was no Gordian knot which the author could dispose of only by cutting it; everything apparently had been prepared for the customary and expected ending; and the final catastrophe seems like a mere caprice on the author's part, indulged at the last moment, and for which no adequate lines had been laid in previous portions of the story. If it was Mr. Black's design to exemplify in its intensest form the perversity and the irony of human fate, he has succeeded; but, even so,

[1] Madcap Violet: A Novel. By William Black. New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo, pp. 429.

his book lacks the unity of a dominating purpose, and is destitute of the impressiveness of true tragedy. Another characteristic which distinguishes "Madcap Violet" from the author's previous works is that it contains no agreeable woman. As a portrait, Violet is a skillful piece of work, and is probably true to Nature; but she exercises no such charm upon us as that of Sheila in "The Princess of Thule," Bell in "The Strange Adventures of a Phaeton," and Wenna in "The Three Feathers." There is no central figure around whom the reader's sympathies cluster; Violet repels as often as she attracts, and James Drummond excites rather an intellectual curiosity than a personal interest. Even in the accessories of the story Mr. Black seems to have made an unfortunate choice; for the glimpses which we get of London social life and suburban scenery are but a sorry substitute for the splendid scenic background against which he usually outlines his characters.

An aspirant for fame as a writer of fiction would do well to read Mr. Hamerton's "Wenderholme,"[1] if for nothing else to see how much talent and what painstaking labor can be bestowed upon a story which, after all, shall fail of even such success as would encourage further effort in the same field. There is enough raw material in "Wenderholme" to furnish forth a dozen ordinary novels. Its studies of character have a photographic realism and minuteness; it brings out very effectively the contrasts of social life in an English shire; its "situations" are natural, and in themselves not without interest; the plot, if commonplace, is no more so than in many admirable stories; and the narrative throughout displays the dexterous literary workmanship that characterizes all Mr. Hamerton's writings. If it were as good as a whole as it is in its several parts, it would be a great novel; but, somehow, it lacks cohesion, movement, and vitality, and we hear too plainly to maintain any illusion on the subject the roll of the machinery and the voice of the prompter at each change of scene or persons. The difficulty with Mr. Hamerton is, that he looks at human life with the feeling of a painter rather than of a dramatist. Natural scenery, physical peculiarities, external features, he represents with unsurpassed skill and fidelity; but when he comes to delineate human character he pursues the same method, and instead of vitalized persons we have a series of still-life pictures indicated in terms of psychology. The impression of artificiality thus produced is intensified by the great length of the novel, the keenness of the author's perception being dissipated by contact with too many details. Though considerably abridged, as Mr. Hamerton tells us in the preface, from its original form, the story is still much too long; and we think the advice which led him into the evident over-elaboration is proved by the result to have been unsound.

If Mr. Hamerton's work suffers from a too labored minuteness, the new volume of the "No-Name Series" ("Is That All?"[2]) is injured still more by its extreme sketchiness and brevity. The author has plainly not allowed himself room to work out his conceptions, and the book impresses one rather as the framework or outline of a novel than as a novel in itself, though it must be admitted that the framework is put together with remarkable skill. The opening chapters are exceedingly appetizing, and we do not recall a work in which the cultivated, refined, and somewhat quaint society of an old New England town is depicted with such insight and vivacity. The characters, too, if partaking too much of the aspect of "types," are individual enough to awaken a divided interest and sympathy, while the plot seems to promise indefinite opportunities for that *finesse* and delicate limning in which the author excels. Just, however, as the interest of the situation fully reveals itself, the weaver drops his shuttle, snaps his threads, and, singling out a few of them, ties the ends in a knot, and offers it as the completion of the design. This precipitously abrupt ending is the only inartistic feature of a story which we confess to have read with more pleasure than its extreme tenuity would seem to justify. As to the authorship, there are several characteristics which point to the conclusion that it is a woman's work; but, on the whole, we are inclined to say that if we are not indebted in this case to the author of "Malbone," we must congratulate him on a disciple who follows in his footsteps with such fidelity.

[1] Wenderholme: A Story of Lancashire and Yorkshire. By Philip Gilbert Hamerton. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 12mo, pp. 433.

[2] No-Name Series. Is That All? Boston: Roberts Brothers. 16mo, pp. 244.

The extreme rarity of really good short stories is apt to make us exaggerate their merits when they do present themselves, but, after making due allowance for this tendency, Mr. Boyesen's "Tales from Two Hemispheres"[1] are still deserving of very warm praise. Two out of the six which the little volume contains very nearly reach the level of Mr. Harte's earlier stories, which we take to be the best that have been written in our time; and the others are less good only because their themes are less pleasing. The intimate intermingling of the quaint, Arcadian simplicity and romanticism of the Norse life and people, with the hard practicality and self-sufficiency of American character, does not, in Mr. Boyesen's hands, produce the effect of incongruity, but rather serves to bring out by way of contrast the characteristic attractions of each. If we Americans, when we desire to see ourselves as others see us, could only look through Mr. Boyesen's eyes, the process would be relieved of its proverbial disenchantment; he fixes his attention only upon what is good in our society, character, and manners, and (perhaps rightly) ignores the incidental crudeness and garish vulgarity. American women, especially, are placed under obligations, for more hearty and flattering yet discriminating homage than that of Mr. Boyesen has never been offered them. Writing, as he does, in an alien tongue, the artistic precision and elegance of the author's style are surprising. A very few unusual terms are wrongly applied, but in general his language is not only idiomatic but remarkably correct and even polished.

In the construction and gradual development of plot, "John Maribel"[2] shows some skill, and at times it is animated in narrative and picturesque in description. The style is tolerably good, the author only occasionally indulging in that gushing sentimentality which no canons of taste have so far been able to wholly suppress in the average American female novelist. The characters are well drawn; the peculiar defect of the book being the sketchy character of the chapters, which are like so many jerky episodes, often without coherence or fusion. The characters, moreover, often come and go vaguely and uncertainly, the reader being not unfrequently puzzled to understand who certain personages are, and whence they come. The incidents of the story occur in the Southwest, and as a rule they have *vraisemblance* to the place and the period.

[1] Tales from Two Hemispheres. By Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 16mo, pp. 304.

[2] John Maribel: A Novel. By Maria Darrington Deslonde. New York: Carleton & Co. 12mo, pp. 412.

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"He tapped the flowers significantly with his forefinger as he spoke."

"Cherry Ripe!" Chap. X.

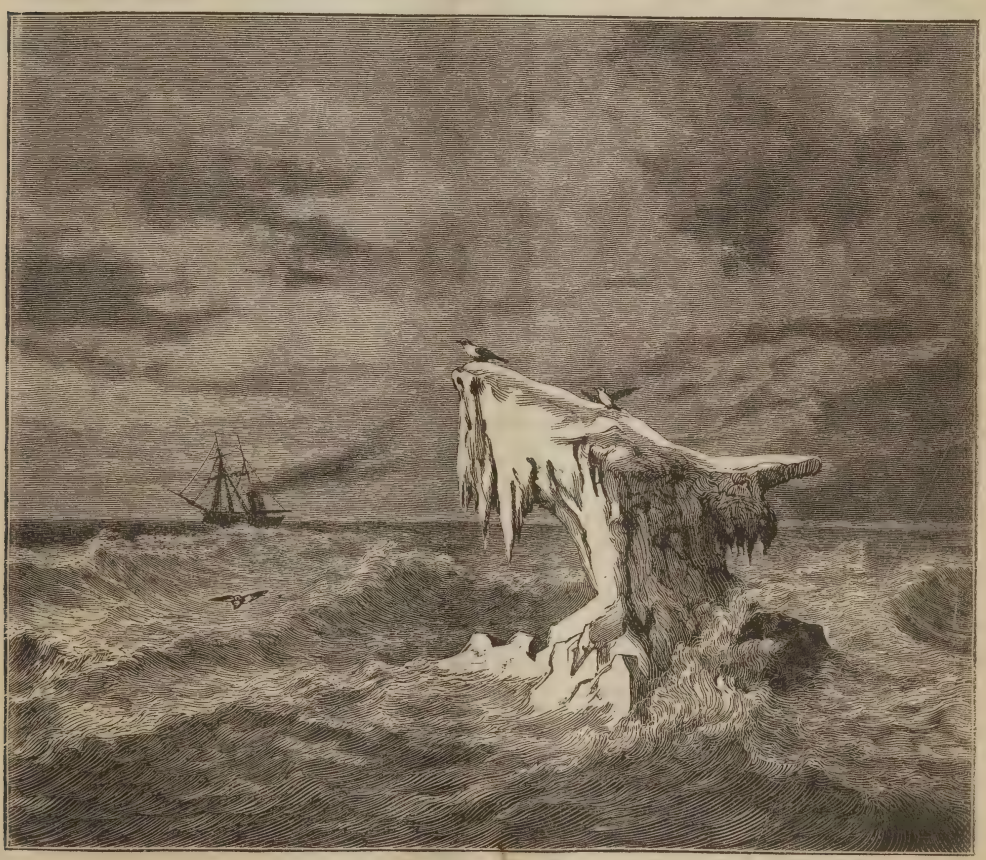
APPLETONS' JOURNAL.

THE AUSTRIAN ARCTIC EXPEDITION.[1]

IN TWO PARTS.

PART I.—THE FIRST YEAR IN THE ICE.

IT is certainly somewhat surprising that one of the best equipped and organized expeditions ever fitted out for arctic discovery—perhaps the one most ably conducted, certainly the one most graphically described—should have been sent out by the Government of Austria, a state hardly counted among the great maritime powers of Europe. We do not hesitate to pronounce the narrative of this expedition to be the best work on arctic adventure which has come under our observation. Of the translation we can speak in highest praise. The numerous admirable illustrations are of special value, for they are not



THE FIRST ICE.

[1] New Lands within the Arctic Circle. Narrative of the Discoveries of the Austrian Ship Tegetthoff in the Years 1872-74. By Julius Payer, one of the Commanders of the Expedition. With Maps and numerous Illustrations from Drawings by the Author. Translated from the German, with the Author's Approbation. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1877.

mere fancy-pieces, made up from verbal descriptions, or from rough sketches, but are selected from hundreds of drawings made on the spot by the author, and, as he assures us, have been reproduced without alteration.

The actual chief command devolved upon Lieutenant Carl Weyprecht. "He had," says Payer, "supreme command of the expedition so long as its duties were strictly nautical; when the operations of sledging and surveying began I had the responsibility of a separate and independent command." Contrary to expectation, only a small but very interesting part of the proceedings of the expedition relates to sledging operations. The hazardous experiment of two independent commanders in this case worked well. Lieutenant Payer does full justice to his colleague; and we find in his narrative no traces of any clashing between them. The Royal Geographical Society rendered equal honor to each, when, in 1875, they awarded the "Founder's medal" to Weyprecht, and the "Patron's medal" to Payer.



ICE-PRESSURE IN THE POLAR NIGHT.

Carl Weyprecht was born at Hesse-Darmstadt in 1838. At the age of eighteen he entered the Austrian navy, and in July, 1866, took part in the action at Lissa, between the Austrian and Italian fleets. Soon after this he volunteered to take command of a boat with only four seamen to explore the arctic region. Prevented by other duty from doing this, he again volunteered to take command of the first German Polar Expedition (May to October, 1868); but he was disabled by an attack of fever, and the command was given to Captain Koldeway. He did not fully recover his health till 1871, when, accompanied by Payer, he made a pioneer voyage in the waters between Spitzbergen and Novaya Zemlya (Nova Zembla).

Julius Payer was born at Schönau, in Bohemia, in 1841. He studied in the Military Academy at Wiener-Neustadt, where he distinguished himself in geological science. He entered the Austrian army, and served with his regiment in the Italian campaign of 1866, and afterward in the Tyrol, where he became noted as a bold Alpine climber. He served in the second German Polar Expedition under Koldeway and Hegemann (June, 1869, to September, 1870), and of which he wrote an excellent narrative, which has been partially translated into English. In this expedition he acquired ample experience in sledging.

The ill-success of this second German expedition, in the Greenland direction, turned European attention to explorations in the seas around Nova Zembla. The Austrian Government wished to share in the honors of arctic discovery. Count Wilczek personally contributed forty thousand florins (about sixteen thousand eight hundred dollars) toward the cost of such an expedition. The remainder, one hundred and eighty thousand florins, was furnished by the Austrian Government. Weyprecht and Payer were named for the command. It was thought advisable that they should make a preliminary reconnaissance while their vessel was being fitted up. This was performed in June to September, 1871, in the Isbjörn (Ice-Bear), a little vessel of fifty-five tons, with a crew of eight Norwegians. The vessel sailed from Tromsö, near the North Cape, explored the waters lying between Lapland, Spitzbergen, and Nova Zembla, reaching almost to the parallel of 79° north. An account of the "Pioneer Voyage of the Isbjörn" is prefixed to the narrative of the present expedition. The result of the reconnaissance was that the expedition should proceed in a north-north-east direction, along the western coast of Nova Zembla, and thence strike into the unknown sea to the north of that island. The place where it should winter, and even the course which it should take, were left wholly undetermined. Among the possibilities were, that it might return to Europe by the way of Behring's Straits. In fact, the course was soon taken wholly out of their hands. The vessel was caught in the ice, drifted about at the mercy of

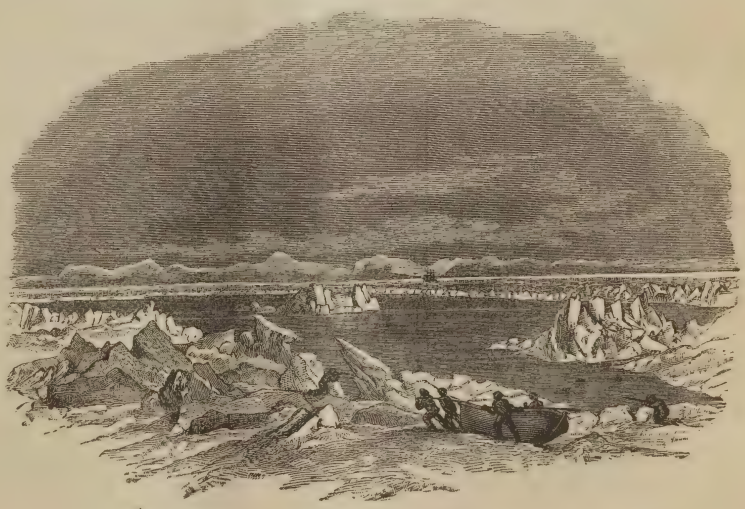
the elements for nearly two years, only once coming in sight of land after leaving the coast of Nova Zembla, and was finally abandoned in the ice; the crew making their way homeward over broken floes, and finally in open boats. The entire time of the expedition, from the day when it sailed from Bremerhaven, on the Weser, in Germany, June 13, 1872, until the crew reached the little fishing-port of Vardö, in Lapland, September 3, 1874, was eight hundred and twelve days. We purpose giving, in this and in the succeeding number of the JOURNAL, a *résumé* of the narrative, from which we trust the reader may gain some idea of the value of the work itself.

Their vessel, the Tegetthoff, was a screw-steamer, built for the purpose at Bremerhaven, of two hundred and twenty tons' burden, with engines of one hundred horse-power. She was fitted out for a voyage of two and a half years. Besides stores, she carried, at starting, one hundred and thirty tons of coal, estimated to be sufficient for daily wants, and to keep up steam, for sixty days; but, to economize this, sails were to be used as far as possible. Officers and crew numbered twenty-four: Weyprecht and Payer, the joint commanders; Lieutenant Gustav Brosch, who had charge of the victualing department, and Midshipman Edward Orel, officers of the ship; Dr. Julius Kepes, physician; Otto Krisch, engineer, the only man who died during the expedition; Olaf Carlsen, a veteran Norwegian, who had passed a quarter of a century in the whale and seal fisheries, ice-master and harpooner; Pietro Lusina, boatswain; Johann Haller and Alexander Klotz, Tyrolese *Jäger;* a carpenter, stoker, cook, and eleven seamen, whose names evince the polyglot character of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy. There were Antonio Zaninovich, Lorenzo Marola, George Stiglich, Giuseppe Latkovich, and such like curious names. "On board the Tegetthoff," says Payer, "are heard all the languages of our country, German, Italian, Slavonic, and Hungarian; Italian being the language in which all orders are given." To these languages Carlsen added Norwegian, English, and a little Russian.

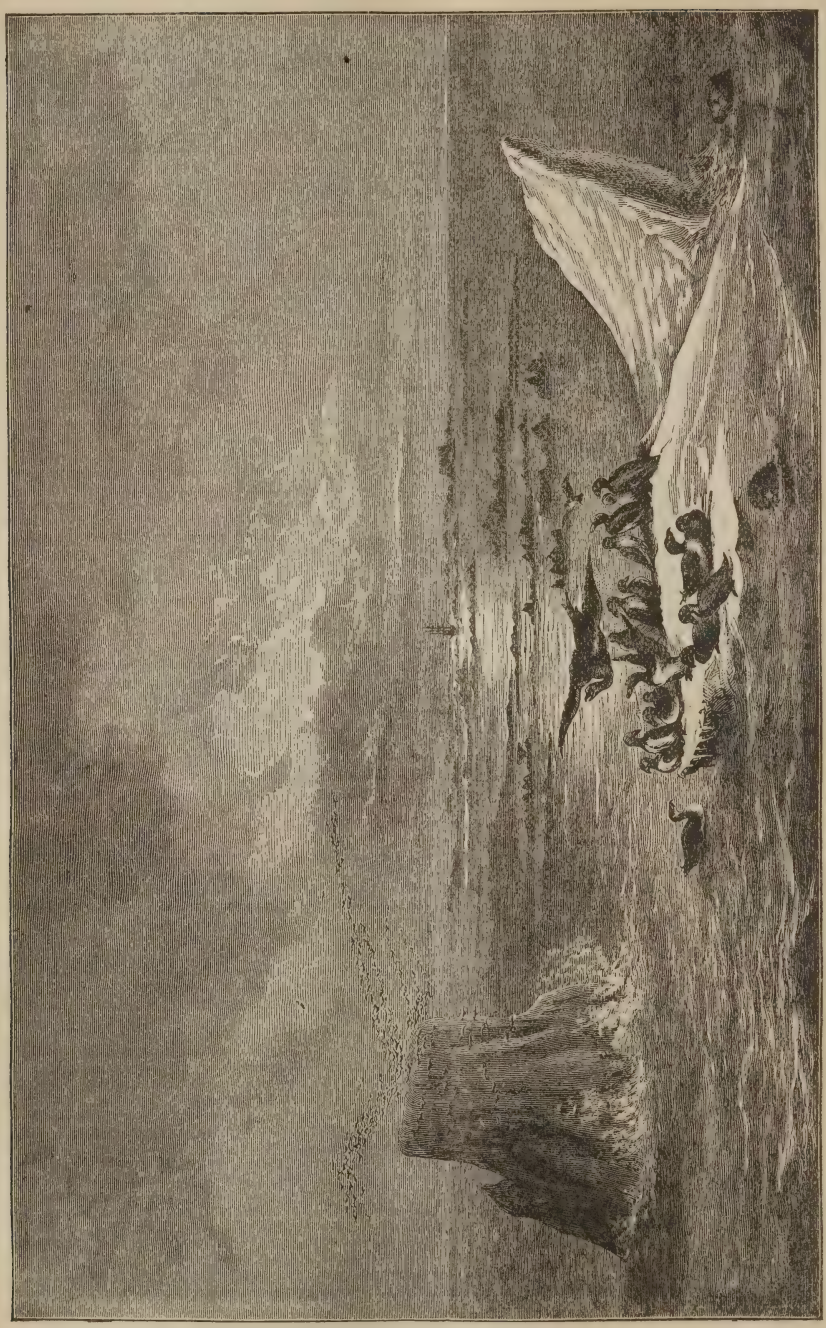
The Tegetthoff sailed from Bremerhaven June 13, 1872. The crew seem to have been one and all pious, God-fearing men, the worst recorded of any of them being that the Catholic Italians would play cards on Sunday, somewhat to the scandal of the stanch Protestant, Olaf Carlsen. "Light winds from the south," says Payer, "carry the ship on her lonely course over the North Sea. In undimmed brightness the blue sky stretches overhead; the air is balmy and mild. In the gray distance frown the iron ramparts of countless cliffs encircling the barren wastes of Norway. Occasionally a sea-gull comes near us, or some bird rests on the mast-head; but, save this, no life, no event. The crew is light-hearted and merry. In the evening a gentle breeze carries the lively songs of the Italians over the blue sea, glowing under the midnight sun, or the monotonous cadence of the *Ludro* of the Dalmatians recalls the sunny home which they are so soon to exchange for its very opposite. Thus begins so peacefully our long voyage to the north."

July 3d they reached Tromsö, in Norway, the most northerly town in Europe, save one, where they remained ten days, making their final preparations. Here they found awaiting them a *ukase* from the Russian Government, drawn up in duplicate, for Weyprecht and Payer, bidding all the inhabitants of the Russian Empire to render them all the help they needed. On Sunday morning, July 13th, after hearing mass from a French priest, they steamed from the harbor of Tromsö, and in a few hours were out at sea, heading for the North Cape. The engine fires were put out, the sails set, and the Tegetthoff fairly began her first and last voyage. Retaining as nearly as possible the language of Payer, we summarize some of the leading points of his narrative:

July 23d.—A sudden fall of temperature, and dirty, rainy weather, told us that we were close to the ice, which we expected to find later and much more to the northward; and on the evening of the 25th we sighted it, in latitude 74° 0′ 15″. The northerly winds had broken it up, and it lay before us in long, loose lines; but we imagined it to be merely a collection of floes, which had, perhaps, drifted out from the sea of Kara, between the Samoi-



SEAL-HUNTING—SEPTEMBER, 1872



STILL-LIFE IN THE FROZEN OCEAN.

ede Peninsula and the island of Novaya Zemlya (Nova Zembla); but only too soon the conviction was forced upon us that we were already within the Frozen Ocean. The temperature of the air and sea fell rapidly, and during the next two weeks it was almost uniformly below the freezing-point, without any essential difference between day and night. The frozen sea of Nova Zembla is characterized in summer by that inconstancy of weather which in our lower latitudes we attribute to the month of April. Snow-storms alternated with the most glorious blue skies. The hunting-season began, and the kitchen was well provided with auks and seals. The ice gradually became closer. July 29th, in latitude 74° 44′, we were able to continue our course only under steam. In many cases the vessel could not force

a passage except by charging the ice. In the night a vast, apparently impenetrable barrier stopped our progress, but the tactics of charging under steam again cleared a passage, and we penetrated into a larger "ice-hole." We now glided along over the shining surface of its waters, as if we were upon an inland lake, save that no copse-wood clothed its shores, but pale blocks of ice, which the falling mist transformed into the most fantastic shapes. There is no more melancholy sound than that which accompanies the decay and waste of the ice, as it is constantly acted upon by the sea and the thaw, and no picture more solemn than the continuous procession of icebergs floating like huge white biers toward the south. They sometimes rend with a noise as of thunder. The fall of the gigantic mass raises huge volumes of foam; and the sea-birds, which had rested on its summit in peaceful confidence, rise with terrified screams, soon to gather again on another berg or floe. But nothing can be more glorious than when the sun, which at this season never fairly sets, comes, in the sunlight, dark borders to the "leads" which gleam between them, mirroring the midnight sun. Where its rays do not fall directly upon it, the ice is suffused with a rosy haze, which deepens more and more as the sun nears the horizon; and over all stretches the sky of deep ultramarine blue. And even when at midnight the sun has sunk to the verge of the horizon the rocks and glaciers of the land still glow in rosy effulgence. When, after a brief pause, it begins to rise again, its paler beams are transformed into a dazzling brightness.



FORMATION OF THE DEPOT AT "THE THREE COFFINS."

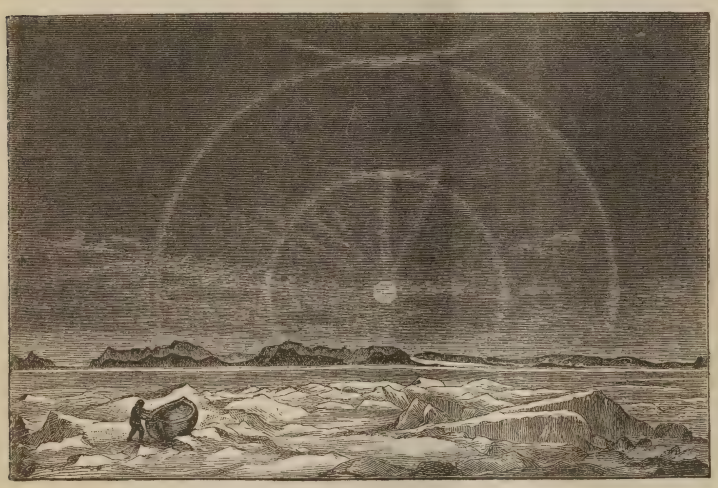
"Its warming light dissolves the ban under which congelation has placed Nature, and the icy streams, which had ceased to run, pour down their crystal walls. The animal creation, only, enjoys its rest; the polar bear continues to repose behind some wall of ice, and flocks of sea-gulls and divers sit around the edge of a floe, calmly sleeping with their heads under their wings. At length the head of a seal rises stealthily for some moments from out the smooth waters; lines of auks, with the short, quick beat of their wings, whiz over the islands of ice. The mighty whale again emerges from the depths; far and wide is heard his snorting and blowing, which sound like the murmurs of a waterfall when it is distant, and like a torrent when it is near. Day reigns once more, and the dreary character of the spectacle is dissolved."



THE TEGETTHOFF FINALLY BESET.

Thus in alternate sunshine and mist, sometimes breaks through the misty veil, and the blue of the heavens gradually widens out. The masses of vapor float away to the horizon, and the cold ice-floes be-

in open water, and sometimes amid ice-floes, they pressed on northward, all the time in sight of the coast of Nova Zembla, unless when it was hidden by fogs and mists, until, on the morning of August 3d, they forced their way into coast-water twenty miles broad, having left an ice-belt of one hundred and five miles behind them. The ice closed, barring the way for a while; then opened a little, and the Tegetthoff succeeded in steaming through, though more than once apparently "beset." At noon of August 12th a heavy mist sprung up, and they made fast to a great floe, took their dogs upon it, and began to give them their first lessons in the art of dragging a sledge, in which they were in time to become proficients. We again epitomize from Payer's narrative:



PARHELIA ON THE COAST OF NOVA ZEMBLA.

August 12th.—A vessel suddenly appeared on the horizon. To their astonishment and joy the Austro-Hungarian flag waved at the peak, and they found that it was no other than the Isbjörn, the little vessel in which Weyprecht and Payer had made their preliminary voyage a year ago. They soon greeted Count Wilczek, Baron Sterneck, Professor Höfer, and Mr. Burger. They had sighted us two days before; and nothing more clearly shows the uncertainties of arctic navigation than the fact that, in a little sailing-vessel, they had followed and overtaken the Tegetthoff, which had with difficulty advanced by the aid of steam. Their object was to establish a depot of provisions near the northern extremity of Nova Zembla. The two vessels anchored to some firm ice about a mile from land, in latitude 76° 18′, close by the Barentz Islands, with their singularly-shaped hills, which the walrus-hunters call "The Three Coffins." Here they remained until the 20th to establish the depot, and to ascertain its precise geographical position. The delay was also utilized by Payer and Höfer in making an examination of the geological character and fossil remains of these islands. Professor Höfer, a very eminent geologist, says:

"The Barentz Islands are flat, girt with cliffs, and separated by narrow straits from the coast, which rises up terrace on terrace. The rocks consist of a black, very friable slate, frequently alternating with strata of limestone, varying in thickness from one to twelve yards. These strata are filled with a countless number of fossilized inhabitants of the sea—trilobites, mussels, brachiopodes, crinoides, corals, etc., which are utterly foreign to the Frozen Ocean as it now is, and whose cognates live only in warm seas. The animal world, therefore, buried in the limestone of these islands is an indisputable proof that there was once in these high latitudes a warm sea, which could not possibly coexist with such great glaciers as those which now immerse themselves in the seas of Nova Zembla. That portion of the earth, now completely dead and buried in ice, once knew a period of luxuriant life. In its sea there reveled a world of life manifold and beautiful in its forms, while the land, as the discoveries on Bear Island and Spitzbergen prove, was crowded with gigantic palm-like ferns. This age of the earth's history is called the Carboniferous period: it was the rich and fertile youth of the high North, which lived out its time more rapidly than the southern zones, now in all their vigor and variety."

By the help of the dogs and sledges, the provisions for the depot at the Three Coffins were dragged over the ice. These were deposited in the crevice of a rock, and secured against the depredations of the bears. They felt assured that the Russian or Norwegian fishermen would make use of these provisions only under pressure of urgent necessity. This depot was intended to be the first place of refuge in event of the ship being lost.

Advantage was also taken of the enforced delay to make some precautionary preparations for future contests with ice. Heavy beams were hung around the hull, so that the pressure might be distributed over a larger surface of the vessel. Provisions and ammunition for four weeks were got ready, and each man was intrusted with a special duty in case of extremity. We condense into brief space Payer's narrative of the chief incidents of the next two eventful months:

August 20th.—Some changes in the ice seemed to make navigation possible, and they forthwith went on board the Isbjörn to bid adieu to their friends. With a fresh wind from the northeast, the Tegetthoff steamed away, leaving the Isbjörn veiled in mist behind. The prospects were not cheering, the navigable water had been growing narrower, and the ice apparently more solid every day. In the afternoon they ran into an ice-hole; but, during the night,

barriers of ice stopped further advance, and they made fast to a floe. They were hardly fast to it when the ice closed in from all sides. "No water was to be seen around us, and never again were we destined to see our vessel in water. We must have been filled with despair had we known that evening that we were henceforth doomed to obey the caprices of the ice: that we were, in fact, no longer discoverers, but passengers against our will on the ice. From day to day we hoped for the hour of deliverance. At first we expected it hourly, then daily, then from week to week; then at the seasons of the year and changes of the weather; then in the chances of new years." The besetment took place in 76° 22′ north latitude, and 63° 3′ east longitude. They drifted slowly along the coast in a northerly direction, borne by a current. The season was unusually cold.

September 1st.—The thermometer marked 9° Fahr. The sun now remained six hours below the horizon, and young ice formed so thickly in a single night that it was evident that the only hope of deliverance this year lay in the setting in of heavy equinoctial storms to break up the ice-fields.

September 2d.—A fissure running through our floe reached the after-part of the Tegetthoff, and the floe partially broke up, but the ship remained fast on a huge fragment.

September 9th, 10th.—A heavy storm from the northeast drove them a little to the west, and partially broke up the floe. During the next week unsuccessful efforts were made, by sawing and blasting,



COAL-HOUSE ON THE FLOE.

to complete the breaking up of the floe. There was, however, no apparent immediate danger; and there was some amusement to be had in skating on the fresh ice which formed in the ice-holes between the floes; besides, there was employment for the officers in making meteorological observations, and in excursions on foot to explore the floe, and for the men in bringing ice to the kitchen to be melted up for water, training the dogs, and seal-hunting, for the sake of meat and oil. But by the end of the month the ice-holes were all frozen up, and there was no more hunting for seals.

Still slowly drifting to the north. The parallel of latitude 77° was passed October 2d. Two days after was the "name-day" of the Emperor of Austria. The ship was gayly dressed with flags, and there was a shooting-match on the ice, in which watches and pipes were the prizes. Bear-hunting soon afforded much excitement, and at times some danger.

October 6th.—"The first bear was killed and divided among the dogs, for as yet we had not learned to regard the flesh of this animal as the most precious part of our provisions."

During September the drift northeastward had been very slow, averaging, as laid down upon the chart, less than a mile a day. The course ran almost parallel with the coast of Nova Zembla, whose rounded mountains and valleys filled with glaciers seemed a miniature of Alpine scenery. Almost daily the gigantic, luminous arcs of parhelia, the usual precursors of stormy weather, stood in the sky. At the close of the month they had reached the northern extremity of the island. The rate of drift increased early in October, and by the 12th "we saw nothing but a line of heights some thirty miles south. At last every trace of land disappeared from our gaze; a hopeless waste received us, in which no man could tell how long we should be, nor how far we should penetrate."

Hitherto the ice seemed playing with the victims whom it had enmeshed. The men, for want of other occupation, had fallen on the idea of building houses of ice around the ship. "The activity of a building-yard reigned on the floe; heavy ice-tables were broken or sawed through; the dogs in the sledges carried the fragments to their appointed places, and with these we raised crystal walls and towers. Snow, mixed with sea-water, furnished an inexhaustible source of the most excellent mortar; and while we worked laboriously at these meaningless erections, we earned at least by our toil the reward of sleep free from care." But a change was soon to come over the scene:

"On the evening of October 12th we imagined that the cabin-lamp oscillated, and consequently that our floe was in motion. On the same night we were conscious of a violent movement in the ice. A dreadful day was the 13th of October—a Sunday. It was decisive of the fate of the expedition. To the superstitious among us the number *thirteen* was clothed with a profound significance. The committee of the expedition had been constituted on February 13th; on the 13th of January the keel of the Tegetthoff had been laid down; on the 13th of April she was launched; on the 13th of June we left Bremerhaven, on the 13th of July Tromsö. After a voyage of thirteen days we had arrived at the ice,

and on the 13th of October the thermometer marked 13° Réaumur below zero. In the morning of that day, as we sat at breakfast, our floe burst across immediately below the ship. Rushing on deck, we discovered that we were surrounded and squeezed by the ice; the after-part of the ship was already nipped and pressed, and the rudder, which was the first to encounter the assault, shook and groaned; but as its great weight did not admit of its being unshipped, we were content to lash it firmly. We next sprang on the ice, the tossing, tremulous motion of which literally filled the air with noises as of shrieks and howls, and we quickly got on board all the materials which were lying on the floe, and bound the fissures of the ice hastily together by ice-anchors and cables, filling them up with snow, in the hope that frost would complete our work. But, as in the risings of a people the wave of revolt spreads on every side, so now the ice uprose against us. Mountains reared themselves threateningly from out the level fields of ice, and the low groan which issued from its depths grew into a deep, rumbling sound, and at last rose into a furious howl, as of myriads of voices. Step by step destruction drew nigh in the crashing together of the fields of ice. Our floe was now crushed, and its blocks, piled up into mountains, drove hither and thither. Here they towered fathoms high above the ship, and forced the protecting timbers of massive oak against the hull of the vessel. Masses of ice fell down as into an abyss under the ship, to be engulfed in the rushing waters, so that the quantity of ice beneath the ship was continually increased, and at last it began to raise her quite above the level of the sea. The terrible commotion going on around us prevented us from seeing anything distinctly. The sky, too, was overcast; the sun's place could only be conjectured. In all haste we began to make ready to abandon the ship in case it should be crushed—a fate which seemed inevitable, if she were not raised by the pressure of the ice."



TWILIGHT IN NOVEMBER, 1872.

The pressure began early in the day, and half an hour after noon it reached its height. The ship heeled over on her side, and huge masses of ice threatened to precipitate themselves upon her. In half an hour the pressure abated a little; the ship righted, and the crew were sent below to dine. In a few minutes there was another severe strain; the ship trembled through all its frame, and the men rushed upon deck, with their unfinished dinner in their hands. Preparations were made for abandoning the vessel at a moment's warning. There was manifested the advantage of the strict discipline which had been instituted. Calmly and silently, amid the fierce commotion of the elements the officers assumed and carried out the special duty which had, by wise forethought, been assigned to each of them in such an emergency. Weyprecht got ready the boats; Brosch and Orel cleared out the supply of provisions to be taken; Kepes secured his medicines; the two Tyrolese got out the rifles and ammunition; Payer attended to the sledges and sleeping-sacks, and distributed the fur coats to the crew. Every man stood with his bundle ready to start. But whither? The floe was all broken up, and as far as the eye could reach was a mass of blocks and fragments tossing in the wildest confusion. A sledge would have been swallowed up at once, and if the vessel should go down where could they go, with even the scantiest store of provisions?

The dogs manifested their fright, each after his own fashion. Sumbu, the boldest and most cunning of the pack, who was never so happy as when worrying a bear, lost every trace of his foxy nature. "His look, at other times so full of cunning, had assumed an expression of timidity and humility, and, unbidden, he offered his paw to all passers-by. The Lapland dog, little Pekel, sprang upon Payer, licked his hand, and looked out on the ice as if trying to ask what all this meant. The huge Newfoundlands stood motionless, like scared chamois, on the piles of chests."

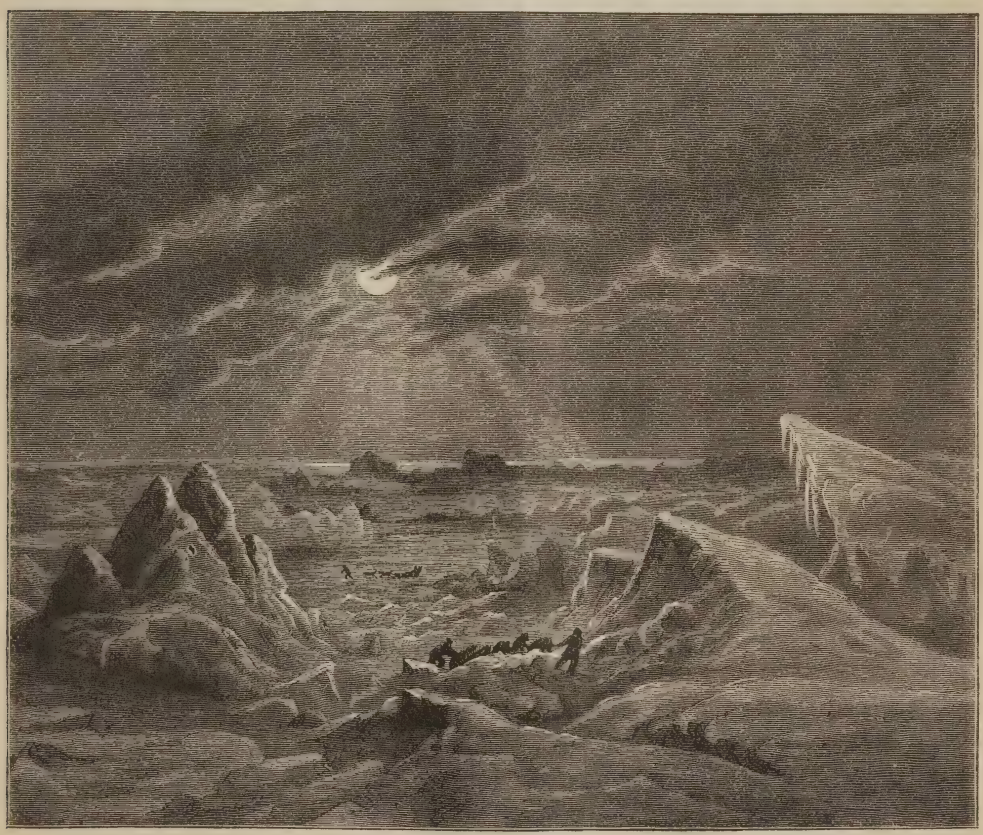
The pressure moderated about 4 P. M., and in another hour there was a calm. The snow was shoveled from the deck; the seams were found uninjured; and the knees and cross-beams still held. "This result was owing solely to the strength of the ship and to her fine lines, which enabled her to rise when nipped

and pressed; while her interior, so well laden as to become a solid body, increased her powers of resistance." In the evening they were able to get down into the hold, where they found that the water had risen thirteen inches, and this was pumped out to its normal depth of six inches.

"We went down," writes Payer, "into the cabin to rest; but, though thankful and joyful for the issue, our minds were clouded with care and anxiety. Henceforth we regarded every noise with suspicious apprehension, like a population which lives within an area of earthquakes. The long winter nights were before us; we were drifting into unknown regions, utterly uncertain of the end. When night came we fell fast asleep with our clothes on. Our sleep was disturbed every now and then by the onsets of the ice, recurring less frequently and with diminished force; but daily, and, for *one hundred and thirty days*, we underwent the same experiences in greater or less measure, and almost always in sunless darkness. It was a fortunate circumstance for us that we encountered the first assaults of the ice at a time when we were still able to see; for, instead of the calm preparations we were able to make, hurry and confusion would have been inevitable had these assaults surprised us amid the polar darkness."

We extract and condense fragments from the narrative for the remainder of the month:

October 16th.—Slept without disturbance till two o'clock in the morning, when the pressure of the ice again set in, and all rushed on deck. Some of the crew threw out on the ice the antlers of a reindeer; for, according to a superstition of the sailors, these are the generators of mischief. About half-past seven came another pressure which almost tore away the beams protecting the hull and the davits to which they were fastened. The ice which overhung the bulwarks was dug away to prevent masses of it from falling on the deck. At night glorious moonlight scenery; nothing more peaceful, but nothing more illusive, than such a scene at such an hour. *18th.*—All quiet during the night till the boatswain came to announce that the ship was making more water; sixteen inches in the fore-part, eleven inches amidships. East wind, with heavy, drifting snow-storms. *19th.*—After several weeks the sun, which had been obscured, becomes visible, rising 2° 25′ above the horizon. They were in latitude 77° 48′; temperature, — 20° Fahr. *21st.*—Alarmed by a loud noise at night, and all rushed on deck with their fur clothes on. A fissure had opened on the starboard side of the ship, connecting with one which had formed astern. In an hour this had widened about four feet, and they worked for some hours by the light of lamps to fill it



WANDERINGS ON THE ICE.

up with snow and pieces of ice. Once more a calm, and the moon stood surrounded by a vast halo in the heavens, and illuminated the awful loneliness of their abode. In the afternoon, when the fissure closed, roof; sparks may set fire to its walls; and at any moment, through a pressure opening up an abyss beneath, it may sink and be engulfed." 30*th.*—At half-past three in the morning there was a dreadful



THE TEGETTHOFF IN THE ICE.

they heard the old dull sound; the ship strained violently, and all were on deck, ready to leave. The frozen pumps are daily thawed by boiling water; today the shaft of one of them broke, through the excessive strain put upon it. 24*th.*—The daylight is now so feeble that the lamps have to be kept burning, with the exception of two or three hours in the forenoon. Many of the crew are suffering from frostbites on their hands. An attempt was made to drive the dog-sledges, but the snow lay in such masses between the small hummocks and on the few level places that they sank deep into it. 26*th.*—Pressure throughout the whole night. By the light of lanterns they used the sledges to remove the two boats, one hundred and fifty logs of wood, fifty planks, and a supply of coal, to the port side of the vessel, and chose a stronger floe on which to build a house of refuge. 28*th.*—The sun took its leave; only with its upper edge had it appeared above the horizon. "The coal-house is finished; but what reliance can be placed on such an abode in such a position? A storm may carry away the planks which form its straining and creaking in the ship. New fissures had appeared, which rapidly enlarged themselves. "The two boats and the coal-house are now surrounded by up-forced masses of ice and separated from us." Payer thus sums up the state of affairs during the month:

"During the day no quiet for reading or working, and almost every night our sleep is disturbed by a horrible awaking within a great creaking, groaning coffin. Men can accustom themselves to almost everything; but to these daily-recurring shocks, and the constantly-renewed question as to the end and issue of it all, we cannot grow accustomed. One of us to-day remarked that he saw perfectly well how one might lose his reason with the continuance of these sudden and incessant assaults. It is not dangers that we fear, but worse far—we are kept in a constant state of readiness to meet destruction, and know not whether it will come to-day, or to-morrow, or next year. Every night we are startled out of sleep, and like hunted animals we spring up to await amid an awful darkness the end of an enterprise from which all hope of success has departed. It becomes at last a mere mechanical process to seize our rifles and our bag of necessaries

and rush on deck. In the daytime, leaning over the bulwarks of the ship, which trembles, almost quivers, the while, we look out on a continual work of destruction going on; and at night, as we listen to the loud and ever-increasing noises of the ice, we gather that the forces of the enemy are increasing."

Early in November the preparations for wintering were completed. The topmasts were struck in order to diminish the pressure from the wind; but some sails were kept set, so that if the ship was set free she could at once get under weigh. The forepart of the vessel was covered over as a tent, and on the after-part were piled up in perfect order the tents, sledges, ammunition and provisions, and everything that was to be carried away if the ship was abandoned. They were already environed by deep twilight, in which the dreary waste assumed an aspect of magical beauty. The rigging of the Tegetthoff, white with frost, stood out clearly against the grayish-blue sky. The ice, broken into a thousand fantastic forms, and overspread with a mantle of snow, looked like blocks of alabaster shaded with tender tints. Southward, at noon, the sky wore a rosy hue from the sun, still below the horizon, against which veils of frosty vapor rose from ice-holes and fissures. In the beginning of the month the nights were dark. In clear weather night could be distinguished from day; but even at noon it came to be impossible to sketch without a lantern. To take aim with the rifle at any distance was impossible.

Their expeditions were short, for at a little distance the ship could not be seen; and they could find their way back only by their own footprints in the snow. They never went more than a mile, and then their rifles were always kept ready to fire in case they should come upon a bear; and moreover there was always a risk that the floe would break up, and they be cut off from the ship. They usually took with them two small sledges drawn by dogs. The animals had a great dislike to this duty, and were especially wary of putting their feet upon newly-formed ice. There seemed, indeed, to be a sort of agreement among them to shirk the work altogether, for they would often rush away to the coal-house, where they would entangle their harness in inextricable confusion.

There was much less violent motion of the ice during November than during the preceding month. The temperature was generally tolerably uniform, the thermometer usually marking below $-13°$ Fahr.; toward the middle of the month it rose to $+25°$. It reached its lowest point on the 20th, when it stood at $-33°$. The night of this day was marked by unusual peril. A huge mountain formed of hills of broken ice bore down amid a fearful din, threatening to bury the ship in its way; but, just before it reached the vessel, its course was arrested. "This night the crew received each an extra glass of grog, to obliterate the impression of this terrible crisis." Winds, blow from what quarter they might, always raised the temperature, because the colder air was thus modified by the warmer, which lay above the open spaces of sea-water; calms were accompanied by a rapid intensification of cold. New openings in the floe were quickly covered by young ice, which presented a



NOON, ON DECEMBER 21, 1873.

smooth surface when formed at a comparatively moderate temperature; but when it was colder the saline contents were exuded in a moist, tough layer, which lay about an inch thick on the surface. A temperature of from four to fourteen degrees below zero is necessary to freeze this mixture, which, when unfrozen, renders sledge-traveling, and even walking, very difficult.

December brought little change; but the ice was more threatening than in November. There was no day without some considerable commotion. Twelve days are marked as of special disturbance. On the 20th the officers were seated in the coal-house, talking of the approaching Christmas, when a sudden movement surprised them, and, rushing out, they found that the floe upon which the house stood was breaking up. They saved as much as they could of the coal and other materials, and moved them close to the ship. The highest temperature during December was —2° Fahr., just before Christmas; the lowest, on the 29th, was —33°; the mean, —22°.

The moon returned about the middle of December, and by its light sledge-expeditions were extended to a distance of a mile and a half from the ship, over snow and hummocks, to recently-frozen ice-holes, whose smooth surface, edged in the distance with dark, jagged masses, presented a scene of wonderful beauty. Returning from one of these expeditions, the dogs were unharnessed, when all at once Sumbu set up a fierce barking, and looking around they saw a bear close beside him, which Orel managed to shoot dead, when he was not five paces from the rope-ladder on the vessel's side. Sumbu was rewarded with an extra feast in the shape of the tongue of the bear—which the voyagers had not yet learned was the choicest arctic delicacy. Except when the moon was shining, there was now no perceptible difference between mid-day and midnight. The heavens were generally overcast, and the light of the aurora seldom exceeded that of the moon in its first quarter. "The effect of the long polar night," writes Payer, "when the range of the light of a lamp is the whole world for man, is most oppressive to the feelings, nor can habit ever reconcile those who have lived under the influences of civilization to its gloom and solitude. It can be a home only to men who spend their existence in eating and sleeping, without any disturbing recollection of a better existence. The depression was made more intense by the consciousness that we had been driven into an utterly unknown region, and with our eyes bound. Work, incessant work, was the only resource in these circumstances." In his journal for December 21st he writes:



CARLSEN MAKES THE ENTRY IN THE LOG JANUARY 1, 1873.

"The middle of the long night. It is noon, and, though nothing can be lighter than the color of all that surrounds us—of the snow—yet it is as dark as midnight. The sun has sunk below the horizon 11° 40′, and we should have to ascend a mountain nearly eighteen and a half German (nearly ninety English) miles high in order to behold it. Nothing is to be seen, neither bears nor men, and we only hear the footsteps of those that are near us. We see but the confused outline even of the ship, as she drifts hither and thither with the floe, a prisoner in the fetters of the ice, the sport of the winds and currents, carrying her farther and farther into the still and silent realm of death. If we attempt to fathom destiny, our utmost hopes are, liberation from our icy captivity some time next summer, and the reaching the coast of Siberia. Siberia a hope! And yet how changeable are the feelings when the reign of monotony is interrupted! The moon is up, darkness exists no more. In the North the moon is an event—it is life, everything. As her beams fall on the meanest forms, diamonds blaze forth in its light from the snow and the frost. She looks down on us like a returning friend that watches over us.

Two weeks ago she rose above the horizon, first as a blood-red disk, then paled as she climbed higher and higher, till she stands out the clear, silver-bright full moon."

Christmas-day came, and was duly celebrated. Carlsen, the ice-master, and Lusina, the boatswain, who had been a captain in the Austrian merchant-service, were guests of the officers in the cabin. Each of the cabin-mess had a bottle of good wine to himself. Each of the crew had a glass of weak grog, a half-bottle of red wine, and a quarter-bottle of "chemical wine." This last, we are sorry to say, was a villainous compound, of which a cask was prepared by worthy Dr. Kepes every month. It was composed of alcohol, tannin, sugar, and glycerine, diluted with snow-water. The cabin bill of fare comprised "dried fish, roast-bear, well kept and seasoned, nuts, and the like." A box of presents was produced and distributed by lot, "and great was the delight of those who won a bottle of rum or a few cigars." The dogs had their Christmas, too. For once, at least, their insatiable appetites were satisfied. They had enough and to spare, and carried off the fragments to hide them in the snow.

The last day of 1872 also passed with but a single short ice-pressure. They had intended to see the old year out by drinking one of the two bottles of champagne which were still left; but, unluckily, it had been exposed for four hours to a temperature fifty-two degrees below the freezing-point; and, when brought in, the wine was frozen solid, and the bottle had burst. At midnight the crew serenaded the officers, and all marched in procession, torches in hand, around the ship.

On New-Year's-day the dogs were allowed to make calls upon the officers in their cabin. So long had they been in darkness that they were at first completely dazed by the light of the lamp. But their attention was soon turned to the remains of the dinner, with which they were regaled. All behaved themselves with perfect decorum except Jubinal, an immense hound, who had been brought over the Ural Mountains from Northern Asia. He had a paw as big as that of a bear, and could easily drag a sledge loaded with four men! He had been the victor in innumerable dog-fights, and on the day before they sailed from Bremerhaven had torn a sheep in pieces. He dashed into Brosch's cabin, where he fastened upon a huge dish of macaroni, from which he could not be driven away until he had devoured the whole. When they went back upon deck, Sumbu allowed the sailors to treat him to grog; he became



FRUITLESS ATTEMPT TO RESCUE MATOSCHKIN.

most humanly drunk, and the other dogs stole all the scraps which he had hidden away in the snow! This is the only recorded instance of intoxication during the voyage. On that day, also, Carlsen, the pious



SUNRISE, FEBRUARY 19, 1873.

old Norwegian ice-master, wrote in the log-book, in his native language: "*Onsker at Gud maa vere med os i det nye aar, da kan intet vare imod os!*" ("May God be with us in the new year, and nothing can be against us!")

During September and October their drift, as laid down on the chart, was in a straight line, directly to the northeast, at an average rate of not more than two miles a day. During November and December they drifted somewhat more rapidly, and in every possible direction except due south. The 2d of January, 1873, found them in latitude 78° 15′, longitude 66° 56′, only twenty-two miles north, and about thirty west, of the spot where they were on November 9th. Let us now endeavor to give in brief a sketch of winter life on board the Tegetthoff. We must bear in mind that the winter lasts the seven months from October to May, during which period the highest point marked by the thermometer in the shade was +4° Fahr., 28° below the freezing-point; the lowest point −51° Fahr., or 89° below the freezing-point of water; the mean for February and March, the coldest months that year, being −29° Fahr. We must also bear in mind that there was rarely a day in which there was not more or less actual danger from ice-pressure. Considering all these things, and that the majority of the crew were natives of a southern latitude, we shall find that they were able to make themselves tolerably comfortable.

Could one have looked through the sides of the Tegetthoff, he would have seen four-and-twenty men parted off in two spaces under the suns of two lamps. The quarters of the officers, in the after-part, consist of a mess-room, used for study and for meals, around which are the "state-rooms," just large enough for a man to breathe in. In a recess is the library, consisting mainly of scientific works, but also comprising "Paradise Lost," Shakespeare, and a good collection of romances. The mess-room is heated by a "Meidingen stove," which consumed only from twelve to twenty pounds of coal a day; even in the coldest period the consumption was never more than four and one-half hundred-weight a month. In the door of the room, just opposite the stove, was a hole as large as a man's head. This, though necessary for ventilation, caused innumerable annoyances. Through it rushed a torrent of cold

air, which spread itself out into a lake three or four feet deep. "Hence," says Payer, "while in the berth close by the stove there was a temperature ranging between +30° and +44° Réaumur,[1] in the other was one which would have sufficed for the north-pole itself. In the former a hippopotamus would have felt himself quite comfortable; and Orel, the unhappy occupant of it, was often compelled to rush on deck, when the ice-pressures alarmed us, experiencing in passing from his berth to the deck a difference of temperature amounting to 70° R. In the other berth of the mess-room, water, lemon-juice, and vinegar, froze on the floor. Those who occupied it as they lay in bed, or those who sat at the table to read, were in a cold bath reaching up to their necks. Sometimes at night the stove was not lighted, and then all had to sleep in that cold bath." The officers' berths were lighted by train-oil; for drawing and other special purposes candles were used. The mess-room of the crew was lighted by petroleum. Alcohol was the fuel used for the cooking apparatus on journeys. The supplies of alcohol and petroleum were kept beneath the cabin, in tanks accessible by well-fitted pipes. In the magazine were twenty thousand cartridges, so that the amount of highly-explosive material was large, and what with the half-dozen lamps constantly burning, and other things, the danger from fire was by no means inconsiderable. Carlsen, indeed, once came near blowing them all up by accidentally discharging a rifle in the cartridge-magazine. The regular bill of fare for the officers was: for breakfast, cocoa, biscuit, and butter; for dinner, soup, boiled beef, preserved vegetables, and coffee; for supper, hard biscuit, butter, cheese, and ham, with tea. The diet of the crew was mainly preserved meats, different kinds of pulse, and the products of the chase, mainly bears and seals. Their supply of wines and spirits, Payer thinks, was too small. Each officer had, however, a bottle of rum every eighteen days. Fresh bread was baked twice a week, to take the place of the customary "hard-tack."

"Our sanitary condition," says Payer, "during the two winters we passed on the Tegetthoff was not altogether satisfactory. Scorbutic affections of the mouth and diseases of the lungs appeared sometimes in distressing shapes, and scarcely a day passed in which we had not one or two on the sick-list. I believe, however, that our trying situation had far more to do with these evils than the southern blood and breeding of our people. Want of exercise, constant change of temperature, depression of mind, periodic scarcity of fresh meat, were the causes of the scurvy. In our first winter it appeared only in the more crowded quarters of the crew. It was then, also, that the first symptoms of lung-disease appeared in Krisch, the engineer, which he probably contracted from 'catching cold.' Our supplies of preservatives against and remedies for scurvy were rather limited. We had, however, several hundred tins of preserved vegetables, a cask of 'cloud-berries,' which we had brought from Tromsö, and above a hundred bottles of lime-juice. Wine is also an important preservative; we therefore served out to the crew, notwithstanding our small supply, twice a week, not Kepes's 'artificial,' but real wine, at the rate of two bottles for eighteen men. No doubt scorbutic symptoms would have been far more general and severe had we not been fortunate enough to shoot no less than sixty-seven polar bears, a larger number than had fallen to any previous expedition. Bear-flesh roasted was liked by all; the seal was at first despised, till necessity corrected taste."



CARNIVAL ON THE ICE.

Life on the Tegetthoff, save for continual alarms from ice-pressure, was monotonous enough, and even

[1] Equivalent to +99° and +131° Fahr. These are the figures in the text, but we suspect that there is a typographical error, and consequently in the "70° R." = 175° Fahr.

these in time came to be monotonous. In the morning the watch was duly set; but the main duty of the watchman as he walked the deck was to keep a lookout upon the ice. In the cabin the officers worked up the observations till dinner-time; and after dinner they lay down in their berths, reading or thinking, till supper-time. Supper over, they smoked their cigars in a shed over the cabin-stairs, where the thermometer ranged from 45° to 57° below the freezing-point; and then to bed. In the crowded quarters of the crew was a livelier scene. Here, in a narrow space, lived eighteen men, almost all of them belonging to the voluble Southern races. "It was," says Payer, "a miniature reproduction of the confusion of tongues at the tower of Babel. I believe that some of our people never ceased to talk during the whole expedition. Lusina, the boatswain, speaks Italian to the occupants of the officers' cabin, English with Carlsen, French with Dr. Kepes, and Slavonic with the crew. Carlsen had adopted, in his intercourse with the others, a kind of speech compounded of Norwegian, English, German, Italian, and Slavonic. The crew, with the exception of the two Italians, speak Slavonic among themselves." To obviate, as far as possible, the evils of too much leisure among the men, a school was finally instituted, Payer undertaking to teach the two Tyrolese, and the other officers the Italians and Slavonians; but we apprehend that, in a strictly educational point of view, this laudable effort was not very successful.

Every Sunday, at noon, divine service was celebrated under the tent on deck. With the exception of one Lutheran and one Moravian, we suppose the crew were all Catholics; but we find no traces of any disturbing polemics among them. On Sundays Carlsen and Lusina were alternately guests in the officers' cabin, where they were regaled with wine and cake. Carlsen always appeared on these occasions with his wig carefully arranged, and on the high festivals of his church wore his well-earned decoration of the cross of the order of St. Olaf.

We pass rapidly over the events of several months, during which the Tegetthoff, still imbedded in the ice, was slowly drifting. During the whole of January the direction was almost due east; in February, north; in March and April, toward every quarter of the heavens, with a general northwesterly tendency; in June, westwardly; in July, with a great bend to the south; then again to the north; until the last day of August, when, in latitude 79° 43′, longitude 59° 33′, a "new land" was sighted, on the coast of which the ship, never for a moment resting in its proper element, was, after another winter, finally abandoned May 20, 1874.

January 30, 1873, was marked by the first death among the voyagers. On the previous evening a bear came within a few paces of the vessel, was fired upon, wounded, and made off. Payer and some others, with two of the dogs, Sumbu and Matoschkin, started in pursuit through the driving snow. Soon, by the dim light of the lantern, they discovered Matoschkin howling on the snow; the bear, vigorously assailed by Sumbu, close by. Bruin seized Matoschkin and dragged him away. Just then a sudden gust extinguished the lantern, and they could only return to the vessel. Next day a party set out to ascertain the fate of the dog. They soon found traces of blood, which they followed up until they came to an ice-hillock, from behind which the bear showed himself. They fired at him at a distance of a few paces, breaking his spine; he still dragged himself along, walrus-fashion, to the edge of an ice-hole, but, before he could plunge in, two other explosive bullets terminated his career. The body of Matoschkin was found behind the hillock.

During February the cold increased. The mercury froze repeatedly in the thermometer, and was perfectly solid during the last eight days. One day petroleum froze in the globe of a lighted lamp. The long winter night of that latitude came to an end February 19th; on that day the sun showed half his disk above the horizon. "As of old the worshipers of Belus watched its approach on the luxuriant shores of the Euphrates, we too," says Payer, "standing on the mountains of ice or perched on the masts of the ship, waited to hail the advent of the source of light. At last it came. A wave of light rolled through the vast expanse of heaven, and then uprose the sun-god, surrounded with purple clouds, and poured his beams over the world of ice. No one spoke for a few moments, until one of the simplest and least cultured of the crew murmured, half inaudibly, '*Benedetto giorno!*' ('Blessed day!'). But the sun's stay was short; he remained above the horizon only a few minutes; again his light was quenched, and a hazy violet color lay over distant objects, and the twinkling stars shone in the heavens."—The carnival-season, dear to the sons of the sunny South, came this year at the close of February. The crew celebrated it as best they could by a masquerade on the ice. But one may well suppose that the only performer whose jollity was not forced was Sumbu, "who was dressed up as the demon 'Lindwurm,' and deported himself in a manner highly befitting his costume."

March was almost as cold as February—the mean temperature was 52° below the freezing-point, the highest marking being at zero in the shade—and it was not till the 30th that any melting of the snow was observed upon the seams of the vessel; but the atmosphere was clear, and snow-drifting was rare. April opened with the temperature at −35°; by the end of the month it had risen to +16° Fahr.; but there were numerous heavy falls of snow. High winds had loosened the compactness of the ice; and dark strips hanging above the horizon in all directions indicated that fissures had been formed, although they were invisible from the mast-heads. At last, on May 2d, they heard the sound of grating ice—once so dreaded, but now most welcome, for they hoped that it announced the speedy bursting of the fetters which bound their vessel.

"CHERRY RIPE!"

BY THE AUTHOR OF "COMIN' THRO' THE RYE," "AS HE COMES UP THE STAIR," ETC.

CHAPTER X.

"My restless spirit never could endure
To brood so long upon our luxury,
Unless it did, though fearfully, espy
A hope beyond the shadow of a dream.

ADAM removed himself and his mat to a remote corner of the garden, quite out of ear-shot, almost out of sight, as though he were used to playing gooseberry every day of his life, and understood the part thoroughly.

Mignon stood up like a pretty, naughty schoolgirl, whose mistress catches her at mischief unawares, grasping her roses tightly in one hand. Instinct told her that this was Mr. Rideout, yet, though she had blushed at the first sight of the gardener, she did not change color at the sight of the gentleman. . . . So much Adam noted as he turned his head for one rapid, lightning glance at the girl's face.

"Miss Ferrers—Mignon!" cried Mr. Rideout, impetuously, as he bared his head before her, while his eager eyes fastened upon and clung to her face as a bee does to a blossom, "forgive this intrusion, but I have no other means of approaching you—and I am driven mad, reckless, by the obstacles placed in my way—the very letter you wrote me, dear angel, was stolen from me—snatched from my hand ere I had read one word of it! Tell me," he cried, "have you some other lover who is seeking to frustrate my hopes with you—some one who is given to stealing letters intended for other people, and who brings you—roses?"

He tapped the flowers significantly with his forefinger as he spoke, and looked at her with angry, jealous meaning.

"Somebody stole my letter from you?" she said, scarcely noticing his latter words. "Did Prue not *give* it you?"

"I took it from her by force," said Rideout, grimly, "and then somebody took it away from me; 'twas the strangest thing imaginable, but I have my suspicions."

"Oh, what a wicked, wicked woman!" cried Mignon; "and when I asked her *every* day, too, how it was that I got no reply to it."

"And you cared so much?" cried Rideout, ardently; "it was actually a source of regret that you did not hear from me, my angel?"

"Yes," she replied, gravely, "indeed it was. When I got up in the morning I used to say to myself, 'There will be a letter from *him* to-day;' and, when the evening came, and Prue always came back without one, I was so bitterly, bitterly disappointed!"

"You were?" he cried, in a transport; "but tell me, what did you say in that dear little letter—can you remember?"

"Oh, yes," said Mignon, nodding; "almost word for word, and it was a very nice one, indeed. I was most particular about that, as I was afraid that, if you did not like it, you would *never* write to me again!"

"Like it!" he cried, and stooped his head suddenly, and pressed his burning lips against the hand that held her roses.

She did not draw it away, but looked down with a kind of puzzled wonder at the faint red mark his almost rough caress had left on the soft, white flesh.

He would not have found her less innocent and ignorant for worlds; yet it struck him instantly, with the jealous, unerring instinct of the real lover, that there was in her none of that sensibility to the first approaches of love that is usual in very young women—the faint curiosity and vague yearning after some more exquisite experience than any that they have ever known, dimly guessed at, yet too shadowy and impalpable to be thoroughly grasped, were altogether absent in Mignon: the chords of the beautiful instrument were dumb under the hand of the man who swept them, and he said to himself, with an angry, impatient sense of dissatisfaction, that the touch of his lips had moved her no more than those of a woman might have done.

The outcome of this thought was the relinquishment of her hand. He would have preferred her withdrawing it, thereby displaying feeling of some kind, whether of displeasure or provocation, but as quietly as she had permitted the theft of it, so did she take its return. Then, and as if she found a standing courtship rather a fatiguing business than otherwise, she unexpectedly sat down on the chair behind her.

"There is a three-legged stool about somewhere," she said, looking at him doubtfully, and wishing with all her heart that she had had a lover before, that she might by practice have ascertained whether etiquette did not demand that she should give *him* the chair and fetch the stool for herself.

Mr. Rideout, turning round in search of the proffered seat, discovered the soles of Adam's boots and the back of his head and person, as the young man diligently pursued his avocation of weeding in the distance.

"Whom have we here?" he said, a suspicion instantly forming in his mind, that one glance at the calm, untroubled peace of the girl's countenance as quickly dispelled.

"Only Adam the gardener," she said.

"Can you not send him away?" said Rideout, frowning, and wishing with all his heart that he could strangle Adam with a bunch of his own weeds.

"No," said Mignon, wondering; "why should you do that? I am afraid you are not very comfortable," she added, as she saw Rideout's efforts to arrange himself gracefully on the extremely narrow foundation of the stool.

"Thank you," said Rideout, "I am quite comfortable; nothing could be better, I assure you."

But for all that he made up his mind that he would have done better to stand up. Now, Adam, had he been in the same position, would not have paused to think of whether he were sitting or standing, and, if Providence had thought fit to send him a three-legged stool, would not have noticed whether he were sitting on it or a chair, which marks the difference that existed between the two men.

"I never, never will forgive Prue," said Mignon, looking at him, and thinking what a pity it was his eyes were so blue and his hair so black.

"You are angry with her," he said, leaning forward and smiling. "You were *disappointed* that you got no reply from me to your letter?"

"I was more than disappointed," said Mignon—"I *cried!*"

"You did?" he said, drawing nearer still; "you cared for me so much as that?"

"If you had no one to speak to from week's end to week's end (save Prue), and nobody to write a letter to you, and nobody (except one person and Prue) to care two straws whether you were alive or dead—would not you be *charmed*, delighted, overjoyed at discovering that somebody not only told somebody else he liked you very much, but actually took the trouble to write and tell you so himself?"

Then said Rideout, passionately: "I suppose *anybody* would have done as well—a traveling tinker, or the butcher's boy, or anything else that had eyes to see, heart to love, and fingers to write to you?"

"Well," said Mignon, considering, "so long as I did not *see* him, you know, and he spelled properly, and wrote me a good, long love-letter every day, I don't suppose it would have signified very much. Of course, I never expected that you and I would be talking to one another like this!"

"And I," he said, dryly, "should never have written to you had I not been resolved on seeing you—ay, and more than once—so our letters were written with a difference. If it would not tax your memory too much, perhaps you will tell me what you said to me?"

But, though he spoke so coldly, he was gazing at her as though his eyes could never be sated of her childish, dimpled beauty—the most maddening, beguiling beauty on earth to a man of his calibre and experience. She was to him as a peach that hangs untouched on the wall, a flower that no human hand had come nigh to spoil or gather, a pure young soul, in whose innocence he would be able to surge some of his own guilt and sinfulness, in whose happy opening life he should discover the day-dawn of the better, nobler existence of his own.

"I said that I was very sorry I nearly knocked you over in the avenue, and that I would never do it again if I could possibly help it!"

"Yes," he said, smiling in spite of himself, "and what else?"

"That I was very much obliged to you for writing me a love-letter; and that I hoped you would send me another as soon as you possibly could, for it was so dreadfully dull here!"

"Yes!"

"I think that's all. Oh, and my kind regards. I wanted to send my love, but Prue would not hear of it, and so—"

"*Prue* helped you to write that letter to me?" he cried.

"Of course she did," said Mignon. "I don't know *how* I should have got on without her, because, you see, I had never written a love-letter before, and I was not at all sure of saying the right thing in the right place. So we did it together, and really, upon the whole, I think you would have liked it very much indeed."

"No doubt," said Rideout; "nevertheless, *upon the whole*, I will confess that I no longer regret the loss of that letter—I no longer bear malice to the thief who stole it—he is welcome to it, he may keep it, I make him a present of it! In future I will get my man Coles to assist me with my letters to you; so long as I write the signature it will not of course matter to you whether the handwriting is mine or not?"

"I should not mind it in the least," she said, sincerely; "a letter is a letter, and, if you told him what to say, it would be just as good as if you had written it yourself."

He almost stamped his foot upon the gravel in his impatience.

"Is she nothing but a little coquette, after all?" he thought.

It flashed suddenly through his mind that her composure on receiving him was possibly occasioned by considerable practice in the art of receiving lovers, and thought he would have preferred her resenting his intrusion with indignation and scorn, for, man-like, he who profited by the indiscretion was the first to condemn it. A woman never yields an inch, however innocently and generously, to a man that he does not suspect her (sooner or later) of having given way in a similar manner to some man who had come earlier. It is the very refinement of the cruelty of love; it is the blade turned back against the breast of the holder, the gift heartlessly dashed into the face of the giver; and this treachery, so common from man to woman, is rarely, if ever, displayed by woman to man.

With these ungenerous thoughts in his mind, he looked keenly at her, as though he would discover if—

> ". . . . In Cupid's college she had spent
> Sweet days, a lovely graduate, still
> And kept his rosy terms in idle languishment—"

and as he looked his fears died away. His experience of woman was wide and deep enough to have long ago taught him that there are two kinds of innocence—the one that is too absolutely ignorant of evil to tremble before or fear any man living, therefore has no thought of guarding itself against a danger it does not know to exist, and is as much a part of the possessor as the air she breathes (and such was Mignon's); and the purity that is pure

consciously, with a full knowledge of its own exceeding value, and that may be described as the product of a carefully-cultivated and well-watched-over soil—an innocence that is compatible with the clearest possible knowledge of evil, that enables her to meet her natural enemy, man, at every point—armed. He knew that prudishness is but another form of immodesty, and that she who is forever balancing things proper *versus* things improper, arriving when all deductions are made at an outwardly modest and unassailable demeanor, inevitably loses the freshness and ingenuous delicacy of her mind in the process, and is immeasurably less pure than she who, never having regarded aught but good, stands in no need of rule and precept to prevent her footsteps from straying into the mire.

And he also knew how dangerous to the owner is this latter form of innocence, to how many risks it is exposed, to what misconstruction it is liable, nay, how it may borrow the very garb of guilt, and how the world, to whom it is a mystery and a wonder (and the world hates mysteries and does not understand wonders), will hoot and decry it, reserving its approval and respect for that other marketable possession that is of itself worldly. "Blessed are the pure in heart," says the Book. Who shall say that the innocence of which I speak, though perchance smirched, soiled, destroyed by a villainy that it never could have conceived possible, does not contain, even in its ruins, elements of greatness and virtue that the earth-born, devil-sent, cowardly substitute does not, nor ever could, possess?

Coming out of his reverie, Mr. Rideout discovered that Mignon had picked up a newspaper that lay on the ground by her side, and was actually reading it.

"You seem interested," he said, in a tone of pique, thereby revealing a most unheroic weakness in his character. No really wise man, who wishes to establish his empire firmly over a woman's heart, ever indulges in the luxury of showing himself piqued, for, by so doing, he places himself at a disadvantage that she is not slow to perceive, and licenses her to smile with superior wisdom at his folly; and when a woman begins to laugh at a man's humors, instead of being awed by them, it is all over with him; for do we not know that she will pardon a crime where she will be merciless to a foible?

"I beg your pardon," said Mignon, putting her finger down on the paragraph she was reading, "but I caught sight of such an odd, pretty name, and Lu-Lu and I always look out for all the fine names we can find for the book we are writing."

"You are writing a book?" he said, smiling, in spite of his crossness and fury; "what is it to be about?"

"Love!" said Mignon, gravely. "We were afraid we should make a terribly bad job of the love-scenes, as neither of us had ever had a real lover, but now it will be all right. We shall put *you* in as the hero!"

"And my letters?" inquired Rideout.

"*And* your letters!" said Mignon; "we shall copy those right off—they will look so much more real!"

"If it will be any further satisfaction to you," he said, sarcastically, "I will send my portrait to be pinned on to the title-page. I don't make such a bad photograph altogether."

"Do you not?" said Mignon, looking at him doubtfully, for somehow his looks did not please her one bit, and yet that dark, reckless face of his had been a fatal one to women, more fatal than Mignon ever dreamed of, as her careless eyes rested upon his features.

"And this name that took your fancy so much?" he said.

"La Mert. I can't quite understand—it seems a trial of some sort." She paused in amazement as he caught the paper from her hand, his face pale and angry, while a streak of fiery red lay like a stain across his brow. His eyes fell on the paragraph, that ran as follows:

"La Mert *versus* La Mert. Public interest in this *cause célèbre* will receive a fresh stimulus next week when the case comes on for hearing, as it is rumored that in the course of it many painful family disclosures will be made."

"Why do your people allow you to read such things as these?" he cried, striking the paper with his open hand; "vile records of sin and shame that they are, and utterly unfit for a young and innocent girl! Did you understand it—do you know what it meant—that paragraph?"

She looked at him in wonder, his excitement appeared to her so strange and unnatural—what could she have said to so move him?

"No," she said, "I do not know what it means, but why should you mind if I did?"

"You have never seen or heard of that name before," he persisted, "either in a newspaper or otherwise?"

He awaited her reply with such eagerness that one might have supposed his life depended upon it, and drew a sharp breath of relief as she answered—

"Never!"

"It is an omen," he said to himself, crushing the paper between his restless hands; "whether it be or not, I care not—I will not turn back—pshaw! many a man goes through more than this to get his heart's desire.—Mignon," he said, aloud, "do you know why I came here to see you to-day?"

"To ask me to write you another letter?"

"No," he said, "I did not come for that. Will you try and understand me, Mignon, when I tell you that I love you, love you with a passion that I have sought to overcome, and cannot, that if conquered one moment has vanquished me the next, and against which I have ceased to struggle, for it has become a part of myself, it has entered into my very blood, and no man fights against his own life who is not mad or suicide—and I am neither? There are obstacles between us, dear angel, obstacles that" ("Good Heavens!" he groaned to himself, "if she only knew what they are!") "will be removed ere long, and they who stand between us shall pass away

like shadows; the last, the best-beloved among the rest, to return never more—I swear it!"

There was a wild and reckless defiance in his voice as he broke off that startled the girl. It was as though he defied Heaven to stand between him and his heart's desire, and Rideout caught her surprise as quickly as it arose.

"Do not be afraid," he said, with extraordinary tenderness of look and tone; "to you I will be ever faithful and true, and neither grief, nor sorrow, nor shadow of sin or shame, shall rest upon that lovely head."

He paused to watch the half-smile that parted Mignon's exquisite lips (so may a child smile who is pleased with the sound of the words it hears, yet only vaguely comprehends their meaning)—lips that were the crowning beauty of her face, and suggested all manner of passionate possibilities, and flatly contradicted her eyes, that were cold and clear, and more given to mirth and observation than the language of love—if their looks might be trusted to tell truth. When a woman's eyes and lips tell the same story, it is not difficult to decide what she will say or do at any given crisis of her life, and she will fulfill her fate with no more of effort than makes a fruit when it falls, ripened, to the earth; but when reason, calm and critical, dwells in the eyes, and thence keeps its watch over the impulses and vagaries of the too passionate heart as typified by the lips, then may it be foretold that there will sooner or later be fought a determined battle between the opposing forces, and that upon its issue will depend the future history of the woman's soul.

"Mignon," said Rideout, impetuously, "does it seem a strange thing to you that I should love you as I do—without having exchanged a dozen words or been once before in your society—knowing nothing of you, in short, but what your face tells?"

"Yes," she said, promptly, "I do think it very odd—I told Prue so—just ask her if I did not say it was the *kindest*, the most outrageous, the most *extraordinary* thing I had ever heard in my life, and she could not account for it any more than I could!"

"And why should it be so kind and so extraordinary?" he said; "has no one else ever fallen in love with you, Mignon?"

"No one!" she said, seriously; "what on earth should put such an idea into a person's head? and, indeed, I was very much obliged to you (as I told you in my letter); for I felt so lonely, and dull, and uncared for, just then; but now"—her face dimpled into sudden smiles—"I am afraid it is wickedly ungrateful of me, but I do not seem to care so much about it, and I do not think it would break my heart if you were never to write me another love-letter—for, to tell you a secret, somebody that I love beyond everything else in the world is coming to me, may come this minute, even, or to-night, or to-morrow, and I shall be so perfectly happy that I shall forget all about everything—everything—but that we are together—at last—somebody and I—"

He caught her hand so fiercely that she recoiled from him, and Adam, seeing that gesture from afar off, half rose, trembled, and knelt down again.

"And you told me that you *had* no lover!" cried Rideout, furiously, "and all the time—all the time—" he stopped, almost choked by the violence of his emotions, the vehemence of his thoughts.

"A lover?" said Mignon, bewildered; "there is no lover—it is my sister."

"Your sister?" he cried; "forgive me, Mignon."

He turned pale as death under the relief her words afforded him.

"Yes," she said, almost in a whisper, "my beautiful lost sister, for whom I have waited such a long, long while; but I always knew she would come at last, and now she is coming."

In the course of Rideout's life he saw this girl many times, and under many aspects—in the day of her greatest happiness, as in that of her deepest tribulation—but he never again saw the look upon her face that he at this moment beheld: without one shadow to dim the brightness of her hope, or one past experience that could embitter or make her fearful of the future, or fear to shackle her glowing fancy, above all, with the priceless illusions of youth still upon her, there could at no period of her life come to her so radiant an outlook as this present.

In the days to come it was to recur to him, the look upon that joyous, childish face, until he became a man haunted by its gladness—until it came to follow him like a curse, and burn into his heart like fire, until he nearly went mad in remembering that if he had known—O Heaven! if he had known—he might have fixed that joy of hers in her heart forever, and so kept his soul clean of blood-guiltiness, if not of sin.

"Mignon," he said, drawing closer to the girl, "I came to tell you to-day, among other things, that I am going away, but do not fear, my sweetheart, but that I shall return to you. Then—then—listen!" he said, earnestly, "it is now a month since I first saw you, and since then I have been going through as many antics and love-sick tricks as a fool of a schoolboy in the first idiocy of his calf-love. I have astounded even myself at the depths of folly that I have sounded—I have been compelled to acknowledge that a phenomenon which I have always mocked and derided as the most laughable absurdity ever conceived is in reality a *fact;* in my own proper person and against my will I have proved it, Mignon. Always remember in the days to come that, however madly I love you, it was against my will, my conscience, my God, all—"

He broke off: the last words seemed to have escaped him involuntarily.

"I have heard," he went on, "of two people falling in love at first sight, before either knew the name of the other, before they had exchanged one syllable, before either knew if the other were married or single—twin souls, created for each other, now met at last—in the self-same instant of their eyes meeting, their souls have rushed together, the stray halves made into one perfect whole, the life-

long ache satisfied, the restless, yearning heart finding rest and peace at last. I have heard of this, and of the shame and grief that ofttimes come after these sudden recognitions of kindred souls, since, for one who finds his other self in time, there are nine hundred who meet too late! And, as I have said, the theory amused me, for I believed in no love that was not material, in no affection that was not the result of daily acquaintance, propinquity, and familiarity. I could understand a sudden admiration at first sight, but *love*, as apart from *mere passion*, I could not and did not understand until the day I saw you; and then and there, and in the very midst of a ridiculous situation, that filled you with no other sense than that of amusement, I loved you, but it was unconsciously; not until I had seen you many times, and learned your face and manner by heart, did it suddenly dawn upon me that life would not be worth the living without you, and that win you I must and would, no matter what came between—and I reckon myself a happy man in that I found you when I did, ere it was just too late. Tell me," he cried, ardently, "on that day did you feel yourself as irresistibly drawn to me as I did to you? Did you recognize me as—"

"Oh!" said Mignon, taking her hand away, and placing it with its fellow over a face that had grown suspiciously red, "I beg your pardon—I do, indeed! And don't think me very rude, but—but I think we were *drawn together* with a vengeance! I never shall forget the knock I gave you as long as I live!"

And here she gave up the attempt to retain her gravity, and laughed so heartily as (by some process of reasoning best known to himself) to restore Adam to both temper and equanimity.

"You did look so cross when we pelted round that tree," said Mignon, drying her eyes; "and as to your hat, I always thought it a mercy that neither of us stepped on it."

Rideout was absolutely without that kind of humor that enables a man to smile at his own expense, thereby missing one of the keenest pleasures that mortal beings possess, and he looked at Mignon as though he found her impulse of mirth exceedingly foolish and ill-timed.

Here was this girl, he said to himself, for whom he was sinning past redemption, so indifferent to the strength of his passion, so unconscious of the convulsions that gave it birth, that she could find for him no more and no less than such laughter as she might give to a love-sick, whining boy, who came to her with the tale of his foolish love upon his lips, and the feel of a birch but freshly in his memory.

"Mignon," he said, sternly, "you do not seem to understand—you think all this is an excellent joke, and that there is no sober earnest in it, but you will find out your mistake when I come back and fetch you away to make you my wife."

"Your wife!" said Mignon, with a saucy smile that brought to life two delicious dimples in her delicate cheeks. "You are not—you cannot be so mad as to suppose I am going to be *that!* Do you know how old I am?" she added, looking at him seriously, and pushing one of her little hands through her rumpled blond hair—"sixteen and a week, and very little indeed for my age! Now, in four or five years' time, perhaps, I might think of marrying, if *she* did not mind, and would let us both live with her; but not now. Why, it would be like *playing* at being married!"

"Come and play at it then," said Rideout, just as seriously as she; "it will seem more like work after a bit."

"No, no!" she said; "you may fancy yourself in love with *me;* but no amount of the hardest fancying on earth would make me think myself in love with *you!*"

"Am I such an ugly devil that I frightened you?" he cried, passionately.

"No," she said, surveying him critically, "I should say you were very good-looking to a person who admired dark people. And, though you are very nice and kind when you are not in a rage, I think, if ever I *do* marry, I should like a peaceable sort of a man, who did not worry me, though I should expect him to say, at least twice every day, 'Mignon, I love you.'"

"I will not worry you," he said, divided between anger and laughter, "and I will tell you that every day, never fear, and in time you will learn to love me, little Mignon."

"To love!" she said, dreamily; "do you know what it is to love? To long for some one all and every day, to think of nothing else upon earth, to weary after her, to feel that until you get to that person you only live one half, and that the worst half, of your life. *That is love.* How would it be possible to love a man like that?"

"Some day you will do so," he said, leaning toward her with an air of pleading entreaty—"some day—little sweetheart—"

He did not know, he could not guess, how terrible to her was to be the awakening of love in her breast. She had turned her head partly away, and was looking down on her roses, and he thought he would have given everything he possessed on earth to be able to put out his hand and touch that downy cheek and throat—for as yet she possessed that exquisite softness of skin that, on a girl's face, is the only equivalent to the bloom upon a purple grape or plum, and is as easily brushed away as it is impossible to replace—the longing, I say, was strong upon him; but he, who had never before denied himself his heart's desire for prayers, or love, or scruple, forbore to take advantage of the girl's innocence and loneliness; moreover, he had sworn that, until he was free to ask her to be his wife, he would neither seek to obtain or steal from her any one of a lover's privileges.

"Mignon," he said, "I want you to listen to me, and to try and understand me if you can. You do not love me now; it is not possible that you should do so (for, although you seem most familiar to me since I have watched and followed you so long, yet I have been to you no more than any one of the idle, impertinent young men who have stared at you in

church and out walking), but you will be no such inapt pupil, my flower, and, whether you love me or not, you shall be no man's wife but mine—I swear it! And if by any cheat or fraud any man come between us, I will wrest you from him—ay! and keep you, for to no other man can you be what you are to me; and if by any cursed misfortune I lost you, I would search the world through and through until I had found you; so don't dream that you will escape or elude me, Mignon, for you will not. In about a fortnight—you may look for me at any moment after the fourteenth day has passed—I shall return. I shall walk straight to this garden, and probably I shall find you sitting here on this old chair, and maybe you will wear a white gown and a red rose at your breast, just as you wear to-day—and you will look just as little and childish and lovely as you do to-day; and I shall say to you, 'Mignon, I have come to ask you to be my wife;' and you will put your little hand in mine; and then, Mignon, then, in the dull old garden I will teach you one by one the lessons of love.

"It is possible," he went on, "that people will tell you stories about me, but you will not believe them, my little one; you will just say to yourself, *'He is coming back in fourteen days to marry me, and he loves me dearly, dearly!'* and so you need not mind the stories. And do not let any one fall in love with you, do not dare—"

His blue eyes had so fierce a menace in them that they appeared almost black for the moment; then, as they dwelt on Mignon's dimpled, charming face, he smiled; and so, with a last, long look, and a close, strong hand-clasp, he was gone.

CHAPTER XI.

"He ne'er is crowned
With immortality who fears to follow
Where airy voices lead."

SILENCE in the garden for the space of a full minute. Even the scraping of Adam's knife ceased, and, turning half round, he leaned his hand upon the gravel, and looked across at the girl's downcast face, and lips pursed into the semblance of a pout.

Looking up suddenly and meeting his eyes, for so intense was his regard that he could not instantly withdraw it, an idea came into her head, and, jumping up, she crossed the garden and came to his side.

"Adam," she said, seriously, "would you mind telling me—as you have got a sweetheart of your own, and of course know something about such matters—whether you ever heard of a person being married straight off *against her will*, whether she would or not?"

"Such things used to be, miss," he said, "but nowadays it's not often heard of."

"Then," said Mignon, "you would say that if a person were threatened with such a thing she need not be very uneasy—he could not *make* her say 'Yes?'"

"No," said Adam, "but she might change her mind, or he might coax her into saying it—you're quite sure it *would* be against her will?"

His keen eyes studied every line of her face as he spoke.

"*Quite* sure!" said Mignon, emphatically. "You see, Adam, a love-letter is a perfectly charming thing, and to know that somebody is in love with a person is more charming still, but what on earth would one do with a *husband?*"

"What, indeed," said Adam, his heart as light as a feather (and why should this be?), "if she is quite sure?"

He was standing up now, and as he faced her she was not quite up to his shoulder. All homely as was his garb, his grand comeliness made him more than a match for the girl, who stood with cheeks flushed by excitement, and the exceeding neat, soft hair sadly tumbled, and two red lips just parting to speak.

"She is quite sure," said Mignon, nodding, "and I am very much obliged to you, Adam. I should not have had to ask if Prue had got a sweetheart, and knew more about such matters—only, you see, she has not got one at all, poor thing!"

Then she smelled her roses, appeared to forget all about Adam, stood still for some moments, thinking, moved slowly away, and presently left the garden.

He went quietly on with his weeding for a quarter of an hour, twenty minutes, thirty, then made up his mind that she was not coming out again until the evening, and prepared for departure. He collected the weeds into a respectable heap, rose, picked up his mat, and was turning toward the ladder when the sound of approaching footsteps set his heart beating, and turned his head in the direction of the garden-door. A half-smile came over his face as he discovered not Mignon, but Prue.

"And now," said he to himself, "the deluge!"

He wore no hat, his face was clear as the day before her eyes, and the recognition was, on both sides, perfect.

"You villain!" she cried, coming over to him like a whirlwind. "*What have you done with that letter you stole?*"

He touched his breast. "I have it here," he said.

She looked down at the knife and mat he held in his hands, at his unmistakable gardener's dress, at his shirt-sleeves and bare head, then—

"Good Lord!" she cried, drawing the deepest breath she ever took in her lips, "and I took you—I actually took you that night, for a—gentleman!"

"And why did you?" he said. "I don't remember giving you any particulars as to my station in life. I told you I was an honest man—which I am."

"An honest man?" retorted Prue, with intense scorn, "and you have the impidence to call yourself *that?* And pray, if I may make so bold as to ask the question, what have my young lady done to you that you should take such a powerful interest in her as to *steal her letters?*"

"The question *is* a bold one," said Adam, "and one that I don't choose to answer any one but *her*."

"You'll have the face to tell her, yourself, what you've done?" said Prue, altogether staggered by his assurance.

"Yes, I shall tell her."

"No wonder you disappeared so quick that day at Madame Tussaud's," she said. "I'd scarcely got sight of my young lady when you bolted—"

She paused, for the first time remembering that this man, no matter what his doings might be, had saved her young mistress's life at the peril of his own.

But as she looked at him, cool, confident, fearless, her anger rose again and burned hotly in her breast.

"And if you're going to tell her," she said, "why didn't you do it before? you've had opportunities enough while you've been sneaking about her garden, goodness knows!"

"I did not intend to tell her that until I thought it time to tell her—other things."

"Do you know what you are *talking* about," cried Prue, in a rage, "that you speak of telling her this and that, as though she were a cook or a housemaid—one of your own class—do you know who she *is*, I say?"

"A young woman," said Adam, his face softening, "and a good one too—God bless her!"

Prue's anger suddenly died, it was too useless to be retained, and she looked at the young man with a sensation of despair. As yet not the dimmest suspicion of the heights to which his audacious hopes aspired had shadowed itself ever so faintly upon her mind.

"'Tis a true saying that ill-doings never prosper," said Prue, "and I'm sure yours didn't. You stole the letter and made a thief of yourself for nothing. You tried to keep Mr. Rideout and my young lady apart—well, he's mad in love with her, and ready to marry her whenever she pleases. There!"

"Yes," said Adam, "I know it. He was here this afternoon."

"*Here!*" cried Prue, starting back; "*here*, did you say?"

"Yes, why not? Has she not told you?"

"I've not seen her. I've been into Lilytown, and came straight out here. *He's* a bold one," she added, half aloud, "to cut in like that the very first time I turned my back."

"I don't think your mistress will marry Mr. Rideout," said Adam.

"And pray, why not?" said Prue, tartly, "unless you're going to take upon yourself to forbid the bans!"

"There are one or two objections," said Adam, calmly, "or at least—I think so."

"And what may they be?" cried Prue, angry and inquisitive; "maybe you think she's over-young for marrying?"

"No," he said, "I should not consider that an objection. Plenty of girls marry as young as she."

"Or he's poor?"

"He's very rich—as riches go."

"Maybe he's not his own master?"

"He has no parents, and is absolutely his own master."

"Then," said Prue, "if he is rich, and his own master, and so deep in love with her, and if she favors him, whatever on earth can there be to keep them apart?"

"Two things," said Adam. "In the first place, Mr. Rideout is married already; and, in the second, I mean to marry her myself."

CHAPTER XII.

"I loved her to the very white of truth,
And she would not conceive it."

LEANING her brows against the window-pane in the bare and now deserted school-room, Mignon kept her watch for Muriel, and felt her soul die within her for longing to see the well-known slender figure turn in at the garden-gate, to hear the echo of her hurrying feet upon the gravel-walk, and the sound of her passionate, eager cry of "Gabrielle! Gabrielle!" Three days had gone by since Mignon had, in mere idleness of spirit, paid that visit to Madame Tussaud's that was fated to end in so strange a fashion; three days—only that, no more than an hour to untroubled, happy people, yet a long, long while to this girl who had for the first time tasted the exceeding bitterness of that hope deferred which "maketh the heart sick."

The silence of her sister for the past year and a half had been hard to bear, but the treasure and reward lying in the future had been anticipated with such entire trust that, though in the earlier portion of the time she had suffered keenly, yet she had never once endured the misery of either doubt or despair. But now, now that she knew Muriel to be close at hand, divided from her merely by a few houses, and fields, and roads, and conscious (as she must be) of how anxiously the little sister was watching for her coming, yet making no sign, sending no word, seeming to forget her, as though she had no existence, now, I say, upon Mignon's loving and faithful heart fell the cold and cruel blight of open and acknowledged neglect. Neglect—that is more pitiless than jealousy, more inhuman than hatred, that (even as the plant that entangles and crushes the life out of the living insect it infolds) closes about the heart with a numbed embrace that slowly destroys all energy, hope, and gladness, yea, and that better part of existence without which we are happier dead than living.

To suffer and sorrow for misfortune's sake is natural and healthy, to receive unkindness from the world is easy to understand and light to bear, but neglect at the hand of one from whom love alone is due (else should we not mourn its withdrawal so deeply) is unnatural, and a violation of the laws of human nature. And this thing, that uses no harsh words, acts no tangible savagery, that has even an

outward seeming of fairness and gentleness, and is liable to no such punishment as is meted out to bold and overt forms of cruelty, is yet the most dastardly and barbarous of all the weapons placed in our hands whereby we have power to stab the hearts of those who love us. The shadows were beginning to creep about the girl's young life—to creep higher and higher till they rested upon her heart and settled there, but this she could not know as she watched patiently on from day to day and hour to hour for one who never came.

Some one came from behind her, and took one of the soft, girlish hands between her two hard, rough ones. It was Prue.

"Miss Mignon, dear heart," she said, "and won't you come out for a bit this afternoon, even if 'tis only so far as the garden? You've not crossed the threshold these three days, and you so used to pretty nigh live in the open air! And if *she* should come"—the woman hesitated and turned aside—"couldn't I fetch you in less than a minute, miss?"

"And what would she say," cried the girl, "if she came, and I were not here to run to the door and welcome her? She would think that I was angry with her, that I had grown careless of her"—she paused, and put both her hands suddenly to her side. "Such a pain, Prue!" she said—"oh, such a pain! Such a feeling that everything is going *wrong* with me, and that I don't know how to put it right again! If I had not seen her, if I did not *know* that she was alive and well, I should think that it meant that she was *dead!*"

"No, no, miss," said Prue, gently, "not dead—forgetful, maybe, but not dead. Don't ever think of such a thing, little mistress; and why should you fret yourself so sore for one as never seems to fret herself about you?"

"You do not understand," said Mignon, coldly and proudly, and turned without another word and went quietly away.

She paused a moment upon the threshold of the house-door, for her eyes were dazzled by the sun, and the vivid green of the trees and bushes smote her almost painfully after the subdued light within-doors; then she descended the steps, and went round soberly enough into the garden. It seemed to her a long while since she had walked in it, and that a great deal had happened to her in that time, although, in truth, nothing new had come to her save the sharpness of a disappointment that to her undisciplined heart had all the force of a revelation and the cruelty of an injustice.

She sat down in the old place and picked up her embroidery that lay just where she had left it, the complexion thereof being in no way improved by the night dews and noonday sun. There had not been a drop of rain, so the needle was still unrusted and filled with cotton; a thimble lay in her pocket, she drew it out, and commenced working. The unquiet mind is an excellent incentive to manual labor; she had never before worked so steadily and industriously as she did now. Somebody came through the door communicating with the other garden and advanced toward her, but she did not lift her eyes; she believed it to be Prue, and she was angry with the woman, and did not desire either her society or her conversation. But when the steps paused before her, she knew that it was not Prue, and, looking up, saw that it was Adam the gardener.

"Is that you, Adam?" she said, surprised that he should have come by way of the garden instead of the wall, "and have you come to do some weeding for me to-day?"

"No," he said, "not to-day."

Something in his voice made Mignon glance at him in surprise. Was this *Adam*, this man with boldly-lifted brows and fearless regard, as of equal meeting equal, yet with some feeling stronger and deeper than pride subduing and softening his features to a nobility that she had never seen them wear before?

Scarcely noting his expression, she became cognizant of an indefinable yet certain change in his manner. Altogether innocent of the intense vulgarity that passes by the name of high breeding, and that would regulate politeness by the position occupied by the person addressed in the social scale, that is forever drawing distinctions, and measuring people not by what they *are*, but by what they have, Mignon possessed that sweet and gentle courtesy that is inbred in some men and women, and put forth as naturally to the poor as to the rich; but at the first suspicion of an encroachment, by either look or word, the proud Ferrers blood showed itself, and her tone instantly defined his position as gardener, hers as gentlewoman, as she said:

"You wish, then, to speak to me?"

"I have something of yours in my possession that I wish to restore to you," he said, and drew from his pocket a letter sealed with red wax.

She took it from his hand, and read aloud:

"PHILIP RIDEOUT, ESQ.
Lilytown."

The handwriting was her own. The matter of the lost letter had concerned her but little—nay, in the trouble of the last few days, she had forgotten its very existence, and the time of her writing it seemed a long, long while ago to her now.

"How did you come by this?" she said, in wonder; "where on earth did you find it?"

"I stole it from Mr. Rideout," said Adam.

"You stole it!" she said, staring at him in utter bewilderment, "and why did you do that?"

He made no reply, only bent his eyes downward, and waited quietly for her next words.

She passed her hand hastily over her brow, looked at the letter, then back again at him. Then, even as it had done to Prue, the indifference, or, as it seemed to her, effrontery, of his bearing angered her.

"And so you were a thief all the while," she said, slowly, "and I thought you were an honest man! Who gave you the right to intermeddle in my affairs? What was it to you whether I wrote to Mr. Rideout

or not? Did Miss Sorel set you over me as a *spy* and a keeper when she went away?"

No answer.

"So *that* was why you came into the garden that morning?" she cried, roused more and more by his apparent apathy, and with all her other troubles swept clean away in the excitement of the moment.

"I saw you peeping into my book and fingering my thimble—were you trying to find a clew to my other doings? Were you trying to *pick up* something to my discredit?"

No answer.

"I have only one more question to ask you," she went on: "*why did you not read my letter* while you were about it—why do you return it to me now, above all, with the seal unbroken? Better an out-and-out dishonor than one badly cloaked with a semblance of truth!"

Still no reply, not a tremor of the eyelids, not a quiver of the firm lips, to show that her barbed words struck home, and wounded him to the quick.

"And if you thought to do harm by stealing that letter," she said, with a triumphant ring in her voice that dashed out the scorn, "you did not—it made no difference to Mr. Rideout: he came and told me all about it! But you know that already—you were in the garden *spying* when he came, though surely you made a terrible mistake in being *out of ear-shot!* You might have come as near as you pleased, and it would never have occurred to me that you were listening—for, you see, I did not know you were a *spy*. And now I understand why I caught you staring so at me when he went away.—Tell me," she cried, "if you are man enough to be able to speak the truth, who set you to watch me, to lie in wait for my letters, to come into my garden on false pretenses, to lead me on to talk to you *trustfully* as I should to Prue? Was it—though I *cannot* believe it—Miss Sorel?"

"No," he said, "it was not Miss Sorel."

"You did it simply and solely of your own accord?"

"Simply and solely of my own accord!"

"I have no more to say to you," she said, "except that I am sorry—very sorry—that I have found you out to be so bad."

Her eyes were wistful, her face was pale: following upon the broken promise of the past three days came this new disappointment, for she had liked and instinctively trusted this man, and she was, as she had said, *sorry*.

His heart ached as he looked at her, and to himself he said that his punishment was beginning.

"And now," he said, aloud, "you will listen to me. Had you not better sit down? you will be tired."

She looked at him, hesitated, then sat down again, obeying the law that impels the strong will to yield to the stronger—a submission that has in it all the elements of rebellion, and is as little grateful to the recipient as it is hateful to the giver.

"You have called me thief, eavesdropper, and spy," he said, "and each of those appellations is justly bestowed upon me, but you have not yet discovered the full extent of the fraud I have practised upon you. Can you guess what that is?"

She looked at him, measuring him from head to foot, his common dress, his pride of regard, his well-shaped feet and hands, and all at once something flashed upon her that she had been blind indeed not to have discovered long ago, and, catching that sudden light in her eyes, Adam knew that she had guessed the truth.

"You are not a gardener, after all," she said, "you are a gentleman! And you came into my garden pretending to be what you were not?" she said, slowly. "You obtained a footing in it by a lie, and kept it by hundreds of others?"

"Yes," he said, but by now a red flush had crept slowly up to his brow, and settled there.

"You let me order you about as though you were a servant, and laughed at me in your sleeve while you weeded the gravel-walks?"

"I let you order me about, but I did not laugh at you in my sleeve."

"I gave you a tart?"

"Yes."

"And you ate it?"

"Yes."

"And you called me *miss?*"

"I did."

"And I recommended you to study English history?"

"Yes."

"And you said you would rather be a *man* than a gentleman, and you were a gentleman all the time?"

"Yes."

"Oh!" cried the girl, starting up, and covering her scarlet cheeks with both hands, "I shall never get over it—I shall die of shame, and oh, how I scorn, how I *detest* you!"

"Mignon!" cried the young man, in his excitement, and so shaken was she by the violence of the conflicting emotions that swayed her that she never observed the slip, "I have told you the end of the story—the beginning you have yet to learn—my actions you know, but the motives that prompted them you do not—"

"Nor do I wish to hear them," cried the girl; "your actions are enough, and more than enough for me! Did you think because I was a poor, friendless schoolgirl, with no father, or mother, or brother—*nobody* to stand up for me—that you could play off as many *practical jokes* upon me as you pleased?"

"Mignon," cried Adam, in despair, "can't you understand why I have done all this? do you not see how I have tried to be your friend all along, even if I did make a terrible mistake at the beginning?"

She did not reply, she was weeping; a great many causes conspired to make the salt-fountain overflow; but Adam took them (being ignorant of the pressure of other troubles upon her) to be altogether due to his bad behavior.

"Mignon," he cried again, distracted by the sight of her tears, his calmness utterly forsaking him, "won't you try to overlook the past—won't you be-

gin it all over again, on a better, surer foundation, and give me at least the chance of earning your good opinion?"

"How could I trust you again?" she said, taking her hands away from her face. "How should I know when you were telling me truth and when falsehood? I *liked* you—and you saved my life," she added, sobbing; "I can never forget *that*."

"If it will soften your anger to me," he said, gently, "remember that and forget all the rest—you need fear no intrusion from me, or that I shall molest you in any way, and you may walk in your garden with as much security as though I were a hundred miles away. I will never enter it again *until you call me*. If you should require a friend at any time send for me; a man may be a good friend, Mignon, although he be a liar, thief, spy, and eavesdropper. Prue has somewhat to say to you on the subject of Mr. Rideout that will demand your careful attention; and, if you can ever feel that you forgive me, will you send me one word—only one, and you will make the most miserable man upon earth the happiest?"

Then, as she made no sign, he went slowly away, and left her standing there alone.

CHAPTER XIII.

"Let the white death sit on thy cheek forever,
We'll ne'er come there again."

"PRUE," said Mignon, sitting down unexpectedly on the floor, "I will *never* believe in anybody living again (except Muriel); and, if you were to take it into your head to kill me one night in my sleep, I should not be in the *least* astonished, and indeed I should say it was only *just* what I had expected."

"I don't s'pose you'd say anything at all in that case, Miss Mignon," said Prue, who was giving the drawing-room a thorough good dusting in anticipation of Miss Sorel's return.

"I am very little more than sixteen years old," said Mignon, addressing a bunch of flowers painted by her own hand, and duly framed and hung up on the opposite wall, and of which the roses were so deeply red, the violets so intensely blue, and the leaves so overpoweringly green, that they made the eyes wink again to look at them; "and I think the world a shockingly wicked, deceitful, *surprising* place, and human nature as bad as bad can be. Now, what should you suppose will be my opinion of the same by the time I am *sixty?*"

"A deal more favorable to human natur'," said Prue, who was dusting the chaste Diana, with averted eyes, as much as to say that if that misguided young person fancied herself without any clothes, *she* for one was not going to abet the iniquity by looking at her. "When people get a better knowledge of theirselves, miss (and years give 'em that), they discover so much wickedness *in* theirselves that they're in no hurry to cast stones at their neighbors. 'Tis only the young, miss, as comes to conclusions so mighty quick, and finds hard words come quicker to their tongues than kind ones."

"But, surely," cried Mignon, pushing back her hair, "downright wicked things like deceit, lies, and worse, *require* hard language? Can being *old* turn black things into white? Do old people have an upside-down dictionary, and call virtue *vice*, and vice *virtue?*"

"No, Miss Mignon, but they go deeper than just outsides—they see reasons."

"Would any amount of reasons make it right for you to deceive me as you did about that letter, Prue? Would an old person find a satisfactory reason why Mr. Rideout should ask me to marry him, when he had a wife all the time, and his name was not Rideout at all?"

"No," said Prue, "I've got no reasons for *him*—he's a rascal—and I should like" (making a movement of her hand that in a man would have taken the form of a doubled-up fist) "to tell him so to his face."

"I can't say I am very sorry at *his* bad behavior," said Mignon, sighing; "for I have been racking my brains as to what good excuse I should give him when he came back for not marrying him, for he is such a tremendous person that it would *not* be easy to say 'No' to him; but *now* I shall just be able to drop him a courtesy and say, 'Thank you very much, but does the English law permit a person to have *two* wives?'"

"Villain!" cried Prue; "and what a silly, *believing* woman was I, good Lord!"

"Perhaps it is not true, after all," said Mignon. "How are we to know that Adam was not telling us some more stories? Though why it should matter to *him* whether Mr. Rideout is married or single, or what on earth could have induced him to steal that letter, is more than I can understand! Do you think it is possible that he is a kleptomaniac, Prue?"

"What's that, miss?"

"A man who appropriates other people's goods: if he is rich, and in no want of the things he takes, he is called a kleptomaniac; but, if he is a poor man, or starving and despairing, he is called—a thief."

"*No*, miss," said Prue, frowning; "he's not that. It wasn't stealing either, for he gave it back to you; and, when he took it, 'twas for *your good*."

"But why concern himself about my good?" said Mignon, looking puzzled. "What could it matter to him whether I wrote to Mr. Rideout or not?"

"Because," said the woman, "he knew you had no relations, nobody to look after you but a silly creature called Prue—and that Mr. Rideout was a bad man, not fit for a young lady to be writing to—and so he took the letter."

"You seem to have a very good opinion of him," said Mignon, "though I'm sure I can't see what he has done to deserve it! The only difference between them that I can see is, that one came in at the garden-door and made unlawful love, and the other came over the garden-wall and played the spy—and really I do not think there is a pin to choose between

them! Though, after all," she added, wearily, "what does it matter how they behave, what does *anything* matter, so long as *she* still delays to come, and when she must know, too, how I am wearying for her?"

Rat-tat went the knocker at the hall-door, as though in answer to Mignon's words, causing her to start violently. What is there in the sound of the postman's knock that sets more hearts beating and nerves fluttering than any other sound upon earth?

"A letter from Muriel," she thought rather than spoke, and sprang to her feet. In a moment she had flung the house-door wide, to discover a boy on the step, who handed a yellow envelope to her with the customary inquiry, "Any answer?"

She did not hear him; she was looking at the ugly, narrow envelope with the most intense joy; it was from Muriel, she was sure of that, to say that she was coming immediately—and still her fingers tarried, and did not seem able to open it.

Prue came out. The boy went away. Mignon tore the envelope asunder, and read aloud the following words:

"M. GIRARDIN, *Hôtel de B——, Paris.*

To MISS GABRIELLE FERRERS, *Rosemary, Lilytown.*

"An Englishwoman, named Sorel, died here last night of fever. By examination of papers have discovered above address. Some relative must come over at once to identify body and arrange for burial."

The telegram fell from Mignon's hands. The shock, following on her triumphant and mistaken gladness, was cruel. She looked at Prue, who seemed turned to stone, and did not utter a syllable. The cook appeared in the hall, attracted thither by the instinct that invariably draws people to the scene of a catastrophe, or the place where one is in process of being announced.

"Mistress is dead!" said Prue, and burst into tears.

"Dead!" said the cook, looking shocked, but putting on the pleasurable air of excitement that domestic misfortune ever seems to afford ordinary unattached servants, to whom a death or a wedding is equally productive of fuss and importance, agreeably combined with a total disregard of the every-day duties that it has been their custom to fulfill. Mignon did not weep; there was a strange tightness about her heart, and she felt as one who has been stunned by a heavy and unexpected blow. She had given the dead woman respect, not love, yet respect is as good a thing as love in its way, and Miss Sorel had been her only friend, save Prue, for four long years. It smote her with a dull and bitter pang; how often lately she had taken her name between her lips, carelessly, ignorantly, even unkindly, speaking lightly of that home-coming that should never come to pass—at the very time, perhaps, when *she* had been passing away to that unutterable mystery and greeting that mortal eye hath not seen nor ear heard!

"The telegram said that somebody must *go*," said Prue, taking her apron from her eyes. "O poor mistress—poor mistress!—nobody ever came to see her but her brother, and he lives somewhere in the north; did she ever tell you his address, Miss Mignon?"

"Never," said the girl, and shivered, scarcely knowing why, as she recalled the sinister-faced man who had looked at her so strangely, and spoken to her so roughly, on the sole occasion when she had found herself in his presence.

"If the address is anywhere, it will be in the big writing-table that stands in her room," said Prue, lowering her voice involuntarily as she uttered the pronoun that now stood for what *was not*.

"We must go and see," said Mignon, who felt as one who moves in a dream, yet knows the awaking will surely come by-and-by.

They went up-stairs, and into the pretty, sunny chamber that would receive its mistress never any more; treading softly, as though she were by to hear them, and looking about with that fearful awe that ever attends the dwelling-places of those who were ever by us, but are now apart.

The table was securely locked, and would yield to no key that the house afforded; finally, and with a roughness that made Mignon turn her head, half expecting to see the tall, slender shape and the gray gown of the woman whose secrets were so rudely violated, the desk was forced open, and its orderly contents became visible—neatly-labeled packets of bills, files of accounts, school and tradesmen's books, all the tidy odds and ends of a careful manager and a prim old maid—and Prue, who had seen it all many times before, felt her eyes fill again.

The search was not a long one. Two or three slender packets of letters, indorsed "Silas Sorel to Lalagé Sorel," were placed in such view that the most casual glance could not fail to fall upon them. Mignon drew out one of the sheets, and, turning to the heading, read:

"*The How, Northallerton, Yorkshire.*"

As she laid the letter down again, she perceived a packet addressed to herself, and indorsed, "Not to be opened until after my death."

She took it in her hand, and again, burning summer day though it was, she shivered, and her face was very pale as she said to Prue:

"See! this is addressed to me. It is no theft to take what is my own."

"It is yours," said Prue, sobbing, "since she is dead. Poor soul! poor soul!"

"I will write the telegram," said Mignon, looking down at the packet in her hand, "and you shall take it, Prue, but not here; let us go down-stairs."

Five minutes later Mignon was sitting in her chamber, the unopened letter in her hand, alone.

CHAPTER XIV.

"I am for the house with the narrow gate, which I take to be too little for pomp to enter; some that humble themselves may, but the many will be too chill and tender: and they'll be for the flowery way that leads to the broad gate and the great fire."

MIGNON broke the seal, and took out two inclosures—the one a long and closely-written letter, the other a sealed envelope, that was, oddly enough, also addressed to herself, the superscription of which was as follows:

"*Not to be opened until the other letter is read.*"

The habit of obedience was still strong upon her; she laid it down on her lap and took up the other. It ran thus:

"In the event of my sudden decease by sickness, railway-accident, fire, or any one of those urgent summonses of God that men misname chance, I write these words for your enlightenment and guidance, my poor little Mignon, since, when I am gone, there will not be in the whole world a more lonely, friendless creature than yourself. For my own sake I do not fear Death; nay, I listen for his footsteps in the stillness of the night, in the glory of the noonday, at evening-tide when the night is closing in, and, when he lays his cold hand on mine, I shall go to him as gladly as a bride to her bridegroom; but my heart aches when I think of you, whom I cannot choose but leave desolate and unprovided for, and for your sake I would live yet a few years longer, until I had seen you placed securely beyond the storms and temptations of life. Then I could face your father without fear in the Great Beyond where he awaits me, and say to him, 'I have left her safe, the little daughter that you trusted to my care.' It may be that you will never read these lines; that I shall tell you my story some night when the darkness hides from me your face—the face that is a birthright from your dead father, and yet bears a strong resemblance to your mother—and it was this same resemblance to her that hardened my heart against you, and made my looks and ways so cold to you always.

"Twenty-one years ago I was but a very little older than you now are, and happy. No bird rioting in his short summer-day gladness was happier than I, for my heart was filled with the first rapture and glory of a young girl's love, than which there can on earth be nothing more exquisite, for believe me, child, when I tell you that, no matter how strong, and deep, and true, may be the second love of a man or woman, it can never approach that first matchless passion when the fancy flew like an arrow and the heart followed after, and there was no question of measure or compassion, but each poured out the riches of the soul in one supreme joy, recking not if the cup were drained, the golden wine squandered in one draught, and no drop left remaining for the long, long years of the future.

"We were but a month from our wedding-day, your father and I, when your mother crossed our path—beautiful, cold, unscrupulous—a woman of no compassion and many vices, who lied, and schemed, and plotted, and divided us from each other—divided us so utterly, that to the day of his death he never knew but that I had played him false; yet loved me so faithfully, so enduringly, that the last letter his poor stiffening fingers penned was to me, as the last name he uttered, when he lay a-dying, was '*Lalagé! Lalagé!*' not his wife's name, only his poor lost sweetheart's. I received and read his letter; I have it still, it has lain ever since on my breast by night and day, it will go with me to my coffin; and in this letter he prayed me, for the sake of the love I had once borne him, to befriend his little daughter when he was gone. A ruined man, the splendid fortune for which your mother had married him squandered in mad extravagance, he knew of no one to whom he could make such a request but me. Muriel was old enough to earn her bread, but you were only a child; and having made his prayer to me he died, and I did not shed one tear for him, for he seemed nearer to me dead than he had for long years been to me living.

"He was scarcely cold in his grave when your mother died, of a broken heart, the world said, and the world was right; the loss of wealth, station, and all that was to her the very principle of existence, killed her. She was no more than a shadow to Muriel and you, and, when she went, you scarcely missed her; your lives were literally bound up in each other, and for even your rarely-seen father you had but little affection. Then I knew that the time had come to redeem my unspoken promise, and I went to my brother and told him what I was about to do. He had always hated your father, with a hatred that nothing could exceed, and, on hearing that I meant to adopt his daughter, his fury rose to madness, and he swore that, if I took you under my care, I should never enter his doors again. Then, when I told him my mind was made up, he bade me begone and starve with you—ay, starve; for all the fortune I possessed was a scanty pittance left me by my mother—or so it seemed to one who had never known the use of money, or the lack of it.

"I left him and came to London, and then my struggles began. It is difficult for a woman to obtain a subsistence, even if she possesses the knowledge necessary to earn it; it is more difficult still when she knows not how to seek it, and has no friends to advise her; nevertheless it came to pass that ere many months were past I was able to fetch you to a home—a home to which you came with passionate grief and frantic unwillingness, for, though you had lost both your parents, yet the first real trial of your life was your separation from Muriel, and though I besought her to come and live with me as well, she would not do so; she must make her own way in the world, she said, but would ask my leave to come and see you twice a year.

"I made her promise that she would never tell you that you were indebted to me for a home; I

thought the knowledge might fetter and gall you, so you never guessed but that your father left you in my charge, with a certain sum of money for your use and maintenance.

"And now, Mignon, the bitter gist of my story is to come, and how hard it is to me to tell you will never know—it is this: At my death the paltry income that I possess passes into my brother's hands, and leaves you totally unprovided for. If I could have left you some certain yearly sum, however small, upon which you might subsist when other means failed you, I should die content, but it grieves me sorely to leave you without one creature to whom you can look for protection or help, save Prue, who loves you, and is a good woman, yet has it not in her power to do more than serve you faithfully. By patient care, I have succeeded in saving for you the sum of a hundred pounds, which I have paid in at the Lilytown bank, in your real name, Gabrielle Ferrers—and that you must almost have forgotten, since it is so long since any one called you by it—a name I have ever hated, since it was your mother's, so that when. a year ago, Lu-Lu christened you 'Mignon,' I encouraged the idea, until at last you came to be called by that and no other.

"And now for the future. If I do not return, and since I know my brother too well to believe that he will hold out any hand of help toward you, your best plan will be to seek employment as governess or companion, with Prue's help. I have already spoken to her on the subject, and the money I have left you will pay both her expenses and yours until such time as you have found a shelter. Trusting in God and your own heart, in the integrity of your principles, in the purity of your soul, all will yet be well with you; and if it should be that the love of a good man becomes yours, I beseech you do not cast it aside for any fancy or whim or folly, for, although you may have many lovers, there will not be more than one worth the taking. And I warn you against believing the passionate, vehement wooer, who vows the world to be well lost, for your sake, against the true and steady one, who does his duty before Heaven and his own conscience, and whose love for you is no sudden caprice born of your beauty, but a deep and steady affection that will wax deeper, not colder, as time goes by.

"You will perhaps lay down my letter here to say to yourself: 'Have I not Muriel? Can I be so friendless, when the thing I love best on earth is alive and well?' O Mignon!—Mignon!—I have something to say to you: *I have received news of your sister Muriel.*"

Mignon sprang up with a low cry.

"Oh, how cruel—how cruel!" she cried, passionately, "never to say one word to me, and when I used to ask her *every* day—" She broke off, suddenly conscious that she was speaking of the dead; and is there any more shameful disloyalty on earth than to have unkind thoughts or words for those who can speak no syllable to reinstate themselves in our regard?

She seized the letter, but was so blinded by excitement and eagerness that the written words danced before her eyes; by-and-by they steadied themselves, and she read as follows:

"If I return safely from those lonely cities where my restless feet bear me up and down, backward and forward, as some strange yet certain instinct to-night tells me that I shall *not* return, this letter, with its inclosure, will be destroyed, and of your sister you will learn no tidings from me, until she returns to tell you all, of her own free-will; but, since it is possible that the knowledge I possess will be forced upon you in some unforeseen and abrupt manner, and that the telling of the story may come more gently from my lips than from those of a stranger, I leave a written account of my interview with her, although I am bound to tell you that, if you read it, you do so in defiance of her expressed wish and command. You have your choice of two things: you worship Muriel, and to you she is a type of perfect purity and goodness; you could better believe evil of yourself than of her.

"Mignon, little adopted daughter, I would that you might keep your faithful, beautiful belief in Muriel always, that in your thoughts she should be ever as she is to-day; therefore, I leave it in your own hands whether you destroy, unread, the letter I inclose in this, or read it, and thereby lose the purest jewel out of your life. I say, I leave it in your own hands, for I am sorely perplexed between my promise to *her* and my duty to *you*. Farewell. God bless and protect you always!

"LALAGE MAKEPEACE SOREL."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE WIND IN THE BIRCH.

AGAINST the pine-tree's solemn green
The birch-tree's airy foliage
Scarce hides its modest limbs' bright sheen.
The air and sky its heritage,
Its roots are in the cliff's steep verge;
And, through the branches interlaced,
I see the ocean flash and surge
O'er rocks half by the foam effaced.

The gay west wind doth whisper long
Amid thy leaves, fair birchen tree,
Before is lost his merry song
In pine-tree dirges by the sea—
As if a youthful messenger
Of counselors severe and old
Should meet his love and speak with her;
For news can keep till love is told.

DOCTOR ADLERBERG.

CHAPTER I.

THE TWO PATIENTS.

DR. ADLERBERG had been sent for in great haste to attend a sick child, one so ill that she had been given up by her attending physician as beyond hope of recovery. It was a case of enteric fever, commonly and improperly known as "typhoid." The medical man first called in, a man of note in his profession, said that all further efforts were useless, and a consultation a mere waste of time. As a last resort, it was proposed to send for a younger physician, who was said to be prompt and skillful. The elder abandoned the case to his younger brother, shrugging his shoulders and arching his eyebrows as he did it, to show that the proceeding was a tragic farce, and the undertaker the only one necessary to be consulted. And this was why Dr. Adlerberg found himself alone with the case.

The chamber which the young physician entered was in the second story of a house in the eastern part of Grand Street, tenanted by a master-carpenter and house-builder named Robert Bell. That Mr. Bell was in thriving circumstances seemed probable. The apartment was not only filled with a suit of handsome and even elegant furniture, the floor covered with a heavy Brussels carpet glowing with colored designs on a lavender ground, and the windows hung with curtains of heavy reps to the light and lace to the shade, but there were objects scattered around that proved money to spare, as well as indicated the presence of some one possessing cultured taste. The ornaments on the mantel-shelf were *terra-cotta* vases of antique and graceful shape; hanging shelves in a recess were filled with neatly-bound books; a guitar-case leaned in a corner; and on a small table were a heavy bronze inkstand-dish, a gold pen, some paper, and a book with the place last read marked by an ivory cutter. On a chair by the table hung carelessly a piece of half-finished embroidery. On the wash-stand were bottles of perfumery and other elegant accessories of the toilet. The doctor merely glanced at these without noting them particularly, and went at once to the bed where the sick child lay.

The patient was a girl of twelve years of age or thereabout. Her features were pinched, her skin ashen in hue, and the eyelids half closed over cavernous eyes that were set in a brown ring. There was but little of consciousness left. The physician gently lifted one of the slender hands that lay on the white counterpane, and felt the pulse; aroused the child so far as to cause her to protrude her tongue, and passed his hand inquiringly over the dry and harsh skin. The patient took little note of his proceedings. A young woman, who had risen when he entered the room, obeyed his signal, and followed him to the upper hall-way, closing the door after her.

"Where is Mrs. Bell?" he asked.

"She is lying down," was the answer. "She asked me to waken her when you came; but, as she was up all last night, and is exhausted with watching, I judged it best to disobey her. She requires sleep."

"Who sits up with Rose—the boy told me that was her name—to-night?"

"I shall."

"Can I count on your obedience to instructions?"

"I think you can. Let me know what you desire to be done, and I will endeavor to do it."

"Remember that it is not a matter for the exercise of judgment on your part, unless where so instructed. What I order done, must be done."

"Rest satisfied, sir. I have no desire to relieve you of any responsibility by meddling with the case."

"Ha! that is very well put. You noticed the condition of the tongue when I examined it?"

"Yes. It was dry, brown as chocolate, cracked in one or two places, and dry and shining where it was cracked. Are the symptoms fatal, as Dr. Larremore said? Will the girl die?"

"That depends upon the success of the treatment I intend; and success depends very much, if not altogether, on the manner in which my directions are followed. Who can go at once to the apothecary's?"

"Rose's brother George is in from school. He can go."

"Very good. The directions as to time and dose will be on the bottle, but I wish to add something. There will be sixteen doses—sixteen dessert-spoonfuls—one to be given every hour. It is now half-past three; it will be four o'clock, or later, when you get the medicine. Begin as soon as it comes. The twelfth dose will be some time near three o'clock to-morrow morning. Examine the tongue at that time. If it be moist, changed in color, and all or part of the brown peeled off, showing a natural surface or nearly so where the parts are exposed, let the next dose be less, and so diminish it a few drops with each succeeding dose until I come. I will be back at or before seven o'clock in the morning. And remember to shake the bottle well each time just before pouring out the emulsion."

"Yes, sir."

"Do you remember all these directions?"

"Perfectly. The bottle to be well shaken before using; a dessert-spoonful for a dose, to be given every hour, beginning as soon as the medicine has been brought from the apothecary's; if, after the twelfth dose, or just previous to the thirteenth, the tongue be moist, or the brown peeled off entirely or partially, and the red showing naturally beneath, to diminish the succeeding doses a few drops each time—how few? ten?"—the doctor nodded—"each time giving ten drops less than the time before."

The physician's countenance expressed his satisfaction.

"Good," he said. "Now, observe—this is a crisis. If, after taking the twelve doses, the tongue remains as dry as ever, and the patient as dull, or either, let me be sent for at once."

"And the other medicine?"

"The wine-whey my predecessor ordered as before, with the addition of the brandy.—Where is the boy?"

"Down-stairs. Shall I call him?"

"Wait."

The physician went back to the chamber, wrote the prescription, looked at the patient, who maintained her half-comatose state, and went back to where the young woman stood.

"Here is the prescription," he said. "I wish to impress on you, and through you on the mother, that the turning-point of the disease is at hand. Everything depends on the action of the medicine I am about to exhibit. If it produce the effect sought for, all will be well. If not, we must resort to other means, with less hope. I think it will do good work."

"The moist tongue will be a favorable sign?"

"Yes; but sometimes the disease is obstinate. In that case I shall probably increase the dose when you send for me. Don't despair. Everything depends upon the regularity with which the dose is given. Remember that, young lady."

"Mary, if you please, sir."

"Mary?"

"Yes, sir; I'm the girl."

"The girl?"

"Yes, sir; I'm assisting Mrs. Bell."

"Oh!"

Dr. Adlerberg looked at the speaker, and noted for the first time that, though neat and clean, her dress was of a coarse print. It was made close to the throat, and the white-linen collar at the neck was fastened with an ordinary mother-of-pearl button. The light at the head of the stairs was rather dim, but there was enough to show that the girl's features were not coarse at all events, and that she had a profusion of hair done up in an old-fashioned roll at the back of the head. However, this made no difference to the doctor, whose mind was on the patient, and who had no time to think of anything else. The girl was evidently possessed of sufficient intelligence, and she had none of that nervousness and lack of repose which he dreaded in a nurse. Not being akin to the child, she could be more cool and self-possessed than the mother.

Nevertheless, as the doctor in going out of the house had turned to caution Mary again, he scanned her rather closely. He noticed that her features, though apparently not of that outline we are accustomed to consider high caste, were tolerably regular; that the girl had shapely hands, a fresh and clear complexion, a finely-moulded chin, and a graceful figure. The face struck him as a melancholy one. But what most attracted him was the peculiarity of eyes and hair. The eyes were apparently black, but, as the light struck them sideways, he discovered the pupil to be of that rare shade, a deep indigo-blue. If the color of the eyes were rare, that of the hair was still more unusual. In shadow it was a light flaxen with a leaden tinge; but where the light struck it it had a bright-golden tint. Somewhere at some time he had seen just such eyes and hair—but where?

He did not dwell on the question. He had no time. There were several patients to see, for he had an abundance of practice, though it was mainly of the kind more creditable than profitable. Eight years a graduate, he could not yet afford to keep his chaise, for he had a mother and sister to support. So it was just after dark when the tired physician let himself into his office, where he found the gas lighted, and two strangers awaiting his return. He soon dismissed these, and examined his slate. He found a message written on it, desiring him to visit that evening a Mr. Guy Brand, in Twenty-fourth Street. Tired as he was, there was no help for it, and, after snatching a hasty meal, he went toward Broadway, entered the first omnibus, and was soon at the corner of Twenty-fourth Street, where he got out, and proceeded to seek for this new patient.

He found the number readily enough, but, from the appearance of the house, made up his mind that he was to have one of the cases in which the approval of his conscience would be the main fee. It was a dilapidated building, with a grocery—in other words, a drinking-shop—on one side and a stable on the other; and, from the number and untidiness of the children who were enjoying the evening in their own way upon the sidewalk, it was tenanted by the poorest people. His inquiries, addressed to a middle-aged and exceedingly untidy woman, who, with pipe in mouth, leaned in the doorway, met with a prompt response.

"Is it owld Brand ye want? Sure he's sick, the owld skinflint—the divil's cure to him! Mebbe it's the doctor ye are?—Git out o' that, Katy, ye trollop, an' don't stand starin' there like a stuck pig!—It's on the top, there ye'll find him, sir—high up; more betoken he's fond o' high life, an' high rint, an' high owld divilmint ginerally, I'll be bound, av the truth wor known."

The doctor bowed his thanks, and made his way up the creaking staircase. "Sure he had a smile like sunrise," as the woman said afterward, with the imaginative expression of her race.

One, two, three, four landings, and there were no further stairs, but only a closed door. At this the physician knocked.

"Who's there?" inquired a thin, tremulous voice.

"It is I—Dr. Adlerberg."

"Come in, then; the door is unbolted."

The doctor entered. The chamber was not uncomfortable—rather neatly furnished, though no two things were of the same style. It looked as though the furniture had been bought piecemeal at the second-hand shops, and such was the case. Mr. Brand, who was a very old man, and apparently very ill and feeble, lay with his clothes on, upon a lounge. He motioned to a chair near him, and on which,

after drawing it close to his patient, the doctor seated himself.

"I have been unwell for a week, doctor," said the old man, "but I didn't think much of it until to-day, when I found my pains and aches rather serious. I have heard favorably of your skill, and I sent for you in preference to older men in your profession."

Dr. Adlerberg bowed his head in acknowledgment. The old man was apparently neither ignorant nor vulgar.

"And now, sir," resumed the patient, "as your time is supposed to be of value, and mine certainly is, let us to business."

Mr. Brand then detailed plainly and precisely his symptoms, anticipating all possible questions, thrust his wrist forward, and, when the pulse had been felt, thrust out his tongue.

The physician reflected, and then inquired the patient's age.

"Ninety-one in December, if I live so long—and I think I shall."

"You bear your age well, sir."

"Yes—I suppose so. But I am of a long-lived race, and have an iron constitution. What do you think of my case?"

"Have you not undergone some unpleasant excitement recently?"

"What business is that— But I suppose you ought to know. Yes, but it is all over, and will trouble me no more."

"In that case, I think I may venture to promise that, with care, and obedience to instructions, you will be around in a few days. Have you any one to send with a prescription?"

"I should think so. The tenants here don't love me, but they fear me. Any one in the house will go for it. You will find paper and pens on the table."

Dr. Adlerberg wrote a prescription, handed it to the patient, and gave directions as to diet, and the general management of the case. Then he arose to go.

"Stay," said the old man; "I want no bills. Here is your fee." And he handed him a folded bank-note, which the physician put, without examining it, in his pocket. "Come to-morrow, and every day so long as you think it necessary. 'Poor pay, poor preach,' they say—and poor pay, poor doctoring, *I* say. Good-night."

"Shall I send some one from below to take that to the apothecary's?"

"No, thank you. This bell-rope will bring a messenger."

The physician left, rather wondering at the manner of the old man, who he inferred was the owner of the house, and probably a miser. However, he had his dollar, with the prospect of several more, so he was satisfied.

He made his way to Broadway, and entered an omnibus. But he had no small change, and, after he was seated, bethought himself of Brand's dollar, which he drew from his vest-pocket, unfolded without looking at it, and handed to the driver.

"Oh, come, none of that!" growled the man of the whip, shoving the note back through the hole. "Who do you think's going to change ten dollars?"

Dr. Adlerberg took it back in astonishment; found it really was a ten-dollar bill, and then, diving in his pookets, made shift to find a smaller bit of currency, which the driver with some grumbling accepted.

Certainly here was a very good patient, if he would continue in the way he had begun. And the doctor thought a deal on this same liberal old man all the way down, and was still thinking of him when he reached his own home.

As for Mary, she had returned to the bedside of the sick child, where she was joined in the course of a few hours by both parents, the father having come home from a building whose erection he was superintending; and to these she communicated all that the doctor had said when he left.

Though Mary watched, the anxious mother still remained in the room, but toward morning, having been assured that all the favorable symptoms hoped for by the doctor had occurred, promised to diminish the dose according to instructions, and forced Mary to retire to her own chamber.

Promptly at seven the next morning, Dr. Adlerberg came, and found that his orders had been faithfully carried out, with good results. The crisis had passed favorably, and the patient was decidedly better. The physician delighted the parents by assuring them that with care and attention there was every reason to hope for a return of health to their child.

All the while the doctor's eyes wandered around the room.

"You had a nurse sitting with her last night," he at length said. "Your—your—a nurse, I believe?"

"Yes, though I remained here too."

"She has evidently followed my directions implicitly. She has done exceedingly well."

"She always does well, sir."

"I am glad to hear it. At first glance I was afraid she would not, for she has quite the air of a fine lady."

"She *is* a lady, sir."

The doctor laughed a little to himself at this reply, which was uttered in a sharp tone, as though Mrs. Bell rather resented his words.

"She certainly had the manners of one," he returned; "but that has nothing to do, after all, with the case in hand. If you will be kind enough to listen, I will give you minute instructions in regard to diet and general management during convalescence, and a caution to which you must pay the closest attention."

"Let me have that, if you please, sir," said a voice close at his elbow. Turning, he saw Mary, who had just come in, and to her he told precisely what to do, and when to do it; impressing on her that if the patient left the bed too soon the consequences might be fatal. He then left, but, before he went, noticed that the girl was dressed with more

pretension than before. She had on a gown of fine material, though plainly made, which fitted her admirably, and the color had been chosen, or had come by chance, to suit both style and complexion. In spite of a heaviness about the eyes, induced by lack of sleep, the young woman was a rather handsome person, with a distinguished look at variance with her station.

"Now," said he to himself, after he left the house, "I must think a little before I get to his den on the case of my liberal patient. He deserves to get well as speedily as possible."

But, in the midst of a close study of the symptoms of the nonagenarian, there would rise the vision of indigo-blue eyes, and hair that varied from a flaxen shade to golden; and the intrusive picture interfered sadly with medical logic.

CHAPTER II.

THE DOCTOR MAKES PROGRESS.

Dr. Adlerberg saw a great deal of his two new patients. The little girl recovered rapidly, but the doctor acquired the habit of dropping in frequently at the Bells' after his young patient had passed from a state of convalescence to that of robust health. Mr. Bell was passionately fond of draughts, and, though the doctor had never before discovered anything desirable in moving circular pieces of boxwood from square to square, the game had for him now a singular attraction. Once or twice a week he used to drop in after nightfall, and sit opposite to the builder, a small table covered with a draught-board between them. He did not make much progress to perfection in his play—Bell always beat him—but his perseverance was a marvel. It is possible he might have played better had he addressed his conversation less frequently to Mary during the progress of the game. Talking interfered, possibly, with the necessary abstraction. At length both his perseverance and his talk attracted the attention of the builder and his wife, who began to exchange significant glances.

The truth was, that this person, whose position was so undefinable, grew on him more and more. She continually improved in manner, and it seemed to him that she acquired additional refinement after every interval of absence. She became a delightful study. At one time he thought she might be a relative of Mr. Bell, but she was too refined for that.

As for the elder patient, his convalescence was rather slow. Men of advanced years do not so soon recover from an attack of illness. And then the old man had either taken a fancy to his physician or desired to make use of him. For he would often ask him, on his way down-town, to drop a letter for him, or send a message to his lawyer, with whom Adlerberg was well acquainted; and, as the doctor had no desire to disoblige a patient who paid so liberally and promptly, he always executed these commissions without demur. And so, between the rich man and the poor, there sprang up an intimacy which continued after the old man's health was restored, and the fees had ceased to drop into the physician's pocket.

In a different way the different patients conspired to build up the young man's practice. The Bells were never weary of sounding the praises of the skillful man who had brought their child from the verge of the grave, where she had been left by a more famous practitioner. And the Bells, though quite ordinary people, made their influence felt in a palpable way. But when a wealthy stock-broker called him in, and he was followed by a great property-holder, he soon discovered that he owed these accessions to his professional visiting-list to the queer and crabbed old man, as his tenants styled him, and he mingled grateful feelings with his natural exultation.

Dr. Adlerberg was a rising man in his profession—a fact soon known and appreciated. Older physicians meeting him bowed to him, or shook hands, while they discussed him among themselves; and younger physicians sneered at his skill, or hinted a lack of it, as often as circumstances allowed, without regarding the fact that such conduct was a gross violation of the code of medical ethics. But the young doctor, though he heard of these last attacks through some too-obliging friends, was wise enough to regard them as tributes to his success, and let his self-satisfaction overbalance the momentary annoyance. He only studied his cases the harder, and at every hour of leisure sought the hospitals, and observed the practice of his seniors, which, whether he agreed with it or not, furnished him with useful lessons. He had an aim in life, namely, success in his profession, and with that another aim was insensibly weaving itself. For the young physician began to discover that his curiosity and interest had led to a deeper and purer feeling, and that he had drifted into love with Mary in spite of her apparent position.

The knowledge cost him some pangs. He had much blue blood in his veins. His mother was of a good American family; but his father had been the cadet of a noble house in Germany, an exile for having dabbled in politics on the liberal side, and so having incurred the disfavor of the grand-duke, his master, at whose petty court he held an official position. When he came here he had the good sense to drop the *von* from his name, and to forget it as nearly as possible; but he never forgot that he had sixteen quarterings, and, though he married an American of less pure genealogy, never failed to assure his son at the *Geburtstag* festival that he was of right a count by title, as his elder brother was, and his father had been before him. And this constant iteration had its effect—an effect not weakened by the death of the elder Adlerberg, and the hard struggle of the son. The death of the senior was hastened by the self-sacrifices he had made to educate his son, and give him that learning which by the true German is reverenced next to pure blood, and far before money. The son knew this; and his pride was still more intensified by his mother, who, now that she

was a widow, magnified not only the virtues but the rank of her dead Otto.

Nevertheless, blood or no blood, he felt that he loved the fair maid whose social position seemed at least equivocal. And he was in some doubt whether she felt any inclination to return the feeling. For one in an apparently humble position, she was not only marvelously refined in manner, but she had the dignity of a duchess, and the *aplomb* of a woman of the world. He dared not for a long while inquire much about her directly from Mrs. Bell, for fear of committing himself prematurely; and to all insidious attempts to make the builder's wife communicative there was opposed a reticence which might either be the result of obtuseness or design. The doctor did what was the wisest under all the circumstances, being all he could well do—he merely drifted with the current of events.

Mary was more and more a puzzle to him. He could not conceive it possible that one who had been accustomed to labor for her subsistence should possess not only the manner and style of a gentlewoman, but should display in her language and mode of thought the culture of a lady. Certainly she could never have held a purely menial post, for that, whatever advantages Nature may have given to build on, affords no opportunities for culture. He was half inclined to think her a sort of princess in masquerade—the heroine of a modern fairy-tale—and would scarcely have been surprised had the Bells' modest house changed into a stately palace, and the ogre who held the fair lady in durance run away with a shriek of mortification and despair. In one of his conferences with Mrs. Bell he put the question fairly at last.

"Is Mary a connection of the family, Mrs. Bell?"

"Not the least."

"Merely living with you in the capacity of—that is, she is your servant?"

"We don't call her a servant, doctor."

Adlerberg was aware of the euphemism which disguises servitude under another name on this side of the Atlantic, except among well-educated people.

"She is—that is, she seems to be well—to be quite cultured."

There was a twinkle in Mrs. Bell's eyes as she answered:

"She has read a good deal, I think; but she don't do her work any the worse for that. She earns every cent she gets."

"Earns!" "gets!" Those words grated harshly on the ears of Adlerberg.

At this moment Mary herself entered, and held up her finger. She had on a calico-print dress tucked up before, a check apron, and her head bound up in a handkerchief out of character by its fineness with the rest of the costume. One of the fingers was bleeding.

"Those zinc-covered wash-boards," she said, "are a dangerous contrivance. Ours is broken, and I have torn my finger. Is there any danger of lock-jaw?"

The doctor took the wounded hand in his own. The fingers were moist from their recent immersion in suds, but could not have been long there, for they were neither shriveled at the tips nor had these lost the rosy color of the inside of a conch-shell. They were slender, tapering, and shapely, and by no means those of a person used to extreme manual labor. The doctor examined the wound.

"No danger unless you trouble it," he replied. "Make a strong solution of saleratus, if you have that pernicious stuff in the house; let the finger remain in it a few moments, and then bind it up with a soft rag. If it smarts, dress it with simple cerate. I am not sure whether it won't do quite as well to continue the washing—the suds containing sufficient alkali. It is lucky your knuckles were not abraded—joint-wounds do not heal so readily."

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed Mary, "then my hurt gives me no excuse for laziness. I hoped my wound would let me play the part of fine lady for a day or two. You'll never be a popular physician if your conscience won't let you exaggerate your patients' ailments. The wages of virtue is poverty."

And back went the girl to her wash-tub. The doctor, after a few more words with Mrs. Bell, returned to his office, where he found a summons from a new patient. The child of a real-estate dealer named Pell had been seized with an eruptive disease.

The physician found the family in a state of high excitement.

"I hope you'll put forth your greatest skill, doctor!" cried the alarmed mother. "Our family doctor is out of town; but Mr. Brand has spoken so highly of your ability that we sent for you. Do you think he is getting the small-pox?"

Dr. Adlerberg, who understood what "he" was meant, examined the child before him, and smiled.

"I rather think the measles, but it is impossible to determine yet. There is nothing alarming in the case, and very little treatment is called for. He wants fresh air in the room night and day, but no exposure to draught; very light food, and a very little laxative medicine. I will pronounce on the disease as it develops itself. Good nursing and strict attention to my orders will set all right."

He wrote a simple prescription, listened attentively to the mother until she had recounted all the ailments and aches of the family for the year previous, said little beyond monosyllables, and bowed himself out. He left behind the impression that he was a most entertaining and agreeable talker, as good listeners invariably do.

"So, another promising opening through old Brand!" he said to himself. "I have not seen that singular old Crœsus for a week. I'll drop in on him and study him a little."

He found the old man in his den far up in the tenement-house, and busy with papers.

"You are at work," said Adlerberg, "and so I'll go away. I merely dropped in with no particular purpose."

"Stay, if you have time," said Brand. "I have nothing in hand that can't lie over for an hour or two. Where have you been recently?"

"Just now at the house of a patient whose case I owe to you—a Mr. Pell."

"Ah! Orestes Ajax Pell! What an infernal fool his father must have been to christen him so! What is the matter with him?"

"Nothing; it is his youngest child."

"Well, get the good graces of his wife, and you'll find her a capital hand for electioneering. She helped to build up Dr. Burling's practice materially. I wonder why she has left him?"

"He is out of town."

"Oh! that's it, eh? Still, it gives you a foothold. But you have one disadvantage in regard to practice among women and children. You are single!"

"Marriage does not improve one's skill."

"No; but it does one's practice. Get a wife, man—get a wife of your own. That is the second sign of a doctor's rising reputation, as a phaeton is the third."

"My practice is beginning to justify the carriage, but isn't enough for the wife."

"Let the wife furnish the means."

"Thank you, Mr. Brand. Money would be no dreadful incumbrance with a wife; but I think that a man who marries merely for money takes the worst step he can."

"On general principles that is true enough; but I suppose you have been falling in love with some one who is poor."

The doctor colored.

"I thought as much. I hope you won't let passion blind you. A man can make or mar his future by marriage. The things requisite in a professional man's wife are style, a capacity to advance with his fortunes, and, if her husband be young, the qualities of living on a little more than air, and being her own milliner and mantua-maker."

"I certainly can't afford to marry," returned the doctor. "I have a mother and sister to maintain. My first duty is to them. Then, I have no time for society, and am not likely to meet a suitable person."

"Some of your patients' families, now you are getting into a wealthier set—"

"You can't mean that!" interrupted Adlerberg, with a flash of indignation. "I certainly can take no such advantage of professional opportunities."

"Very chivalrous and all that, but certainly not very profitable," sneered the old man. "Seriously, however, you are right in not marrying for money. If the woman brings all the cash to the matrimonial partnership, she expects to be the senior member of the firm. The husband should be the bread-winner, not the wife. But money is not a matrimonial disqualification. A woman is not the worse for it."

"No; but riches are not everything in a wife."

"Perhaps you have an ideal, or are in love with some pretty and winning girl without a dollar. All right. Earn money, then, and get her. A good wife might help you to rise in your profession, and would wait contentedly until you had the means to surround her with luxuries—unless she were some blue-blooded damsel, poor and proud, accustomed to fine dresses and gay society as the means to win a husband. In that case you had better wait. But I tell you frankly that, were I in your place, I would, rather than take one of that kind, go lower, and—provided she had somewhat the manners and feelings of a woman of culture—marry one not much above a house-maid—that is, if such persons ever do have the manners of women of culture."

The doctor colored, and, by a furtive glance at his interlocutor, fancied he saw a significant expression on the countenance of the latter.

"Confound the old fellow!" he said to himself. "Does he know all?"

But the "old fellow" either knew nothing or was determined not to expose his knowledge, for his countenance resumed its ordinary expression. The doctor smiled in an embarrassed way. He was annoyed also, but he could not afford to offend his eccentric patient.

Brand, by way of changing the subject of conversation, rose, unlocked the door of an old-fashioned cabinet, that, from its quaint shape, looked as though it might have come down from colonial days. From this he brought out a dusty black bottle with a green seal, a corkscrew, and a pair of slender-stemmed wineglasses, with bowls almost as thin as soap-bubbles. He dusted the bottle carefully as though he loved it.

"I don't often give my confidence to any one," he said, "and I rarely share this wine, which is of a vintage almost extinct, with another. On this occasion I intend to do both."

He uncorked the bottle and poured out the wine.

"The grape has failed on the island for years," he continued, "and there is little of the wine left. I had this bottled under my own eyes in 1834. I venture to say that the contents of this bottle, like all others I have drunk, are as sound as when they were put in glass. There—try it, and see if you know it."

The doctor sipped the wine.

"Madeira, is it not?"

"Right. The best wine ever made; but not for people of to-day, who have no heads and no discretion."

"I know the wine," said Adlerberg, "but not from much drinking. I was bred on the German wines, and still use them—when I drink, which is rarely. In our profession we are obliged to restrict ourselves. A glass too much, though it might not positively intoxicate, might cloud the brain at a moment when we needed it most."

"Much depends on the man," rejoined Brand. "You know my age. I have drunk this wine all my life—at least, since I was twenty—and, if success in everything I undertook be any test, it clears the brain, not clouds it."

"It suits your constitution, then," said the doctor, "but it would not suit mine."

"All the better for my slender stock. I shall not have to open another bottle to-night." And the old man chuckled grimly. "But to change the subject. I am going to ask your advice."

"Professionally, of course?"

"No—I feel well enough in body; this is a personal matter outside of medicine."

"Then you'll take my advice if it agree with your views, not otherwise; and if you take it, and things go wrong, lay the blame on me."

"I generally have my own way, if my mind be made up; but in this case I am in doubt. As to blame, when the consequences come, I shall be past caring for them."

"I will listen, Mr. Brand, and, if I can, will advise; but, if it be a mere matter of money-making, I am not a competent adviser."

"If it were that, I should seek no counsel. This is not about getting, but getting rid of money. You think I have no relatives living."

"Excuse me, but there you are wrong. I have never thought on the matter at all. It was literally none of my business; and where I have no business I have no curiosity. Not but that I take an interest in you, Mr. Brand—partly because you have been a good patient, and partly because we have got to personal intimacy, and, so far as I am concerned, I may say friendship. But I never asked for your personal history, or the nature of your connections."

"You are likely to get what you didn't ask for. I have a granddaughter, and, so far as I know, my only living relative. I have offered to recognize her as my heiress, and maintain her as becomes the wealth she is to inherit; but she refuses to live with me, or even at my expense. Her name is Angela, but, so far as forgiveness is concerned, there don't seem to be much of the angel about her."

"Well?" suggested the doctor, after a pause.

"I must leave my money somewhere—I can't carry it with me. My kin have the first claim. But, when I am repulsed during life by this young lady and told that she would rather starve than take help from me, would she take it from me after death? Had I not better will all to some great public end, some needed institution to benefit the world, and let this girl have the independent, self-sustaining life she seems to prefer?"

"She is of your blood, after all."

"But she has refused all aid from me, scarcely speaks to me when we meet—avoids me—hates me." The old man's voice quivered with emotion. "Yes, she hates me. I am a very lonely old man. I am rich in houses, lands, stocks, gold—my wealth grows like the palace in an Eastern fairy-tale; but I am poorer in one thing than the most wretched tenant in this miserable old house. People call me 'Old Brand, the miser;' I've overheard them—they think I am an avaricious being, living only to hoard and scrape and increase an income that I never spend. Well, I do accumulate money—what else have I to do? You know I am not penurious. The tenants in this house, and in all my other houses, have lower rents than in any buildings like them in town, though they are not half as friendly to me as they would be if I screwed the life out of them. I would lavish money on that girl—I would surround her with every luxury that money could command; she looks like her dead mother—but she repulses me. She is supported by me now, though she doesn't know it. If she did— But no matter! The question is, Shall I leave her something or nothing—much or little?"

"I am still in the dark, Mr. Brand. I can account for dislike through whim or fancied slight; but I see no cause for the hatred which makes this perverse young lady refuse ease, luxury, and a prospective brilliant future."

"Let me tell you some more: I married when I was long past middle age, and a woman twenty-five years younger than myself. She never loved me—I never expected her to. I did not look for a passion on the part of May for December. I know she took me for my money, as I took her for her youth, beauty, and family. But she made me a good wife for five years, and then died. We had one daughter—an old man's darling. I brought her up with every tenderness and indulgence. There never was a child more petted—a girl whose every caprice was more quickly gratified. I thought to see her mated to some man worthy of her. I kept open house then. She was a beauty, and an heiress in prospect. She had hosts of suitors, and there was not one of them—for I was careful to look into their characters and antecedents before I welcomed them—whom I would not have given her to if she had chosen him. I did not care if they were rich or poor—I had money enough to cure poverty or add to riches. I did not care even whence they sprang, though the Brands a century since were connected with the best blood in Sweden, for birth is folly here. But this girl, so petted, so idolized, perversely, and without waiting even for me to refuse my consent to the match, ran away with a man of low habits and base instincts, whose merits lay in a handsome face and figure, and whose purpose was my money-bags. But I fooled him there—I fooled him there."

Dr. Adlerberg felt it incumbent on him to say something when the old man paused in his narrative, and began to remark that it was a sad *mésalliance*, but he was interrupted.

"Not that—no! The fellow had good blood in his veins. He was one of the few of Holland descent here who really have the right to the *van* before their names. He was a worthless branch of a sound family tree. He died by an accident after a drinking-bout, but not before, worn out with his ill-usage and neglect, she came to me with her child. I bade her go back to the home she had chosen before mine. Some friends helped her, I believe, and so she managed for a while to struggle on; but when her daughter was nearly grown, she sent for me in her own sickness and distress. I would not go. I did not forgive her—I never forgave her. When she was dying she sent for me, and I did not go then. Why should I? It was impossible to pardon her—why make her death-bed more miserable by telling her so? When she was dead I offered to take the

granddaughter home, but she told me she would starve rather than owe anything to me. She is of my blood most—she shows it—she does not forgive easily; and it is that very spirit that makes her dearer."

"Good Heavens, man!" cried Adlerberg, "could you live for years near your only daughter, and know that she suffered, while you had plenty?"

"Why not? She was not my daughter—she was another man's widow. She had abandoned me, and for *him!* I would not have mated the daughter of my lackey with such a man. She wounded me beyond recovery. Some men lose no daughter when they gain a son. I had lost a daughter, and gained no son. Look at me. Lone, friendless, and miserable, and all her work. Unprovoked, for she had given me no chance to withhold consent; ungrateful, for I would have tried to give her the sun if she had asked for it—I could not forgive her. Her daughter said she would starve rather than have my aid—takes it only because she thinks it comes from another quarter. Shall I make her my heiress?"

"She is your sole descendant."

"Then you advise me to leave my fortune to her?"

"No—I advise nothing."

"You *have* advised me, nevertheless. Let us finish the wine. Come, it will not hurt you. Twenty-eight years in glass, and thirty from the wine-press, and not a taint in it. It is as sound as ever, its bouquet as perfect, its body unimpaired. You look on me, I dare say, as a hard-hearted monster, that bottled his anger so many years, and kept it strong to the last. Ah! well, young man, do you get married, and have a daughter, and make her your idol, and have that idol broken, and then—well, you have my secret: as a medical man you have many such. Keep it."

CHAPTER III.

MARY DISAPPEARS.

It was three weeks after Brand had given a portion of his family history to his physician, when the latter received a letter with a German post-mark, addressed to "Herr Graf Otto von Adlerberg, Med. Doct., United States Amerika, New-York." As his father, who had borne the same Christian name, had been dead several years, the fact being well known on the other side of the ocean—in truth, the family being *Erlaucht*, their births and deaths were recorded in the *Almanach von Gotha*—he knew, even had the medical title been omitted, that the letter, with its mixed German and English superscription, was meant for him. As the envelope had a broad black border, he inferred there had been a death in the family. Between the two brothers, the reigning count and the emigrant cadet, there had been little correspondence; between the uncle and nephew, none. He felt, therefore, little interest in the missive, which he thrust mechanically into his breast-pocket, and then set out on his professional rounds. It was near noon when he returned, and after he had refreshed himself with a slight luncheon he remembered the letter, and, drawing it from his pocket, handed it to his mother, saying:

"There is probably a family letter from abroad. You read German pretty well. I haven't opened it. I suppose it is from Uncle Ernest, and tells all about the death of some forty-second cousin whom we never saw, and would never care to see again if we had—some *gnädiger Herr* This, or *gnädige Frau* That. Take the cream of it, please, between you and Agnes. I'll be quite content with the skimmings."

The mother opened it, and, after reading a few lines, exclaimed:

"All dead! How singular! how strange!"

"Who is dead, mother?" inquired the doctor, carelessly, as he applied a light to his cigar.

"Your uncle, and your cousin, and your cousin's child—all killed by the overturning of a coach on a mountain-road—two killed outright, and your uncle only surviving the accident a week. It is from a lawyer, apparently. You had better read it."

Adlerberg took the letter and read it with astonishment. It was as his mother said, and, as the heir, he was required to come over and take possession of the title and estates. Estates! The doctor felt a grim amusement at the word. There were estates enough, it is true. There was Adlerberg—the counts were *auf* as well as *von*—and there were seigniories in Wiesbaden, Starkenburg, and Upper Franconia, and a village in Swabia. But they were estates in name. Twice during thirty years the property had been put in commission through the extravagance of the holders, and the last count had only escaped this humiliation by living in the poorest way. The interest on the debts ate up everything, and the proud Count von Adlerberg fared less luxuriously than the tenants on his farms, for such the seigniories really were, though they represented what had once been feudal domination, and the right of life and death over vassals. To a young man rank and title were pleasant enough, but not without the means to support them. If he had only fifteen or twenty thousand dollars, the interest of that might eke out the meagre income. "In that case, indeed," he thought, "I might marry." He involuntarily uttered the last three words aloud.

"Why, Otto," said his mother, "I had no idea you were thinking of that!"

The doctor reddened.

"Most men think of it, at some time or other," he said.

"Shall we go to Germany soon?" inquired Agnes.

"Not soon, I fear. We cannot very well support the dignity, and the dignity will not support us."

"But how did your uncle live?" doubtingly questioned his mother.

"He can scarcely be said to have lived," re-

turned the doctor. "He merely existed. I learned as much from an American who traveled abroad, who saw the identity of our names, but never suspected our connection. I did not enlighten him on the matter."

"But who—who is she?" asked Agnes.

"She?"

"The lady you want to marry."

There was a twinkle of fun in the doctor's eyes as he replied:

"You have put the matter in its right shape. The lady *I* want to marry, for I am not quite sure that the lady wants to marry *me*."

"Well?"

Like most men the doctor began to put the thing in its worst aspect—men seem to love to exaggerate in such things—and so he spoke in a way that would have roused his indignation had any one else uttered the words.

"That noble and high-born lady, whose coat-of-arms—two sweeping-brushes *saltier-wise* on a field of *azure*, surmounted by a gridiron proper on a field *blanc*; crest, a frying-pan *couchant*, and consequently indigestion *rampant*—I propose to add to the many quarterings of Adlerberg, is at present, I presume, engaged in getting dinner ready for a worthy mechanic on the other side of the town."

"You don't seriously mean to say she is a—a house-maid?"

"Not exactly—merely first-cousin to one."

"Just as you have come to rank, and—"

"Oh, if you put it in that way, mother of mine, I shall fling back the old couplet:

> 'When Adam delved, and Eve span,
> Where was then the gentleman?'

It is the time to show that I am disinterested. She can't turn on me afterward and say that I married her for her blood or money. But wait, good people, till I know that I am to get her, count or no count."

"She will be only too glad!" exclaimed the sister.

"How the blue German streak crops out! I suppose I should insist on a morganatic union, first asking the grand-duke to create her *Baronin von Scheuerbürste*. But, if I am successful, you shall call on her, and if she do not impress you favorably, I am open to objections. Pray excuse me for a while. I must pay a visit to a friend with this news—not the lady, but Mr. Brand. It is several days since I had a chat with him, and now I'll give him something to talk about."

The doctor deposited his half-consumed cigar in the ash-cup, donned his hat, and sallied out, leaving the two ladies to talk over the marvelous change in their condition, varied by conjectures as to the features and manners of Otto's beloved—the last theme, though by no means so pleasant as the first, having a grim fascination that was irresistible. They knew from experience that it would be useless to cross Otto, and dangerous to make the family relation uncomfortable for the bride, since the doctor, dutiful son and affectionate brother though he was, had a strong will and a determined way when provoked to bring either to the surface.

It was not long before Adlerberg reached old Brand's quarters. He was entering the house, when he was confronted by one of the tenants.

"Sure they've locked the dure, an' tekken away the kay, doctor."

"Whose door?"

"Owld Brand's. More betoken he hasn't lived there for a week."

"Where has he removed to?"

"Moved, is it? Divil a move he'll move away more! Sure, didn't you know, doctor? That's quare, annyhow, but it's no doctor'd been of use to him, rest his sowl!"

"What is the matter with him?"

"Nothin' the matter now. He moved to his new house last week—an' the day before yisterday he kem back to git some of his traps, an' the crayter—may the heavens be his best feather-bed!—kem out in the dark, an' the banisters gev way, an' down he pitched, an' bruk his neck. God be good to us! An' he never stirred after he fell, an' they took him home, an' it's a gran' buryin' he's havin' to-day, they do say—an' wouldn't he groodge the ixpinse av he knowed it?"

A few more questions, and the doctor obtained the facts of the case. The old man had refitted and refurnished a house up-town, but retained his old den for the present, the last being convenient to the greater part of his tenement-property. Coming back one evening for some papers, he had locked his door, and attempted to go down-stairs. Feeling his way, he had leaned too heavily on the rickety baluster, and it had given way with his weight. An account of the inquest had been given by the morning papers, but the doctor had overlooked it.

Adlerberg was, of course, shocked. He regretted Brand's death, too; for the intimacy that had grown up between the doctor and his patient had taught the former some of the latter's good points. Besides, he was grateful for the patients Brand had sent him; and, though all that was over, it was not a thing to be forgotten. There was a mystery in their connection also. The old man was selfish, and seemed to care little for his kind, and was fond of money; yet he had gone out of his way to increase the doctor's practice, and had always paid not only liberal but extravagant fees. Thinking on this point, the doctor went off without making inquiry as to the location of Brand's up-town house, and philosophized a little on the fate of one who had passed by a score of years the extreme term usually allotted to vigorous old men without being injured by disease, and then met his death by an accident which might have happened to a child.

Moving along in a dreamy way, he jostled against Bell. The latter looked up angrily, and then smiled.

"In a brown study, doctor?"

"Yes; I was thinking of the sudden death of a friend."

"Mr. Brand?"

"Exactly. Do you know him?"

"I should think I ought to. He was one of my best customers. I did all his building, altering, and repairing, for him. Pretty close old fellow, but I got along with him very well. Liked me, too, as his remembering me in his will shows."

"So his will has been opened?"

"No; it will be to-morrow. But the lawyer told the executrix, and the executrix told me."

"Who is the executrix?"

"His granddaughter, Miss Van Ruyter."

"Ah, ha! Then he left the bulk of his fortune to her, I suppose, after all. Will she take it?"

"I should think she would. She is not likely to refuse over a million and a half."

"I don't know. From all Brand told me, I should think she had such a hatred of the old gentleman, or rather resentment, that she would refuse it."

"No danger.—By-the-by, he has remembered you, too."

"Left me something to buy a mourning-ring, I suppose?"

"He has left you enough to buy out a pretty good-sized jewelry-shop."

"Are you not mistaken?"

"No; Miss Van Ruyter says it is twenty-five thousand dollars."

The doctor smiled, and Bell, after a word or two more, went on his way.

The smile arose from the reflection that, if this news were true, the difficulty in his path had vanished. If so, and he had no reason to doubt it, there was a hope of living with some one dear to him in the old castle of Adlerberg. The amount was not large, but enough to eke out the income. Only, why had the old man left it to *him?*

That evening he called on the Bells. Mary did not make her appearance; but another girl, coarse, hard-featured, and by no means of fairy size—a female dragoon, in fact—admitted him. After playing draughts for a while, he took an opportunity, while the master of the house was absent for a moment in search of a fresh stock of tobacco—he smoked like a furnace, that master-builder—to inquire of Mrs. Bell about Mary.

"She does not live with us now."

"No?"

"She left us for a better place. But she is coming around to see us to-morrow evening—will you be here?"

"I may drop in, if I be in the neighborhood."

Mrs. Bell was not deceived by this pretense of indifference. She knew that nothing short of an earthquake would keep him away.

And so, next evening, he came.

Mary was there, too; but she was a different person. The house-maid had entirely disappeared. Not that she was much changed in her dress. It is true that she had on a black silk instead of the customary gingham, but it was devoid of ornament and sombre, relieved only by a lace collar, and that secured by a jet brooch. She had a sad look, as though something had happened to trouble her; but her eyes lightened when she saw Adlerberg. There was a difference in her manner—not much, but sufficient to mark the line between silk and muslin. She received him graciously. Her position seemed to have changed. Mr. and Mrs. Bell had always treated her with a deference incompatible with her position, but now they paid her the utmost respect and attention. She was evidently an honored guest. The doctor noticed and was struck with the fact.

Bell soon excused himself. He was obliged, he said, to go out "on society business." There was an association of master-builders who held a meeting that night. He was chairman of a committee, and was forced to go.

The women went on with their sewing and conversation, and in the latter the doctor participated sparingly. Mrs. Bell seemed all the while to be highly amused at something, but she kept the cause of her good spirits to herself, which reticence added to the doctor's embarrassment. His share in the talk subsided into monosyllables. He volunteered at last to hold a skein, or rather several skeins, of silk for Mary while she wound them off; and this was a relief to him.

At length it was time for the children to retire, and the mother went with them, leaving the doctor and Mary still engaged over the silk. The skein was of a snarly nature, and showed an obstinate disposition, so that the operation of winding was very tedious. The silk was crimson in color, which perhaps accounted for the heightened color on the faces of the two engaged in winding it.

Dr. Adlerberg broke the pause by an effort.

"You have left here, then?" he said.

Mary nodded an affirmative.

"Do you like your new place?"

"Very much."

The silk grew more knotty, and broke up the conversation. But the holder and winder persevered, and the silk was at last wound off. When this had been done, the doctor took Mary's hand, which trembled a good deal, and—

But we have no means of knowing all that occurred, only this much:

"What would your mother and sister say?"

"What can they?"

"But you are a gentleman of good family—your father prided himself on his blood."

"How do *you* know that?"

"And your mother's pride is even stronger."

"But you love me some?" returned the young man, as though taking up something previously uttered; "and why not answer me now?"

"Wait a few days, and then I will say 'yes' or 'no.'"

"Shall I see you here, or at—"

"You shall hear from me, Otto."

Just then they heard Mrs. Bell coming, and, when she entered, she found them at opposite ends of the room. She penetrated that very old manœuvre, and smiled in a way that brought the color to their cheeks.

The doctor lingered awhile, but, finding that

Mrs. Bell seemed to have no business elsewhere, finally left.

On his way home, when he recalled that she had called him by his Christian name for the first time, his impulse was to walk over the roofs of the houses. Then came a doubt which brought his steps to the street-level.

"Will she have me?"

It was a very important question to him. He felt himself bound up with her for life and death.

What would his mother and sister say to him, indeed! He had absolutely offered to make a young woman Countess von Adlerberg—though she knew nothing of the rank as yet—who had not only been in certainly an inferior, possibly a servile, position, but, as he began to reflect, had no surname, even to him. He had, singularly enough, never asked that, nor happened to hear it. He had not proposed to a Miss Something or other, but to a Mary.

But what a name Mary was! It fell so musically from the tongue! Had it been Griskiniska, it would have been the same. What were Verdi's melodies—what Beethoven's *sonatas* to that? Songs without words, indeed! Here was the song of songs in a single word—the canticle sung by youthful hearts from the beginning.

CHAPTER IV.

MISS VAN RUYTER.

A WEEK after his last interview with Mary, Dr. Adlerberg received a letter, the superscription of which was in a neat, feminine hand, and, opening it eagerly, discovered it came from an unexpected quarter. It was merely a request that he would make a professional visit to Miss Angela M. Van Ruyter, whose residence was given. As part of his preparations for going abroad, he had taken down his physician's sign and dismissed his patients; but on glancing on the second page he saw by a postscript that the lady proposed, in her capacity of executrix, to give him a check for the amount left him by Mr. Brand, and then he remembered that this was the name of his old friend's granddaughter. Of course, he would go at the hour fixed, which was during the afternoon.

He told his mother of this intended visit, and explained to her its nature.

"She inherits something from her grandfather, then?" asked Mrs. Adlerberg.

"Bell says, and he seems to know, that she has got the bulk of the fortune—very much over a million, he rates it. But a man's wealth is usually exaggerated."

"Is she handsome, I wonder?" inquired Agnes.

"Brand thought so, though rather independent and self-willed. However, all that is nothing to me: I shall take the check as a matter of course, but the patient must seek another physician."

"Ah!" said the mother, "there is a chance for a wife worth having."

The doctor laughed, and rejoined:

"I wish the young lady a good husband, but I rather think it will not be I."

"She would make a better Countess von Adlerberg than a house-maid—a fetcher of dishes."

"Come, come, mother, be just. The young lady you speak of you have never seen. She occupied no merely menial position, but was treated as one of the family where she lived—is treated by them to-day with the utmost deference and respect."

"But what is *her* family? By-the-by, Otto, you have never told us her name."

"Oh, bother the name! I beg your pardon, mother; I did not mean to be disrespectful—"

"But you were," responded the mother, severely.

"I am ashamed of myself. Forgive me; but you will not think unkindly of Mary when you know her—if you ever do," he added, sadly, for he had some forebodings.

"Well, I will suspend judgment until I see this paragon! But I hope, nevertheless, that this Miss Van Ruyter may capture you."

"I am sorely afraid your hope will not be realized," said the son, recovering his temper; "maidens with a million or more in their own right are not to be taken by a *coup-de-main*."

"She was evidently a good daughter," persisted his mother.

"I don't doubt it. I am willing to accord her all the virtues except one—that of being fairest in my eyes. But I must go. I have a call or two to make on my way."

And the doctor got out in haste, fearing a renewed demand for a name he could not give, and feeling annoyed at having received no word from Mary.

At three o'clock precisely, for he had the merit of punctuality, Dr. Adlerberg rang at the door of a rather pretentious house in one of the cross-streets, at the number given in the note, and still further verified by the name of Brand engraved on the door-plate. He had evidently been expected, for, on giving his name, the servant showed him into the handsomely-furnished drawing-room, and departed, apparently to inform his mistress.

The doctor looked around him. The apartment was furnished in luxurious good taste. Certainly old Brand had determined that the housing of his heiress should be all that was desirable. The furniture was massive, but on lines that were consonant with grace, and had evidently been constructed from original designs; even the hangings on the wall were of an arabesque pattern entirely new. The cushioned arm-chair in which the doctor sank was the perfection of easiness. But he had little time to scan his surroundings, for a girl, who was looping the curtains of the windows, turned around, and he sprang to his feet as he recognized Mary.

"You have not kept your promise," he said, after their greeting was over. "You were to have given me my answer soon, and this is over a week."

"Seven days only—are they not few?"

"Not when a man hungers."

She smiled.

"When you go to your patients' houses do you usually make love to the servant-maids?"

"It seems I did so once. You have a place here, then?"

"Yes—a very good place, Otto," she answered, softly, giving him her hand, which she suffered him to retain.

Foolish fellow! He wasn't satisfied with that. He drew her gently toward him, her head fell upon his shoulder, and—well, you know the situation, reader.

The first feeling of rapture over, the doctor said:

"I have quit practising physic, as I must tell Miss Van Ruyter when I see her. But she has other business with me."

"Won't you attend to her, then?"

"It will be impossible."

"That is unfortunate, for she has great confidence in your professional skill."

"Is she a confirmed invalid?"

"Ah! *you're* to judge of *that*. She is not confined to her room, but I think is suffering under an affection of the heart."

"Indeed! Why does she not come down?"

"Are you so anxious, then, to get rid of me?"

"You know not," was the reply, confirmed by one of those tokens which young men have given and young maidens received under like circumstances from time immemorial. "But you see, Mary, I wish to tell her at once that I—"

"Mary! Upon my word, sir, you seem to forget that I have another name; but I don't believe you ever inquired that."

"No—I—"

"King Cophetua loved a beggar-maid; and my king—but I have a name, I assure you."

"Which is—?"

"Oh, now you are suddenly curious; but I take my surname from my father. Allow me to introduce you to the young lady whose troublesome affection of the heart you will not alleviate—Miss Angela Mary Van Ruyter."

"Miss Van Ruyter—you?"

"The mistress of this mansion, and your patient—if you will be so kind."

And she dropped him a mock courtesy.

Astonishment is a good word, but does not express entirely the doctor's feelings; for, though the reader has been in the secret for some time, Adlerberg was not.

"And so you were no servant-girl of the Bells at all—only masquerading? I half suspected it several times."

"I never said I was a servant, though, practically, I was at times as much a maid-of-all-work as ever handled a broom, or brandished that deadly instrument I have so often heard you denounce as the father of dyspepsia—a frying-pan."

"Of course, I believe all you say; but—"

"Which means you are in doubt whether to quite believe me or not. Credence with a 'but!'"

"No, on my honor, darling. But the whole thing is a mystery."

"Easy to solve; but it involves a bit of family history."

"I have my news in return; but I am content to take your word, without explanation."

"But I must tell you, Otto. It is proper that you should know everything. Now, please don't! Some one might inadvertently drop in. Sit there, right opposite to me—do; and dispose yourself to listen."

He obeyed her; but he took possession of one of her hands, and studied the play of her features, as she proceeded to tell him much that he knew, but which was pleasant to hear again from her, and much that he did not. After coming down to the date of her mother's sickness, she said:

"You attended my mother then. It was where I, a young and shy girl, first saw you."

"Ah!" he exclaimed, "that was why your face always seemed so familiar to me."

"You never studied it, Otto, so closely as I did yours. Your unwearying kindness and attention to my poor mother, the sympathizing tone of your voice, your manner, as respectful as though you were attending the wealthiest of the land—and yet you must have known you could expect no fee in that scene of poverty—all these made an impression on me that was never effaced. I will tell you now what I would never before have told you—never could have acknowledged until now—that your face and figure never left my memory from those days to these."

There was an interruption here, very silly, too, on the doctor's part; but what would you have? Consider that these young people are engaged.

"Then it was to you I owe being sent for by the Bells?"

Mary blushed as she replied:

"Why, yes; I knew your skill. Dr. Mott said that if human art could have availed in my mother's case she would have been saved; so I—well, Otto, I will be frank with you now, I longed to see you again."

"But how did you come to be with the Bells?"

"Mrs. Bell had been my nurse long before she married. Mother was doing tolerably well at the time, and had an interest in a millinery-shop—think of whom you propose to marry with, a house-maid and a milliner's daughter! When mother died, grandfather made overtures to me, and promised if I would come to him he would make me his heiress. Was I wrong in refusing him? Could I help it? He had suffered my mother to live and die in want. I would rather have died than have gone to him. I went to Mrs. Bell, who offered me a home. I consented, provided she let me assist her about the house, in which work I had had practice enough during my mother's sickness. I had no wages, but was always furnished with what I wanted, even to pocket-money. I might have known, had I reflected, that my expensive luxuries there sprang from another source, but I really did not. Now I know it all came from grandfather, who had an understanding

with Mr. Bell, who worked for him as a builder. And that was why—your attention to my mother, I mean—he always gave you such fees, and has left you something in his will.—By-the-by, I have the check ready."

"Keep it for a while, please; I have no need of it at the moment."

"That wouldn't be business-like. But, when this fortune fell to me, do you know what I first thought of?"

"That you would be foolish enough to reject it."

"No, indeed. It would have been mine by right of blood, had there been no will. I accepted it without scruple."

"But what did you think, when you got notice of the inheritance?"

"Bend your head down—don't look at me. That I—could—make—you—rich!"

"My darling," said Adlerberg, "it was a kindly intention; but I have something to give in return—something more than my heart, which you have already."

And then he told her of his recent accession to rank and title.

As the doctor had hoped, his mother and sister took kindly to Mary—for he never gave her her first name of Angela—and this kindly feeling of theirs was not diminished when they discovered her identity with Miss Van Ruyter. They have all been in Europe now for a number of years, and from a recent edition of the *Almanach von Gotha* I infer that the line of Adlerberg is not likely to become extinct for want of heirs male.

LOVE'S BURDEN.

HOW beautiful, ah me, how beautiful!
All the warm glow of gold, sun-shadowed hair—
All the sweet, nameless, soul-subduing spell,
Whereof the sentient presence is Love's prayer,
Calling on immortality to bear
The benison of bliss incomparable—
How beautiful, ah me, how beautiful!

How bountiful, ah me, how bountiful!
Glances that give remembrance wine of song—
Vintage pressed ruddy from the grapes of love;
Touches that give the soul wings swift and strong,
Force to encounter life's embattled wrong,
Tones that attune to joys or griefs that move—
How bountiful, ah me, how bountiful!

How wonderful, ah me, how wonderful!
Eyes that beget glad service ere she speak,
Hands that make sacred common things of earth,
Mouth whereby gladdest melodies seem weak,
Whose fragrance blossoms, vying, vainly seek,
Presence that bids new rapture into birth—
How wonderful, ah me, how wonderful!

How pitiful, ah me, how pitiful!
Henceforth to me all beauty is but ill,
No grace or wonder can the dull earth give;
Its fragrance is as pestilence to kill,
Its melody for evermore made still,
Save it can call my dead again to live—
How pitiful, ah, Christ, how pitiful!

"THE LAND O' THE LEAL."

IT is a favorite remark with people who dwell much on the history of their own time that this is an age of change; and, certainly, the small but famous "Land o' the Mist" presents to-day social features the antitheses of which we need not go back one hundred years to discover. To the Scottish people of a year so distant as 1776 the period must have seemed remote when the scenes which were afterward depicted in the "Fair Maid of Perth," or even "Waverley," could have had their counterpart; when the half-nude Highlander of Central Caledonia used to sweep down like a whirlwind from his own bleak patrimony to satisfy his hunger on the fat beeves of the Lowland Sassenach, who would rather see a host of Northumbrian moss-troopers under a Percy, or a cloud of Yorkshire crossbow-men under a Longchamp, ravaging his lands, than hear of one disorderly clan of those terrible Scythians, with broadsword and fillibeg, crossing the northern upland; when the Frenchman was the natural ally of the Scottishman, and when a thousand Quentin Durwards formed the trusty body-guard of the descendant of Charlemagne. Many coats have been worn out since then, but perhaps the most notable if not the most gratifying change of all is that which has been going on during the last two or three decades.

The union of England and Scotland has been fraught with blessings to both countries. Not the least of these is the fact that "English" and "Scotch" are now almost synonymous terms. In England, and especially in London, a great proportion of the civil-service offices, of manufacturing and business interests, and of military and diplomatic semi-sinecures, are in the hands of pushing Scotchmen, who wear their honors as naturally as if the architects of Westminster Abbey and the Tower had been native-born denizens of Union Street, Aberdeen, and as if they felt conscious that the pedagogue king had saved London from stagnation and oblivion by colonizing it with ruby-locked, needy sons o' the Mist. And, in Edinburgh, many of the great physicians and lawyers, in Glasgow many of

the purse-proud but public-spirited merchant-princes, drop their *h's* with such painful frequency that one cannot help thinking them delightfully innocent of the knowledge that one day, on a certain field, their ancestors, with the long-bows and Lincoln green, did to death the Scottish king, and all but annihilated the Scottish nobility—that disastrous day when the "flowers o' the forest were a' wede awa'." The two peoples are so inextricably blent together by the ties of marriage and kindred, of common interests, and of common sentiments of loyalty and honor, that, if Edward Longshanks were to arise stern and menacing from his grave to complete the work of quelling his "rebellious vassals," he must certainly retire in bewilderment and disgust.

But, with these satisfactory results of a union which was effected by treachery and meanness, the Scotchman has lost his *identity*, or is fast losing it; and it is as a Scotchman at home, as a social subject, that we now wish to study him.

There is something essentially aggressive, and absorbent, too, about the English people, and it is an unconscious something which, like the "demon" of Goethe, influences for good or evil all with which it comes in contact. If they are "brutal, stupid, and sullenly brave," they have, nevertheless, the power—let etiologists or psychologists determine its nature—of metamorphosing a people with whom they may have immediate and protracted intercourse. The only people with whom they ever have had such intercourse is the Scotch; and the latter, having been drinking the Circean cup of their influence for the last century and a half, are rapidly being transformed, like the companions of Ulysses, not, indeed, into swine, but most assuredly into John Bulls of a peculiar but still very decided cast.

A change is going on in the *educational* methods of the Scotch. They have been long and justly famed for their general intelligence, and for the parochial system which scattered excellent schools broadcast over the country, on the bleak moorland as well as in the crowded town. Poor, indeed, must have been that father who could not pay three shillings a quarter to educate his child; and very un-Scotch, indeed, must have been that mother who would not have worked her fingers off sooner than her child should not read, and write, and count well, and be able to say in what zone Calcutta is; and ultra-progressive, and thoroughly disliked by his own sort, would be that farmer or doctor who did not send his son for his "rudiments" to the same country-school with his servant's, to race with him in "practice" and "square root," and to tussle crazily with him over a shinty-ball on their laggard way home. Though the emoluments accruing to a teacher were small, and most of the scholars were the children of peasants, ploughmen, and artisans, who aimed at nothing further than the ordinary branches of an English education, the teachers were, in many instances, university men, who had gone, or were going, through a full curriculum of the arts and sciences, and therefore could teach Latin and Greek, French and mathematics. The result of this cheap and efficient education was, that the sons of many poor and humble people pulled their way up to honorable positions in life, either at home or abroad; and, no matter how remote the district, the sort of boorish ignorance and half-aliveness which prevailed—and still prevails—in some English Saharas was unknown. As regards the teacher himself, he was enabled, by the help of his salary and fees, to work his way up through the expenses of a university, all the more if he had obtained a bursary there. He taught the school during the summer, and filled it with a substitute during the five months which he passed at college. And if, aiming at the pulpit, he had finished his academical curriculum, and had become a divinity student, it was a still easier matter to hold a parish-school, for the Church permitted him to attend six partial sessions in lieu of four full ones. In him, therefore, besides the clergyman, the rudest country parishes had a man of literary tastes, and the clergyman a companion of education equal to, and ideas fresher than, his own; but, better than all, he was a man in whom the son of the poorest peasant, at the most trifling cost to his parents, found one who could prepare him to enter a university. Thus a "liberal education" was brought to the door of the humblest cottage, and Scotland could boast of having, in proportion to her population, four times as many of her sons who had received a university education as England, and *no* comparison could be instituted between the *general* intelligence of the two countries. And yet the accommodation provided by law for teachers in those days was very inadequate. The "heritors" of Scotland, or the landed proprietors, in most instances grudged the schoolmaster anything beyond his legal pittance. To them, indeed, the country owed little gratitude. They grew rich by the spoils of the Church; starved the teachers; and opposed, with dogged determination, every reform in Church or state—meriting the description given of them by a St. Andrews professor to his students: "Gentlemen," he said, "there are just two things in Nature that never change. These are the fixed stars and our Scotch lairds."

New schemes of education have changed all this. The schoolmaster is abroad now—the schoolmaster *in propria persona* — the "certificated," square-and-ruled production of normal schools and training-mills, who insists that "method, method, method," is to the unfolding of the young idea what Demosthenes held "action, action, action," to be to the making of an orator. Many agencies have been at work in his creation, but, as we are not writing the history of the period, we can only glance at the salient points in a panorama of facts too numerous and confusing to grasp in their entirety.

For one thing, the disruption of 1843 conduced materially to alter the national conformation. The Church of Scotland, at least, has never recovered from the dire shock of that upheaval in her ranks. In the North Country, at the present day, the free churches are full on the coldest Sunday, while the worthy parish minister has to take his shivering pre-

centor and congregation into his cozy parlor, and even there they will not occupy all the chairs. There is no doubt that the seceders—who at first, as is the manner of reformers, displayed rather leveling and ruthless tendencies—frightened away many of the better sort from Presbyterianism altogether, and widened the distance between the gentry and the mass of the people. The numerous class of servant-girls, and with them, of course, farm-laborers, went over to the new body *en masse*, taken with the novelty of the thing; and their "moderate" or old-Kirk employers had the satisfaction of knowing that their menials—who were allowed to consider the question at issue to be one which affected their eternal destinies—believed in their hearts that they were on the road to perdition, and were proper objects for their commiseration and prayers. The people were disintegrated: thousands joined the new Church; hundreds of the gentry, disgusted with the *mêlée*, joined the Episcopacy; a feeling of religious caste strongly developed itself; divinity-students, who regarded a good congregation as more desirable than even a good living, became disheartened and were lost to the ministry; the schools were affected — and, in short, the whole country was revolutionized. And only three years ago the conservative Church of Scotland, too, abolished patronage, and the whole texture of the student-communities was, therefore, changed. Now, we presume that no man to-day (unless, indeed, he were seeking office!) would defend church patronage. But, as even the Corsair had "one virtue linked to his thousand crimes," the system of patronage had one redeeming feature. Through it, boorish cubs were licked into shape, and vulgarly-bred lads acquired the manners of a gentleman, for most of those who had the ministry in view could obtain the favor of a patron in no other way than by becoming tutors in gentlemen's and noblemen's families after the completion of their course. In this capacity—entering the houses of landed gentlemen, associating there with people of cultivated habits—they, however humble their origin, acquired those courtesies and graces of manner and bearing which were more the characteristics of the jolly Scottish clergymen of thirty years ago than they are of their successors. It would be quite a mistake to suppose that the pulpit has kept pace with the advance of the people in other respects. There are notable exceptions, but the Scottish parish minister of to-day is only a preacher—not the second gentleman in the county, and the local fountain-head of literary and antiquarian lore. The manly traits and strong, universal sympathies which so preëminently distinguished the late Norman McLeod are by no means so common in the Scotch Church as they were even twenty years ago, whatever its ministers may have gained in evangelical breadth and activity. The gentry have now stepped across the Tweed, or sent their sons and daughters across—which of them does not boast a dingy house within bugle-call of St. James's? The average Scottish clergyman's salary has not advanced with the increased cost of living, and is not equal to that of a French cook in one of the Edinburgh hotels; the inadequacy of the means of creditably supporting themselves and their uniformly large families, of which most ministers have to complain, is draining away talent from the pulpit; and the young men who nowadays aspire to the ministry go through the course in the shortest possible time—six years—and pass their vacations in mission-work, or in their fathers' workshops or barns. Family tutorships are all but extinct in Scotland; the numerous subdivisions of society which have become so clearly defined during the last thirty years demand permanent and special teachers, who may go to college if they choose, but who must, though they were Porsons in scholarship, and Arnolds in natural capacity for imparting instruction, tread for the specified time the floors of an exacting but red-tape normal school. Students there are, indeed, who omit a session and go to recruit their finances by teaching, but it is to England—to one or other of the cheap boarding-schools whose name is legion in that country.

The habits of students at college, too, were formed on a much less expensive scale than they are now, although, even yet, the course is far from costly from an American or English point of view. Usually two men hired a large room with bedroom-closet attached, and either slept together or furnished the room with another bed. Such a room, and well furnished, could be obtained for six shillings a week—that is, three shillings each; and this included fire and gas, and, what is more, cooking by a landlady who took a motherly care of her "laddies." She bought and cooked whatever was ordered, and on Saturdays presented the account with all the items figured in it, the whole amounting to about eleven shillings each. The fees for a session amounted, and still amount, to ten pounds nine shillings; and twenty weeks, at the rate of eleven shillings for lodging, attendance, sustenance (boarding, as we understand it, was unknown), added to this, make a grand total of twenty-one pounds nine shillings for the whole session. When they gave an occasional supper to a few friends, they made up for the outlay by dinners of potatoes and ox-livers, which cost them three halfpence a head. Sydney Smith might joke about Scotchmen cultivating the arts and sciences on a little oatmeal when he applied to them the line of Virgil's first bucolic—

"Silvestrem *tenui* musam meditaris *avena*;"

but the poorest of them lived not so poorly, after all, and perhaps it was as well to be trained so as to be taught, on the John Bull system, to make a god of their belly.

It is not, however, that there is any considerable change in the students' condition; the provoking and almost disreputable thing is, that the Scottish universities have been abandoned by the Scottish nobility, a body of aristocrats whose annals are, on the whole, perhaps the most contemptible on the earth, notwithstanding that they have afforded the themes for some of our most beautiful ballad poetry. There

was no dearth of the sons of nobility and "gentry" in the Scottish colleges even twenty, nay thirteen, years ago. The writer of this article attended the class of Professor Aytoun, the distinguished lyrist and *littérateur* of Edinburgh University, in the session of 1863–'64. On his left hand sat the son of a Canongate blacksmith, who by stress of application, which nearly cost him his life, obtained, on passing from the parish-school, the bursary to which he is indebted for his present position—that of judge in the East Indian Civil Service, at an annual salary of two thousand pounds. On the writer's right hand sat Lord Archibald Campbell (second son of the Duke of Argyle), who is now an energetic Liverpool merchant. On the bench behind him sat Alfred Guelph, then a midshipman in the navy, now the highly-popular and intelligent Duke of Edinburgh. There were also in the same class a son of the Duke of Roxburgh and a brother of the then Lord Lovat, besides numbers of the inferior but equally exclusive "gentry." To the writer's certain knowledge, there is not a single member of the nobility, and very few, indeed, of the gentry, attending either in Edinburgh or Glasgow this year, whatever the case may be in the other two universities. And, surely, it cannot be urged that this falling off is due to a deterioration in the quality of the instruction given, for the English universities at their best have never, at least in the gross, surpassed the Scotch colleges.

However that may be, the landed gentry—and others, too—now send their boys to England, either to one of the public schools, or under the charge of some clergyman, who by his own hard toil ekes out a wretched living by receiving pupils for special and persistent "stuffing" in Latin, Greek, and Church history—the three sacred branches of an Englishman's education. Either way, the boys get Anglified and Episcopalianized, and thereby the gulf that separates them from the mass of the people is made wider and wider, much to the loss of the country, whatever the gain may be to themselves. And in Scotland, too, the boarding-school system is gradually making its way to John O'Groat's; it is considered "the thing" to have the English accent; well-to-do farmers—men whose whole household traditions are Scotch—will not scruple to ignore Edinburgh with its excellent ladies' schools, and Aberdeen with its incomparable classical schools, and send their sons to manipulate hexameters in Harrow or Rugby, and their overgrown and ruddy daughters to some "academy" in Richmond or Twickenham, kept by a "madame," who will teach them to forget Scotch—ay, and English, too—for forty pounds a year; and widowed ladies of means, left with a family, will fly across the border, and take a cheap, tumbling farmhouse in Epping or Wandsworth, in order to have their children learn to say "sho" instead of "sure," and "wy" instead of "way."

As is well known, Scotland has been, and still is, the stronghold of Calvinism and decalogical observance, and if there is any one trait in a Scotchman's idiosyncrasy which would seem to be capable of defying change, and to be impregnable to the assaults of modern "liberalism," it is the ingrained respect he has for the Sabbath. But a certain change is coming over the Scotch people even in this respect.

And certainly there was a cramping strictness about their observance of the Sabbath which has imparted a color of severity to our impressions of the Scotch folk that is all but indelible. When a semi-religious periodical like *Good Words*, not to say a newspaper, is ostracised on the Lord's day; when to walk into the fields during the interval between the two services is considered an indication of levity; when (as Dean Ramsay relates in his delightful "Reminiscences") to a young English tourist, who is preparing for an after-dinner stroll on Sunday, and who, in answer to the dissuasive entreaties of his Scotch landlady, desperately says, "You must have read that our blessed Lord himself walked with his disciples on the Sabbath," that lady, in her extremity, retorts, "Oo, ay, maybe I hae; and—I dinna think the mair o' him for daeing it!"—certainly we might feel warranted in ascribing something of fanaticism to the national interpretation of even the Mosaic teaching. But in making our conclusions we should remember that there is no people on earth that has not an abnormally-developed bump of some denomination or other; and, in regard to Scotland, we should not lose sight of the actual *fact* that her sons owe much to the manner in which they were taught to remember the Sabbath-day and keep it holy. Though this strict observance is not, and cannot be, very agreeable to the volatile temperament of the young, it is the means of training them to those habits of patient endurance, obedience, and self-denial, to which, as much as to their good school education, Scotsmen owe their success when they have gone forth, in rivalry with the natives of England and Ireland, to push their fortunes in the world. The qualities which make Scotsmen the sinews of the Australian colonies, of Western Canada, and to a great extent of India, are the same which enabled the Ninety-second Gordon Highlanders at Quatre-Bras to suffer themselves to be cut to pieces rather than evade orders, though "some one had blundered;" and they are in both cases qualities which are directly attributable to their traditional reverence for the Sabbath, with all that this reverence implies. The outside world may be treated to piquant stories of the Scottish Sabbath; but what Scotchman lives within the four corners of the world who does not, in his heart of hearts, make the fourth commandment but the preface to Isaiah's beautiful paraphrase: "If thou turn away thy foot from the Sabbath, from doing thy pleasure on my holy day; and call the Sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord, honorable; and shalt honor him, not doing thine own ways, nor finding their own pleasure, nor speaking thine own words: then shalt thou delight thyself in the Lord; and I will cause thee to ride upon the high places of the earth, and feed thee with the heritage of Jacob thy father: for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it." We have heard of a statement, in reference to the young men from the Scotch country-districts who go astray on their release from

the restraints of home, that they perish because of the strictness of their early training. We believe that such a statement neither originated with a Scotchman nor would be corroborated by a Scotchman—certainly not by a leal Scotchman.

The fact is, that most of the current stories which are told in ridicule of the Scottish Sabbath—such as that of a woman who parted with a valuable hen because it persisted in laying an egg on the Sabbath-day—are all rubbish. They possess the same value, in point of fact, that the worthy Mr. Punch's caricatures do, and are as fair a representation of the reality as are a Suffolk ploughman's impressions of his American cousin. Scotchmen may have been too scrupulous, and sometimes even glaringly inconsistent; but, whatever they were, they were not fools. Even Scott, who ought to have known better, has exaggerated this trait in his countrymen's character as much as Dickens has overdrawn the characteristics of the London *gamin*. His Balfour of Burley, though a striking picture, is altogether steeped in the Rembrandt hues of his own imagination. There are more Balfours of Burley in Scotland to-day than there were then, or have been since. There is considerable and growing laxity in regard to the Sabbath, for instance; and yet the Scotch will not abate one jot or tittle of the *letter* of the commandment, as other Christians are doing. An Edinburgh Scotchman to-day will cry "*Peccavi*" over every violation, direct or indirect, of the minutest ramification of his convictions; but he would sooner join with Colenso in disavowing the Pentateuch altogether than consent to have his convictions on that point modified. Balfour of Burley may be found next Sunday, "atween the preachin's," sitting down to a princely fish-dinner at Newhaven, two miles from Edinburgh; in the evening at half-past seven you will see him standing, with his hands locked behind him, in the vestibule of the High or the Free High Church, solemnly discussing knotty points of doctrine with a brother elder, whose similarly elongated face betrays his determination to avoid all allusion to the inscrutable occupations of the afternoon. His character is as immaculate and his dealings as fair as ever, but he is not so true to his convictions as of yore. Sorrowfully shall we say it then—he is becoming something of a hypocrite, but a hypocrite unto himself more than to the world; for his is that Spartan breast which would submit to be torn to pieces rather than be the iconoclast of its own ancestral lares, and he is the link between the Scottish men of stern faith and iron souls and that younger generation whose closing auspices not a man of us can discern or foretell.

And passing away with him is the good old, formal, keen-humored, warm-hearted lady, whose dry strictures upon the growing fondness for English manners, and subtile, sententious *bonmots* on the most trivial topics, constitute the all-satisfying charm of books like "St. Ronan's Well" or "David Elginbrod." Even thirty years ago she was not singular, on the cozy French flats of Edinburgh ten-story houses, and she was as pungent, yet generous, as the full-bodied claret with which she regaled the select few of learned and witty celebrities who made her house their club. Instead of her severe and wrinkled face, and crisp but kindly allusiveness that, while it quickly excoriated humbug, breathed as a bracing frost on all around her, we have, on the one hand, an Anglified lady, on the other a dame who, though she cannot get rid of the last mangled remnants of her Scotch, is cultivating a weed which is certainly not indigenous to Scotland—prudishness.

For, last of all, and to us saddest of all, the Scotch, as a *spoken* language, is passing away; and, however inevitable such a consummation may be, it is due in a large measure, if not, indeed, altogether, to the influence of Anglicanism.

For, first, the English warp and stultify the meaning of every word which they impress into their own polyglot language. With Scotch words especially it is remarkable how apt they are to take them up in a wrong sense, and persist in using them so till the habit becomes inveterate. To take two instances: By the word "plaid," an Englishman understands a checkered kind of *cloth*. He speaks—and we here speak too—of a lady wearing a "plaid shawl," a "plaid scarf," etc. The word, until within the last few years, was never used in Scotland, except as descriptive of a particular *article of dress*—a kind of mantle. This, indeed, is generally composed of checkered cloth, but a Scotchman would no more call the *cloth* "plaid" than he would speak of kerseymere cloth as "gaiter." He would call it "tartan," if it be the well-known Highland cloth of diverse colors; if not, he gives it no special name. Even the pronunciation given to "plaid" by an Englishman—namely, "plad"—is disagreeable to a Scotchman's ears, being totally unauthorized by his own usage. Again, the well-known word "canny" is used by Englishmen regarding Scotchmen in an opprobrious sense, under which it used to be all but unknown in Scotland. Such and such a Scotchman is described as "canny," meaning cunning, or circumventing. As the word is Scotch, whatever its ultimate derivation may be, the Scotch should be best qualified to assign it its proper signification. Fundamentally, this is simply "knowing," or "seeing clearly and impartially;" secondly, "prudent and sensible," as the result of such insight; then, actively, "disposed to act in a gentle and fair manner." Hence, when an Ayr or Renfrew Scotchman speaks of one of his neighbors as a "canny man," he means "an inoffensive and just man," one with whom it would be safe to have dealings, which is something very different from what the prejudiced Englishman means when he speaks of "Scotch canniness." In Scotland a mischievous horse is called "no canny," and when the common people speak of some old woman as "surely no canny" they mean something malign in character—in short, a witch.

And, secondly, the *more* than average Englishman regards Scotch as broken English, as a dialect like that of Lancashire or Somerset. How he has become possessed with this delusion, let philologists, or rather metaphysicians, say. It cannot be because the

Scotch language is inexpressive, or not copious, or inelastic, for it is all three. Nor is it at all a provincial dialect—the vehicle only of rustic vulgarity and rude, local humor. It is the language of a whole country, long an independent kingdom, and even yet separate in character, laws, and manners. It was the common speech not fifty years ago of the whole nation in early life, and with many of its most exalted and accomplished individuals throughout their whole existence; and, though in later times it is being laid aside by the more ambitious of the present generation, it is still recollected, even by most of them, as the familiar language of their childhood, and of those who were the earliest objects of their love and veneration. It is connected in their imagination, not only with that olden time which is uniformly conceived as more pure, lofty, and simple than the present, but also with all the soft and bright colors of remembered childhood and domestic affection. All its phrases conjure up images of schoolboy innocence, and sports, and friendships, that have no pattern in succeeding years. Add to all this that it is the language of a great body of poetry with which we hope most Scotchmen are familiar, and, in particular, of a great multitude of songs, written with more tenderness, nature, and feeling, than any other lyric compositions that are extant—and we may perhaps be allowed to say that it is an ignorant as well as an illiberal prejudice which would seek to confound it with the barbarous dialects of England.

Nevertheless, Scotch is obsolescent: the tongue of Burns, Cunninghame, Hogg, Ramsay, Tannahill, and a host of other lyrists, is being disowned even on the "banks and braes o' bonny Doon." It would be hard, indeed, to find a district in Scotland, with the exception of portions of Peeblesshire and the inland district of Ayr, in which pure Scotch is spoken. The language, in its present uncouth state, is "broad" enough in all truth; the Babylonish dispersion itself could not have produced anything more jarring and discordant than the English-Scotch-Irish *patois* of the Canongate and Gallowgate. Not twenty years ago the country clergymen, and not a few city ones, preached in Scotch. To-day the minister will honor the ancient language only in a gossip with one of his last-generation parishioners, who clings tenaciously to the "guid auld tongue." The Scottish maiden may, and does, prattle unconsciously in Scotch when she comes home in the evening from the school in which its accent is considered a barbarism, but she shrinks from it when there are visitors in the house, or when her sweetheart, the young doctor, is by. It is only "to point a moral or adorn a tale" that the people will condescend to use the language of the Ayrshire ploughman; though, assuredly, in his inmost heart, be his accent that of the dapper, loquacious cockney, and his pursuits in London or Calcutta, the heart of a Scotchman must ever melt with tenderness on hearing—

"The dear auld sangs his mither lo'ed sae weel."

THE WILD-DOVE'S NEST.

THE last notes of the Easter-hymn, announcing the resurrection of the Saviour, had resounded from the church of a little Russian village, and echoed away through the still night over the lonely steppes. From the doorway of the church streamed a crowd of men, women, and children, all in their best attire, and most of them were soon gathered around the great heaps of bread, bacon, sausages, and other provisions, which were piled up on the open space in front of the building, ready to be blessed by the priest.

"Christ is arisen!"

"Yes, he is truly arisen!"

So called out to each other friends and foes, masters and servants, at the same time greeting each other with the customary "kiss of peace;" for at this season, in Russia, all enmities are forgotten, all distinctions leveled, and the whole people become one great family.

"Christ is arisen, Alexei!" cried an old man, with white hair and beard, to a young one, whose dress showed him to be in good circumstances.

"Yes, he is truly arisen, my father!" answered the latter.

"And where have you left Masha?"

"She staid at home, my father, to take care of the inn. A traveler might arrive, and those who serve the public must be always ready, you know. Won't you come to our house after all is over here? Father Paul is going to bless the meal for us."

"I'll come, Alexei; and God grant that to-day I may again see cheerful faces among you! Yes, yes, Alexei, it is not with you as it ought to be in a Christian house. See, the grace of the Lord is upon you; your table never lacks bread and salt. And yet the merry laughter that used to warm my old heart when I was there is all forgotten. Why are you no longer happy? Is your little woman not the neatest wife for ten versts around? Is your boy not as fine a little fellow as though our Lord God had taken him under his special care? What has changed you so, then, that for months nobody has been able to understand you?"

"Let that rest, my father," answered Alexei, gloomily. "I must go now and see how things stand at home."

The old man shook his head as he looked after him, and then piously touched his cross as the priest, followed by the deacon, came out of the church to sprinkle, amid solemn, sacred music, the holy-water on the Easter-supper.

Opposite the church, at the farther end of the open space, was the "station," of which Alexei was proprietor. The house was especially distinguishable from those around it by its greater size and cleanliness. It was built of wood, and a great court-yard,

with stables, stretching out behind it, indicated its character. Through the little, white-curtained windows the light glimmered cheerfully out into the night. Inside, in the roomy reception-chamber, everything was decorated in holiday style. A long table, covered with rough but spotlessly white linen, awaited those who were to be entertained. In the middle of it, surrounded by huge hams, sausages, great cakes, and plates of sweet, sugared cheese, prettily inlaid with preserved fruits, was displayed the Easter-lamb, baked and covered with elaborate ornaments. Among these viands glistened invitingly numerous flasks of strong spirits and of sweet wine. In addition, the indispensable *samovar* (tea-kettle) was in its place; and its low, pleasant song did more than anything else to make the whole scene thoroughly homelike.

"Marfa, see what you have forgotten! Where are the bread and the salt?" So called out a young woman to a stout, elderly maid-servant, who was just entering the room. "Make haste," she continued. "The mass is over, and Alexei, Vasilyevich, and Father Paul, will soon be here; and you know Alexei likes everything to be in order."

"I'm just going to bring them, Maria Alexeizovna. The master sha'n't have anything to complain of. I only wish you had as little reason to complain as he has."

At these words a deep flush reddened the pale cheeks of the young wife.

"Why are you talking about that again, Marfa?" she said. "Is it proper for servants to blame their masters? Hurry! hurry! There they come now!"

The old servant went out murmuring, and Masha hurried to the door to receive the expected guests.

"Christ is arisen!" she cried.

"Yes, he is truly arisen!" they called out to her, joyfully.

"But where is Alexei?"

"In the stable looking after the horses," said a man-servant, coming in at the same time. "He says he'll soon be here."

"Attending to the horses before he has given me the Easter-greeting!" murmured Masha, while a look of deep sorrow came over her mild face.

"You *are* a charming woman, my darling," said Vasilyevich, the old *starost* of the village, "and a good housewife, too. How fine you have made everything look! It won't be our fault if the table shouldn't be cleared. But what keeps Alexei? Ah, there he is!—Now, look here: oughtn't you to be glad to have such a little wife? Just look at the plump little mother, and your heart can't help laughing. Only, she ought to carry her head higher, and not be always looking down. And she used to be so gay!"

With a constrained manner Alexei interrupted the old man's good-natured remonstrance.

"To the table!" he exclaimed, leading the way. —"There, your health, my father! Fill up! The spirits are good."

The glasses rang, and amid laughter and joking the supper began. How the guests enjoyed it, and how they laughed and talked! But the host and his wife were very quiet. Alexei went from one place to another, attending to his guests, and followed by the quick glances of Masha, who sat with her lips pressed together as though she were striving to hold back the sorrow that continually sought utterance.

At last the friends took their leave. Alexei followed them to the threshold and waved after them the last adieux. Behind him stood Masha, leaning against the door-post, her folded hands hanging down wearily. All her strong love shone in her moistened eyes, and prayed for some return from the man whose back was turned to her.

A violent struggle seemed to be going on in his mind. Suddenly he turned around, threw his arms about her, kissed her three times, and, in a low voice, uttered the usual Easter-greeting. Masha stood as if turned to stone. Half unconsciously, she made the customary response, while her whole form began to tremble. As he felt this evidence of her emotion, Alexei withdrew his arms from her neck and stepped back hastily. Seeing her eyes heavy with tears as she held her arms out toward him, he was unable to bear the strain upon his feelings any longer.

"Go to bed, Masha—it is time," he said, with difficulty, and then hurried away. She gazed after him in silent despair, until, at last, her tears fell fast. But the cry of a child from the dark inner room recalled her to a sense of her surroundings.

"What is it, my darling?" she called out. "Don't be frightened; I'm coming to you. Ah! *you* love me yet, my soul, my all!" And with these words she hurried into the house, closing the door behind her.

She had hardly disappeared before something began to move behind the great tree in front of the door. Then a woman, covered with a dark mantle, stepped forth and looked carefully around. Her tall figure seemed, in the dim light of the moon, almost gigantic. With a peculiar, stealthy manner of moving, she swept across the path and climbed upon the wooden bench in front of the house. From this position she could look through a window into the front-room; and she gazed earnestly downward and inward, her dark eyes glowing with eager intentness. But the lights had been put out, and it was impossible to distinguish anything inside. As she stepped down and turned around toward the moon, its light fell on a strange young face, distorted by wild anguish. Great black eyes gleamed under their long lashes; dark, wavy hair fell over a high forehead and hung down in disorder; and an aquiline nose, full, voluptuous lips, and the general cast of her features, indicated a Hebrew origin.

Like lightning-flashes the signs of hatred and of pain chased each other across her face. She raised her clinched hand and shook it threateningly toward the house, while her lips moved as though she were uttering curses against its inmates.

Just then the sound of voices, coming nearer every moment, announced the approach of some villagers, who, after taking part in the ceremonies at

church, had greeted the Easter-morning with full libations of brandy, and were now on their way homeward. They halted as they saw the tall figure hurrying away from before Alexei's house.

"The devil take her! that was the Jew witch! What does she want here in the village? Knock her down!" cried one of these men.

"For God's sake, Andrei," said another, holding him back, "do you want to put an end to yourself? In the night the devil's children can do what they choose; and it would be a sin to hurt anybody to-day, too. We'll get even with her yet, and then we'll pay her back for all she's been doing to us for so many years."

The others seconded the last speaker; and, restraining the ardor of their overdrunk comrade, they disappeared in the darkness.

Meanwhile the night-wanderer had left the village, and taken her course toward a low hut, in the midst of a carefully-kept garden, about a hundred paces outside the place.

She passed through a little gate in the high hedge and sat down on a large stone near the garden-well. Easter had come far on in the awakening spring. The odor of buds and blossoms was on the air, and a light breeze cooled her heated brow. As she sat gazing on vacancy, a sad picture of the past was before her mental vision. She saw herself as a child, escaping from a home which had nothing congenial for her, to seek the society of other children. Her father had been a traveling brandy-vender, and had died in this village shortly after her birth. Her mother had obtained permission from "the proud Bariga," as the villagers called her, the proprietress of the whole neighborhood, to build a hut on the spot she now occupied. And here she had since lived, shunned by all the rest of the community, in the midst of her garden, where she raised many strange herbs, out of which she prepared salves and liquids as remedies for every known evil. She had won the favor of the noble lady through her skill in fortune-telling and her ability to brew certain essences intended to smooth away wrinkles and bring back the color to cheeks from which it had fled, as well as to overcome fevers and physical troubles generally. When Bariga was in the village, one was sure to find the ill-omened crone with her every day, helping the lady to resist the attacks of *ennui* by interpreting her dreams and predicting her future, of course in the rosiest of hues. During these visits she did not fail to keep her patroness informed of all that went on in the neighborhood; and many increases in the burdens and requirements laid upon the villagers by the proprietress were by them ascribed, not without reason, to the influence of the evil-minded Leah. It was not strange, therefore, that she soon became universally hated and feared. The superstitious peasants would make a wide *détour* to avoid passing her hut, and when they met her would touch their crosses and secretly spit, to prevent any bad effect of the meeting, just as they did when they chanced to meet a priest or a hog on first going out in the morning, for such a meeting was also, in their opinion, ominous of evil. Indeed, the appearance of the old Jewess was really calculated to excite distrust and repulsion. Her tall, meagre, but strong-jointed figure, her thick, gray hair protruding from under a bright-red head-cloth, her prominent nose, hooked like the beak of a bird of prey, and her narrow, firmly-compressed lips, always set in a mocking smile—all these physical characteristics helped to make up a picture which could hardly have been more repellent, and which was marked by a certain demonic expression that might have suggested to even less ignorant observers the thought of something superhuman. Even for her child she appeared to have little affection; and her only joy seemed to be in noticing how Happiness, which had not often smiled on her, also many times turned its back upon others.

The fear of her famed skill in using magical herbs made the peasants very careful not to offend her openly; but all the curses which they furtively sent after the hated Leah fell back on the little, innocent head of poor Rachel. When she sought the society of the village children, who had often heard herself and her mother reviled and threatened at their own homes, she was driven back with scorn and ridicule; indeed, was pursued with stones and offensive epithets. The cry of "Go back, you Jew witch-breed!" and the violent usage that always accompanied it, froze up all the natural, childlike feelings which had made her seek the companionship of other children, and planted instead an undying hatred for all, or nearly all, those who composed her world. In hiding-places of the forest, to which she had been chased like a wild animal by her persecutors, she brooded over the cruelty with which she had been treated, until the old saying, "An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth," which she had learned from her mother, came to her with a vivid reality, and seemed to offer the true rule of action by which to guide herself in life.

But one boy differed from all the other children in his treatment of her. This was Alexei, the station-keeper's son. His father's greater familiarity with the outside world had made him less subject to gross, unreasoning prejudice than the people of the village; and his humane and liberal teachings and example, together with a naturally kindly and generous temperament, induced Alexei to take the part of the persecuted little Jewess. He not only shielded her from much ill-usage, but sometimes, also, when he chanced to meet her wandering on the lonely steppes, would play with her companionably, or tell her some of the wonderful stories he had heard related by his grandmother. Then she would be truly happy. But, when any one else approached, these blissful experiences would, for the time, come to an end; for Alexei's friendship was not strong enough to allow him to show it in public.

Years had passed, and Rachel was now a woman. She had become beautiful; but the stones that had been thrown at her in her dreary childhood had left their marks upon her soul, and had given her beauty a peculiarly wild, unwomanly character. And yet

her defiantly-gleaming eyes would suddenly grow wonderfully soft and gentle when she saw Alexei, who was now the handsome young part-proprietor of the station. When these two met in the presence of others, they would exchange a passing glance, and go on silently. But, meeting without witnesses, they were as frank and friendly as of old, laughing and chatting as naturally as when they had played together ten years before. These were the only sunbeams in Rachel's cloud-shadowed life. And it was not strange that all her human sympathies, repulsed in every other direction, should have clustered around the only person who had ever shown any kind feeling for her. She sought opportunities of meeting him, listened breathlessly to the sound of his steps, and looked after him sadly and desolately when he left her to join the wide circle of his friends and relatives.

Not being lonesome, like her, he could not feel the great void that was left in her heart when he turned to leave her. He looked upon her merely as a friend, toward whom he felt kindly, and whose hard life he pitied; but to her he was more than the sun itself.

Alexei had known nothing of actual love until Masha came to the village, whither she had been brought by her uncle after the death of both her parents. But he quickly became the most ardent of her numerous admirers; and, in the course of time, their engagement was announced by the gossips of the little community. Their wedding was marked by unusual festivities, in which nearly every soul in the village took part. Such a feast as few of the good people had ever before seen was prepared in the station-keeper's house; while outside, on the wide space in front of it, lusty voices sang the songs most suitable to the time, and crowds of girls and young men danced to the music of an ancient violin, played by the old cook of the Lady Bariga.

But, in the lonely hut outside of the village, there was a very different scene. In one corner sat old Leah, looking gloomily at Rachel, who sometimes hurried frantically around the hut, wringing her hands in wild despair, and sometimes flung herself down on the stone floor and tore at her disheveled hair. As the merry dance-music sounded in her ears, she broke out into bitter curses, calling on heaven and hell for help in her impotent rage and agony. The news of Alexei's marriage had broken upon her unexpectedly, burning into her heart and brain like a stroke of lightning.

"The false-hearted hypocrite!" she cried, aloud. "Only a few days ago he spoke to me so pleasantly, and smiled at me in such a friendly way, and all the time he was carrying treachery in his heart!"

Poor Rachel! While Alexei spoke to her he was thinking of his love for another, and he did not even know of her love for him. But she said nothing to herself about that. As her mother came to her side, and tried to speak to her, she pushed her roughly away, and began cursing the hour in which she was born.

At last the sounds of the wedding-festivities ceased, and the stillness of night descended upon the village. Rachel had sunk down by the little window of the hut, and lay there without moving, her eyes fixed on the darkness outside, and her thoughts turned upon the greater darkness within her own soul. Suddenly her mother again came softly to her side, knelt down, and began whispering in her ear.

"He despises you," she said, "because you are one of the chosen people. He has deserted you because the cowardly superstition in his soul stood between you and him. Now, revenge yourself! Take advantage of his superstition, and revenge yourself through it. Your heart will be at rest when you have made him suffer too. Revenge yourself! 'An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth!'"

Rachel rose to her feet. Her mother's words had taken possession of her mind and soul, and given her a new purpose in life. In her desperation she seized upon this idea as a drowning man catches at the first object within his reach. Revenge! That was what she would live for. They had taken everything else away from her, but that she could still treasure up in her heart.

The first year of Alexei's married life was one of unbroken happiness. At its close he brought his first-born child to his own father to receive the old man's blessing; and not long afterward the first grief came upon the young couple in the shape of the aged father's death. But their sorrow was rendered more easy to bear by their complete happiness in each other; and their devotion and unity of feeling was talked of throughout the whole village.

Meanwhile Rachel avoided meeting them; but when they came within her sight her eyes would follow them with a look of intense hatred. Had the Lady Bariga been in the village, the hatred of the two Jewesses for Alexei and his wife might have been gratified through her. But she had for some time past been residing at Moscow; consequently, her coöperation could not be counted upon. Only one other means was within their power: this was to work upon the superstitious feelings of their intended victims; and no one was better able to do this than the crafty Leah.

When Masha's child was a few months old, some one advised the young mother to buy of the old Jewess a luck-bringing root, and to hang it on the child's cradle, as a preventive against fever. Masha soon afterward followed this advice, which was quite in accordance with her own ideas. Coming to the old woman's hut, she found her alone; and Leah's eyes glittered as she thought that the long-expected opportunity had come at last. She first gave her visitor what she desired, and then begged her to let the cards be consulted for the sake of discovering what Fortune had in store for her. She laid out the cards, consulted them carefully, and then suddenly exclaimed:

"Unhappy Maria Alexeizovna! Alas, your fortune threatens danger! I see a sacred custom violated in your house, and a curse will come upon you from it. But remember, don't speak of what I

have told you to any living creature, not even to your husband. If you do, the curse will come all the quicker and harder!"

Masha shuddered as she listened to the hag's dismal forebodings. Throwing her a piece of money, she hurried away, with a mind full of fear and anxiety. Following Leah's injunction to keep the matter a secret from every one, she strove, with the utmost care, to avoid the fulfillment of the prophecy by any such violation of customs, made sacred by popular superstition, as had been predicted; and, in this way, her fear and anxiety were heightened by continual brooding. Indeed, her peace was already destroyed. Believing implicitly in the truth of the old Jewess's prediction, she was never free from the apprehension of what was to come upon herself and those dear to her.

One evening she stood at the door, looking out to see whether Alexei were coming home from the fields. He soon came in sight, seated in his wagon, and driving rapidly toward the house. As she ran joyfully to meet him, he sprang down, crying:

"Welcome, little mother! Just look here, and see what I've brought you."

At the same time he took from the wagon some object carefully covered with leaves.

Masha took it and began hastily removing the leaves; but in a moment her face assumed a look of absolute terror. The leaves had concealed merely a wild-dove's nest, with two featherless young ones in it; but the sight evidently caused her the utmost anxiety.

"For God's sake, Alexei," she cried, "what have you done? Don't you know that, if any one disturbs one of these birds, all his love will die?"

Alexei stood as if turned to stone.

"My God!" he said, partly recovering his self-control, "I didn't think of that! The nest was so pretty, hanging in the pear-tree on the edge of our millet-field. It seemed to have been put right into my hands; and the little ones were crying for hunger, and the old birds didn't come."

"Ah, I'm afraid the prophecy is coming true!" said Masha, without hearing him.

"What prophecy?" asked her husband.

She related to him what Leah had predicted. He listened with deep concern; but in a few moments he began trying to control his agitation, and made an effort to laugh.

"Foolishness, my darling," he said—"all foolishness! How could my love for you die? It is so strong I would rather not live myself than give you up!"

With these words he put his arm around her neck, and bent down to kiss her. But it seemed as if a shadow had come between them; and, hardly knowing why, he drew back, and went away without saying anything more.

At that moment Rachel was standing behind a clump of trees near by, eagerly watching the scene, her eyes sparkling, and her face full of triumph.

"It is done!" she exclaimed. "Now, you doves, bill and coo any more if you can!"

From that day all cheerfulness disappeared in Alexei's household. Masha became paler and paler, and her husband struggled in vain to close the breach that had opened between them. He found it impossible to conquer the belief that his love was really dead, and went gloomily about in a state that was not far from desperation. Thus they both lived on, followed constantly by Rachel's vengeance.

In the village all were at a loss to account for this change. Neither of the persons concerned would answer any questions about what they believed to be a solemn, terrible, and mysterious judgment.

Alexei's conduct and manner at the Easter-festival had rekindled the public curiosity about the matter; and, on the succeeding evening, it formed the chief subject of conversation at the house of Masha's uncle, where a specially-invited party had assembled to play cards.

"I thought I'd have bad luck," said one of the players, striking the table with his fist, "when I saw the Jew witch run across my path this morning!"

"Would to God that they might be driven out of the neighborhood!" said another. "The old one bewitched my cow last summer, so I had to give her away—the cursed devil! She just went across the meadow and muttered something, and from that hour the beast wouldn't eat a thing."

"Do you know, we saw her last night before Alexei's house?" said a third. "She stood there, and said her magic words at the house, and when we came up she ran off."

"Before Alexei's house!" exclaimed Masha's uncle. "Then *that's* where the magic comes from that makes them both pine away so horribly!"

In a moment all sprang to their feet as if a new light had burst in upon them.

"And shall we bear this any longer?" they began shouting, in wild excitement. "Shall we wait and see how the devil's crew will drive the blessing out of our houses with their hellish spells? Away with the whole gang of them!"

As if these cries had given the signal, they all rushed furiously to the door and out into the open air. Some of the villagers were still sitting on the benches in front of their houses, and the news of the last outrage perpetrated by the hated Jewesses spread among them like wildfire. The little body of men increased every moment, the excitement of each one helping to heighten that of the others; and yells and curses resounding through the still night air inflamed the already raging passions of the fanatical peasants. A few of the more rational men tried in vain to stem the torrent of excitement. They were shouted down immediately, and the mob rushed on toward Leah's hut.

"If we don't do it now, she'll bewitch every one of us!" roared the ringleaders.

"Set their house a-fire, and get rid of them for good!" screamed the others; and in a few minutes the wild swarm was before the Jewesses' hut.

Its two inmates heard the furious uproar, and

tried to escape by flight. They were flung back into the house, the doors were shut on them, and the hedge was broken down and piled against the walls. Fire was soon brought and applied, and in a very short time the flames were leaping up toward the sky. A ghastly cry sounded from within as the old woman beat with her fists against the already smoking doors, vainly struggling to escape. But Rachel stood quietly in the middle of the hut, making no movement and uttering no sound. She seemed almost like a tired child just going to rest.

Now the flames have reached the roof, and tongues of fire are licking the somewhat moist reeds that cover it, before the great body of flame, like a huge, red serpent, shall take a strong hold upon them. Now the rafters begin to bend and crack; now the whole roof is flaming high; now it begins to sink downward; and now it falls crashing into the room below! At the same moment such a frightful scream echoes from within that the heart's blood of the most maddened among the raging mob seems frozen at the sound; and for a few seconds afterward nothing is audible but the hissing and crackling of the fire.

Suddenly the loud voice of a man was heard shouting, "Stop, you murderers!" It was Alexei, who, with his own employés and the old priest of the village, was hurrying up, hoping to be in time to hinder a part of the mad work. Masha came swiftly behind him. "Shame on you!" she cried to the mob. "They are innocent of causing our unhappiness. We will swear it by our salvation."

Alexei instantly began the work of rescue. He seized the burning bushes that were heaped against the door and tore them away, careless of the burns he received while doing it. He ordered his men to throw water on the hut with their pails, filled at the spring in the yard; and Father Paul, the priest, encouraged them with active help as well as commendation. The mob, whom Leah's last cry of agony and terror had completely sobered, also soon began helping to put out the fire they themselves had kindled. Alexei at last cut away the door with his axe, rushed into the hut, and quickly reappeared bearing the unconscious Rachel in his arms. He laid her down on the ground, and then hurried back into the hut. The fire had by this time been almost entirely extinguished, although a great mass of glowing and partly-burning wood still lay in the room which had formed the interior. Several other men now followed Alexei into the hut, and helped him to throw aside the smoking ruins of the roof. As they did so, the body of the old woman was disclosed to their view. A rafter had fallen on her, and she was already dead. Father Paul, seeing that no help was possible here, said: "Let the body lie there for the present, and carry the daughter into the village. I hope there is some Christian man among you who will receive her into his house."

"Bring her to our house," said Masha, earnestly; and accordingly the unconscious Rachel was lifted up and carried carefully to the station. There she was laid upon a bed, and Masha lost no time in trying, by every conceivable means, to soften her sufferings. Alexei had staid behind to take measures for having the old Jewess decently buried; and when this duty had been accomplished, he came home to help his wife in her attempt to save Rachel. In the earnest endeavor to accomplish this good purpose, the estrangement between them was, for the time, forgotten, and both thought of nothing but what they were trying to do. At last Rachel opened her eyes, and as the agony she was undergoing caused her to recall the awful scene through which she had lately passed, she involuntarily groaned aloud. In an instant Masha was at her side, renewing the cooling bandages with a light, skillful touch, and then gently supporting the sufferer's head. Behind Masha stood Alexei, the tears in his eyes, and the deep sympathy in his look showing how thoroughly his pity was aroused.

"Poor Rachel!" he said, in a low voice.—"Ah, Masha! if you knew how good her heart is! I am the only one that knows it; for I have always felt as if she were my sister."

"And she shall be my sister, too," said Masha, very tenderly and gently. "She shall live with us, and be at peace here in our home."

In truth, Rachel was already nearly at peace. The word "sister," applied to her so affectionately by these people whom she had wronged, and who were treating her so tenderly, banished every remnant of her former hatred. The new experience of being called loving names, and touched by caressing hands, made her almost forget her terrible sufferings, and awakened all the better feelings in her nature. And in the gentler mood which had now come over her, she no longer deceived herself with the idea that Alexei had acted treacherously toward her. She lay still for a little while, her tears falling fast, but her spirit calmer than it had been for many months. Yet she felt sure she had not long to live; and, with an earnest desire to make amends for some of the injury she had done, she motioned to Alexei and Masha to come close to her side.

"I am dying," she whispered to them, faintly, "but I want to ask your forgiveness for what I did to you. I placed the nest in the tree where Alexei found it, and so it was I and not he who disturbed it. I put it there for him to take, because I made myself believe that he had trifled with me, and I wanted to be revenged on him. I feel now that I had no reason to think what I did. I hope you will both forgive me, and be as happy as you were before."

She took their right hands and joined them together with her last remnant of strength. Then her own hands fell away from theirs, her eyes closed—she was dead!

Alexei and Masha, with their hands still clasped, knelt down by her bed, and forgot in prayer all that hate and superstition had made them suffer.

THE TOWER OF PERCEMONT.

BY GEORGE SAND.

XI.

ALTHOUGH I found it necessary to watch my son's movements, I did not wish him to have the least suspicion of it. I went home, and, when he appeared, did not give him a hint of my discovery. Jacques arrived about ten o'clock, saying that he had just returned from a hunting-party, and could not pass the door without coming in to inquire after our welfare.

"Didn't you kill anything?" said Madame Chantabel; "for, contrary to your usual luck, your hands are empty."

"Pardon me, aunt," he replied, "I have left one poor hare in the kitchen."

"Will you play a game of piquet with your uncle?"

"I am at his disposal."

I saw plainly that Jacques had something to tell me.

"Perhaps we had better take a walk in the garden instead," I answered, taking his arm.—"You have a great fire for the season, ladies, and it is stifling here."

"Well, what is the news?" I said to my great boy of a nephew, when we were alone. "You appear to be entirely cast down."

"Cast down to the depths, cast down to death, my good uncle! It is just as I told you—Henri treads upon my heels. There is an appointment every evening at the tower of Percemont."

"Who told you so?"

"I saw, I watched, I followed. This very evening—"

"Did you listen?"

"Yes, but I couldn't hear anything."

"Then you are an unskillful fellow. He who does not hear the clock knows nothing of its sound."

"Do you expect me to believe that Mademoiselle de Nives has a meeting with Henri to tell over her beads?"

"Did she pass her time in this way when she was with you?"

"She made fun of me, and perhaps she is now doing the same with my cousin; but in making fun of everybody she risks her honor, and that is serious."

"Did you not tell me that it was impossible to subdue her will, or take advantage of her innocence?"

"I said that on my own account, for I am little skilled in the use of words or in the eloquence that produces conviction. Henri is an advocate; he knows how to say—"

"Then he is more dangerous than you, whom I believed irresistible."

"Ah! uncle, you are laughing at me, which means that you abandon my cause!"

"Have I promised to help on your love-affairs?"

"You listened to my story with an attention that I took for interest."

"I have not made up my mind upon the subject, and am very little interested in your projects for securing a fortune. If you think of marrying a million, that is an affair between you and Charliette, and I will not be mixed up with it."

"Uncle, you humiliate me. In truth, you treat me with great injustice. The million is of no value, if the wife is dishonored."

"She is not—of this I am sure; but she will surely be some day, if she shows the same want of judgment as she has already done."

"You know, then—"

"I know what you are going to tell me, and make this reply. If she has relations with Henri, they are and must remain pure; but if this young lady takes every day a new confidant, she will end by finding some one who will compromise her, and the scandal will be reflected upon your sister. As, however, it is she, she alone, who interests me in the whole affair, I shall to-morrow commence proceedings to put an end to a vexatious and ridiculous situation."

"To commence proceedings? Ah! uncle, what are you going to do? Inform Madame de Nives? ruin this poor child?"

"Why, then, do you accuse her?"

"I do not accuse her! I complain of her, that is all; but I would sooner cut off both hands than do her an injury. If you knew how grand and good she is with all her faults, you would excuse her as being simply a little absurd and romantic!"

"However, if she leaves you in the lurch, and if, after having deluded you with her mystic projects, she takes a husband, and this husband is not you?"

"Well! uncle?"

"Will you not seek to be revenged?"

"No, never! On that day I shall get drunk like a Pole, or shoulder my fowling-piece, I cannot tell which! but to wrong her, to speak evil, to betray—no! I could not! She is not like any other woman; she is an angel, a strange angel, an insane angel; there are some perhaps like her in this way; but she is also the personification of a kind heart, good intentions, disinterestedness, and charity. An act that would be wrong in another person is not so for her. No! she must not be harmed. No, uncle, forget everything I have told you."

"Well done!" I replied, taking Jacques's hands in mine; "I see that you are still my sister's child, the good Jaquet who never injures any one but himself, and redeems everything with his heart. I think now that you really love Mademoiselle de Nives. If she possesses the noble qualities you say she has, I promise to do everything in my power to bring

about your marriage with her. I will see her, question her, and study the matter thoroughly."

"Thanks, my dear uncle! but your son—"

"My son has nothing to say concerning it."

"Indeed—"

"Do not talk to me of him before I understand the state of affairs. Go to bed, and give up being a spy. I will watch, but I will watch alone. You understand me! Keep quiet, or I will abandon your cause."

The big Jaquet embraced me, and I felt his warm tears on my cheeks. He went to take leave of my wife, grasped Henri's hand convulsively, and, mounting his pony, set off at full gallop for Champgousse.

I waited patiently through the whole of the next day. As Henri had foreseen, it rained incessantly, and it was impossible for Mademoiselle Ninie to go out. After dinner she climbed upon his shoulders and whispered to him.

"You two have secrets?" said my wife, struck with the sly and mysterious appearance of the child.

"Oh, yes, great secrets, and I shall not tell," replied she, putting her little hands over Henri's mouth.—"Don't tell them anything, my dear Henri, and please carry me to the fountain."

"No, it is impossible," said Henri. "There is no fountain this evening. The rain would swamp our paper-boats; we must wait for another day."

He got up and went out. Ninie began to cry. My wife wished to console her. I did not give her an opportunity, for, taking her in my arms, I carried her to my study to show her some pictures. When she had forgotten her disappointment, I endeavored, without questioning her, to find out if she were capable of keeping a secret; I promised to make beautiful paper-boats for her the next day, and to make them sail on the pond in the garden.

"No, no," she said; "your pond is not pretty enough. On the fountain in the meadow! there the water is beautiful and clear. And there, too, is Suzette, who knows how to amuse me better than you, better than Henri, and all the world."

"Suzette is, then, a little girl of your own age, whom you have met there?"

"Of my age? I don't know; she is larger than I am."

"Large as Bebelle?"

"Oh, no, and not so old! Suzette is very pretty, and loves me so much!"

"And why does she love you so much?"

"Bless me! I don't know; perhaps it is because I love her in the same way, and embrace her as much as she wants me to. She says that I am pretty and very lovable."

"And where does Suzette live?"

"She lives—bless me! I guess she lives at the fountain; she is there every evening."

"But there are no houses there."

"That is true. Then she comes to see me so as to make boats for me."

"This, then, was your great secret with Henri?"

"I was afraid Bebelle wouldn't let me go out."

I saw that the child had not been intrusted with the secret, and would easily forget the pretended Suzette if she did not see her before her mother's return. I saw, also, why Henri had been in such a hurry to put the old room in order at Percemont, for, regardless of the rain, he went there as he had promised, and did not return until ten o'clock. When his mother had gone to bed, he said to me:

"I deceived you the other day, my dear father. Allow me to relate to you this evening the true story; but, to commence quickly and clearly, read this letter that I received by post on St.-Hyacinthe's evening."

"SIR: Render a great service to a person who has faith in your honor. Be to-morrow evening at the *fête* of Percemont. I will be there, and will whisper in your ear the name of Suzette."

"You see the orthography is a little fanciful. I imagined some frivolous adventure or a demand for assistance. I followed you to the *fête*, and saw Jacques dancing with a fascinating village-girl, with whom he appeared to be very much enamored, and who, passing near me, threw adroitly into my ear the word agreed upon—'Suzette.'

"I invited her to dance with me, to Jacques's great displeasure, and we came rapidly to an explanation during the *bourrée*.

"'I am not Suzette,' she said, 'but Marie de Nives. I am living in strict concealment at Vignolette. Emilie, my excellent, my best friend, does not know that I am here, and her brother Jacques is displeased with me for coming. I have not told them my secret, for they would say I did a foolish thing; however, I wish to do this foolish thing, and I will do it, unless you refuse your assistance and friendship. I demand them, and I have a right to expect them. You did me a great wrong without suspecting it. When I was at the convent of Riom, you wrote me letters that were looked upon as criminal. On account of these unfortunate letters, I was taken from this convent, where I was loved and treated kindly, and shut up at Clermont under more severe regulations. Jacques helped me to escape. I went to Paris to obtain legal advice. I now understand my rights, and shall soon come into possession of my estates; but, while I condemn my step-mother, there is in my heart one tender and ardent desire: I want to see her daughter, my poor father's daughter, my little sister Léonie. She is at your house; manage in some way to let me see her. The present time is favorable, and another such opportunity may perhaps never occur. Your whole family is here; the child is alone with her nurse in your house. I have skillful spies at my command, who keep me informed of all that goes on. Take me to your house, let me only see my sister. I will just look at her while she is sleeping, and I will not waken her. Grant me the privilege of seeing her, and I shall owe you eternal gratitude.'

"The time and the place were not suitable for discussion. I cannot tell what answer I should have made if it had not been for an awkward incident provoked by Jacques's jealousy. He put out the

signal-light, and, in the confusion that followed, Mademoiselle de Nives, seizing my arm with an extraordinary nervous force, hurried me along into the darkness, saying:

"'Now, God wills it, you see: let us go to your house.'

"I was literally blind. This light, that was bright enough to put one's eyes out, having been suddenly extinguished, I walked without knowing where my steps tended, and my companion seemed to lead me. After a minute or two, I recognized that we were going in the direction of the meadow, and that we were not alone. A man and woman were walking in front of us.

"'It is my nurse and her husband,' said Mademoiselle de Nives; 'they are faithful servants; fear nothing: I have others besides these in my service. I have my sister's nurse, who was discharged, and now watches over my interests.'

"'Do you know,' I said, 'that you make me uneasy by acting in this way?'

"'How is that?'

"'Perhaps you have a plan of carrying off the child, in order to have the mother in your power? I give you warning that I shall oppose it absolutely. She has been confided to my parents, and, although this confidence is a little strange, we are responsible, and consider the trust sacred.'

"'You have a very bad opinion of me,' she replied, 'and must have heard many unkind reports concerning me. I do not deserve them, and am resigned to wait for the future to justify me.'

"Her voice has a penetrating clearness and sweetness. I was ashamed of my suspicions, and tried to make excuses for my brutality.

"'Do not speak,' she said; 'it will delay us—run!'

"And she hurried across the meadow, scarcely touching the soil, light as a bird of night.

"We stopped a moment when we arrived at the garden-gate.

"'I have not yet found,' I said, 'a way of taking you to the child without danger of your being seen by the servant who has charge of her. I warn you that Mademoiselle Ninie sleeps in my mother's chamber, and that during her absence a nurse, installed in an easy-chair, sleeps perhaps very lightly. I know nothing about her; she is a young peasant with whom I am not acquainted.'

"'I am acquainted with her,' replied Mademoiselle de Nives; 'she came to Emilie's, a fortnight since, to ask for work. We gave her some, and I know that she is gentle and good. Do not be troubled. I know, also, that she sleeps soundly, for she did not waken during a frightful storm. Come, quick, let us enter!'

"'Allow me—you must enter alone with me. The persons who accompany you will remain here to wait for you.'

"'Of course.'

"I led her, without noise, to my mother's chamber, guiding her through the dark passage-ways. I entered first, softly. The little nurse did not stir. A candle was burning on a table behind the curtain. Mademoiselle de Nives took it resolutely, in order to look at the sleeping child; then gave it to me, and, kneeling by the bedside, glued her lips to Ninie's little hand, saying, as if she were praying to God:

"'Grant that she may love me—I swear to love her dearly!'

"I touched her gently on the shoulder. She arose and followed me submissively to the garden. There she took both my hands in hers, saying to me:

"'Henri Chantabel, you have given me the greatest happiness I ever experienced in my hard and sad life; you are now for me like one of those angels whom I often invoke, and who inspire me with calmness and courage during my meditations. I am a poor girl, without mind and without instruction. Those who had charge of me brought me up in this way; they did it on purpose, for they thought the more ignorant I was the less power I should have to assert my rights. But the light necessary to guide my steps comes from above; no one can put it out. Have confidence in me, as I had confidence in you. Confidence is so noble! Without it everything is evil and impossible. Permit me to see my sister again, to hear her voice, to read her looks, and to receive her first kiss. Let me return to-morrow, disguised as to-day. Remember, no one knows my face; your parents have never seen me, and Madame de Nives herself would perhaps not recognize me, for she has not seen me for many years. I will hide somewhere, you will bring Léonie to me, you will be there, and you will not leave her. Must I entreat you on my knees? Behold me—here I am!'

"A little disturbed by her exaltation, but conquered by the charm emanating from so remarkable a person, I consented to a meeting at the tower of Percemont the next day at dusk, promising to find some means of taking her sister to meet her, and I asked permission to inform you of what was going on.

"'Oh, no, not yet!' she cried. 'I shall tell everything to your father myself, for I have much to tell, and he will be obliged to listen to me; it is his duty to Madame de Nives and my sister. I can ruin them, but I do not wish to. There is one thing on which I have not entirely made up my mind; I must see the child again, and, if your parents oppose it, I should not know what I ought to do. Promise to keep my secret for a few days.'

"'Well, I promise. But Jacques? What shall I say to him if he asks me any questions?'

"'He will not ask you any questions.'

"'Is he not your *fiancé?*'

"'No, he is nothing to me but a generous and excellent friend.'

"'But he loves you. That is very clear.'

"'He loves me, yes, and I return it with all my heart; but there is not a word of love-making between us.'

"'You swear to keep my secret?'

"'Yes, I swear. Oh, how I love you!'

"'Not so much as Jacques!'

"'Still more.'

"After this she took flight with her companions, leaving me astonished and nearly stunned with the adventure.

"The next day—that is, day before yesterday—I decided upon the fountain in the meadow as the most favorable place for the meeting. I found means of informing Charliette, that devoted nurse, who came in the daytime to explore the wood of Percemont so as to find her way about without following the beaten paths. She is a skillful and sagacious woman. I showed her the fountain from the hill above it, and the path through the vines that led to it. I took down the fences, and the same evening, while playing with Ninie, carried her, without telling her anything, to the meeting with her sister, who was waiting for her under the willows. The acquaintance was quickly made, thanks to the paper boats; but I must say that Mademoiselle de Nives's passion for this child was like that of an irresistible lover. In a moment Léonie was hanging upon her neck, and devouring her with caresses. She was unwilling to leave her, and I could only induce her to go back to her nurse by promising to bring her the next day to the fountain and Suzette.

"Yesterday I kept my word. Suzette had crammed her pockets with rose-colored and blue paper. She made, with the dexterity of a nun, charming little boats that floated delightfully; but Ninie was not so much amused as on the evening before. She had made up her mind never to leave Suzette, and insisted upon taking her home with her for a nurse. I had great trouble in separating them. Finally, this evening for the last time I saw Mademoiselle de Nives in the tower, where we had agreed to meet. I considered this interview useless to her plans, and allowed it with regret, since the bad weather prevented me from taking Léonie to her sister. I went to the meeting a little out of temper. Mademoiselle de Nives is an irritating person. She throws herself on your neck, morally speaking. She has inflections of tenderness and exaggerated expressions of gratitude which must trouble poor Jacques profoundly, and have made me impatient more than once; but it is impossible to give expression to the disapprobation she provokes. She is not affected, she does not study an attitude, she is naturally beyond the region of probability, and yet she is in the right when her point of view is accepted. We talked for two hours, *tête-à-tête*, in the tower, where I had kindled a great fire of pine-cones to dry her wet garments, and was obliged to see that she was warm in spite of herself. Fearless, and like one insensible to all external influences, she had walked smiling under a beating rain, and smiled anew in seeing me troubled on account of her health. She manifested no more embarrassment nor fear in finding herself alone with me, coming to an interview dangerous to her reputation, than if I had been her brother. The nurse staid below in the kitchen, warming herself also, and troubling herself no more at leaving us together than if eccentricities of this kind were nothing new to her. All this would have turned the head of an ambitious fool, for Mademoiselle de Nives is an eligible person, and can be easily compromised; but I hope that you have a sufficiently good opinion of me to be very certain that I have not made love to her, and shall not do so. This is my romance, dear father. Tell me what you think of it, and if you blame me for having allowed the *adverse party*—for my mother pretends that you are the defender and legal adviser of the countess—to embrace her little sister Ninie without your knowledge?"

XII.

"REDUCED to these proportions, the affair is not serious," I replied; "but you have not told me the most important part—your conversation of this evening, your only conversation; for, until this time, you could exchange nothing but a few interrupted words, as you were not alone together."

"Yes, indeed! the two preceding days I escorted her half-way to Vignolette through the woods; the nurse—I ought to say the duenna—walked at a respectful distance."

"Then you know what those great projects are upon which Mademoiselle de Nives, your client, intends to converse with me?"

"An attempt at reconciliation between her and her step-mother; Mademoiselle de Nives wishes to be at liberty to see her sister occasionally."

"I believe that the interviews will be dearly purchased, and the requirements for making such an engagement serious. Marie de Nives has no power over Léonie de Nives, and the law will give her no support."

"She relies upon you to find the means."

"Do you see any?"

"I see a thousand if your client looks only for money, as mine claims she does. The important question is, the duration of the friendship of the two sisters."

"Everything appears simple when suppositions are taken for accomplished facts. Suppose that my client—since client she is, according to you—has an unconquerable aversion to her step-daughter, that she fights for her fortune, but that it is only for her daughter's sake, and that she would like better to have her remain poor than be exposed to the influence of a person of whom she has so poor an opinion?"

"You will plead with her for poor Marie."

"Poor Marie is greatly to be pitied for the past; but, now she is free, I own that I feel no special interest in her."

"You are not acquainted with her yet."

"I accept her as you paint her, and as Jacques has described her. Your two versions, differently drawn up, agree in essential points. I think she is an excellent person, with very pure intentions. Is that sufficient to make her a judicious woman, a serious being, capable of directing a child like Léonie, and of inspiring some confidence in her mother? I do not believe her capable of inspiring respect."

"Indeed! I assure you she is deserving of great respect."

"That is to say, you have been very much interested in her, and have known how to conceal it from her through respect for yourself!"

"Do not speak of me; I am out of the question. Speak of Jacques."

"Jacques has been still more interested and probably more timid than you. Jacques is a youth whose wild deeds and depths of sentiment need not be much dreaded by any person ever so badly brought up. Shall I tell you what I think? I do not believe your client in danger, but I think her dangerous. I see her in a very agreeable and even diverting situation, since she finds means to reconcile in her conscience, obscurely enlightened from above—or from below—the frivolous pleasures of life with celestial ecstasy. She cherishes in the convent the idea of being a wise virgin, but has the instincts of a foolish virgin, and, from the moment that she throws off the restraint of austerity which, armed at all points, forms the strength of Catholicism, I do not see where she will stop. She has nothing to put in the place of this terrible yoke necessary to minds without culture, and consequently without reflection. She has no philosophy to create a law for herself, and no appreciation of social life and the obligations it imposes. She forms a fantastic idea of duty, seeks her own in the combinations of romance, and has not the least idea of the most simple moral obligations. It pleases her to leave the convent before the time—close at hand—fixed by the law for her deliverance; she did not know how to find a proper protection for this rash act, and accepts that of a woman who speculates upon the liberality of the suitors she recruits. She finds it natural to accept Jacques Ormonde for a liberator, passes eight days alone with him, and, as he does not inspire her with love—so I understand—cares very little for the passion aroused in his breast, the hopes he cherishes, the bursts of anger and suspense she imposes upon him."

"Father, she is entirely ignorant of these things, and has no idea of the passion of love."

"So much the worse for her! A woman should have an intuitive perception of what she does not know by experience; otherwise she is not a woman, she is a hybrid, mysterious and suspicious, whom every one should be afraid of. Who can tell where the awakening of the senses will lead such a person? I believe that the senses already play the principal part in that angelic chastity that drives the young lady from Jacques's arms into yours."

"Say, rather, from Jacques's arm to mine; she has sought and found only protectors."

"One improvised protector is a great deal. Two are much too many for two months of liberty! Why has not this heroine of romance succeeded in overcoming my repugnance to become acquainted with her and listen to her story? Since she knows how to disguise herself so well, she might have found entrance here as a servant—we were looking for one to take care of the child!"

"She thought of it, but was afraid of my mother's penetration, who she knows is prejudiced against her."

"She was afraid of your mother, and she was afraid of me! Invited by Miette and Jacques to trust her affairs to me, she did not dare to follow their advice—she does not yet dare. She prefers to apply to you in order to see her sister, as she applied to Jaquet to escape from her cage. Shall I tell you why?"

"Tell me, father."

"Because the support of young men is always assured to a pretty girl, while the old exercise their judgment in the question. Beauty produces a rapid proselytism. A young man is combustible material, and does not resist like an old, incombustible man of the law. With a tender glance and a suppliant word, in the twinkling of an eye, she finds brilliant cavaliers ready for every foolish enterprise. She trusts to them her most intimate secrets, and they are delightd to be received as confidants. Is this confidence the supreme favor? She lures them on in this way and very soon controls them. She accepts their love provided they do not express their feelings too plainly, exposes them without scruple to scandalous tongues, makes use of their money—"

"Father—!"

"Not you! but Jacques is already in for a large sum, I tell you. She is rich, will pay her obligations, and preserve a sincere gratitude for the two friends—except by marrying a third; the others will get out of the affair as they like. I tell you, my son, you have just passed two hours in a *tête-à-tête*, intoxicating and painful at the same time, with an angel; but, united with this angel, there is an ungrateful devotee and, perhaps, a consummate coquette. Take care of yourself—listen to what I say to you!"

My son, while listening to me, moved about uneasily, his eyes fixed upon the embers, and his face pale in spite of the red light reflected upon it by the fire. It seemed to me I had touched the right chord.

"Then," he said, rising and fixing upon me his great, black eyes full of expression, "you blame me for having helped to carry out the plans of this young woman?"

"Not at all. At your age I should have done the same thing; only, I tell you to be on your guard."

"Lest I fall in love? You take me for a schoolboy."

"It is not very long since you were one, and this is all the better for you."

He reflected a few moments, and replied:

"That is true; it is not very long since I was in love with Miette, when the thought of her made my heart beat, and kept me from sleeping. Miette is much more beautiful now; above all, she has an expression, and I do not see that freshness and health injure the ideal in a type of woman. The Greek statues have rounded outlines in poetry. Mademoiselle de Nives is pretty like a little boy. Her paleness is a matter of fancy. And then it is not beauty that takes possession of the heart—it is character. I have studied this character—a character entirely new to me—more judicially than you think; and, in all

that you have just said, I think there is much truth, in regard to ingratitude, especially. I could not help telling her that she made Jacques suffer cruelly; she believed herself justified in saying that she had made no promises to him."

"She does something worse that you did not think of. She tries to injure Emilie's character."

"I thought of it, and told her so. What do you think she said in reply? Emilie's character cannot be injured. She possesses a purity beyond all stain. If any one said that I behaved improperly while under her roof, the whole country would reply with one single voice that it was against your cousin's will or without her knowledge. And you also, would you not cry out to the detractors, 'You spoke falsely? The proof of her respectability is, that she is my betrothed, and I am going to marry her?'"

"Very well. Did you reply to this question directly?"

"I made no reply. It was repulsive to me to discuss Emilie and my secret sentiments with a person who cannot comprehend human sentiments."

"I regret that you made her no answer."

"Tell me, father, do you think that Emilie—"

"Go on. Emilie—"

"She must know that her friend has been absent every evening for some days?"

"It seems impossible that she can be ignorant of it. The house at Vignolette is large, but in such a secluded life the absence of one of the two inmates must be noticed."

"Mademoiselle de Nives pretends that Emilie asks no questions and manifests no uneasiness. How do you explain this?"

"By the religion of a generous hospitality. See the letter I received from her yesterday."

Henri read the letter and returned it.

"I see," he said, "that in the bottom of her heart the good and dear child blames her strange companion. She is right. Did you notice that she was unhappy the last time you saw her?"

"Emilie unhappy? No, but displeased."

"Displeased with Mademoiselle Marie?"

"Evidently."

"And perhaps also with me?"

"I don't know what she thought about you."

"Mademoiselle de Nives says that Miette has a great sorrow."

"For what reason?"

"That is the reply I made; there is no reason for it. Miette is not in love with me."

"And you added, 'I am not in love with her?'"

"No, father, I did not say so; I avoided speaking of myself; it could not interest Mademoiselle de Nives. What day will you receive her?"

"She runs the risk of meeting her step-mother, who may, who ought to return for her daughter at any moment."

"Madame de Nives cannot return yet; she is ill in Paris."

"Who told you so?"

"Mademoiselle de Nives has her closely watched. She took the influenza while running around Paris and the suburbs to surprise her in some *flagrante delicto* favorable to her hostile plans; as she had only false information, she made no discoveries."

"This young woman may then come to the tower to-morrow with Miette. Your mother intends to pay visits at Riom, and will know nothing of the affair. I wish for your assistance at the interview, since you are the counselor of Mademoiselle Marie. I shall, perhaps, call up Master Jacques, and give an order for Léonie to be brought to us for a little while. I want to see with my own eyes if this grand passion for the child is sincere. Go to sleep. To-morrow, early, I will send an express to Vignolette, and perhaps to Champgousse."

The next day I wrote to Emilie and her brother. At noon I went to the tower with Henri and the little Léonie. We found Miette there with Mademoiselle de Nives. Jacques, who lived farther off, arrived last.

My first word was an act of authority. Charliette was on the threshold of the kitchen, but, perceiving me, quickly took refuge within. I had seen her, however, and, addressing Mademoiselle de Nives, demanded if this woman was on the watch by her orders. Mademoiselle de Nives seemed surprised, and said she did not come with her.

"Then," I replied, "she comes on her own account, and I shall order her to go away."

I entered the kitchen without giving Marie time to get the start of me, and asked the distracted Charliette what she was doing in my house. She replied that she came to receive Mademoiselle Marie's orders.

"Mademoiselle Marie does not need you; go away. I forbid you from ever putting your foot in my house without my permission."

"Ah!" cried Charliette, in a dramatic tone, "I see that my dear young lady is ruined! You are all against her!"

"Go," I resumed; "the quicker the better!"

She went away furious, and I rejoined the ladies in the apartment refurnished by Henri. Mademoiselle de Nives wore her costume of a village-girl, which was marvelously becoming to her, I must confess. Léonie threw herself into her arms; they were inseparable. Emilie also caressed the child, and found her charming. I saw that at the last moment Marie had made a full confession. Henri appeared a little embarrassed in carrying out the part he had assumed. He heard opportunely the step of Jacques's pony, and went down to help him in putting it into the stable.

During this time, coming and going, and without having the appearance of wishing to enter upon the subject at present, I observed the features and attitude of Mademoiselle de Nives, and found her simple and sincere. This point gained, I examined my niece; she was changed, neither pale nor cast down, but serious, and as if armed for any combat with a high and magnanimous will.

Jacques entered, and met with a cordial welcome. He kissed respectfully the hand that Mademoiselle de Nives extended to him without the least embar-

rassment. He was much disconcerted by astonishment and uneasiness, and appeared to be nerving himself up for a crisis beyond his power to avert.

"Now," I said to Mademoiselle de Nives, "we are going to discuss matters that will be very tiresome to Mademoiselle Ninie. She may go and play in the yard, directly under our eyes."

"Yes," cried Léonie; "with Suzette!"

"By-and-by," I said. "I promise to let you see her again before she goes home."

"That is not true; you will not call me back."

"I give you my promise," said Mademoiselle de Nives. "You must be good, and obey M. Chantabel. He is master here, and every one is willing to do as he wishes."

Ninie submitted, but not without making Suzette promise to sit near the window, where she could look at her every moment.

When we were seated, Miette began resolutely:

"Uncle," she said, "you have consented to receive my friend, and I thank you for her and for myself. You have no need to question her in regard to the events that brought her under my roof, for you are perfectly well acquainted with them. She comes to ask your counsel upon her future course, and, as she knows what kind of a man you are, has for you the respect you merit, and the confidence that is your due; she is resolved—so she promised me—to follow your advice implicitly."

"I have but one question to address to Mademoiselle de Nives," I replied; "and my opinion of her cause will depend upon her answer. Why, on the eve of the time fixed for her certain and absolute liberty, did she think it her duty to quit the convent? Reply without fear, mademoiselle: I know you have much frankness and courage, and all the persons present are in your confidence; it is important that I should be so also, and that we all deliberate upon what is most favorable to your interests."

"It is difficult for me to make the public confession you demand," replied Mademoiselle de Nives, who appeared much moved by the presence of Henri and Jacques; "but I can make it, and I will make it."

"We listen respectfully."

"Indeed, M. Chantabel, I had a reason that you will scarcely credit for escaping from the convent before the proper time. My ignorance of real life was so profound—and this is not my fault—that I believed I must show a determination to stand up for my legal rights before I came of age. I was persuaded that, if I allowed one day to pass beyond this term, I was bound by this act to remain in the convent for life."

"Were you told this enormous falsehood in the convent?"

"No; my nurse Charliette pretended to have asked legal advice in Clermont, and advised me to distrust the patience with which the nuns and confessors awaited my decision. 'They will not harass you,' she said; 'they will surprise you, and suddenly say to you: "The hour is passed—we hold you for your whole life."'"

"And you believed Charliette?"

"I believed Charliette, having only her in the whole world to be interested in me, and tell me what I thought to be the truth."

"But since you found out she was deceiving you?"

"Do not make me speak evil of this woman who rendered me great service—interested service, I know—but I availed myself of her aid, and am still receiving it. Let her go for what she is worth. She is perhaps unworthy of your attention."

"Pardon me: I must know if I am in the presence of a person counseled and directed by Charliette, or by the friends she has around her."

"I am ashamed that it is necessary for me to reply that the persons present, commencing with yourself, are everything to me, and Charliette nothing."

"That is very well so far, but I must insist upon other conditions before I undertake to save you from the dangers and difficulties into which this Charliette has thrown you. You must swear that you will not see her again, have any correspondence or any kind of connection with her, so long as you remain with my niece. You ought to understand that the presence of a woman of this character defiled the abode of Emilie Ormonde."

It was, I believe, the first time that Mademoiselle de Nives ever heard the plain truth. Frightened and menaced, on one side, by clerical thralldom; spoiled and flattered, on the other, by her nurse and the blind love of Jacques, she had never before heard the language of reproach. She blushed with confusion, which appeared to me a good omen, hesitated a moment for a reply, then, by a spontaneous movement, turned to Miette and said, casting herself on her knees and throwing her arms around her:

"Forgive me, I knew not what I was doing! Why did you not tell me?"

"I should have told you, if you had trusted me," replied Emilie, embracing and raising her. "Until this morning I did not know how guilty and contemptible this Charliette is."

"I will never see her again!" cried Mademoiselle de Nives.

"You swear it?" I said.

"I swear by my eternal salvation!"

"Swear upon your honor! Eternal salvation is never compromised as long as a moment for repentance remains. It is a beautiful idea to make God greater than the justice of men, but here we treat of facts purely human, and are occupied with matters that may be useful or injurious to our fellow-beings."

"I swear, then, upon my honor, never to see Charliette again, although, in truth, human honor, as usually understood, seems to me a frivolous thing."

"It is there the shoe pinches," I replied. "Will you permit me to make a little explanation that is very necessary?"

"I am listening," said Mademoiselle de Nives, sitting down again.

"Very well. When the expression 'human honor' has no clear meaning for the mind, it is best to

withdraw from the social sphere and communion with mankind. One lives then in a sublime companionship with the divine Mind, and monastic rule imposing solitude and silence exempts one from all obligation to the human race. I know that you do not wish to choose this life; then, as maid or wife, consecrated to works of charity or to the occupations of this world, you must have a guide and master to teach you the obligations of life. You will do no good, entirely by yourself, outside of the cell, since you disdain to learn anything of practical life. You will need a spiritual director to utilize your charity, or a husband to regulate the propriety of your conduct. You are nearly twenty-one years old; you are fascinating, and conscious of your power, since you make use of your fascinations to carry out your plans from day to day. From the moment when you began to exert an influence upon the mind of others, you have no longer the right to say, 'I do not know what I shall do—I will see!' You must see, and will at once; you must choose between a husband and a confessor, otherwise there is no means of dealing with you in earnest."

"What?" cried Mademoiselle de Nives, who started up, astounded at my rudeness; "what are you saying to me, M. Chantabel? What do you demand of me?"

"Nothing but the free exercise of your will."

"But precisely!—I do not know my will. I wait until God inspires me."

"Has God inspired you thus far? Did he command you to run away with Jacques Ormonde?"

"Uncle," cried Jacques, "you forced my secret from me; you had found it out before, and I thought it would be sacred with you, and all at once you torture me! Permit me to retire; I am stifling here, suffering martyrdom!"

"I do not blame you, Jacques," said Mademoiselle de Nives; "I intended to tell your uncle all that he knows already."

"So much the more," I resumed, "since you confided it to my son, with permission to reveal everything to me."

Jacques became pale, looking at Henri, who remained unmoved. Then he looked at Marie, who cast down her eyes in confusion, then raised them immediately, and said, with a *naïve* simplicity:

"It is true, Jacques, I told everything to your cousin, for I needed him to accomplish an enterprise in which you would have refused to aid me."

"You know nothing about it," replied Jacques. "My cousin certainly merits all your confidence, but I had given you a sufficient proof of my devotion to have a right to it also."

"You forget, Jacques," I said, "that when Mademoiselle de Nives needs any one, as she says herself, she comes to the point directly, without troubling herself about other people. She could, doubtless, have taken your arm to look at Léonie through the park-railing, or to accost Henri in your presence, or to make romantic visits to him in this tower, the unquestionable innocence of which you would prove from your own experience; but all this would not have succeeded so well. Henri would have distrusted a person presented by you, and consequently compromised. He would have reasoned and discussed, as I am now discussing. It was much more sure to surprise him, give him a mysterious rendezvous, confide herself to him like a sacred dove whose purity sanctifies all it touches, finally open her heart to him free from all attachment or consideration toward you. Experience has proved that Mademoiselle de Nives is not so much a stranger as one might think to the manner of action in real life, and that, if she ignores the suffering she causes, she divines and appreciates the manner of making use of it."

"Henri!" cried Mademoiselle de Nives, pale and with clinched teeth, "do you share in the cruel opinion your father has of me?"

Henri's face was for a moment contracted with an expression of anguish and pity; then, suddenly gaining the ascendency with the heroism of a good conscience, he replied:

"My father is severe, Mademoiselle Marie; but on the whole he says nothing that I did not say to you here last evening, while alone with you."

Mademoiselle de Nives then turned to Jacques, as if to demand from him aid and protection in her distress. She saw that he was weeping, and took a step toward him. Jacques took two, and, carried away by his good disposition as much as by his want of conventional manners, he threw his arms around her, and pressed her to his heart, saying:

"Indeed, all this is not my fault! If you deserve blame in regard to me, I know nothing of it the moment you suffer. Will you have my blood, will you have my honor, will you have my life? Everything is yours, and I ask nothing in exchange, as you know very well."

For the first time in his life, thanks to the rudeness of my attack, Jacques, struck to the heart, found real eloquence. The expression of the countenance, accent, gesture, everything was sincere, and consequently serious and strong. It was a revelation for us all, and especially for Mademoiselle de Nives, who had never before understood him. She was sensible of the injury she had done him, and read it in her own conscience. She started like a person seized with vertigo on the border of a precipice, and threw herself back; but she instinctively drew near again to the heart whose manly beating against her own she had felt for the first time, and from that resting-place addressed Emilie.

"You ought to make the severest reproaches to me," she said, "for I have been, it is plain, ungrateful to your brother, and a coquette with your cousin! As usual, you say nothing, and suffer without complaining. I promise solemnly to make amends for everything, and to be worthy of your friendship!"

"May God hear you, mademoiselle!" I said, holding out my hand to her. "Pardon me for having made you suffer. I think I have unraveled the truth from the labyrinth into which Charliette threw you. I feel sure that henceforth you will reflect and

engage in no more adventures whose consequences can be turned against you. Now we will talk about business, and see how you can be reinstated in your rights without making a scandal or commotion. Let me tell you that I accepted your step-mother's confidence upon one condition, that of acting as a peace-maker. I am not interested in her personally; but she did a wise thing: she knows that I adore children; that in every case where these poor innocents are concerned I plead for their interest, and, whether I was willing or not, she trusted her daughter to me. There is poor Ninie, beautiful and good, and, as far as I can see, moderately happy. Her fate will be worse with a mother embittered by poverty."

"Say nothing more, M. Chantabel!" cried Mademoiselle de Nives. "Regulate yourself, without consulting me, the sacrifice that I ought to make, then give me a pen, and I will sign without reading. You know the amount of my fortune, and I know nothing about it. Arrange everything to make Ninie as rich as I am. I wanted to see you to tell you this."

The generous girl turned toward the window while speaking thus, as if to throw a kiss to her sister; but, not seeing her, she called and received no reply.

"Dear me!" she said, running to the door, "where can she be? I do not see her anywhere!"

At the same instant the door was thrown open impetuously, and Ninie rushed into Mademoiselle de Nives's arms, crying out in a voice strangled by fear:

"Hide me! hide me! Mamma! she is coming! she is running! she is here on the stairs! she will find me, and whip me! Don't let mamma have me! Hide me!"

And she rapidly thrust herself under a table, the thick covering of which reached to the floor.

[TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT MONTH.]

COUNT GAULTIER'S RIDE.

A. D. 1521.

NAY, ye shall hear how it befell!
It will not take me long to tell
How, on the tall cliff's slippery side,
I wooed and won my peerless bride;
Yet for no respite would I pray.—
Ha! Gaston, 'twas a woful day
For thee, I know; thy love lies cold,
But mine was fiery, fierce, and bold!

King Francis led the lordly chase
O'er field and fell, till in the race
Of horse and hound the chance was mine
To ride with queenly Catherine.
No soul was nigh, for all the train
Was scattered over hill and plain.
Ay, she was peerless! tall and grand,
The haughtiest lady of the land—
Mate for an emperor, eye of fire,
That flashed out fierce with sudden ire
Beneath the black arch of her brow!
That such a silken slave as thou
Should prosper in thy suit for her
Was strange, in sooth; and that did stir
The very essence of my life
To gall and bitterness and strife,
Setting my inmost soul on fire
With baffled pride and vain desire.

We rode together far and fast;
The huntsman blew a distant blast
To call us back; vain, vain the call!
Fate closed behind us like a wall
To shut us in alone, while she
Rode to her own dark destiny;
For, as we galloped side by side
In fierce career, her evil pride
And scorn of me that curled her lip
Made but a bitter draught to sip.
"Sir Count!" she cried, "ride, ride! and see
If ever thou canst master me
In love, or aught where woman's will
Can make her strong—ay, look thy fill!
Frown if thou wilt, I fear thee not!"
Whereat there flushed an angry spot
Upon her cheek, and bitterly
I swore to conquer her or die!
She laughed a bitter, scornful laugh
That seemed to smite me like a staff
Across the face; the very air
Grew strange and dark with my despair!
Was no good angel hovering nigh
To warn her, proudly sweeping by,
While, like a banner of black death,
Her long, black tresses to the breath
Of the swift wind we left behind
Waved to and fro? Her pride was blind!
Sudden her steed swerved from the track,
And, rearing, fell; then, reining back
My own upon his haunches, I
Leaped down beside her.

Not a cry
Of pain she uttered, but arose
Calm, with her hateful, cold repose,
And stood there, leaning 'gainst a tree,
Taking no heed or note of me.
The sun was sinking red as blood;
Beneath our feet the purple flood
Of the broad Loire ran swift and deep,
While from its edge—a beetling steep—
Rose the tall cliff on which we were.
My hand I straightway offered her
To bear her up, but, starting back
As though a serpent crossed her track—
"Hold, hold, Count Gaultier! touch me not!"
She cried. "Is honor, then, forgot?
I scorn thee as I scorn thine aid!"

How royally she stood, arrayed
In her rich garments, with one hand

Stretched forth in gesture of command!
Her great, black eyes shot dusky fire
And stung me through!
Then, coming nigher
To where she stood, I felt at last
My fierce love hold her firm and fast—
Safe, at my mercy, far away
From human aid. The dying day
Grew on a sudden wondrous still,
As conquered by my own wild will,
That with a fierce, unholy joy
Burst forth to rend and to destroy.
A red mist swam before my eyes,
And all the fiery evening skies
Seemed stained with blood, as if they knew
And blushed for that which I should do.
Fair Nature neither joys nor grieves,
But tremulously the little leaves
Shook for a moment in the calm;
Then far, far off, like saintly psalm,
We heard a distant convent-bell
Toll on the evening air a knell;
While ever and anon the sound
Of the swift river, where it wound
At the cliff's base, rose faintly there—
Woe's weeds were all her wedding-wear!

Grasping her fiercely by the arm,
I whispered hoarsely: "Dame, thy charm
Of power is broken! Swear to me
Thou'lt set the craven Gaston free
To go his way, and pledge thy hand
In troth to me, else, where we stand,
Thou look'st thy last upon the sun!"
In truth, she made me answer none,
But looked unutterable scorn!
Cursed be the day when I was born,
That ever I should live to brook
The bitterness of that last look!
One fiercely-ravished kiss, then down,
Locked in my sinewy arms and brown,
I leaped with her across the brink
And crashed upon the rocks.
I think,
Sir Gaston, I have won the race!
In her crushed body couldst thou trace
Aught fair as she was once? I know
That thou wilt tarry, but I go
To dwell with her where'er she is—
Our love was pledged in that one kiss!

Now bear my broken body out
As was the judgment—let them shout
To see me bound upon the wheel!
Ha, Gaston! never shalt thou feel
The wild, sweet passion of that sin,
Nor how the brave can woo and win!

THE OWNER OF "LARA."

AT the close of an April day, just as the steamer Orizaba was entering the harbor of Santa Barbara, on the California coast, two gentlemen upon her upper deck thus ended a conversation. Said one:

"She is, indeed, a glorious animal, and I am disposed to purchase her if you are disposed to sell. I have seen her trot several times, but I never had a chance to examine her until now. You land her here?"

"Yes; we try her against Medicine Bow, Kanaka, and Watchman, at the park this day week. If you will send me your address, I will see that you and your party are provided with passes."

"You are very kind. Again permit me to congratulate you upon the possession of her."

"Congratulate me? No, no! You are mistaken. I am merely the agent, the manager. There, yonder, is the owner of Lara."

Following the direction of the speaker's nod, the other beheld, half sitting, half reclining, in a steamer-chair at the farthest extremity of the deck, a most charming young woman, busily chatting with an older lady who sat near by, though a little in the rear. Her dress was of light silk, relieved with lace and tulle, which, though they appeared only at the neck, the breast, the ends of the broad sleeves, and possibly in a veil about the skirt, seemed to invest her completely, and to make her imponderable. One would have said that any gust of wind might have wafted her over the rail and across the waves. But that would have been an error, for both the face and figure of the young lady were things of weight. Her cheeks were rounded, and of an exquisite hue—a pale brown combined with a paler red—something that one does not see oftener than twice a decade. Her eyes were moderately large and dark, and they sparkled with intelligence. Her small, red lips were mobile, constantly changing their position to laugh, or to weep, or to sympathize; she could express more with her silent mouth than most other people with whole batteries of features. She had disposed herself in her chair with that confidence that begets grace. And, while listening to her companion, she carefully stroked the back of a horned toad—a reptile of fearful aspect—which lay tranquilly in the bare palm of her left hand. Now and then the pet would open its almond-shaped eyes and stir its wicked tail. When these symptoms of wakefulness appeared, the mistress would pass the tips of her fingers a few times over its mottled back, and set it dozing again—an achievement which always brought to her face a smile of satisfaction.

The stranger, no less delighted than astonished at the new face upon matters, immediately began to negotiate for a presentation to this most agreeable of capitalists. The negotiation was not a speedy one, for the manager was wary by instinct, besides being a stickler for etiquette whenever either of his two queens, Lara or her owner, was likely to be concerned; but it succeeded finally.

The talk was still about the horse, but as different from the previous talk as champagne is different from claret, though both are wine. The poetry and

romance of the matter now came to the surface, and all considerations of racing and bargaining were retired. At a short distance from the spot where this group gathered sat a Franciscan novitiate, who was on his return to the mission in Santa Barbara, having performed some errand for the church in San Francisco. He was a young man, scarcely thirty years of age, having a thin, delicate face, a pair of large, wan eyes, and an expression in which patience and long suffering had set their melancholy seal. He was clad in the long, coarse, gray gown of his order, with its peaked head hanging at his back. From his girdle depended his string of holy beads and a crucifix. Upon his head he wore a broad-brimmed straw hat, whose curving edges gave to his features a certain grace and delicacy that might belong to those of a woman. In his long, attenuated hands he held a vellum-covered book, which he endeavored with all his might to study, but which fell continually from before his eyes as his attention was distracted by the novel sights and sounds with which he was invested.

The somewhat noisy disclaimer of the agent regarding his ownership of the horse Lara had caught his ears, and the development of the fact that the young lady was the sole possessor of this wonderful animal had provoked his utmost astonishment. He now sat listening without disguise, making the most he could of the many strange words and epithets that fell from the lips of the speakers; and his countenance, so far from showing that he reprehended the worldliness of what he heard, gradually became the mirror of the pleasantest sensations, and a warm smile—a smile such as had long been foreign to him—began to play about the corners of his sensitive lips.

"Do you know, I was positive that she could trot when father first bought her?" cried the young girl, who had quickly opened her heart to her sincere interlocutor. "Why, when she walked into the paddock, with at least a dozen other colts, I picked her out immediately. And, if you'll believe it, the lovely little thing came right over to me, and I in nothing but a calico dress, and put her cheek close against mine—so!" And, with tears of joy standing in her eyes, the fair owner pressed her hand upon her face, moving it slowly up and down, to imitate the behavior of her love. "And then it was quite a year before father would speed her at all. He laughed at me, and said 'Pooh-pooh!' in the most maddening way. Finally I told him that if he wouldn't do it I'd put Lara in a gig myself, and let one of the boys take her round the track on my own account. Of course I wouldn't do that really, but he was afraid, and so he 'pooh-poohed' again and surrendered. Well, it *was* really tiresome. The little minx would spurt and spurt, but never trot a fair half-mile in any sort of time. But I *knew* that she had it in her. I *knew* that—that she was a treasure. And so I sat down to a regular siege. I said to myself she is foolish, like a girl of sixteen; and I remembered how I acted at sixteen. I made up my mind that she needed to have her ambition stirred. Of course the only way to do that was to trot her against an old roadster, and just there papa and I had another pitched battle. I wanted him to speed Lara against Blue Grass, and to let Lara beat once or twice, and then to let Blue Grass beat her—if she could; and so on—manage it with tact, you know. Oh! but didn't papa stare? He couldn't have been more astonished if I had asked him to stand on his head. 'No! no! no!' he roared, and he didn't speak to me for two days. But I cried, and teased, and wheedled, and of course I wore him out. He then declared he would give up his whole life to please me; that he would turn all his men and horses into trainers for Lara, and sink every dollar he had if he only got 2.20 out of her. Of course, you understand that he said that in a rage. Then I knew that all was right. We began on the 20th of June. We trotted her a little, and she lagged, and bolted, and did everything silly. On the 22d we tried her in three heats with two others, but she did absolutely nothing but torment me. The next week she showed a better spirit, and, after rushing past Blue Grass on the second quarter, she left the track, knocked her gig into little pieces, and broke Jeffries's collar-bone.—How is poor Jeffries, O'Connell?" She looked over her shoulder at a small, shorn, clean-shaven young man, who sat close by, listening eagerly but meekly to all that was said.

"Much better, miss," he replied. He was Lara's driver—a man without price.

"I am very glad; he is a very fine horseman. Well, now listen, please, and see if it wasn't exciting," she said, turning to her new friend. "It was on the 8th of September in the forenoon that Lara became famous. O Lara! Lara!" She was seized with one of those convulsive shudders of delight which one notices, now and then, upon occasion, even in the most rare and delicate of the sex.

"Lara was permitted to trot with Blue Grass, Halpine, and Mignonette, three of the very best horses papa had in his stud. They were speeding for the October races, and the drivers were very much in earnest. There were only three people besides the time-taker on the judges' stand, and papa was dreadfully anxious. I did not say a word. Out they came, Lara behind, tossing her head about—so—as independently as you please. For the first two heats she did nothing but excite the other horses. Yet I kept up a stout heart. I won't say that I did not begin to doubt, but I stood very still. Papa, with his hand in the breast of his long brown coat, looked like a general, and he and the time-taker kept glancing at each other after each quarter; but it was all about Blue Grass—poor Lara never came into their heads. But just as the horses were taking their places for the third heat, Lara looked at me. I am *positive* she looked at me! She turned her head away over her shoulder—so—and I *know* I caught her eye. They made three false starts. But, at the fourth, away they went! My heart jumped right into my mouth, for that lovely little thing took the lead of Blue Grass and Mignonette

in the first eighth, and trotted away like lightning with Halpine! Father turned pale, and snatched up his field-glass. Then Blue Grass drew up; then Halpine lagged, and Lara led! But six inches behind was that great horse blazing with fury and flying along like the wind. And she shot by. But only for a second! At the third quarter Lara was at her shoulder. Then they came down on the home-stretch. Lara was fairly on fire! Her nostrils were wide open, her ears lay back close to her head, her eyes stood out, and oh, she flew—just *flew!* Just as they reached the last eighth, a whirlwind raised a cloud of fine dust, which shut out everything for two or three seconds. Papa glared at it as if he expected two ghosts. I trembled from head to foot. All at once, as if they leaped out of the earth, there came the two horses, and Lara led—yes, *led!* Oh, I shrieked! I jumped! I clapped!"

In the excitement of her remembered ecstasy, the young girl here brought her palms violently together, and bestowed upon the horned toad a shock that must have caused it some momentary anxiety. A burst of ringing laughter followed this mischance, and with her fair head thrown a little on one side, and a little backward, the enchanting maid gave herself up to the glee of the moment.

The gentleman who had listened to the story bore his share in the laughing with great good-will. The frank, free, open-hearted recital of this triumph had seemed to him to be something very sincere and very graceful, and he regarded the relator with a new enthusiasm. But his pleasure was nearly at an end. When the young girl returned once more to sobriety, her eyes met for the first time the eyes of the novitiate.

Upon the young man's face there was a look of mingled wonder and, if one may say so, of adoration. His eyes had grown brighter, his pale cheeks had flushed, and his lips had lost their gravity. All that he had heard had been a revelation. Never had he seen such beauty before and so near by, and never had he heard so pure and so joyous a voice relating so strange and exciting a tale. He was filled with a thousand new emotions, but not knowing how to give vent to them—as the people of the world might have done—he sat abashed, and not a little confounded.

The effect upon the young girl of this sudden encounter was instantaneous. Her feminine respect for the religious office checked her mirth in a flash, and she cast her eyes quickly upon the deck. A moment later she began half secretly to change her position. Little by little she drew her skirts in, and by degrees she composed herself within narrower limits. She crossed her hands upon her lap, and drew her breath half warily out of instinctive regard for the holy shadow which had fallen upon her.

The friend, still interested in Lara, asked a few more questions, and only a few. The replies he obtained were given briefly, and in a low voice. "Yes, she improved from that time.—Father's affairs were found to be in a very bad state after his death. —Oh, no, he had secured Lara to me by some law-papers long before—I don't know what they were—indeed, I don't know nothing about it—nothing, sir.

The last words were accompanied by a gesture of impatience—a passionate outward fling of the hands, and a sudden catching of the breath—something easily understood by a looker-on like the present one. In a moment he arose, and after a few kind words, which, however, were wasted on the air, he went quietly away.

The young girl then turned to the lady who sat near by and placed her hand in her lap. But she remained silent. Her expression was like that of one who might have said within: "How wrongly have I shown myself! What will be thought of my lightness and frivolity? He will think I am a child; that I do not respect him because he is a Catholic. I am very uncomfortable. Indeed, Lara is bringing me a great deal of trouble."

She secretly thought to see the novitiate again, and unobserved by him, in the bustle of the landing, but she was disappointed. The young man slipped ashore, and was gone before the party upon the upper deck began to move.

The manager, Dyckman, had foreseen and had prepared for everything, and the ladies found a carriage waiting to convey them to their hotel. There was rarely a fault in this man's arrangements; all that he undertook was carried out upon order and system; he had an eye for trifles as well as for horses. The strangeness of the little town she drove through had no charm whatever for the distraught maid. Had she arrived the day before, she would have gazed with wonder at the oddly-dressed people, the throngs of scurrying horses, and the dingy old houses and walls, with their palace-gardens. But now she rode by with an air of indifference, and, when the carriage stopped at the porch of the great public-house, with its scores upon scores of awaiting guests, they had to touch her upon the arm to arouse her.

An hour later, while preparing for dinner, she heard a sudden clash of discordant church-bells from a distance. She stepped out upon the piazza before her windows, and, looking in the direction whence this sound proceeded, beheld, a mile away, against a background of lofty and beautiful mountains, an ancient Spanish mission built of white stone, and flanked by bell-towers. This spectacle accorded with her temper, and she stood for a long time with her eyes turned half wistfully, half wonderingly, upon it. The last rays of the setting sun fell full upon the sturdy walls with their lofty cross, and covered them with a glorious light. The air was soft and warm; numberless odors of flowers arose from the broad gardens below, and a hundred evening murmurs came up from the village.

"That is his home," said the young girl to herself, "and this is mine. Yet I wonder if we are so different from each other, after all? He did not look very angry, and I should not have blamed him if he had."

The manager, Dyckman, commonly dined with the ladies, and during the meal gave them a synopsis

of all that had occurred to Lara during the day. On this evening there was more than usual to relate, but the fair mistress paid but scant attention. She was glad that the horse had been landed safely, and that she had a comfortable stable—but did any one know if strangers were admitted to that strange cathedral, or church, or whatever it might be, on the plain yonder? She was also glad that the wagers were all in favor of Lara, but she had quite made up her mind to forbid pools being sold on any course where her horse trotted. No; she would not go out to the stable to-night; O'Connell would see that Lara wanted nothing. And she would like to have a clarence or a light carriage of some sort to-morrow, at ten, please, for a short drive about town, if dear aunt is quite willing.

On the following day they were at the huge door of the ancient sanctuary. A priest saw them, and hastened to show the way. He led the party into the church proper, and stood patiently while they gazed with awe and wonder at the great, dingy walls, the tattered paintings, and the tarnished altar with its multitudinous ornaments. There was an odor of dust, of decay, everywhere. A long silence was disturbed by the rising of a worshiper from his knees in a gallery above their heads. He overturned a stool in his movements, and in falling it made a noise of thunder along the echoing roof. Presently Brother Baptiste said that he must go away, but he would speak to Brother Michael, who was coming, and who was not always busy at this hour. Brother Michael was the novitiate of yesterday, and he was not a little disconcerted at being presented to the lady of yesterday.

He led them everywhere, talking rapidly and constantly to madam, and saying but little to the maid, who followed carelessly behind. Such are the first tactics of those who are thinking constantly of each other. There was an old cemetery full of the neglected bones of the fathers of the church—mostly Spanish—also a dismantled garden, redolent of the delicious perfume of a thousand flowers, that even neglect could not kill under such a sky. Brother Michael showed them these, and then led them up to the towers, and spelled out the antique Latin on the cracked, green bells.

"But aren't they all very poor here, sir?" asked the acute madam, with great politeness.

"Yes," returned the other, "very poor, indeed. Our brotherhood is one, you remember, that condemns its members to poverty. The Church itself may be rich, but its priests, no. Eighty years ago this mission owned ten thousand sheep and six thousand head of cattle. But now it is so poor that we gain our sustenance by holding a school of boys, which I will show you. Father Malacchi is teaching the geography-class at this moment. If you will listen in this direction you can hear them at their recitation."

Madam turned her head, and the others exchanged glances in the rear.

"And are you able to do much good among your people?" pursued the lady.

"But little, madam. We have nothing to spare, and without money prayers avail nothing. You see that the building itself is neglected. It needs to be repaired everywhere."

The young man uttered these disparagements in so decided and so hopeless a tone that one could not have thought that he was covertly begging. Yet to the ears of the young girl the complaints had a most pathetic sound, and she reflected upon them deeply.

When Brother Michael led them below again, she spoke to him for the first time. They passed a room opening from an outer corridor, through whose open door they saw a piano, a heap of score-sheets, and a violin. The sun shone in upon the floor most cheerfully.

"Are—are you at all musical?" she asked, with a funny air of repenting the question immediately after beginning it.

"We play a little, sometimes," replied the other, glad to break the ice. "Father Malacchi has an E-flat cornet; Peralta, one of the students, has a violin; and I—I know a very little about the piano—do you?—or rather do you know a great deal?—or, I mean, anything?—about the piano, of course!"

There was great confusion in both faces. The little entanglement made them better known immediately.

They entered the music-room at once, and spent two hours playing Beethoven and Mendelssohn. The novitiate worshiped in his heart the beauty of her face and attire, while she was nearly in tears of sympathy for his office, his coarse robe, and his religious face.

As they departed, Brother Michael remembered himself, and, withdrawing his thoughts from the world, bade the visitors adieu with cold courtesy. The owner of Lara, on this account, passed an unhappy night.

It was forty-eight hours before she went to visit her horse. She would not have gone then unless they had told her that the animal showed signs of failing appetite. But, hearing this, she flew to the stable, crying, in a voice full of remorse:

"O Lara, Lara! my poor love! Here I am—here I am!"

She threw her arms about Lara's neck, and the grateful beast whinnied a long welcome. On the next day she was better than ever, and beat her usual time by half a second.

Dyckman was delighted, and said to the aunt:

"We must keep the two together, for Lara depends upon pettings and caresses as much as any girl I know of. Miss Clayborne should go to the course with us every day. The horse would be surer of her record; and that, of course, means money."

But they could no more get Miss Clayborne to go to the course than they could get the course to go to Miss Clayborne. She suddenly developed a profound and diligent love for Nature, and for the Nature which immediately surrounded the mission.

Four days later the visit to the old church was repeated. Miss Clayborne said that she wished to

ask about the history of the mission, and the aunt could but praise a taste for archæology. While there and while again walking in the church the young lady found opportunity to speak to their custodian, Father Ramon—a stout, genial, middle-aged man of great experience in the world, he having been student, lover, senator, and soldier, in different foreign countries, long before he had become a Franciscan.

"You are not well provided for here, father, are you? I mean, there are many things that you would improve if you had the means—the furnishing of the altar, for instance?"

She had become bold and self-reliant of late, and could now speak without faltering.

"Yes, young lady, you are right; there are many things that a little money would change."

He thought of his threadbare gown and his stock of under-garments among the rest.

"Would a thousand dollars be of service to you?"

"A thousand dollars!"

"If it would, I will gladly make the Church a gift of that amount—if you will direct me how to proceed."

There were a coolness and a sincerity about this proffer that put Father Ramon on his guard at once. It was clear to him that the young lady had the power to do as she proposed, but that she was acting with a full appreciation of all that was concerned was not so plain. She seemed girlish, untaught, and impulsive, and it would ill become him and his fellows to accept so important a gift from such a hand.

Yet he replied with warmth, and sent the girl home thrilling with delight because she had done so signal a thing in so good a cause.

Meanwhile the manager conceived that he had reason for complaint. The interests of the horse were suffering, and, as a faithful servant, he felt aggrieved, and he carried a sober face.

"If you did not look so very cross, dear Mr. Dyckman," laughed Miss Clayborne across the fireplace in the evening, "I should ask you a question, I think."

Miss Clayborne in good spirits! This was an opportunity not to be lost. Therefore the manager's face cleared up in a twinkling. The fortunes of Lara were worth any complaisance.

"You see that I am always cheerful when you remember to speak to me," replied the other, gayly, though with a shade of reproach. "I will answer a host of questions."

"Well, then, how much money is there at my disposal in the city?"

"You mean subject to your immediate draft? A little over three thousand dollars—thirty-three hundred, perhaps."

"I am glad of that."

"It may be necessary for me to draw something on Lara's fund. It is getting small, too: there are but thirty thousand left."

"Why, what has happened?"

Dyckman boiled within with indignation, but outwardly he was pacific. He upbraided Miss Clayborne roundly, and brought tears to her eyes. Finally, he sent her off to her chamber in a fit of passionate weeping.

"If Lara's spirit fails her, then all fails, and she will lose everything. You are her spirit. She loves you as dearly as ever dumb creature loved a human being, and, while you seemed to know this only a little while ago, and used to haunt her stable and encourage her, you now appear to have forgotten it. I do not know what the reason is."

Before the end of another week, the shrewd aunt took alarm. Miss Clayborne had committed the whole history of the mission, together with the long Spanish names of its former fathers, to memory; and had established herself a sort of guide and conductor to all new guests who desired to pay the place a visit. Nothing escaped her zeal. In her imagination she repeopled the whole bare country which surrounds the church with its old throngs of Mexican peons, and she became able to describe with great minuteness the religious feasts and festivals of a hundred years before, giving glowing descriptions of all the ceremonies, the robes, and the banners, that were commonly put to use.

In the mean time, Lara lost a race to Medicine Bow. The pride of Dyckman received a crushing shock, and he no longer bore a pleasant face in the little family. Miss Clayborne said nothing. True, she hastened to the stables when the news of the loss was related to her, but there were no signs that she felt aggrieved at the condition of affairs, or that she had the least intention of mending them. Her manner was cool and entirely tranquil, and even toward her manager she showed none of that ill-grace that she might have been expected to entertain simply as a rebutter of his.

It belonged to good Father Ramon to bring matters to a crisis. He sent a messenger to the manager one evening, requesting a private interview in a little garden attached to the hotel. The two men became friends at once; they recognized each other as belonging to a fair-minded, free-spoken, lenient race of worldlings, and they conducted themselves accordingly.

Father Ramon came to learn about the responsibility of Miss Clayborne, and he told the story of the offer to his church of the thousand dollars.

"She is amply able to pay it," said the astonished Dyckman; "but it seems to me that the gift would be another proof of a certain dementation that has been in progress of late."

Father Ramon asked for an explanation, and the manager detailed to him the relations of Miss Clayborne to her horse, and then of her desertion of her post, and the apparent decay of her interest.

"That is very odd," cried Father Ramon; "for there is a lay-brother of ours in the church who is becoming demented in precisely the opposite direction. Instead of attending to holy matters, he has taken to secular things; and he gave me an excellent account of your horse's defeat last Thursday. He was seated upon a hill-top near by, and he had my field-glasses. He is a capital young man, too."

"Can it be possible that it is the same one who has visited the stables where Lara is? He wears the Franciscan dress?"

"Always."

"Aha! then he is a monk after my own heart. They call him Brother Michael?"

"You are right—Brother Michael." No sooner had madam, the aunt, derived a suspicion from what she had observed than she became more watchful than the stars. No movement of her niece escaped her, and, just as the days passed, just so much more perplexed and harassed did she become. At length, feeling that to observe longer, unknown to the observed, savored of duplicity, she boldly took the young girl to task—though indirectly. Instead of charging her with loving a monk, she charged her with respecting the religion he professed, and then narrowed the case by degrees down to the mission of Santa Barbara, intending to close in upon Brother Michael, the heart of the matter, a little further on.

But, when she arrived at this point, Miss Clayborne let loose such an impassioned flood of words that she felt disarmed for the day.

"O my dear, loving aunt!" the young girl had cried, throwing her arms about the old lady's neck, "who can see those few men, poor, comfortless, neglected by the world, living in that great stone house, devoting themselves forever to the cleansing and upraising of these poor souls about here, and not pity them and praise them? Some are ill from their hard penalties; some are old, with gray hair; and some are young as I am; and yet all are happy to do this work of God in their own way. And I, with my silk dresses and my jewels, feel so like the dust under their feet! What are all my pleasures and wishes beside this simple, true-hearted way of life? Oh, that I had a thousand Laras, that I might scatter them everywhere, just to show how truly I could be humble, and poor, and mean, for the Lord's sake!"

The aunt thought it of little use to speak to the manager about this matter, at the present stage at least, for it was essentially a woman's affair, and women had best settle it if they could. On the other hand, Dyckman, thinking it essentially a man's affair, forbore to tell all he knew to the aunt. Hence, a silence which made mischief, or what appeared to be mischief.

On a bright morning—a morning which Nature seemed to have made for better things—Miss Clayborne handed the manager a letter just as he was about to leave the house.

"You are going to the stable," said she. "I beg you not to read this until you reach there; and, before you return, think well of what you will say to me."

Dyckman, with a sinking heart, took the note and went away. He confidently expected that he was discharged from service; therefore, that he and his beloved horse must separate. But it was worse than that. No sooner did he open the letter than he became pale as a ghost. With the paper in his hand behind his back, he walked up and down for nearly an hour, with a face full of pain. Then he took a horse and hastened off at full speed to find Father Ramon. Miss Clayborne, who was watching, saw him go, and followed him with her eyes as he galloped over the bare, hard roads, and until he arrived at the mission-gates. "What can he want there?" she faltered to herself, and then went and sat down in distress to await his return.

Dyckman found the priest in his study.

"Father Ramon," said he, "the disaffection we have been speaking of has reached a high point. Miss Clayborne directs me to sell Lara—to dispose of her at any price."

The good man's face exhibited the utmost astonishment and concern.

"Does she give a reason?"

"No. But she gives what she thinks is a reason: she says that of late she has come to look upon horse-racing and its concomitants as devices of the evil-one, and that, however that may be as a matter of fact, she has come to dislike the atmosphere she lives in, and intends to change it at any cost."

"That does not sound ill."

"Very true. But it does not come from her. These are the notions of some one else."

"Are you sure?"

"Brother Michael."

"Impossible!"

"Impossible? He is a Franciscan monk."

Father Ramon laughed a little, and replied:

"Brother Michael has just gone from here. He came to confess something very different from that confessed by Miss Clayborne. He, it seems, begins to weary of an ascetic life, and to long for the world again. And it is my opinion that it is the beauty and grace of this young lady that has brought the change about.—Now that I have told you that, I will tell you something else, which it is right that you should know." The priest arose, and, drawing the manager into a corner of the apartment where the walls were four feet thick, said: "This young man and Miss Clayborne are closer friends than you think; they have had frequent interviews, that neither madam, the chaperon, nor I, knew anything about." Dyckman looked aghast. "Yes, it is true. Besides chatting together in the church when she made her visits, they met one another in their strolls among the hills, generally up the glen at the back of the mission—it is very beautiful there."

"Curse the beauty! The girl has gone mad. In love with a monk?"

"No, no; in love with his office, rather; but he is a novitiate only, and not yet a monk."

"But is he in love with her?"

"I am not so sure. He is wonderfully enchanted with the gayety and the life she represents; but, inasmuch as she resents her life and believes in his, and he resents his life and believes in hers, I think they both are safe. It would be the best plan to let them go on until they discover their mistakes. Then they will repel one another. I will bring Brother Michael back to the mission, you will lead Miss Clayborne off to 'countries new,' and the little entanglement comes to a peaceful end. What do you think?"

"You may be right."

"I believe, moreover, that they will begin to understand one another very soon. If you observe closely, I think you will see in Miss Clayborne certain signs of unhappiness, gradually growing to signs of wretchedness. When these occur, you may rejoice, for a grand explosion is at hand."

The manager rode back to the hotel with satisfaction if not amusement showing itself in his face, for he dearly loved a paradox. Miss Clayborne, who was still watching, saw him, and wondered greatly. Later in the day she looked at him inquiringly, half hoping that he would expostulate with her regarding the sale of Lara. But he said merely, though with gravity:

"I have already received an offer for the horse, but I shall wait a few days in the hope of getting a better."

"You are very kind, sir." There was little gratitude in the tone, however, and less in the face, which she quickly turned aside.

Forty-eight hours had not passed before Father Ramon's prophecy began to be fulfilled. The aunt delared to the manager that her niece was failing daily. "Good," thought the other; but he said:

"I am very sorry; perhaps, though, you are mistaken; but at any rate we go in a fortnight, for the house is to close at the end of the month."

"But why not at once?"

"We must stay to sell Lara," said the manager, grimly; "that is, if the poor beast does not die of sorrow meanwhile."

The frank and cheerful girl who had laughed so loudly and so happily upon the steamer's deck three weeks before had indeed fallen into a quandary. She was confounded by a host of considerations that had never presented themselves to her before—questions concerning human duty, rights, and privileges; and, untaught in reasoning and filled to the topmost with a thousand ardent and generous sensibilities, she led the life of one distracted. She grew ill—that is, if a languid pace, a waxen cheek, and a listless eye, may be reckoned an illness; and unbidden, though welcome, she often laid her head upon her aunt's breast and wept most sadly.

She did not speak. It did not lie within her power to do so. Had she ventured to explain or exculpate herself, or to define what she wished to do, she would have encountered pitfalls on every hand, contradictions, untruths, absurdities.

Madam, who could bear the burden of secrecy no longer, told the manager all she knew, and frequently came to him with bulletins given with trembling tones and with teeming eyes.

Now she said: "I awoke three times last night, and found her reading her Bible. Once she was walking the floor with her face in her hands." Again: "She constantly murmurs to herself, and moves her head, as if talking to some one. At these times she often has fits of weeping which make me weep too—and why, I do not know." And again: "To-day she threw a book into the fire. The cover flew back, and I saw it was something about the 'Sacred Heart.'"

At length, however, the manager himself began to take fright. The wan, drooping creature that now and then crossed his path was but a poor effigy of the handsome girl he had known and loved so long. He was on the point of going to the aunt, one evening, with his awakened fears, when Father Ramon came in, bearing news.

"They are to meet to-night for the last time, and to decide which way they are to turn. Brother Michael, poor lad, is a spectre."

"They are to meet to-night?" repeated the manager, with a frown, fixing his eyes meantime upon the other's face.

The priest returned his gaze with intelligence.

"My friend," said he, laying his hand upon his arm, "this interview will be one of the most pure and melancholy that have ever taken place between human beings. These two people are trifling with matters which are beyond their years and experience, and they have discovered that they are as widely apart as the two poles. They have been trying to reconcile their differences. Meantime another element has crept in, and neither of them recognizes it."

"What do you mean?"

"You will see."

"But who is this Michael—Brother Michael, as you call him?"

"A man of good blood, good education, and good heart. His real name is Manuel Cortez. He would make a better citizen than priest; hence I have said nothing against his yearning for a life of action. But we are delaying."

"Delaying?"

"We must be present at this meeting, though under the rose. It is time for the children to separate. If they do not, voluntarily, then we must counsel them. It is now nine, and bright moonlight."

To the west of the mission is a ravine, or more properly, perhaps, a glen, full of live-oaks and sycamores. Along its rocky bottom runs a perpetual stream of the purest water, which, rushing and falling amid the thousand obstructions of its banks, makes a ceaseless murmur year in and year out. The pastures near by are filled with wild-flowers, which diffuse their perfume in every breath of air, and until a late hour at night the birds chirp in the branches. At a short distance the sloping flanks of the mountains arise with their forests and precipices, and the beholder is at once charmed with what he finds beside him and inspired with what he sees above. The place contains many natural retreats, chambers with carpets of grass and walls of verdure, where the guests in the town hold their *fêtes*, and where the children play their holiday games.

In one of these quiet retreats there now walked slowly to and fro beside each other, yet apart, the young novitiate, and the owner of Lara. The faces of both were averted, and were turned downward. They were passing the last silences, those dead calms that might be broken at any time by the

last words. All that could be said had been said, and now naught remained for them but to bid their adieus and to go their ways. At the end of the glade they turned and began to retrace their footsteps. The light fell upon their features and showed them both to be drawn and pallid with grief.

Father Ramon, beneath the trees, whispered to his companion:

"Poor children—poor children! They think they are disappointed in one another. If he would become a priest, she would take the veil; and if she would remain in the world, he would follow her. They think that these differences are everything. In reality they are nothing.—They are speaking to each other."

Said Brother Michael:

"I must ask you once more. I must feel certain, for I should destroy myself if I found, after all, that I had mistaken what you said. Shall you enter a convent?"

"I—I am resolved."

A few more hapless steps in silence.

"And whether I become a priest or not?"

"Yes—yes! Oh, how can you make me say the things over and over again?"

"I do not know. It is impossible for me to understand. To me you seem all life and light. You have restored me to sunshine and energy, yet at the same time you disappear in the shade—"

"Stop!—stop!" cried the young girl, with a sudden congelation of her tearfulness and sorrow; "we have no right to go over that again. Let us—let us separate, now."

She turned and slowly extended both her hands, meanwhile fixing her eyes upon her companion's. Without approaching, he made a single gesture of friendship, released her, and stepped back. She gathered the skirt of her dress, for she remembered she was accustomed to do that when she was not agitated, and then said, in a trembling voice:

"Good-by, and God bless you, Brother Michael!"

"Good-by, Miss Clayborne, my very dear friend."

"Look, look!" cried the manager, under the trees; "they are going different ways, and there is an end to the wretched affair!"

Brother Michael, in his long gown, moved away toward the mission with his arms folded, and his head bent upon his breast. The other took fifty resolute steps which carried her nearly to the edge of the copse. A few more would cause her to disappear. She stopped and looked over her shoulder.

"Watch that face!" cried Father Ramon, plucking the other by the sleeve; "can agony of spirit do more than that?" The young novitiate still moved onward, until he too reached a point to pass which would be to destroy hope. It was not human to take those few remaining paces without faltering. He hesitated, then went on, then hesitated again—and then paused. Then warily, as if afraid of being discovered, and slowly, as if but half resolved, he turned his head and looked backward.

It was enough. The young girl suddenly stretched out both her arms, ran quickly back a few paces, and cried in a piercing voice, full of terror and entreaty:

"Brother Michael! Brother Michael! I yield! you are right! you are right! You were going away. Oh, if you knew how I love you, you would not treat me so!"

The young man, having moved at the first word, was beside her before she had finished speaking.

"My friend," said Father Ramon, laying his hand on the arm of his companion, "this is something in which we cannot interfere. This is the reality of the matter; all the rest was superficial, and I feared they would not discover it until it was too late. Look at them. A woman and her lover make the finest group in Nature."

"Come, let us go; we have no right here." The manager was confounded.

"Shall we not speak to them? I—"

"Speak to them! A dozen fortunes could not tempt me to do that!"

The priest, surprised at this sudden show of sensibility, paused a moment and then acquiesced. He locked his arm in that of the other, and they went carefully away.

Brother Michael quitted the mission, and, becoming once more the Manuel Cortez of his childhood, assumed the friendships, the garb, and the life, of the period. Miss Clayborne married him in this new guise without regret, but sold Lara on the next day, in order to conciliate her stars, which refused to wink at so much recanting. But there was a trick in the trade in spite of its elevated object. Dyckman became the purchaser, the first owner retaining a third of the prospective earnings, and a quarter-interest in all pools for fifteen years. Yet it is only fair to say that it was her lawyer who managed this; she being too busy in adoring her husband to think of such things—though she made no serious objection when it came to light a little later.

A NAKED BABE.

O LITTLE naked babe, demure and sweet!
While the cool wavelets of the west wind pass
Beyond thee, over the tufted, slender wheat,
And, like a brook, the pink-topped clover flows,
Thou seest the gold-red beetle at thy feet
Begin to tune his cithern in the grass
With soft, reverberant song-murmurings,
And over thee, on royal purple wings,
A butterfly swings round a scarlet rose.

Wise-eyed thou look'st into the heart of things
Where like red heat the life of beauty glows,
But dreamest not how lovelier far than these
The bright flesh of thy downy body is!

A HERO OF THE OLD RÉGIME.

TAINE, in his "Ancien Régime," makes frequent allusions to the Marshal de Richelieu, who, indeed, in any study of the eighteenth century —so fully does he personify it—can scarcely be ignored. One of the least balanced and most notorious characters in French history, he played, without any extraordinary ability, so prominent a part in important events that it is impossible to separate them from him, or him from them. He was a man particularly qualified to confound moral theories, and to italicize the most ironical passages in the interminable volumes of Fortune. Possessed of unquestionable talent for many things, and garnished with a number of showy virtues, he seems to have rejoiced in abusing the one and contradicting the other. Looked at from one side, he was a fearless soldier, a clever statesman, a generous friend, an accomplished gentleman, a brilliant wit; looked at from the other side, he was a skulking fellow, a political blunderer, an embodiment of perfidy, a heartless profligate, a trifling egotist. All opposites appear to have centred in him. Hero and knave, leader and fawner, inspirer and betrayer, prince and pander, academician and ignoramus, he was a glittering ambiguity whose acts contravened his words, and whose words misinterpreted his acts. Certain parts of his life read like Bourdaloue, Pascal, or Bossuet; certain other parts like the poems of Dorat, the romances of Laclos, or the fables of Grécourt.

From the very first, Richelieu's career was a splendid satire on the fitness of things—a remarkable violation of all rational probabilities. Where he succeeded, he should have failed; where he failed, he should have succeeded. He seems not to have paid the penalty usually exacted by offended Nature or outraged Justice. His days flowed on as smoothly and shiningly when he was guilty of baseness and supreme turpitude, as when he crowned himself with laurels, and merited, in this or that instance, genuine esteem. Fortune clung to and caressed him when he had forfeited every right to her favor. No wonder he spoke of her as a woman who, having loved him once, loved him still, and whose devotion he could not tire by continued disloyalty and shameful misbehavior. He literally received according to his undeserving. His career, a varied and pictorial record of happy accidents and inverted ethics, arrests attention by its memorable peculiarity and its representative character. He belonged essentially to his age, and his age belonged essentially to him: they informed and moulded one another. He expressed the elegant frivolity of his time, its fondness for intrigue, its unscrupulous gallantry, its mocking temper, its unflagging gayety, its moral skepticism, and all the polished and perfumed dissipation which enabled it, by the last refining upon social art, to restrain if not to subjugate the natural instincts. To apprehend the strangely artificial, the normally abnormal spirit of the reigns of Louis XIV., Louis XV., and Louis XVI., one can hardly dispense with the biographical facts of the Marshal de Richelieu, which serve also to suggest the causes of the great Revolution.

Louis François Armand du Plessis, Duke de Richelieu, was the sole son of Armand Jean Wignerod du Plessis, and of Anne Marguerite d'Acigné, his second wife, and was the grand-nephew of the famous cardinal. Born in Paris, March 13, 1696, two months before the usual time, he was so very small and delicate that nobody believed he could live, and he was privately baptized according to the Roman Catholic Church in order to fit him for heaven. For a long while he was kept in a box of cotton, and the physicians of the family repeatedly announced his speedy demise. He ought to have died by all the laws known to the faculty: it was wholly unnatural and illogical for him not to have done so. But he was always prolific of surprises, and began his being with a great one. For three years he fluttered between the known and the unknown, and then he was publicly baptized—Louis XIV. and the Duchess de Bourgogne holding him at the font, and Madame de Maintenon, who, while the wife of Scarron, had been a particular friend of his father, assisting at the ceremony. The sprinkling must have done him good; for he grew strong after it, never had a second illness, and, in spite of the fatigues of military campaigns and very irregular courses, he always enjoyed robust health, and lived to be nearly ninety-three.

The boy's education was neglected. His father, no scholar himself, was absorbed in pleasure, notwithstanding his years, and surrendered his son to the care of an incompetent instructor, who, wishing to keep his place and hide his deficiencies, regularly reported the remarkable progress which his pupil had not made. The boy was bright enough, but he was willful, hated study, and loved the interdicted. When but fourteen he was presented at court, and received by the king with special favor. Madame de Maintenon, who was greatly interested in him, as was very natural under the circumstances, wrote to his father that she was delighted at the youth's success at Marly. "Never," she continues, "did a young man have a more agreeable entrance into the world. He pleases the king and the entire court. Whatever he does he does well. He dances exquisitely, he plays gracefully, he sits a horse admirably, he is not timid nor bold, but always respectful. He jests becomingly, he converses excellently; indeed, he falls so little short of perfection that I can see in him nothing to criticise. Madame the Duchess de Bourgogne has paid marked attention to your son." In order to curb his impetuous temperament, and to interfere with the sentimental conquests he had already begun to make, his relatives and friends decided to wive him. He objected, but he was too young to resist stubbornly so powerful a combina-

tion, and, before he was quite fifteen, he was matched with Anne Catharine de Noailles, his father's step-daughter by a third marriage. The means employed had the very opposite of the desired effect. An uncongenial marriage, instead of cooling, intensified his fiery temperament. He cast himself headlong and at once into all the pleasures of his age. He played and lost heavily; he angered his father by all manner of disobedience; he scorned alike the caresses and tears of his bride, who adored him, while he remained wholly indifferent to her. Occasionally he promised amendment, but his promises were broken whenever he was exposed to the irresistible coquetries of the young and lovely Duchess de Bourgogne. Neither he nor she was prudent, and the king, who was then in his pious stage, looked with extreme disfavor on all gallantries of the court, and zealously watched the most secret details of the conduct of the members of his family. The consequence was that, after being warned in vain by his father and friends, he was suddenly arrested and consigned to the Bastile. The duchess seems to have been no more than imprudent, as Richelieu himself avowed, and he was seldom unwilling to have his flirtations understood at their worst.

The young offender had for companion in his imprisonment the Abbé de Saint-Remy, a virtuous priest, who had consented to share his confinement in the hope of exercising a religious influence upon him. To the abbé he owed all the classical education he had, and with him occupied his enforced leisure in translating Virgil. He was more surprised than pleased one day to find his wife added to the dual company. She had been sent by Louis in order to complete, by the force of her charms, a conversion which had been to him unaccountably delayed, and on which the zealot monarch had set his mind. He probably thought that even such a man might become fond of his wife when he was debarred from the society of all other women; but he was greatly mistaken. The duke complained that her presence aggravated his punishment. Still, she was regularly brought to him once a week, and the governor of the Bastile had royal orders to diminish the rigors of the prisoner's captivity in proportion to the cordiality of his reception of his spouse.

This is said to have been the sole instance on record in which a political prison has been employed to redress connubial wrongs. Think of a prince who was called the Grand Monarch personally interfering in a domestic disagreement!

Thus forced upon him, the duke came to hate his wife, and he had no hesitation in telling her so, which, adding to the discomfort of his situation, increased his aversion to her. He never pardoned her for obtruding upon his captivity, and, after his release, he treated her so ill that she finally did her best, according to Soulavie, to deserve his detestation by imitating the disloyalties from which she had once suffered so much. She did not live long, poor woman! She died five years after her marriage. Her husband said she had few attractions; but Saint-Simon, in his "Memoirs," speaks of her as amiable, witty, and accomplished—as a naturally sweet spirit whose life had been made wretched by the vices of the man she had so devotedly and fruitlessly loved.

Richelieu's unwillingness to comply with the wishes of his regal master caused him to remain in the Bastile for fourteen months. He would have staid there longer, had not murmurs of indignation and compassion at court, particularly among the women, with whom the duke was always a prime favorite, influenced Louis to set the young scapegrace at liberty. He was then sent into Flanders as a musketeer, under Marshal de Villars, who had taken a great fancy to him, and who soon admired him for his coolness and courage under circumstances the most trying. At the deadly siege of Freiburg both were badly wounded almost simultaneously—Villars in the hip by a ball, and Richelieu on the head by a stone, the traces of which he carried to his grave. The latter was intrusted to bear the news of the surrender to the king, who was so pleased with the neatness and spirit of his replies that he said: "The honor of your wound effaces the shame of the warrant I have signed against you. Bear yourself nobly; for I believe you destined to great things!"

After the death of Louis XIV., and during the profligate regency of the Duke d'Orléans—a natural reaction from the constrained morality and indigo piety of the closing years of that monarch—Richelieu bade fair, by his manners and licentiousness, to form one of the brilliantly-wicked circle of *roués* of which Orléans was the centre. But his remembrance of the generous patronage of Madame de Maintenon, and his flattering reception at Sceaux, combined with his spirit of contradiction, drew him to the party of the Duchess du Maine. The regent liked him not, and the dowager-duchess, the impetuous princess-palatine, abhorred him. Presently resentments rose between the two dukes, and the younger endeavored to increase and aggravate them. He even boldly announced that he should take special pains to deserve the ill-will of Orléans, and to this end he set himself up as a rival to the regent in his most cherished gallantries, and was entirely successful. He likewise abandoned, or pretended to abandon, the beautiful and accomplished Charolais in order to devote himself to Charlotte Aglaé, Mademoiselle de Valois, the regent's daughter. His passion for the young princess seems to have been simulated, while hers for him was sincere, ardent, and exalted.

Richelieu, by his attentions to the Countess de Gacé, in the aphelion of prudery, angered her husband, who sought a quarrel with him at a ball of the opera. Sharp words having passed, they sallied into the street—Saint-Thomas du Louvre—and fought (February 17, 1716) before a crowd of their friends and lookers-on. The count was wounded slightly, and the duke was run through the body, unhappily without touching any vital part. For this open violation of law and custom, the combatants were sent to the Bastile, where they received the visits of the whole court. After six months they were released;

but not before the duelists had embraced and dined sumptuously with the governor of the prison. The duke's captivity so drew upon the sympathies of the lovely Charolais that she found means to see him repeatedly in his dungeon, thanks to an ingenious disguise, and he rewarded her constancy, as soon as he got out, by seeking the society of Mademoiselle de Valois!

A circumstance which made a grand reverberation about that time was a duel fought in the Bois de Boulogne between Mesdames de Nesle and de Polignac for the possession of no less a personage than the erotic Richelieu. This brought his reputation as a heart-breaker to so dizzy a height that few women could think of him without a swimming of the senses. He became the rage of the sex, the absolute sovereign of their affections. A sort of sentimental nympholepsy seized upon all feminine Paris. It became the fashion to surrender to him at sight, and actresses, duchesses, adventuresses, and princesses, hurled themselves alike at his fascinating head. A French writer says it is impossible to understand the fascination he exercised. He changed the forms of modesty, and displaced the springs of self-love itself.

Meanwhile the conspiracy of Cellamare to overthrow the regent was discovered. Richelieu had taken part in it, incited against Orléans because he had shown more indifference to than hatred of the young nobleman who had labored to render himself odious. Although it has been denied, there is no question of his guilt. He committed positive treason, even offering to Spain his regiment and the frontier city of Bayonne, which, though often besieged, has never been captured. Some have thought his motive to have been the facilitation of a marriage with Mademoiselle de Charolais (he was then a widower), who would have allied him to the house of Bourbon. The probability is, that he was impelled only by fickleness and restless ambition. He had barely reached his majority, and plotting at that age is more likely to arise from hot-headedness and unreflection than any deliberate design. Fortunately for him, his fate lay in the hands of Dubois and the regent, who were both inclined to clemency: the one on principle, the other by temperament. Instead of cutting off his head, which they might have done in the interest of society, they committed him to the Bastile—his third incarceration—where, for a while, he was closely confined. He was soon allowed the use of books, a backgammon-board, and a bass-viol, as a means of killing time, with occasional visits from Mesdemoiselles de Charolais and Valois, who suppressed their jealousy through their anxiety and apprehension for their common friend. It was not long before the fair Charlotte managed, despite bolts, bars, and guards, to be his companion and comforter. To such indiscretions were the two princesses driven in their vain efforts to keep the inconstant, when they saw their infatuation shared by all women, and himself, curled, perfumed, and elaborately dressed, walking in the open gallery, while fashionable and titled ladies jostled one another in the street below to catch a glimpse of his fine figure, posing and parading for their delectation.

At the end of six months the regent yielded to the entreaties of his daughter, the poutings of Charolais, and the solicitations of Cardinal de Noailles, whom Richelieu, already seriously ill, had persuaded that longer confinement would cost him his life. The sole condition exacted, if any, was the promise of Charlotte to her father to wed the son of the Duke of Modena. Following his enlargement, the young scoundrel was banished to Conflans, and then to the village of Richelieu, where his great ancestor had been born, and whence he was allowed to return only to assist in the departure for Italy of the princess who had sacrificed herself for him. A recent cruel experience had at last opened her too partial eyes, and cured her of an attachment which was unworthy of her, and ill requited by him. He was granted leave to go to Saint-Germain, where he had a country-seat, for a temporary stay, and afterward to reside there. For some months he was forbidden to see either the king or the regent; but, his usual good fortune asserting itself, he was restored to favor; his offenses were speedily forgotten, and he bore his restoration with as much importance and insolence as if his receipt of a pardon had been a gracious condescension.

New honors attended him. Before he was twenty-five he was admitted to the Academy, which his grand-uncle had founded, in place of the Marquis de Dangeau. The Abbé Gédoyn paid him the compliment that, in a time when the whole kingdom was bent on speculation, he had not so forgotten his position and his rank as to seek for sordid gains. The compliment was deserved. Richelieu was one of the very few noblemen of distinction who, during all the wild excitement occasioned by John Law's financial schemes, culminating in the South-Sea Bubble, did not yield to the seductions of stock-jobbing. He was worse employed, however, and would have been the gainer by substituting avarice for some of his other vices. He delivered, on the occasion, a very creditable discourse—for him; but most of it was supplied by Campistron, Destouches, and Fontenelle, whose elegance and eloquence he so ingeniously mingled with his own matter that his plagiarism was not suspected. His original manuscript has been preserved, and Soulavie, who wrote his memoirs in nine volumes, and who had access to the manuscript, established its authenticity by innumerable faults of orthography.

At twenty-five (March 6, 1721) the precious fellow was received into Parliament, as a representative of his duchy of Richelieu, and Matthieu Marais, in his journal, notes the splendor of his appearance, his mantle and stockings being of a very rich stuff of gold, which cost two hundred and sixty livres the ell. He says the duke resembled Love personified, which he might easily have done, if the indulgence of uninterrupted habit sets any impress on the indulger. The last two years of the regency

he spent in Anacreontic pursuits; but he was so much less obstreperous than usual that the only thing that seems to have attracted public attention was his duel with the Duke de Bourbon, on account of the bewitching Charolais. The combat was not very interesting, since the chief offender was not hurt, for the reason, perhaps, that his desert so imperiously demanded his expunction.

Under the regency, Richelieu, who had masked his ambition by assumed indifference, was one of the titled men of pleasure who danced attendance on Madame de Prie, in hope of gaining her favor. He grew weary of waiting after a while, and, ceasing to offer her incense, she smiled upon him, and so approved him that she caused him to be appointed embassador to Vienna. This post, greatly sought, was quite beyond his expectations; and yet he got it without effort, and even without exciting jealousy. Such is the success that accompanies the way of the wicked! This period (1725) seems to mark his transmission from a life of love-making to a life of ambition—not that, henceforth, he relinquished love-affairs, but that he made them secondary; a means to an end. The embassy to Vienna involved delicacy and difficulty which might have deterred the most experienced diplomate. The object was to neutralize the rancorous attempts of Spain, on which they wished to inflict an affront by turning its efforts to the profit of French politics, in hope that, sacrificing its interest to its desire for revenge, it might purchase, by a humiliating and onerous agreement, the hostility of Austria. His enemies were very sorry, and his friends greatly astonished, when they learned that Richelieu, at first kept at the gates of the capital, where all-powerful influences were brought against him, had actually received the audience so long and pertinaciously withheld. He returned there in November with a retinue which surpassed any that had preceded it, and gave to an ordinary favor all the appearance of a victory. He acquired by his prodigal display and luxurious entertainments a popularity that materially helped him, and, by subtle calculation and remarkable tact, obliged his pusillanimous and insolent adversary, the Duke de Riperda, to yield him place, and depart in mortification for Spain. Finally, he secured the promise of the neutrality of the empire, its coöperation in a treaty of reconciliation with Spain, and the hope of a cardinal's hat for the Bishop of Fréjus, who had become prime-minister.

Richelieu was lucky to the end, even in his blunders. Moved by his love of the marvelous, he was gravely compromised, along with the Abbé de Zinzendorff and Count de Vesterloo, in an affair of sorcery, rendered tragical by the death of one of the actors. But he managed to overcome the grievous impression caused thereby, and to go back to France to enjoy there, with brilliant impunity, the benefits of his success. That remarkable and romantic embassy procured for him the Order of the Holy Ghost. His extravagance in Vienna had so seriously impaired his fortune that he felt obliged at times to take money from his friends of both sexes, of whom Voltaire was one, and Madame de Tencien, the mother of D'Alembert, another.

For the next few years he was so little pleased with and succeeded so ill in the gynocracy which ruled France in the name of Louis XV., that he quitted Paris and entered the field under Marshal de Berwick as colonel of the regiment that bore his name in the war then waging for the throne of Poland. He was wounded at the siege of Kehl, and after a single campaign, having been made a brigadier, he married, April 7, 1734, Marie Elisabeth Sophie de Lorraine, second daughter of the Prince de Guise, who was accomplished, and would have been beautiful to any other man than her husband. Like all women who had any relation to him, she loved him passionately. She died in his arms, six years after, without revenging herself for his infidelities in the manner of the time. She bore him two children, the Duke de Fronsac and Countess d'Egmont. This brilliant match was not pleasing to the Princes de Lorraine, who had a poor opinion of the duke's character, and a still poorer one of his nobility—new and slender compared to their ancient line. The pretensions of the house of Richelieu had been rudely assailed in political pamphlets during the regency, and some of the satirical things that had been printed having been repeated by the Prince de Lixin, soon after the duke's marriage, led to a duel in which the prince was slain. The tragic result made a great noise, augmenting the survivor's reputation for courage and gallantry, and rendering him still more formidable to men, more delightfully dangerous to women.

In 1738 Richelieu, then forty-two, was appointed field-marshal and lieutenant-general of the king in Languedoc. The year following he fought a desperate duel in Paris with M. de Pentenrieder, a German with whom he had some disagreement in Vienna, the pretext for the encounter being rivalry in an affair of gallantry. He killed his man—for he was accounted one of the best swordsmen in France—but he himself received wounds which it was thought would prove fatal, and from which he never quite recovered. He had always abused his strong constitution and superb health in every possible manner; but up to this time nothing less than sharp steel had been able to impair them. While confined to his room from his hurt, Voltaire came and offered to settle forty thousand livres on him, saying that he himself should not be able to serve him very long. Both believed themselves near their end, and condoled with one another after a sentimentally-moribund fashion. And yet the philosopher lived near forty, and the duke some fifty, years longer. In the midst of death, we are in life! Richelieu declined his friend's offer; he must have known by past experience that, when he needed anything, Fortune would cog the dice for him. She has an ironical trick of showering blessings upon the bold and magnificent sinner, and the duke was exactly that. The speedy death of the Prince de Guise, his father-in-law, rendered pecuniary aid unnecessary by most opportunely supplying a purse that a career of reckless dissipation had made very lean.

Very soon Richelieu resolved to pay court to the king. He well understood the weaknesses of Louis XV., and turned them to his best advantage. He gained his entire confidence by degrees, winning his way to the royal favor as steadily as if he had been a courtesan, whose part, indeed, he stooped to play. He quietly undermined Madame de Mailly, and put her sister, Madame de la Tournelle, in her place. As nobles of that era were glad to do, he arranged the intrigues of the court; he enacted the pander; he became the confidant of the licentious prince; he covered himself with a courtier's success, which we should regard as private infamy. And all the while he called himself, and was for that time, a gentleman. He was a valiant soldier, too, and prated about his honor, dearer to him than life, but less dear than genuine dishonor. Verily, the changes of a century are moral revolutions! He did not, however, neglect other means less ignoble of advancement. He displayed in his government of Languedoc many qualities that were highly creditable, and not to be looked for in him. At the breaking out of the war for the Austrian succession (1741), in which Louis had entered against the advice of Fleury, Richelieu was enabled by skillful management to offer to the king an entire regiment equipped and maintained at its own expense. Greatly pleased with this kindness, Louis created his son, hardly nine years old, the Duke de Fronsac, and named him colonel of the fine regiment, and with unconscious irony appointed his father (February 4, 1744) first gentleman of the bedchamber, in place of the young Duke de Rochechouart, deceased.

Thirsting for military glory promised by the war, Richelieu had early taken the field, and exerted himself to inspire the king with the same ambition. Louis, finally yielding to his persuasions, set out for the theatre of hostilities (May 3, 1744), the duke accompanying him in the capacity of aide-de-camp, although he had just been promoted to the rank of lieutenant-general for his brilliant courage, applauded, the previous year, by the whole army, at the battle of Dettingen. The campaign, which had opened very favorably, was shadowed by the alarming illness of the king at Metz. The duke, availing himself of his privilege as gentleman of the bedchamber, stuck to the royal bedside, where Mesdames de Châteauroux and Lauraguais had also ensconced themselves. For many days he kept from the sick-chamber the chief officers and even the princes of the blood, striving to encourage the patient and retard the interference of the priests, who were resolved upon the dismissal of the favorites. At last Louis, always a spiritual poltroon, recognizing his danger, clamored for his confessor, ordered the departure of his mistresses, and received absolution. His theological bugaboo being thus removed, he got better. At this time Richelieu received, from the Minister d'Argenson, notice, equivalent to an order, to quit Metz. With his customary audacity, he refused to obey, believing that his royal master would sustain him. He was sustained; he recovered his ascendency over the king, contributed greatly to the recall of Châteauroux, and was on the point of profiting by her pitiless retaliations, when an unexpected death, which he was unwilling to believe natural, restored power to Maurepas and D'Argenson, waiting only for their dismissal. Politically checkmated, he hurried to the army to efface his failure by military success.

The campaign of 1745 marks the culmination of the marshal's prowess and fame. The victory at Fontenoy, usually ascribed to Saxe, partially belongs to him, unless, indeed, as the too modest Irish claim, the whole glory should be engrossed by their brigade of exiles who fought that day on the side of the French. In that action the external chivalry of the time was carried to an absurd length. When the hostile forces were drawn up opposite one another, the French lifted their hats, with the words, "Will the gentlemen of England be so good as to fire first?" The French, it will be remembered, were posted and well fortified on a hill behind Fontenoy, the village of St.-Antoine and the Scheldt being on the right, and a small wood on the left. The allies, composed of Dutch, Austrians, and English, mainly the last, opened the engagement under the Duke of Cumberland by a fierce cannonade. The Dutch failed to carry the two towns by assault, and General Ingolsby, with a British division, attempting to pierce the wood, was driven back. Cumberland marched with the infantry on the main body of the enemy. With bayonets fixed, they dashed through a ravine, exposed to a murderous artillery-fire, and reached the French line on the brow of the hill in an unbroken mass, cutting down everything that opposed their progress. They had nearly won the day by intercepting the French retreat to the river, when Saxe, after urging the flight of the king, rallied his force for a last effort. Richelieu at this juncture advised that four pieces of cannon be brought to bear upon the enemy's front, while the household troops, the reserves, and the Irish brigade, should attack on each flank. He himself led the household troops, charging with irresistible force, and causing the brave and stubborn foe to slowly give way. He also had the courage to oppose the flight of Louis, counting wisely on the moral influence of the royal presence, and doing his full part in deciding the fate of the battle, which he claimed, with characteristic egotism, to be due entirely to him. He won many laurels at the action of Raucoux the next year, and believed he had reached the summit of his hopes when he was selected to organize and command an expedition into England to conquer a crown for the grandson of James II.—an expedition which, happily for the marshal, never took practical shape.

Next sent to Dresden (December, 1746,) to ask, in behalf of the dauphin, the hand of Marie Joseph de Saxe, daughter of Augustus, King of Poland, he acquitted himself with brilliant distinction, and fully sustained his high reputation as an embassador. As soon as he had recovered from a wound received at Lanfeld, his services were needed by the Genoese, who had revolted against Austrian oppression, in order to complete, by the deliverance of their territory, the unfinished work of the Duke de Boufflers.

He arrived in Genoa (September 28, 1747) after a perilous voyage, in which he had had to contend against heavy storms and the active vigilance of English cruisers. He fully justified the enthusiasm and confidence that had greeted his entry into the city by the prosperous issue of an extremely difficult campaign in a rough country, where he was vainly harassed by Count Brown. Genoa, on the recovery of her freedom, showered honors upon the duke. She inscribed his name in the golden book of the nobility; placed, even in his lifetime, his statue in the Pantheon of the republic, and earnestly solicited that he be made Marshal of France—a solicitation gratefully complied with, October 11, 1748.

Returning to Paris after sixteen months of absence, he found Pompadour all-powerful at court. Although his position was too high for him to stand in awe of her, he held himself in prudent reserve, when she suddenly broke the ice by offering him for his son the hand of her daughter, Alexandrine d'Etioles, whose father was an innkeeper. Too politic to resent openly this arrogant proposal, he replied that he was overwhelmed with the honor, and that he merely begged for time to consult the queen, whose assent was indispensable to a man that had the good fortune to be allied to the house of Lorraine.

During the long quarrels of the Parliament and clergy that troubled the reign of Louis, he was inflexibly opposed to what he conscientiously regarded as the abuse of power by magistrates transformed into deliberative assemblies. He tried his best to reconcile their differences, and displayed much tact and intelligence, with small practical benefit. He made himself very unpopular with the people, and as Governor of Guienne and Gascony he was frequently assailed and satirized in songs and printed pasquinades. His old gallantries furnished abundant material, and his new ones, not to speak of his intrigues with the feminine ministers of his voluptuous king, steadily kept up the supply.

When the Seven Years' War (1756) broke out, the marshal was anxious to make a sudden attack on the island of Minorca, believing that its loss would destroy England's maritime preponderance, of which he was so jealous. He was granted permission; his enemies, and not a few of his friends, feeling confident that he would fail. Port Mahon was defended by a number of forts, notably that of St. Felipe, deemed impregnable. Nevertheless, he took it by assault after a siege of six weeks, the enemy being burdened with the means of defense, and deprived of sufficient means for attack. The capture of Minorca excited enthusiasm throughout France, and brought even Pompadour to the side of the conqueror. Admiral Byng, having been unsuccessful, through the inefficiency of the British ministry, in an attempt to relieve the island, was accused of cowardice, brought to trial, and barbarously condemned to be shot. Richelieu, backed by Voltaire, did everything in his power to save him; proposing to offer testimony to prove that he had acted bravely, and could not possibly have prevented the result. But the generous proposal was rudely rejected, and only served to seal the unhappy officer's doom. The ministry had been shamefully incompetent, and they were bent on shielding themselves by executing an innocent man. It was on that occasion that Voltaire uttered his famous epigram: "The English encourage their admirals by shooting them when they happen to be unsuccessful."

In July, 1757, the marshal received the command of the army of Hanover in place of Marshal d'Estrées. The campaign was resolutely conducted, and from check to check the forces which Cumberland led eventually found themselves forced into a decisive defeat. Confidence, combined with an excess of presumption, caused Richelieu to lose by inopportune negotiation the benefit of his martial success. Already master of the electorate of Hanover, he allowed the capitulation of Closterseven to slip away, because its ratification, too long delayed by the court, arrived only when Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick, Cumberland's successor, was in a condition to refuse it. It was the day after the disastrous battle of Rossbach that, surprised by the offensive in his security of inaction, he was obliged to address to himself the words, "Too late!" which, a month before, he had used toward his king.

Recalled to the capital, he found the court dissatisfied and the public prejudiced. All sorts of accusations had been made against him, some of them true, but more of them false. He was charged with reckless expenditure of the public money, which charge had a basis, as he usually anticipated both his pay and his revenue by at least twenty years. He was sixty-two, and his lucky star was setting. He went back to his old life of intrigue and pleasure, dividing his time between his duties as gentleman of the bedchamber, his government of Guienne, and his desire, more zealous than prudent, to prove his devotion to the sovereign authority. His rule was licentious and pernicious. The capital of his province, Bordeaux, was overrun with courtesans and adventurers, dazzled with balls and festivals, filled with gaming-houses and every form of excess. Both his haughtiness and familiarity, his luxury and avarice, his ignorance and his wit, his contempt of law, his quarrels with the clergy, his scandalous gallantries, and his arbitrary decisions, made him odious, except with a few of his intimates as reckless and dissipated as himself. He still intrigued at court—still fawned upon the new and insulted the worn favorites of the king; was the pliant courtier of Du Barry, as he had been of Pompadour. He did not secure any political advancement, much as he sought it; but he retained to the last the friendship of Louis, the two being drawn together, doubtless, by the vicious sympathy born of a community of sin.

When Louis XVI. ascended the throne, the marshal, by reason of changed conditions, discovered himself a courtier out of place. The old iniquities of the old man no longer commended him to favor, and he sought consolation for chagrin and disappointment in the repeated profligacies of his youth, which, repulsive then, were hideous now. At eighty-

four, impelled by avarice, he again married—his third wife, Mademoiselle de Lavaux, comparatively young, formerly a canoness of one of the noble chapters of Lorraine, and widow of an Irish general in the service of France. He had hoped to have another heir by her, but accident prevented, to the great joy of the Duke de Fronsac, anxiously waiting for his father to die. He did die at last, in his ninety-third year—less than eleven months before the destruction of the Bastile—the lurid dawn of the Reign of Terror. In the great upheaval, he would have been one of the first to lose his head—a dramatic ending which he would have much preferred to slipping away through a common catarrh that prepared him painlessly for the grave he had cheated so long. With what a grand air the veteran marshal would have gone to the scaffold, and met the axe with a biting jest! To his final breath he was gay, mocking, unrepentant, sustained by the exalted egotism which had never wavered, and which, he had often said, was more substantial than hope, and infinitely more comforting than the shallow priestcraft miscalled religion

UNDER OUR HORIZON.

"....While slowly o'er the hills
The unnerved day piles his prodigious sunshine,
Here be gardens of Hesperian mould,
Recesses rare, temples of birch and fern,
Perfumes of light-green sumac, ivy thick,
And old stone fences tottering to their fall,
And gleaming lakes that cool invite the bath,
And most aërial mountains for the west."

CHANNING.

IT was a happy thought when the disciples of Gall and Spurzheim put a little island in their geography of the brain devoted to the home instinct, for only a cursory knowledge of human nature certifies to its universality and power. When Dr. Holmes called Boston, in his witty *rôle* of the Autocrat, the Hub of the Universe, he only emphasized a conceit which is common in all latitudes. If every rood, as the poet says, has some star above it, so each point, however remote or insignificant, awakens some currents of polarity. It holds at least the sanctity and sympathy which attach themselves to home.

The place from which you may be compelled or may choose to mark the world's latitude and longitude need not be Boston or New York; its sky may be the path of the birds only, and the cover of opulent fields, and yet some series of facts or circle of associations shall hallow it and give it importance. If it can show nothing else, it may mark the home of some thrifty community; and the sun passes over it to say that here, too, humanity lives to enjoy and to be strong, to do and to suffer. Still, if we attempt to describe any particular spot in the New England or Middle States, we seem always to be treating of landscape and history that are in a hundred places more or less repeated; but we like to think that in just this spot it is repeated with a little more emphasis. When the cosmic poet of the "Leaves of Grass" celebrates himself in a dramatic monologue, he merely gives a picture of every other person; and so, perhaps, if we touch but one landscape, it may find interest in being an epitome of some sort of every other. As he used his own personality as a prism through which the race and its possibilities could be best presented, so, if we dive down in the most familiar waters, what we see and bring up will, perhaps, be but the sea weed and shells and shard that are common, in a certain way, to every shore of the similar ocean.

Our particular segment of the world may not be wholly the best; yet all that I know of the best is here. Nature, at any rate, when she ordered our horizon, seems to have said: "This shall be the home of beauty. Here will I up-pile my rugged hills, and scoop into softness my nestling valleys; and over them all shall be suspended the sunsets of Claude and the azure of Italy." The Indians, who knew infallibly where Nature cosseted the rim of the globe just a little, left evidence indubitable that she did it here.

If Amenia with its vicinage, therefore, does not share the celebrity which the map, guided by social and commercial prominence, bestows on more populous centres, it shines with no dim lustre in the glory which land and sky reflect. Its widely-scattered houses and hamlets are but so many specks on the emerald of June, or the white Genelas-robe of winter, and would scarcely vary to the eye of an aërial passenger, by their shimmer of art, the pastoral picture below him. Powers's recent poem of the locality puts its characteristics in this terse and true epitome:

"A pleasant vale; bright fields that lie
On gentle slopes and knolls of green;
Steep mountains sharp against the sky;
Clear streams and tiny lakes between.

"Cool, bowery lanes, 'mong happy hills;
Old groves that shade ancestral eaves;
Farms which the prosperous season fills
With flocks, and fruits, and golden sheaves.

"A holy feeling soothes the air,
The woodlands stand in musings sweet;
It seems as if the heart of prayer
In all this charmèd valley beat."

On the eastern side of the township, indeed, from which I write, even Mr. Ruskin himself could see the material conditions of that Arcadia he has been striving to restore. Here are no noisy clamor of business, no hum of human crowds, no shriek or invasion of the hateful locomotive, except as its echo comes from beyond the western hills. It has soft meadows, wooded ascents, and purling streams. How early this region awakened rapture, a brief statement from its aboriginal history will show.

In one of those terrible warfares which drove the

powerful Pequods westward through Connecticut, a small and wearied remnant of them, tradition says, made a halt on the mountains east of us, and as they looked down, enraptured at the view stretched at their feet, they dropped an exclamation in their tongue which signifies "delightful prospect!" In fact, the very name of Amenia, which is not an Indian name, signifies "a place of pleasantness;" and this hint is wrapped up in a word which neither any gazetteer, nor the post-office book at Washington, nor the world itself, has yet duplicated. It is difficult to be sufficiently thankful for this; for, when one properly considers the bald and threadbare nomenclature by which so many places are burdened, it is refreshing to have a name which no other place can lift into honor or sink to disgrace. To be sure, our letters frequently come to us with the town misspelled; and half the world that knows of us abroad mispronounces it.[1] But all this can be borne by the pride we indulge in wearing a feather which protrudes from no other cap.

It should be called the passage of a first narrow escape when a place or person obtains a fortunate name. Think what avalanches of direful possibility stand over and are ready to descend upon those innocent things and souls which are yet anonymous! For names are, in a very real sense, something actual, and not merely phenomenal. They bear a definite flavor, and, what is to be equally considered, stick like the fabled shirt of Nessus. The boy who is named Nebuchadnezzar, or the girl who must forever answer to Jerusha, will always walk under the shadow of a prefigured doom. The danger in giving geographical names is in the direction of some familiar classical or patriotic baptism, but our town escaped this pathetic disaster. Its name is not only new and pleasant on the lips, but its euphonious felicity commends it to general admiration. If it has gone to no other place,[2] its feminine smoothness has inspired two or three sets of parents to bestow it on their daughters, where it has worn well.

The recent historian of our township, Mr. Reed, says that a poet of the Revolutionary era invented the name. It was this poet who wrote a work called "The Conquest of Quebec" entirely in rhyme; and it is said that some of his verses reached the ear and won the praise of Thomas Jefferson. How frail, though, at the best, is the poet's rhyme! What the lines of this bard, which have now failed from memory, could not do, his one word of happy nomenclature seems likely to accomplish. This, and not his muse, will secure him at least a local immortality.

For the curious reader's benefit, I may say the country here described lies a little north of the midway point between the cities of Albany and New York, and stands against the Connecticut border. It is a part of the famous Oblong strip which that State unwittingly gave to New York before its agricultural worth was known, in exchange for an equal number of acres of what was then swampy seacoast on Long Island Sound. It is said the New-Englanders were never before so deceived in a bargain; and the uncertainty of the State boundary-line, as first surveyed, has caused a more or less slumbering discontent and contention—now breaking out, and now subsiding—for upward of a hundred years.

Although the key-note of the landscape is chiefly idyllic and pastoral, there are places where—as Carlyle makes Teufelsdröckh say—"In fine vicissitude beauty alternates with grandeur; you ride through stony hollows, along straight passes traversed by torrents overhung by high walls of rock; now winding amid broken, shaggy chasms, and huge fragments; now suddenly emerging into some emerald valley, where the streamlet collects itself into a lake, and man has again found a fair dwelling, and it seems as if Peace had established herself in the bosom of Strength." It is one of the qualities of diversified scenery, as it is of a fine picture, that it will each day give you something new. The prairie, or bald plain, exhausts itself by one conception; but, in the mixed features which make our endowment, you can get, from just a little change of view, an occasional feeling of the new and wonderful. You may have lived here always, and yet you will not infrequently meet some day a separate picture that brings with it a fresh flavor and significance.

Dear to the dryads are the monumental elms, which rise from every open vista, or skirt the roads; and their lither, fan-shaped sisters, graced by dallying foliage, or the aspiring Virginia-creeper, which seem to let fall their tassel of vine in curves about the bole. If the former appear to recall the genius which built the Gothic cathedral, we have in the palm-like grace of the latter the slenderness of the Byzantine minaret; and so, by a subtile suggestion of natural architecture, we get hints of the Scandinavian and Asiatic climates which rule our year.

The mountain-ranges which pass over from the southwest corner of Massachusetts—whose western highlands are visible here—to Fishkill on the Hudson, are merely a continuation of the Green Mountains of Vermont; and they run about parallel with prolific veins of iron-ore which crop out in so many places. The fine qualities of this ore—some of which was dug for the casting of Revolutionary cannon—are now, I believe, conceded to be without superior in the world. To the iron car-wheels which transport the products of nearly all the inland commerce of this continent, the mines in this section are preëminent, if not the chief, contributors.

That the Indians were sincere in their attachment to this spot we have frequent and singular proof. They built their villages here, and at certain points, where the chain of mountains is broken in two by the path of some pellucid stream, arrow-heads have been discovered in large numbers. In certain meadow-lands, the alluvial borders of a winding stream, broken pieces of rude pottery have been dug up, and also such utensils as the pestle and mortar. Near the edge of a swampy marsh, where once must have been a lake, fragments of an Indian canoe have

[1] Situated in Salisbury, Connecticut.

[2] I have lately heard that a land company formed in this neighborhood has partly impaired this statement by naming a township of the future in Dakota Territory after ours.

been found. Even now as I write I can discern a sloping knoll not more than forty rods distant from my window, where the early white settlers saw when they came the subsiding slopes which marked the graves of an Indian burying-ground. It was a well-chosen spot, lying on a surface of successive billowy undulations, and near the junction of two streams rich in picturesque surroundings. The largest of these, which gets its name from the valley through which it runs for a distance of over thirty miles, is called the Webutuck, or the stream of "the pleasant hunting-ground."

Looking at the region, as modern culture and toil have changed it, Emerson's verses read almost like a natural description of the locality:

> "Beneath low hills in the broad interval
> Through which at will our Indian rivulet
> Winds, mindful still of sannup and of squaw,
> Whose pipe and arrow oft the plough unburies—
> Here in pine-houses, built of new-fallen trees,
> Supplanters of the tribes, the farmers dwell."

Just north of us, for a distance of ten or twelve miles, there is a cluster of crystal lakes, situated between the high hills. It is a district scarred by the fiercest primeval tumult; and, as you look down upon it from the high point where one of the Coast Survey monuments rises, you can see ridge upon ridge of craggy roughness in all directions. If the Titans and demi-gods ever threw hills upon each other, and piled Ossa upon Pelion, they might easily have done it here. Out of the midst of these the mirroring lakes send back to you the calm of cloud and sky, the shadows of overhanging rocks and trees, and bright flashes of every prismatic hue. Two of these lakes were called by the Indians respectively Wonomscopomic and Wocontocook; and of the former, with its woody bluffs and foliage, it is not too much to say that no sheet of water in this country can surpass it in ideal loveliness.

The peak of observation of which I have spoken is on a level with, if it is not higher than, the topmost summit of one of the New England States, visible in the far distance. High as it is, a lofty lake sparkles near the top, and some half-dozen glisten below. A pair of these are called, from their close connection, the Twin Lakes;[1] and now a new railroad finds just room enough in the narrow neck of land dividing them to cross over and unite New England to the great West. A carriage-road, supplemented by a brief foot-path, takes those who do not prefer a few miles of walking to the Surveyors' Monument, where private picnics are often held. On a dual affair of this sort a New England literary gentleman and the present writer sought it in former years, carrying up with us a pocketful of Tennyson's freshly-printed verses, but finding poetry far more appealing in the rhythmic harmonies of the sky and land.

It is one of the touching reminiscences concerning the Indians of this neighborhood, which faithful hands have not failed to celebrate, that there came early among them the good will and work of the faithful Moravians. As early as 1740 these disciples of Zinzendorf had found out the savages, and administered to them in material and spiritual ways. It was a benign influence which these sainted men brought, and their control of their unpromising wards, it is acknowledged, had the happiest results for all the settlers. A little less than twenty years ago some of the Moravian brethren in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, came here and set up at different points three monuments with imposing religious ceremonies, commemorative of the early work which these courageous men wrought in this field. One of these monuments, placed near the grave of a prominent minister, surmounts a graceful knoll which overlooks toward the setting sun a lake of remarkable beauty—a sheet of water which the missionaries called *Gnadensee* (the Lake of Grace), but which, to the Indians, was Wequagnock.

The red-man in recent times has fallen not only under the wrath of the white resident, but has dropped out of poetry and fiction as a picturesque figure. There is now no one left to do him homage, though there has never been any lack of those who for profit did not scruple to do him injustice. As we view to-day the charming landscapes from which he has been driven, and to which his poetic syllables still cling, Mrs. Sigourney's touching lines are recalled:

> "Ye say they all have passed away,
> That noble race and brave;
> That their light canoes have vanished
> From off your crested wave;
> That 'midst the forests where they roamed
> There rings no hunter's shout;
> But their name is on your waters,
> Ye may not wash it out."

The day of the Indian has passed, and that of the railroad and telegraph has come; but we do not need here to ride or walk far from our daily haunts to find a few mixed descendants of the first owners of the soil. These are mainly offshoots from the Pequods. They have lived for a long time in a narrow valley adjacent to ours, where a little stream and a large one unite, a spot which they named, as Mr. Lossing tells us, *Pish-gach-ti-gock*—"the meeting of the waters." This name on white lips got corrupted to *Scaghticook*, and the Indians became thereafter, to all the neighborhood, the Scaghticook Indians. During a former generation these wards of civilization used to frequent all our country, peddling the painted baskets and small wares which they knew so well how to make, and gaining a livelihood of as much thrift as they cared to enjoy. They were always natural wanderers, and sometimes strolled two hundred miles away; for a drop of Indian blood—if it be only one drop—when it gets in the veins, means vagrancy, and the restlessness of the Wandering Jew.

I think the last full-blood Indian of this tribe—now reduced to a mere handful, mixed with negro and white blood—was the locally-famous Eunice Mauwee. She lived, as her dwindling descendants

[1] The first syllable is not *Ah*, nor *Ar*, but has the alphabet sound of *A*; and the whole word is pronounced as if spelled thus, *A-meen-yay*.

now do, on a State reservation, and died in 1859, aged about one hundred and four years. Her father was the last chief who ruled, and she was, consequently, of royal blood—a princess in fact, as she would have been in name, had the tribal condition of her people continued.

I remember seeing her a few weeks before her death, and she talked with freedom of the Indians and their habits. It was interesting to hear her pronunciation of the Indian words which have now become local property, and are attached to so many places. In almost every instance the modern use of them is merely a reduction of larger and more unmanageable ones—words which, as they are now used, have been shorn of a half or a third of their original syllables. She was intelligent, and accustomed to talk, and remembered, of course, many curious things. I was struck with her statement that she saw, when a little girl, an old Indian who had seen King Philip. The old Indian was telling her father of the personal traits and appearance of this doughty hero, and narrating, perhaps, some of his unrecorded exploits; and she was a rapt listener to the conversation. It was suggestive of Thoreau's way of measuring the distance which the current Scripture chronology sets between us and the garden of Eden; for, he says, it only requires about sixty of our grandmothers to take us back to Eve. To see an Indian who had seen King Philip (and I, therefore, came only within one remove of it) was like putting your hand backward upon the vessel which landed at Plymouth Rock. When one sits down to think the matter seriously over, it does not seem so long as it did since Columbus discovered America, or since William the Conqueror set foot in England, or, in fact, since anything ancient happened. Even those indeterminate æons of Huxley and the geologists are visibly shortened when a few memories pasted together cover such an arc of time.

We have in our midst also our tales and traditions of the Revolution. Besides a few houses still standing which were built before that event was precipitated, there is the record, not brief or unworthy, of those who fought and died in the memorable struggle. No battle against the king's soldiers ever reddened the soil here, but it is known that a portion of Burgoyne's army, which was marched to New York in two divisions after its capture, passed southward through the eastern side of the township. A good many of these soldiers were the hated Hessians; and they encamped one night not far from our border, and spent the evening in singing songs and in general hilarity. There were good singers among them, and the universal enthusiasm displayed belonged, no doubt, to that early passion which has descended so successfully through the German blood to the present date. Perhaps, if it could be traced far enough back, its Gothic nativity would be found not far away from the source of that marvelous music-culture which has just burst upon the world from Wagner at Baireuth. But I suppose the jollity of that evening was partly a real delight in being free from active battle; for the paid soldiers of Germany must have felt little of that divine impetus in the unnatural warfare they were compelled to wage here which nerves the patriotic citizen to deeds of daring and conflict.

The old lady who told me she ran out to her father's door-yard fence, the morning after the encampment broke up, to see the soldiers go by, was still living a few years ago. She must have been only seven or eight years old when she witnessed the spectacle, but the impression which the red uniforms and the singular procession made upon her mind had not, at ninety years, faded away. It is a curious fact that some grass-seeds which fell from the forage or equipments of these soldiers gave root to various new species of grass which still survive in our meadows.

It is Nature, though, rather than man, whose stamp gives the prevalent flavor to this horizon. Here are nooks of quiet, and shy glens; groups of rock, and patches of water; and wide breadths of pastoral calm and beauty sufficient to give the appreciative artist a lifetime of employment. A score of pictures or more have been framed out of this landscape, and been borne to distant homes; and the studies that have gone into the artists' portfolios are too many to number. Only in July last, a noted Cincinnati artist paused here, while on his way to a two years' study in Rome, and left regretting that he had not provided some liberal margin of time for reproducing the fine effects which accost the eye from so many points.

It must have been twenty-five years ago when Durand made a popular picture of the valley below us, which is continuous with ours; and the engraver gave it a wide publicity. It is on the mountain west of this view that you find "The Stone Church," which is a curious natural cavern that has a fantastic resemblance to the interior of a Gothic church. Within a few weeks past, Mr. Lossing, the artist and historian, who lives near it, has published a little pamphlet, giving two illustrations of this unique cave and cascade—one taken from the interior, and one from the outside—and has woven about them the legendary incidents and romance which have come down to us. One of the traditions, which he gives at length, mentions that Sassacus, the Pequod chief, while retreating to escape from the hostile Mohegans, used this cave for a time as a successful hiding-place; but, when he left it and fled to the northward, to implore mercy and peace from the implacable Mohawks, he and his thinned remnant were extinguished at their hands.

The Stone Church is situated at the base of the mountain, and is formed of solid rock, having been apparently cut out by the water's tooth, which has been gnawing through it for ages. A little stream still tumbles down from the upper story, or section, to the floor of the main apartment, and makes in its fall a musical cascade. An irregular, upright bowlder, in the upper chamber, furnishes for the active fancy what is called the "pulpit;" and through the far roof the daylight peers down, showing a glimpse of the blue sky as you look from

one position upward. Its entrance, as Mr. Lossing says, has "the form of some old cathedral;" and the caressing border of moss, and foliage, and shrubbery, gives to it a charm that nothing is needed to heighten.

The ravine which leads to it, and which is skirted by a winding foot-path carving gracefully around rocks and over fallen trees, is reached almost directly from a pretty vestibule of green meadow; and would be of itself worth visiting, if there were no greater object in its midst. If the reader has ever had the good fortune to stroll through the fine woods belonging to the residence owned by Horace Greeley, at Chappaqua, he can get a fair idea of this spot—for the ravine below the lake at Mr. Greeley's place resembles this; and both are worth the labor of a long journey to see.

"Down in yon watery nook,
Whose bearded mists divide,
The gray old gods whom chaos knew,
The sires of Nature hide.

"Aloft in secret veins of air
Blows the sweet breath of song;
Oh, few to scale those uplands dare,
Though they to all belong!"

About a mile south of the Church, and scattered at varying distances on the side of the same mountain, is a series of natural wells, which another stream has dug in the hard rock that forms its bed. They lack the moulded form and relief of the Church, but look up to you like the great eyes of a giant from depths of forbidding blackness. In these the water, when it is high, still whirls around; and, when it is equable and quiet, the brooding stillness and solemn depth, buried as they are under shadows of bulging rocks and lofty trees, startle the step and awaken the caution of the timid spectator.

If we concede that the Church is, on the whole, the most striking single feature in this region—a sort of poetic episode, so to speak, in the natural drama—the gorge at Wassaic, a place where the most precipitous and abrupt hills cleave the sky in close unison, is, in a general way, much finer. This spot has no analogue that I can recall so nearly like it (taking the evidence furnished by pictures and eye-witnesses together) as Harper's Ferry—one seeming to be a reproduction or parody of the other. When a new road was cut through this notch, a dozen or more years ago, it gave a drive surrounded for three miles by unbroken hills and forests, which has ever since been frequented by the casual tourist and summer resident. The name Wassaic means, in the Indian tongue, "difficult of access," and nothing could well be more descriptive. On the top of one of the hills is a huge rock called "Listening Rock," from the fact that whosoever climbs to it, and lays his ear thereon, can distinctly hear private conversation in the valley below. The village which it overlooks is, therefore, a poor place for politicians or lovers, especially when tourists are on the eminence above it.

I find it an easy stroll from my desk to a rock which once was called "Spirit-Rock," from the adventure which some timid female of a former generation had with a ghost that rose up one night from behind it. The spirit was more obedient than *Banquo's* and soon retired from the stage, leaving little to say of its mission or history. Half a mile farther on, and crowning the summit of a high hill, rises a monumental rock, as prominent and stately as an obelisk, for it prevails on every eye below, and from no point of view can you escape it. Besides the appeal it makes to those who enjoy the picturesque, it is of especial interest to science, as it is of a wholly different nature from the numerous rocks about it. The theory concerning it is, that when that glacial movement occurred which shaped the Catskills—which are forty miles distant—this rock was borne from beyond the Hudson to its present resting-place. It is much narrower at the base than at the top, but stands as firmly poised as if it were continuous with the rocky substratum beneath. Like the statue of Memnon, it catches the sun's first and final rays; or cold, pitiless, and stony-eyed as the Sphinx, it puts its complacent riddle to each passer-by.

But what secures our chief homage, in addition to the general *ensemble* which Nature rears in our midst, is the placid river which winds like a thing of life through so many glistening meadows, and under the protecting arms of tall and umbrageous trees. The serene sky, which is our soothing canopy, lies like a crystal in its soft depths—except where it chatters and ripples over shoals and pebbly ways, or sings its song of welcome to the robin. It is the shining gem of the landscape, the silver shuttle which weaves itself into all our waking visions and dreams. How like life it varies its step and tune, giving at one turn the sober gravity of manhood, and at another the frolic and laughter of youth! Here its brow is darkened, but not far off it sparkles like molten silver at every glance of the sun. When Mr. Conway lectured near by us last year, and added a spare day here for thought and observation, he pronounced this stream, in its temper, and tone, and physical features, a fair counterpart of the famous Avon, so sacred to England and English thought. No stream in America, North or South, recalled to him so close a resemblance. But the Shakespeare has not yet come who shall link it to humanity and the world's esteem. We are content to have it simply beautiful for beauty's sake. Our *Webutuck*—

". . . . A goblin strong,
Of shard and flint makes jewels gay;
They lose their grief who hear his song,
And where he winds is the day of day."

SOME PHASES OF RUSSIAN LIFE.

IT is as a paradox, chiefly, that Russia impresses the student who penetrates below the surface in his examination of Muscovite affairs. Extremes meet in the land of the czar with a degree of sharpness which is puzzling at first, and not a little interesting. The one thing of which the traveler in Russia may be certain in advance is, that everything there holds for him a surprise, because everything involves a contradiction. We are accustomed, for example, to think of the czar's government as the most perfect autocracy which exists anywhere in the civilized world, and this is true ; but it is only one half of the truth ; the other half is, that Russia enjoys the most completely democratic system of local self-government which is anywhere in existence. The autocratic despotism which the world sees at top rests upon a pure communism at bottom, which is practically pretty nearly the only government that the people really know anything about.

The tendency to paradox does not end here, however. It runs through everything Russian, including Russian geography. The rivers are broad and beautiful, but they are of small account for purposes of commerce, and the traveler feels little surprise when he sees a native passenger leap overboard from a steamboat in the middle of one of these streams, and quietly wade ashore. His act is so in keeping with everything else in the country, that its fitness is readily recognized. The railroads are well built and well managed, but they do not run through the towns. The public roads are best where they are least needed. Tea is universally used as a beverage, but it cannot be bought of a tolerable quality, and cannot be had at the inns, so that in this tea-drinking country the traveler must carry his own supply of tea with him, as he carries his sheets and pillows, because such things are not furnished with lodgings. As in little things so it is in greater ones. Russian character and Russian history are alike anomalous. In some things the most obstinately and inconveniently conservative of people, the Russians are, in others, almost inconceivably wanting in attachment to the old and the habitual. They are bigots and devotees in religion if one approaches them with any thought of disturbing their faith, but their notions of religion are only of a sort of superior paganism, religion to them being little more than a set of magical rites of peculiar efficacy. They are at once priestridden and without proper respect for their priests, as we shall presently see. It is possible to reduce all these apparent contradictions to something like an harmonious system, and to find logical reasons for all the conflicting facts, but the student of Russian life and character cannot easily avoid interesting himself in the contradictions as things worth studying for their own sake. It is not for their own sake only, however, that they are worthy of study. From the time when a pagan grand-prince of Russia made fierce predatory war upon his Christian neighbors for the avowed purpose of conquering his own conversion to Christianity, and capturing the archbishop whom he wanted to baptize him, until now, the strange mixture of diametrically opposite traits and tendencies which constitutes Russian character has furnished the only key we have to the history of Russia's astonishing advancement in civilization. Without some knowledge of these contending forces it is not easy to understand the great nation of the North to which all eyes are just now turned with rather anxious gaze.

There are two Russias ; and, in speculating upon affairs in the East, we are apt to regard only one of them, and that not the more important one. The Russia which travelers see in St. Petersburg and Moscow—the Russia where every gentleman speaks French, German, and English, and where *opéra-bouffe* and melodrama are applauded—is not at all the great Russia which menaces Turkey on the one hand and India on the other. It is an artificial Russia, so to speak, a sort of French veneer, which misrepresents the real fabric that it conceals, and unluckily it is only this unreal thing that travelers in the Muscovite dominions commonly have opportunity to become familiar with. Mr. Hepworth Dixon did, indeed, attempt to make a hasty and superficial study of the old Russia, which, by a capital error, he assumed that the new Russia of the cities had superseded ; but Mr. Dixon's habits of investigation are not favorable to good results in such a case, and hence his effort added about as much to our knowledge of Russian life as his works on America have added to his countrymen's store of information regarding the great republic. It has been possible, indeed, for a diligent student to get some notion of the real Russians by implication from the histories of Karamsin, Tooke, Ségur, and Bell ; or, better still, from the works of such Russian writers as Pushkin and Turgeneff ; but travelers have really told us little until now, because they have themselves been able to learn little with respect to the life, and manners, and ways of thinking, of the rural folk who are, in a very peculiar sense, the real people of Russia. This peasantry, of whom travelers have hitherto learned so little, except at second hand, constitute five-sixths of the whole population of Russia, and a not less important fact is that these peasants control directly, and by the forms of the purest democracy, acting under prescriptive law, the internal affairs of the empire. They make public sentiment, and they execute its decrees with an authority from which there is practically no appeal.

Mr. D. Mackenzie Wallace has supplied in some measure the much-needed information respecting the life of this most important part of the Russian people, and that part of his recently-published work [1] which is devoted especially to this study is at once the

[1] Russia. By D. Mackenzie Wallace, M. A., member of the Imperial Russian Geographical Society, London.

most entertaining and the most valuable literature of its kind which we have recently had from any source upon matters connected with Russia. Mr. Wallace learned the language, and lived among the country-folk, and saw their daily life, during a long period, so that in writing on the subject he has had the obvious advantage of knowing what he had to say—an advantage which is not so common with writers on subjects of this kind as many persons fancy that it is.

The Russian peasant is not a bad fellow, but he is not picturesque, chiefly because he is a trifle too well off to be sentimental himself, or to be the subject of sentimentality in others. The law makes him at birth a member of the rural commune, or village community, and secures to him as long as he lives the means of earning a living. He is his own master, or as much so as any man not a hermit can be; that is to say, he has as much weight as any of his fellows in the councils of the commune, and the commune is to him the source of all law. His land, in many parts of the empire, is apt to be sterile, but it belongs, as he does, to the commune, and cannot be taken away. His homestead is exempt from execution, and so are his horse and his farming-implements, and his tools, if he is a mechanic. He must work hard all his life, and his taxes are heavy, but the obligation to pay them rests upon the commune, not upon him individually, except as the commune requires him to pay. He eats black bread, and drinks bad liquor, but he has enough of both. His condition is not quite so good in some respects as it was when he was a serf, but the difference is largely the result of his own choice. It arises chiefly out of the desire of each married peasant to set up an establishment for himself, a practice which has increased the cost of living without adding anything to the working-power of the community. The practice works its own cure, in part, and peasant families are still large, as a rule, the family being in all cases a sort of coöperative society for purposes of work.

The family may consist of any number of persons, and embraces commonly the representatives of two or three generations. There is one recognized head in each family, who may be either a man or a woman, and may or may not be the oldest member of the family. The qualification requisite for this domestic headship is executive ability, and its possession secures authority by common consent; but in grave matters this family president acts only by and with the consent of the family senate. He directs the working, sells the products of the work, and buys supplies, but at every step advice is offered and heeded. The family usually includes the married sons and their wives, but not the married daughters, who belong to their husbands' families. All the earnings are held in common, and this rule prevails even when some of the male members, whose labor is not needed at home, go away to St. Petersburg or elsewhere to work at handicrafts. There are some such workers in nearly every family, and in winter, when the farm-work is done, other members go away in like manner in search of employment, each sending his earnings home to be placed with the common fund. If a married son secedes from the family, and sets up one of his own, he is entitled to take nothing away with him, but must begin over again, working upon his part of the common land. For this he is fully equipped, and, like his brethren, he can eke out the scanty livelihood thus earned, by working occasionally for hire, under the steward of the neighboring great estate. His farm-work is simple. His land is divided by communal authority into three parts, one for summer grain, one for winter grain, and one to lie fallow, and even his days of beginning particular operations are fixed for him, so that he has no need of judgment as part of his equipment for independent farming. He has need only of three things, namely, himself, his wife, and his horse, and these he has. These three constitute the labor-unit, as Mr. Wallace phrases it; that is to say, all the work is done by precisely this combination of forces, and, no matter how large a family may be, its members work in groups of two, one man and one woman, each group using one horse.

To provide these groups is the principal purpose of marriage. There is almost no sentiment indulged in the matings of the peasantry, and beauty or even comeliness is lightly esteemed among them, as one of a woman's qualifications for wifehood. When a young man reaches maturity, he is looked upon in the family very much as one half of a pair of scissors might be; that is to say, he is incapable of performing the duties of a labor-unit without the woman-worker who is to be his complement—the other half of the scissors—and, accordingly, the female head of the family looks out for a wife for him, while the male head looks out for a horse. The wife-hunter and the horse-hunter govern themselves in their search by precisely similar considerations. She selects the needed wife as he chooses the needed horse, looking well to her strength, her temper, and her energy, and caring greatly more that she is likely to be a submissive and profitable daughter-in-law than for her qualifications for the office of a wife. The mother-in-law's interest in the matter is deemed of more moment than anything else, and, if she be a hard task-mistress, the case of the bride is not a pleasant one. In the popular poetry, the favorite theme both for humor and for pathos is the hard lot of the bride whose mother-in-law is disposed to put all the difficult work of the household upon her shoulders.

Whoever she may be, when the bride is thus chosen, the young man is expected to marry her quite as a matter of course. It sometimes happens that the young man's fancy has lightly turned to thoughts of love, before it has been determined to find a wife for him, and in that event the duty of the family is limited to inspection and approval or disapproval. If the woman of his choice seems to be strong, healthy, and reasonably mild of temper, no objection on the part of the household is made, and the love-making ends as all novel-readers would have it end. Love-matches are not common, however. The

Russian peasant is not a visionary or romantic person, and he is usually content to have his courting done for him. He is not disposed to be more sentimental after marriage than before, and it not infrequently happens that on the day after his marriage, or within a day or two after, he cuts the honeymoon short and departs in search of work in other parts of the empire, to be gone perhaps for six months or for a year. It is worthy of note that while mothers-in-law are an important part of this system of life, no man ever has his mother-in-law in the house with him, and it is only the women who are entitled to pass, as the current coin of wit, ill-natured jests at the expense of the dames, who hold this sort of brevet-rank in Russian peasant families.

"Heaven is high and the czar is far off," say the peasants, when allusion is made to the possibility of appealing to the imperial government for redress or protection; and in truth the heaven of government protection is so high, and the czar so far off, that both government and czar are merely names to the peasantry. It is one of the anomalies of the Russian system that, under the most absolute of modern despotisms, governing by an elaborate system of bureaus, the people scarcely feel the government at all, or realize, except in a vague, uncertain way, that there is any such thing in existence. They feel the hand of government in taxes, and now and then one of their young men is taken away by the military conscription; but tax-paying is a habit, and its performance suggests nothing. It is a matter of course that they must pay, and it does not enter their minds to ask why. Beyond this the only government they know is that of the village commune, which consists of the assembled heads of families, male or female, meeting in the open air to discuss and decide all matters of local government. This communal parliament assigns to each family the parcels of land which it must work, and the amount it must contribute toward paying the village's quota of taxes. It determines also on what day ploughing, sowing, etc., shall begin, and, in a word, it is only the family reproduced upon a larger scale. Above the village commune is still another parliament by which the people govern themselves. It is the *zemstvo*, or district parliament, composed of deputies elected by the rural communes and the land-owners. Its functions are to provide for the maintenance of roads, and to supplement the work of the communes. It has a sort of committee, or ministry, through whom it acts. We have in these three things, the family, the commune, and the district parliament, a trebly-guarded democratic system of self-government which, primitive as it is in its methods, is yet nearly ideally perfect, especially in its lower grades, as a means of securing the essential condition of liberty, the condition, namely, that in all matters the people of the district concerned shall determine everything; matters affecting only the family are decided in and by the family, without interference from without; matters affecting the commune are dealt with by the commune, and district interests are cared for by the district parliament. At each step there is a responsible ministry and a controlling parliament. The household decrees are executed by the "big one," as the head of the house is called. The commune's minister is the village elder; and the *zemstvo*, as we have seen, has its committee. In view of the difficulty we Americans find in reconciling national dignity and strength with local freedom of self-government, by means of constitutional machinery, there can be nothing more interesting than a study of the way in which the Russians manage to accomplish the end without any constitution at all. While we have difficulty in determining how much of power belongs to the nation and how much is reserved to the local governments, the Russians solve the difficulty by yielding to the czar the right to govern absolutely, while the czar in practice does not govern at all, so far as local affairs are concerned.

The czar, through his bureaus, concerns himself with the empire and imperial affairs; the people manage their own concerns for themselves—and the division of labor is complete.

After the state comes the church, in all countries in which there is a church-establishment; and in no country is there a more firmly-fixed establishment than that of Russia. Indeed, it can scarcely be said to be a church established by law. It is more firmly fixed than any law is. It is a fact in Russian life and character, and the law only limits it, and regulates its administration. To the Russian it is so much a matter of course that, except in certain places where the queer heresies of which we hear so much from travelers have taken root, he finds it difficult to imagine a state of society in which it does not exist.

The Russians are very religious in one sense, but are not at all religious, as we understand the word. They attend church with unfailing regularity, partake of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper upon regular occasions, fast rigorously on Wednesdays, Fridays, and holy days, and during the season of Lent, and observe all the rites of their church; but they hold the clergy in contempt, and even persecute their spiritual pastors and masters with considerable cruelty. Their faith is childlike and perfect; but it is faith merely in the efficacy of the rites and ceremonies of their religion. Of anything beyond this they have no notion whatever. They clothe themselves with religion, literally, as with a garment—that is to say, they put it upon the outside. That it should in any way enter their minds or souls to purify them is a thought which never occurs to them. They are not grossly immoral people commonly, but their morality has no connection with their religion, and is not in any way referable to it. As Italian bandits have sometimes been devoutly pious after their fashion, so the Russian peasant does not think it in any way necessary to lay aside his religion when he wishes to transgress the moral law. A case is cited of a robber who, having killed a traveler for the sake of robbing him, refused to eat a piece of meat which he found in the traveler's baggage, because it chanced to be a fast-day. In another case, a thief who was robbing a church, finding it difficult to detach a valuable jew-

el from the icon, or sacred picture of a saint, to which it belonged, invoked the aid of another saint in his sacrilegious task, vowing in return to burn a ruble's worth of candles before that saint's image!

I said a little while ago that the peasants are at once priestridden and without due respect for their priests; and this is everywhere manifest. The priest exacts his taxes with a strong hand, and the peasant outwits him if he can. The priest imposes upon the peasant a rigorous rule of ceremonial observances, and the peasant obeys as a priestridden devotee must; but he obeys not the priest, for whom he has no reverence and little respect, but his own superstitious fears of the consequences of disobedience. The ceremonial part of religion has a strong hold upon an ignorant people, to whom Christianity is only a superior sort of paganism, and its rites only a better sort of magic.

The priests themselves are not much better than the people, as a rule. There are enlightened and devoted men among them, without doubt, but the parish clergy generally are only perfunctorily religious; and their example has much to do, doubtless, with the condition and the views of their parishioners. Their situation and their surroundings are peculiar, and are not favorable to piety or to earnestness in the discharge of priestly duties. These men are priests of necessity, and not of choice. They belong to a caste into which they were born, and from which they cannot escape. Their lot is hard, and they often accept it unwillingly.

The clergy is of two kinds—black clergy and white clergy. The black clergy are the monks, celibates, who live in religious houses and absorb to themselves most of the honors and emoluments of the church. The white clergy are the parish-priests. They are educated in the religious houses under a pernicious system which excludes them from knowledge of the people with whom they must afterward deal, and they become clergymen without reference to their own will in the matter. When one of them is of proper age to take charge of a parish, the bishop marries him to a family, again without consulting him concerning the transaction. He marries him, I say, to a family, rather than to a wife, for practically it is to make him the head of a family, rather than merely a husband, that the bishop effects this arrangement. He finds an old parish-priest whose days are nearly numbered, or the family of a parish-priest who is dead, and he provides for the support of the family by making a young priest marry one of the daughters, and take both the family and the parish of the dead or superannuated clergyman upon his hands.

The young man gets for dowry with his wife a mother-in-law, a large family, a small house, some poor and well-worn land, and the scanty income of a country parish. His life is thus prescribed for him by the will of a superior, and his lot is an uncommonly hard one. The peasants do not respect him, and the wealthy proprietors of estates not infrequently hold him in contempt.

The functions of the parish-priest are not at all those of the pastor as we understand the term. His duty is to perform the ceremonies of the church, and that is all. He rarely preaches or exhorts. He exercises no control over his people, and is not expected to exert a moral influence among them. He is the priest of a ritual, not of a religion. He is the authorized administrator of certain fixed rites, not the teacher of religion, the monitor of the people, the comforter in sorrow, the pastor of a flock. He is not even the leader of the people in works of charity, or efforts for popular improvement. He does nothing for the cause of education, or for any other cause. He simply performs the prescribed rites, and receives the tribute which is allowed to him by law, eking out his scanty livelihood, if he be without moral rectitude, as he sometimes is, by acts of extortion—by refusing to baptize or bury persons until exorbitant fees are paid, by selling false certificates to persons who do not wish to partake of the eucharist, and by other evil practices. These improper practices, of course, are not general, but they are possible always, and sometimes actual; and, even where they do not exist, the priest is commonly, as I have described him, a mere functionary paid to administer a ritual.

An orthodox Russian (M. Melnikoff), in a semi-official report on the clergy, has drawn a picture of their present condition, which more than justifies all that is said above. Some passages from its pages are worth reproducing here:

"The people do not respect the clergy, but persecute them with derision and reproaches, and feel them to be a burden. In nearly all the popular comic stories the priest, his wife, or his laborer, is held up to ridicule; and in all the proverbs and popular sayings where the clergy are mentioned it is always with derision. The people shun the clergy, and have recourse to them not from the inner impulse, but from necessity."

The reasons for this are very strongly presented in the report, from which we quote again:

"And why do the people not respect the clergy? Because it forms a class apart; because, having received a false kind of education, it does not introduce into the life of the people the teaching of the Spirit, but remains in the mere dead forms of outward ceremonial, at the same time despising these forms even to blasphemy; because the clergy itself continually presents examples of want of respect for religion, and transforms the service of God into a profitable trade. Can the people respect the clergy when they hear how one priest stole money from beneath the pillow of a dying man at the moment of confession; how another was publicly dragged out of a house of ill-fame; how a third christened a dog; how a fourth while officiating at the Easter service was dragged by the hair from the altar by the deacon? Is it possible for the people to respect priests who spend their time in the gin-shop, write fraudulent petitions, fight with the cross in their hands, and abuse each other in bad language at the altar? One might fill several pages with examples of this kind—in each instance naming the time and place—without overstepping the boundaries of the province of Nizhni-Novgorod. Is it possible for the people to respect the clergy when they see everywhere among them simony, carelessness in performing the religious rites, and disorder in administering the sacraments? Is

it possible for the people to respect the clergy when they see that truth has disappeared from it, and that the consistories, guided in their decisions not by rules but by personal friendship and bribery, destroy in it the last remains of truthfulness?"

I am not writing an essay in advocacy of ecclesiastical reform in Russia, the purpose of the present paper being no higher than to entertain the reader; but these extracts present so vivid a picture of matters which vitally affect Russian life that they cannot well be omitted. Let me add, as a curious fact concerning the clergy, that each priest bears a family name different from that of his father—a name conferred upon him by his bishop—and that he is never called by it. He is known only as "Batushka," a diminutive word for father, which may be translated "papa."

The anomalies of Russian life and character are literally without end, and it is a curious one that, while official rank commands the very highest respect, hereditary rank is scarcely at all esteemed. Since the days of Peter the Great, the highest places in the public service have been open to men of all ranks, and the *noblesse* have been elbowed continually by gentlemen of the pavement who have won place and power by energy and intellect. In this strictly autocratic government, personal worth and ability carry with them all the possibilities of promotion which are theirs in the most democratic of republics. The man who holds high place is highly esteemed, not the man whose great-grandfather held high place. He who has the countenance of the czar is the aristocrat, even though he may have been a subaltern officer last week, a drummer-boy the week before, and a lackey last year.

Men of distinction—men, that is to say, who hold high rank of any sort—are as much sought after in Russia as anywhere else, and particularly by the merchants, who are much given to what is called "snobbishness." The merchants are ostentatious to an inordinate extent; but, true to the Russian habit of doing everything in a contradictory fashion, they make no false pretensions of any kind. They delight in fine apartments, fine dinners, and fine horses, but they never pretend to be other or better than they are. They even advertise their social position in their costume; they do not pretend to the possession of refined and cultivated tastes; and they make no effort to gain admission to good society. At his own dinners, indeed, the rich Russian merchant likes to have as many persons of rank as possible among his guests, and he keenly enjoys the reflected distinction which their presence confers upon him; but he does not pretend to anything like intimacy or social equality with them. They do him honor in dining with him, but they do not thereby recognize him as in any way their equal. He does not expect them to invite him to partake of their hospitality in return for his own. The bargain between them is well understood. The merchant gains credit among his own fellows for the presence of the great men at his table, and the great men, in addition to the good dinner provided, gain a sort of undefined right to expect the merchant's subscription to public or charitable enterprises in which they are interested. Sometimes, indeed, there is an express bargain made that a magnate shall appear in full uniform at the table of a merchant, and that in return the merchant shall subscribe a specified sum to the magnate's favorite benevolent institution. There are whispered rumors, too, that magnates sometimes let themselves out for hire as table-ornaments, and receive gifts of money in return, which are only constructively for charitable uses, the benevolent institution for whose use they are given being, in fact, supposititious, existing only by courtesy in the imaginations of the persons concerned in the transaction. Mr. Wallace tells us, as a matter within his own knowledge, that a rich merchant once asked the governor of his province to honor him with his presence upon an important occasion, and pressed his request that the wife of the governor should also come. Many objections were made, and, finally, it was hinted that the gentlewoman had no velvet dress sufficiently rich to make her toilet a fair match for those of the merchant's wealthy plebeian guests. Two days later a piece of the finest velvet which could be bought in Moscow came to the governor's door, from some giver who delicately withheld his name, and my lady was present at the merchant's feast. There is no reason to suppose, however, that transactions of this nature are common, and it is probable that, as a rule, the price which the merchants pay for the honor of entertaining grand folk really goes to benefit some charitable institution.

The merchants are very particular with respect to the quality of the honor which they buy in this way. It is only the aristocracy of the present, the actual, visible aristocracy, for whose presence they are willing to pay a price. They recognize no dignity but that of official rank. Mr. Wallace says that many merchants would willingly give twenty pounds for the presence of an "actual state councilor" who, perhaps, never heard of his grandfather, but who can show a grand cordon, while they would not give twenty pence for the presence of an undecorated prince who has no official rank, though he can trace his pedigree up to Rurik himself. The state councilor may never have had a father, for all that the merchant knows or cares, but he bears unmistakable marks of the czar's favor; while the undecorated prince, whatever his ancestors may have been, is himself nobody.

The merchants seek decorations for themselves, upon occasion, and value them highly. They aspire only to the lesser ones, of course, but for these they are willing to pay round prices—for it is by purchase that they get honors, as they get everything else. Sometimes they subscribe liberally to some public charity, trusting to official gratitude for their reward; at others, they make a regular bargain. In some cases the merchant succeeds in getting a decided commercial advantage in those dealings. An official personage, who was concerned in the transaction, tells the story of one merchant who bargained with a society patronized by a grand-duchess, for a St. Vladimir cross in return for a munificent gift of

money to the society. After the money was paid, it was decided that this honor was too great, and a St. Stanislas cross was given instead. The merchant demanded the return of his money, and it was surrendered, of course; but the St. Stanislas cross was an imperial gift, and imperial gifts can neither be recalled nor returned, and so the merchant had his cross, and the honor of wearing it, for nothing.

Russian merchants are commonly ignorant men, without even the rudiments of education. Many of them can neither read nor write, and even those of them who can read a little have to make use of a sort of abacus in making arithmetical calculations. It is to their credit, however, that many of them seek to give their children the advantages of education, so that an educated class of merchants is in course of creation. A worse fact than ignorance among Russian merchants is dishonesty, which, in its ruder and more direct forms, is very common, and detection in tricks of weighing or measuring brings no disgrace with it, as it excites no surprise.

Russian politics constitute too large a theme for discussion in the end of a magazine article, and reference is made to the subject now merely for the sake of pointing out the fact that the general law of things Russian—the law of contrast, contradiction, paradox—prevails even here. The Russians have advanced wonderfully in civilization, and the changes which have been wrought even since the close of the Crimean War amount to a great revolution; but this Russian advancement has been from without, not from within. Ever since Peter the Great took his Russians by the hand and dragged them forcibly forward toward the light, they have been led forward by men whose information and impulses were alike the product of foreign influences. The Russians, as the most obstinately conservative of men, have refused, and still refuse, to catch the modern spirit of voluntary advancement; they have taken not one voluntary step forward; but, in their other character, as the least conservative of men, they have offered no stubborn resistance to the leading of the enlightened men above them. They have proposed no changes, and have desired none; but they have acquiesced in all the changes which have been imposed upon them, with very little grumbling indeed. As they quietly submitted, nine hundred years ago, to be made into Christians by wholesale baptism at Vladimir's command, so they have obeyed the imperial authority ever since. And Vladimir's methods are still the methods of Russian politics. As he investigated religions by proxy, and founded his choice on a committee's report, so the imperial government now imports theories from other countries, and upon conviction of their abstract goodness orders them to be applied in practice to the affairs of the empire. When a reform is desired in any institution, the subject is referred to a commission. Essays are read about it. The Koran, the Talmud, and the Bible, are examined. The history of all the nations, and even of the petty states of Europe, is studied and reduced to a report. The latest theories from Germany and France are set forth. A plan is finally agreed upon, a plan devised with reference to every conceivable thing that may affect it, except the character of the Russian people and their surroundings, and the theoretically well-constructed scheme is put into practice by imperial mandate.

There is in all this a queer mingling of theoretical wisdom and practical ignorance which would be astonishing anywhere outside of this "kingdom of the queer." In Russia it is altogether in keeping with everything else. Then, too, these impractical theorists, who do not hesitate to attempt the construction of governmental machinery upon a foundation of *a priori* reasoning, are very practical in their way, after all. If their theory fails in practice to produce the results which it was intended to produce, they recognize the fact, and unhesitatingly abandon the attempt, thus furnishing the most remarkable paradox of all, that of theorists who actually lose faith in their own theories, merely because those theories do not work well in practice. There can be nothing more anomalous than this, even in Russia, and we may rest here.

BENITA'S PASTORAL.

WAS there ever a girl in the wide world as happy as Benita? If there was, she could not have as good a reason for being happy, at least so Benita thought. She was to have the principal *rôle* in the pastoral of "Marie of Navarre" at Mauleon. She studied her part until she became almost identified with it, and until the goats she was tending on one of the sunny slopes of the Pyrenees had nearly left her in the condition of little Bopeep. Hermosa, her wolfish little dog, who assisted in her duties, had to recall her sharply to business by tugging vigorously at the bright lacings that bound the *alpagatas* or light Basque sandals to her naked feet and were plaided about her ankles in lieu of stockings. Even when she bounded down the ravine in search of her flock, the words with which she drove them back to their places was still from her part, and her shaggy friends, instead of the accustomed interjections, heard with wild surprise such snatches as—

> "They have carried afar,
> Into Navarre,
> The great Count of Castile;
> And they have bound him sorely,
> They have bound him hand and heel.'

Benita had acted in the pastorals since she was a baby, but had never before been assigned so important a character as that of *Marie of Navarre*. It was the most dramatic play of the entire Mauleon *répertoire*, the one generally preferred by strangers,

and the favorite of the actors themselves, who were never weary of representing it.

An old corner of the world is the Mauleon Valley: nestled among the Pyrenees, and inhabited—as is this entire region—by the Basques, a race of sturdy mountaineers and fishermen, alike distinct from the French and Spaniards, though dwelling between and in both countries. They have a language of their own, a literature even, which, though primitive, is at least indigenous, and displays one of its most interesting phases in these pastorals. Though bearing a certain resemblance in their management to the Oberammergau Passion-play, they are quite unique, and are not all religious in their character. They are composed and acted by the peasants, and are taken from various sources. The mysteries of "Moses" and "Nebuchadnezzar," of "St. Catharine," "St. Agnes," "St. Louis," and "St. Genevieve," are from the Bible and the legends of the saints. Mythology is represented by the pastoral of "Bacchus." The only one really historical is that of "Napoleon," which is framed from the souvenirs of the people; but the pastorals of "Clovis," "Charlemagne," "Godefroi," and "Richard Sans-Peur," are founded on the old *chansons de geste*, and are demi-historic. Then there are the Ottoman annals: "Mustapha," "The Grand Sultan," and "Marie of Navarre."

There are parts in this latter play which, though they lose much of their power in the translation, are very noble and inspiring in the original Basque. The plot of the play is briefly as follows: *Marie*, daughter of *Sancho*, King of Navarre, is betrothed to *Fernan Gonzales*, Count of Castile, but is carried away with her family by the Moors. While in prison, the caliph offers them their lives and fortunes, with every honor in his power to grant, if they will embrace the Moslem faith. Then follows the climax scene of the play, and one which is seldom listened to with dry eyes by the coldest spectator, while the excitable audience sob aloud. *Marie* rejects their offers, and solemnly sweet and clear, in an impressive monotone, half chant, half recitative, her voice rises in—

"THE SONG OF DEATH.

"I have made Thee my choice,
O Jesus divine;
And my heart shall rejoice,
Thy love it is mine,
Though I walk in the darkness,
And walk to my death.

"My soul, like a fountain,
Springs upward to Thee;
And I on the mountain
Of Zion would be.
But I stand in the valley,
The Valley of Death!

"Descend, angels, this hour,
Through storm-clouds that roll;
As a little white flower
Come gather my soul;
Bear it up on your pinions,
The swift wings of death.

"My full heart is yearning,
A censer of love.
The sunset is burning
Like incense above;
'Tis His token, and gladly
I walk to my death."

Benita sang this, as she watched her goats, with such a thrill of passion and pain in her voice that one would have thought she had tasted all the bitterness and weariness of life, that only one who *felt* an irresistible and impatient longing for home could give it such inimitable expression. And yet Benita was only seventeen, without a grief or care; life was opening before her with all the sweetness which it promises a young heart happy in its first love. Her only trouble was that Dominique Castelari could not see her in her triumph, for he was a soldier under Don Carlos, fighting across the mountains for the independence of the Basque provinces.

One other friend she had, who seldom missed the pastorals, though he might be absent this year—Père Ignace, one of the curés at the old church at Fontarabia. When the play was of a religious character, he always brought vestments and rich stuffs, a costly piece of white satin, or a violet-velvet banner, for the church of Fontarabia was noted for the wealth contained in its wardrobe.

But Père Ignace, like all Basque priests, was Carlist at heart, and after the Alfonsists came flocking into Fontarabia the town was no place for him. One evening he silently stole away, and those who knew him best guessed that he had gone to offer his services to Don Carlos. For a month he followed the army through its varied vicissitudes, doing such service as he could as chaplain, nurse, scout, and spy, all in an unofficial capacity; for, though the men knew and respected him thoroughly, their leader had nothing for him to do. He found an old friend in the ranks, Dominique Castelari, from the Mauleon Valley. He had known him ever since he was a five-year-old boy, for it was then that he began to act in the pastorals. Dominique was a terrible fellow in a bayonet-charge—he would dash madly into a hand-to-hand encounter, singing with his companions one of the wild Basque songs:

"They're not worth our powder,
So thrift should be shown;
The bayonet! the bayonet!
The bayonet alone!"

But the army was almost inactive now. They were encamped not far from an Alfonsist seaport, which it was their intention to attack on the arrival of an expected artillery-train. Only an occasional bomb-shell broke the monotony of forced idleness. "A kind of warfare that I despise," Dominique had said, "because you cannot look your enemy in the eye, and have no possibility of replying to advantage." He was walking on the sea-shore with Père Ignace as he said it. Dominique had been the best actor among the boys in the Mauleon Valley, and Benita among the girls, and they were both favorites of the good priest. The latter had just mentioned Benita's name, when Dominique looked up with a frank smile.

"We are betrothed, Père Ignace; and you shall marry us some day."

Just then his eye caught a little puff of smoke and two dark specks on the southern horizon.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, "it may not be so easy to take the town, after all; there are the Alfonsist gunboats again."

Dominique hastened away to his post of duty, and Père Ignace remained where he was, an interested spectator. Behind him, farther up the sloping shore, was a Carlist battery; had he turned his spy-glass in that direction, he could have seen the hasty manning of guns; but he was busy watching the gunboats grow larger, and it never occurred to him that he was directly between the contending parties. Suddenly one of those fiends of the air, a blazing bomb, described its long, slow curve above his head, and Père Ignace ambled briskly away. But getting out of range was not the work of a moment, and another and another arch of fire bridged the distance between the enemies; and, when fairly out of reach of the gunboats, he heard a hornet-swarm of bullets about his ears. They came from the little town. He could not consider himself of sufficient importance to be fired at; and, looking in the opposite direction, he saw the expected artillery-train moving along the crest of the hill. Hostilities had begun in earnest, and it was the Alfonsists who had opened the ball. When he had finally succeeded in putting the Carlist forces between the Alfonsists and himself the battle was over. He met a newspaper correspondent, furious because there was not more to report.

"They call this a battle!" said he, indignantly; "neither party has whipped, and there is only one man killed. It's a great waste of gunpowder, that's what it is!"

"Sometimes the death of even one man makes a great deal of heart-break," said Père Ignace.

At that instant a messenger announced that Don Carlos wished to see Père Ignace. He had observed with what coolness the priest had allowed the bullets to riddle his umbrella, and he liked the man. There was work for him to do at last: a mission that would necessitate his journeying for some time among the Pyrenees, beginning with the Mauleon Valley.

As Père Ignace left his audience, he asked the name of the soldier who had just been killed. It was Dominique Castelari.

When still quite a distance from the valley, Père Ignace began to meet people on their way to the pastoral—girls sitting with their feet in the panniers of their donkeys, and peasants on foot, dressed in their holiday clothes, who chatted freely with him.

"What pastoral do they play this year?" he asked.

"'Marie of Navarre,'" was the reply.

"And who has the principal *rôle?*"

"Who but little Benita? There is not another girl in the valley who could act *Marie*."

Père Ignace crossed himself involuntarily as he thought of the sorrow he was bringing her. He walked silently on, while the laughing girls sounded her praises, asking himself earnestly what his duty was, until the church of Mauleon, with its three small spires, an emblem of the Trinity, rose before him.

He had not been twenty-four hours in the village before all the inhabitants knew that he had come from the Carlist front, though no one could be found who had told any one else. It might have been the wife of the tailor who mended the bullet-holes in his umbrella, though she stoutly denied having imparted her suspicions to any one. Before the day was over, all who had friends in the army came to inquire after them from Père Ignace. Benita and her mother were among the number. Père Ignace would rather have stood again under fire of bullets and bombs than have met the young girl's pleading eyes. He was a poor dissembler, and the bitter truth was soon known.

Benita did not faint or even weep. Though he pitied her with all his heart, Père Ignace could not quite understand her. She turned to old Jesusa with a strange, mirthless laugh, saying:

"Come, mother, we shall be late at the pastoral."

"But you cannot act now," sobbed the other. "Blessed Virgin! but she would have been sublime if this had not happened."

"I shall act my part better than ever," said Benita, confidently, without a trace of emotion in her strange eyes.

"I wonder you have the heart to do so. It was never known of any other girl in your place. Even if you do not care, you ought to keep away from the play for decency's sake—ought she not, Père Ignace?—Besides, you will not succeed, you will break down."

"I shall not break down," said Benita.

"Let Benita act," interrupted Père Ignace, gently; "it will distract her mind, and she suffers, poor child!" Then taking the cold little hand in his own, he led her away to the spectacle. Having placed her among the actors, he took his seat beside Jesusa in the audience, and waited—what for, he hardly knew; he was anxious and uneasy, feeling that there was a tragedy behind the tragedy, the last scene of which had not yet been acted. At the close of the first act this feeling was in part dissipated; Benita had known herself thoroughly when she had said she would not fail; she seemed to have lost her identity. Little, heart-broken Benita was no longer there; the sublimely heroic *Marie of Navarre* was not a sham of borrowed costume, words learned by rote and stage trickery, but a being who lived instead of acted, and suffered and spoke unconscious of spectators. Père Ignace gradually became so much interested in the play that he almost forgot the tragedy in the girl's life. Benita had quite forgotten it; for her the past had vanished with its simple pleasures and crushing calamity, vanished forever, leaving no shred of remembrance; only the present *seeming* was reality, only the actors in the play were substantial, all else was misty and unreal.

In the prison-scene she surpassed the part, and

carried the vast audience away with her. Men wept, several women fainted, and the curtain fell amid thunders of applause. And still old Jesusa and Père Ignace did not suspect the truth. But when the next and last act came, where *Fernan Gonzales* appears and greets her with words of which a quotation from one of Mr. Lockhart's Spanish ballads would seem, with slight alteration, a sufficiently accurate translation—

"Come forth, come forth, Marie!
Mine own true men they be;
Come forth, nor yield to fear,
But cry '*Castile!*' with me.
My merry men draw near,
I see their pennon shine;
Their swords are bright, Marie,
And every blade is thine"—

it was evident at once that something was wrong, for Benita, instead of replying in the words of her part, began again the recitative of the previous act, and chanted the verse—

"Descend, angels, this hour,
Through storm-clouds that roll;
As a little white flower,
Come gather my soul!"

Père Ignace sprang from his seat and rushed to the back of the stage, and shortly after he was seen leading Benita away, his pink-and-yellow umbrella sheltering her from the gaze of observers as though it had been the wing of some guardian angel.

Benita is hopelessly insane, but she is not unhappy; she watches her goats with Hermosa, upon the mountain-side, and strangers passing have heard her recite passages from the pastoral with such passion as to make them pause and say, "The girl should have been an actress." But Benita is happier as she is; the peasants, knowing her sad story, are very kind to her, and the blow which took away her reason carried with it all memory of her misfortune.

"The certainty which struck Hope dead,
Has left Contentment in her stead,
And that is next to best."

EDITOR'S TABLE.

IT is not to be denied that the funds held by our savings-banks should be watched over and guarded with religious care; but, when the zeal that concerns itself with this most important interest impeaches the whole system of savings because of certain derelictions in the administration of the trust, it commits a great wrong. Next to the necessity of fortifying the savings of workpeople intrusted to banks against all fraud, misuse, or mismanagement, is the urgency of maintaining intact the confidence of the public in all sound institutions. The savings-banks, without being charitable institutions, are more beneficent than any charitable institution ever devised. They are, in truth, the only method ever conceived by man by which the condition of the working-class can be permanently ameliorated. By affording a means of rendering savings secure and profitable they encourage savings, and every one who has studied the question knows that poverty is to be averted only by the industry and economy that accumulate savings. Almsgiving may at times be a temporary necessity; but the so-called charities of the world have made more poverty than they have relieved. The savings-banks, by paying a profit on the savings intrusted to them, and by utilizing these savings as capital, by which industry is sustained, have accomplished a double beneficence that can scarcely be overstated. When Lord Jeffrey declared that the spread of savings-banks is more likely to increase the happiness and even the greatness of a nation than the most brilliant success of its arms or the most stupendous improvement of its trade or its agriculture, he stated no more than the truth.

With these facts in mind, it is peculiarly painful to hear on every side denunciations of and sneers against the savings-banks. It is too true that within a few years several banks have failed and a good deal of distress has been thereby inflicted; it is shamefully true that some of these failures resulted from flagrant breaches of trust; and it is urgently true that every practicable means should be taken to insure bank-depositors against a repetition of such disasters. But the current indiscriminate censure is doing more real injury than the failures did. When we see an influential contemporary declaring that the savings-banks "are no longer to be trusted; that they do anything but save; that they insure nothing but total loss to those who put their money in them;" and find these extravagant utterances freely copied and generally sanctioned, it is necessary to protest against them. They are supremely unjust and wholly mischievous. If the reader will give his attention to a few statistics, which, so far from being "dry," will both surprise and entertain him, he will see the gross injustice of the accusations we have quoted. Our statistics are necessarily confined to those of the State of New York, none others being at hand:

There has been intrusted to the savings-banks of this State since their beginning (from 1819 to January 1, 1876) the sum of two billion one hundred and seventeen million dollars ($2,116,858,986). There has been paid or credited to depositors during this period, as profit or interest, one hundred and sixty-nine million four hundred and twenty-nine thousand dollars, while the banks hold, as a contingent fund against exigencies, a surplus of nearly thirty-four millions. The amount held by them on January 1, 1876 (at this writing the statistics for the whole State up to the 1st of last January are not in), was three hundred and nineteen millions of dollars. These huge figures show the vastness of the interest. Now, a careful estimate of the losses that have occurred by failures places

them at about three millions of dollars. "I have," writes a bank-officer to us, "made a careful estimate based upon the opinions of the receivers, the reports of the bank superintendent, and my own judgment, and I place the amount at about three millions, which is half a million more than the estimate of the superintendent." This loss is large, and it has nearly all occurred since 1870; but, big as it is, it is only one-eleventh of the surplus held by the banks—the surplus over and above interest paid; it is about one-fifty-sixth of the interest or profit that has been paid to depositors; it is, on the whole amount of funds that have been intrusted to the banks, *less than one-seventh of one per cent.*; if the entire aggregate of loss had been crowded into last year it would have been less than one per cent. on the balance held by the banks. In the superintendent's report made to the Legislature in 1870, the losses on the aggregate of deposits up to that time were asserted to be *less than one-hundredth of one per cent.*—less than the tenth of a mill on the dollar—and not a dollar of this loss occurred through fraud! And yet we are told that these banks "do anything but save; that they insure a total loss to those who put their money into them;" and we are further told by the same authority that "confidence is gone." As the deposits in the banks in New York City increased last year fourteen millions of dollars, this assertion is also a little at fault.

Under any management there must have been heavy losses in consequence of the recent great shrinkage in values. All old banks with a large proportion of their funds invested in securities at ante-war prices can readily withstand the shrinkage; new banks necessarily stagger under it; and unfortunately new banks have within the last twelve years been organized with dangerous frequency. Up to 1865, banks were chartered on an average of one and a half a year; from that date to 1872 they were chartered at the rate of eleven a year. In this fact alone we see a potent source of danger. The bank-deposits had become so enormous that they attracted the attention of irresponsible and reckless men, and, despite the warnings of the old banks, charters were loosely and indiscriminately given. This is now so well understood that there is little danger of a repetition of the evil.

But, notwithstanding the dark spots on the recent record, our statistics show that, as a whole, the savings-bank fund has been well administered; and, previous to 1870, its history is fairly unparalleled by that of any trust in the world. We know of nothing in which the percentage of loss has been so little; we know of no human device that has rendered money more secure. Even if we include the recent history, it would be difficult to point out any interest in the country which has suffered less. At a time when the most cautious enterprises of merchants are attended with loss, when nearly all investments in real estate prove unfortunate, when shrinkage occurs in all forms of securities, when every kind of property has depreciated, the savings-banks must share in the general distress; but we affirm that the losses they have inflicted upon the community are much less than those from any other source. And as there are one hundred and fifty-four savings-banks in the State, it is not at all surprising that a small percentage of them have not been managed with the scrupulous honesty and judicious caution that have marked the rest. It may be that some others of the new banks must close their doors; but our well-established savings-banks are among the safest money-eyed institutions in the world, and neither private persons nor public bodies have administered funds in their possession with results so generally fortunate.

UTOPIAN cities have been constructed by the fertile imagination of dreamers almost from time immemorial, and yet the real cities of the world have advanced toward these ideals with slow and lagging steps. It is not a difficult thing to construct in fancy a well-arranged and well-governed city; every resident of a city, and every ruler of a city, can paint the picture: how is it, then, that recognized principles and admitted necessities are of so little avail? The marts and capitals of the world have for the most part struggled into their greatness without much purpose, order, or forethought; they have been altered and tinkered a good deal as opportunity has occurred or circumstances made urgent; but, as a rule, they have not been constructed in accordance with any given design, or to any definite end. We have to take our cities as we find them, just as if they were so many wildernesses, which settlers hew into shape as best they can, conscious that it is impossible to transform them at will into blooming plantations.

These struggles with adverse conditions only serve to make more entertaining all the ideal projects of reformers and idealists. We here, in New York, find it difficult to secure such elementary felicities as honest rulers and clean streets; but this is no reason why we should not thoroughly enjoy reading and thinking of cities of the millennium. The latest ideal of this nature is the city of *Hygeia*, drawn in charming lines and fascinating colors by Dr. Richardson, of London. Hygeia is, of course, a model city of health. A physician of long study and observation would be sure to let his imagination dwell on cities where perfect sanitary regulations banish fevers, wise forethought renders epidemics impossible, and wholesome food and healthful habitations hold all diseases in masterly check. The Utopian city of poets, artists, merchants, or pleasure-seekers, would naturally be of different conditions; yet poets, artists, merchants, and pleasure-seekers, would all be glad to have the healthful charm of Hygeia incorporated in their own visions. Health, obviously, must be the corner-stone of all true Utopias.

In studying Dr. Richardson's plans for a model city, readers here must be struck by the many suggestions which have been anticipated by American builders. "All the streets of Hygeia," says Dr. Richardson, "are wide enough to admit of cheerful sunlight and fresh air, and rows of trees are planted between the foot-ways and carriage-ways." This picture would naturally occur to one familiar with the narrow and treeless streets that so abound in European cities. "All the interspaces,"

quoting again from the description of this ideal Hygeia, "are laid out in gardens;" then all the larger houses are provided with lifts, up which provisions and stores are to be carried; hot water from the kitchen-boiler, and cold water from tanks, are to be distributed by means of pipes into the sleeping-rooms; every floor or story is to have a sink for waste-water, "whereby the carrying of the uncomfortable slop-pail up and down stairs is rendered unnecessary;" every floor has an opening into a dust or ash shaft, which descends to a dust-bin under the basement of the house; on the landing of the middle or second story is a bath-room supplied with hot and cold water; all domestic offices of every kind are to be within the four walls of the building. These details of domestic comfort, generally found in recently-built houses in leading American cities, prove how much in certain particulars European dwellings are behind our own—a fact which every traveled American has discovered.

But if in certain domestic details we have anticipated Hygeia, our cities in many things most emphatically show the need of a little wholesome planning and dreaming. In Hygeia there will, we are told, "be no occasion for those unsightly concomitants of London sanitation, scavengers' carts. The accumulation of mud and dirt in the streets is washed away every day through side-openings into sub-ways." In New York it is the too frequent absence of scavenger-carts that we have to deplore; in truth, if we could reach the height of London or Paris neatness in this matter, we should almost fancy we were already abiding in Hygeia.

Among other features of the new ideal city, we find the garden on the roof, which readers familiar with APPLETONS' JOURNAL will affirm is not original with Dr. Richardson; then the kitchen is to be placed at the top of the house, where "hot odors, being lighter than common air, pass away without contaminating the living and sleeping apartments. If the kitchen is to be placed under the roof, which we admit is a good situation for it, then gardens on the roof would hardly be agreeable as a pleasure-resort, charged as the atmosphere would be with the redolence of the kitchen. The roof-garden in this case would be a prime place for early peas or green cucumbers. By placing the kitchen and offices at the top of the house, the doctor is enabled to erect his dwellings on arches of brickwork, "which form channels of ingress for fresh air, and of egress for all that is to be got rid of." In the way of travel and transportation, a railway beneath each main street is to be constructed for heavy commodities, but no tramways are to cut up or obstruct the roadways. Railways beneath, cabs and omnibuses above, are to suffice.

These are only a few of the reforms and changes Hygeia is to show the world. Naturally the dram-shop is to be abolished, and even tobacco comes under ban. Hygeia is preëminently the city of health; of course, each one at his pleasure can to the doctor's ideal add art-galleries, concert-rooms, opera-houses, lecture-halls, libraries, public parks, handsome shops, gay equipages; and as health would obviously fill the streets with the blooming faces of happy men and women, the picture, it will be seen, is a fascinating one—and yet, fascinating as it is, there is nothing in it that is not entirely practicable.

BISHOP FRASER, of England, has more than once betrayed a moral courage in contrast with the rather indolent and easy-going habits of his brother prelates, and has just set all England gossiping by making his appearance, in cassock, knee-breeches, and shovel-hat, on the stage of the Theatre Royal, Manchester. He went thither, too, to act a part—the part of a church dignitary who thought that no class within the limits of his ecclesiastical domain were unworthy of receiving his help and listening to his counsels. With the stage for his pulpit, he had actors and actresses for his audience, and the drama as the text of his discourse.

It is perhaps the very first time in history that a bishop has been known to be seen in such a place. St. Paul was invited to preach in a theatre, but would not; but his reason for refusing was not because it was a theatre. As for the old Roman prelacy, the theatre was to them an abomination, and the drama almost blasphemy. They hated theatres and actors, not so much because the drama was debasing and its influence immoral as because it was a sort of rival, and often a successful one, to the pageantry of the Church. The rites by which they themselves sought to awe and dazzle the multitude into faith and obedience were nothing if not theatrical; and the secular stage tended to render the glamour of costume, action, ceremony, and *mise en scène*, too commonplace. For very different reasons the English Puritans detested the theatre; and, if a prelate in their time had dared, like Bishop Fraser, to lend his countenance to it by actually appearing behind the foot-lights, we fear he would have fared scarcely less hardly than the obdurate five in the reign of the second James. These are tolerant times; yet we doubt if Dr. Fraser will very soon hear the last of his courageous step. Critics of the canting sort are likely to assail him with the charge of gross impropriety; yet it is not perhaps too much to say that, were his example generally followed by the clergy, more would be done by them for the culture and taste, and even morals, of society in general, than many sermons accomplish, or than all the literature of cant-criticism has ever achieved.

Bishop Fraser did not so much lecture as talk to his histrionic audience; he frankly avowed his belief in the cultivating and elevating influence of good plays well acted; and the only criticism he saw fit to make on the drama as it is was that which every thoughtful observer is inclined to make: banish evil suggestion, he said, to the eye and to the ear; reject plays the language or plot of which revolts good taste and morals, and which only attract the frivolous and prurient; and let the costumes of the stage be devoid of what should be an illegitimate attraction. It is pleasant to note, moreover, that the bishop did not look on the dark side in judging of the drama of the day. He admitted that the offenses against good taste and morals are the exception, not the rule;

that, after all, pure and elevating drama draws better than the frivolous, nonsensical, and immodest; and that an immense advance has been made since the time when plays were presented on the English stage, written by women, which most men would now blush to hear or even read.

ROBERT BUCHANAN'S somewhat overwrought but picturesque romance, "The Shadow of the Sword," is based upon the desperate efforts of a Breton fisherman, Rohan Gwenfern by name, to resist the conscription so ruthlessly enforced by the first Napoleon. The fisherman is superior to his class; he has been led by the teachings of an itinerant schoolmaster to execrate war, and animated by a rude, heroic passion, determines to resist to the end the fiat that against his will would make him a killer of men. He takes refuge in a cave; is besieged there, and, in defending his retreat, inflicts death in order to escape capture. This apparent inconsistency is seized upon by a critic to condemn the moral of the story, asserting that the rational human being would declare it better to serve as a soldier than be forced to kill people in maintaining one's right not to be forced into fighting.

Now it seems to us that the moral of Mr. Buchanan's story is not only a very good one, but that it indicates the only possible method by which war-making is to end. Just so long as the multitude remain tractable material for the purposes of ambitious or reckless rulers, just so long as the people believe they are born to be "food for gunpowder," at the dictation of superiors, wars will flourish. It is amazing to see in the past with what submission and patience the masses have yielded everything—home, hope of happiness, life—to notions of duty, allegiance, and what not, simply because querulous statesmen and ambitious kings had neither wit nor humanity enough to adjust their difficulties without setting the nations to slaughtering each other. For our part we believe that wars are rarely necessary; we believe that government does not hold the lives and destinies of its people at its will; we deny that allegiance so called involves the surrender of one's life, liberty, or right of moral judgment; we affirm that government is nothing more than a device for the maintenance of order, and the security of life and property—an indispensable element of society, perhaps; but it is no more entitled to blind submission and reverence than is the policeman at the corner. The ignorance, the superstition, the moral cowardice, the spiritless submission of the multitude have alone rendered wars possible; and hence in the name of human rights it is immensely better that the average human being should *not* "think it better to serve as a soldier" than to heroically resist a tyrannical and usurping control of his right to live and fulfill the purposes of his being. There have been holy wars, wars for the defense of home and family—these struggles, however, have needed no conscription; but wars usually are purely gratuitous evils inflicted ruthlessly upon mankind by heartless rulers. When the peasant class are all of Rohan Gwenfern's mind, they will unite in refusing longer to live as the mere creatures of kings and presidents, to be marched hither and thither at somebody's inscrutable will, to be shot down and butchered at anybody's pleasure; they will emphatically declare that those in authority *must* find some other way of adjusting their difficulties than setting innocent persons to shooting and throat-cutting, and they will know how to enforce their mandate.

SOME writers are inspired, by the recent unveiling of a statue of Robert Burns, at Glasgow, to lament that the honors which all the world is so willing to see lavished on him, now that he has been long in his grave, should not have in some degree softened and sweetened his existence while he was yet alive. Pathetic enough, indeed, were the later days of the once merry and jovial ploughman bard; his death, neglected and in penury, was scarcely less sad than that of Chatterton, and was more so than that of Sheridan; and it was, in truth, a pity that so gifted a genius should be forced to eke out a scanty subsistence by assuming the odious, prying office of an exciseman, and, instead of giving full rein to his rich inspirations, should spend his time in gauging liquors.

But is it not somewhat hypercritical to cast a sort of historical reflection upon Scotchmen for meeting every year to celebrate Burns's anniversary, and talk eloquently in his praise? The charge so often made against the world of neglecting men of genius, and then hastening to render them posthumous distinctions, as if trying to remedy a past slight, is in many cases an unjust one. In this very instance of Burns, for example, we cannot forget that, if he was reduced to want, and was obliged to abandon the writing of soul-stirring verses to pursue an occupation that was at least respectable, and in which regular work was paid for regularly, it was as much his fault as the world's. Edinburgh society found him out, took him up, petted and patronized and lionized him, read his poems with enthusiasm, and fully recognized his genius. But prosperity proved too much for him; recognition, far from making him, fairly ruined him. It was probably quite impossible for him to keep a cool head, a calculating forethought, amid so much dazzle and homage of adulation. It is likely enough that if he had been let alone, he might have gone on living a pretty serene and contented rustic life, writing poetry, and ploughing the modest acres of his fathers. It was, perhaps, too much recognition that made him miserable instead of happy; a sot instead of a sturdy rustic; and an exciseman at last, instead of a tolerably successful bard, and a moderately well-to-do husbandman.

If we look over the history of poets and writers, we find that it is by no means always the neglected and unappreciated geniuses who are the most miserable. Sheridan certainly had his full meed of fame and of pecuniary opportunity, yet we find him in the same distressing necessity of borrowing on his very death-bed as was Burns. Swift could scarcely be said to have been neg-

lected, or his genius unrecognized, though he thought it to be; and what more wretchedly miserable creature ever lived? Byron and Keats were unhappy men, yet Byron's books, at least, sold rapidly under his eyes, and he never knew—or never ought to have known—what it was to want money. We need put no limit upon our sympathy with the greatest and most human of Scottish lyrical bards, and may expend the fullest measure of our pity upon his later miserable years, and this without charging the "withered, artificial age" in which his destinies were cast with not having done its duty by him. Even the greatest genius owes something besides poetry to the world, even as the world owes him something better than neglect; and, if he has incorrigible vices, and allows the world to spoil him, it is his own fault or misfortune, and cannot be laid at other doors.

We not long ago visited a city hospital where we were struck by one device for aiding in the cure of patients which, though a very simple and by no means a far-fetched one, is somewhat rare in these institutions. Instead of bare, whitewashed walls, and that air of stiff and mechanical primness which is usually found in hospitals, the rooms were adorned by bright, therefore suggestive, engravings and colored prints. The poor patient, thrashing about or lying in pure helplessness on his cot, was not tortured by a blank monotony of white whichever way he looked, but found a subject to divert his mind from whatever ill he was suffering in the pleasant scenes portrayed in these pictures.

Everybody knows that the mind has a very positive and recognizable influence upon the ailments of the body; and when we consider the tendency of invalids to brood over their distemper, the importance of distracting the mind, even though it be by means the most trivial, is readily seen. To supply hospitals with music, flowers, and, what is perhaps better than either, with cheerful pictures, would be an act of benevolence certainly only second to building and equipping the hospitals themselves. Sympathy, whether operating by the human voice or tone, or otherwise through the senses, is itself an effective physician. It is related of a Breton soldier in the Franco-Prussian War, who was laid up by a severe wound, that after his wound had been dressed, and there seemed no reason why he should not recover, he began to pine and fade away. A lady visited the hospital one day, who, hearing that he was a Breton, began to talk with him in the *patois* of that province. Presently he brightened up, and straightway began to recover. It had been a longing to hear the sound of his own familiar tongue, and the despair at not being able to make himself understood, which had caused him to brood and pine. Pictures on the walls, unlike flowers, do not fade, and, unlike music, may be dismissed from the mind at will; and, even if they grow familiar, they do a service in making the general air of a room more cheerful. Nothing is insignificant that can relieve the gloom and solitude of enforced confinement; and, considered in the yet more important light of a sanitary measure, it is well that the idea we have suggested should be carried out wherever it has not already been acted upon. The societies that gather up old magazines and books for hospital reading might well include engravings among the articles they apply for, varying their beneficent services in this agreeable and useful way.

A recent duel between two well-known persons of New York has revived a discussion of the morals and the philosophy of the code of honor, so called. It is argued in some quarters that the gentleman of modern society is in something of a quandary: it is intolerable to him to receive a personal indignity, and yet there is no accepted means by which he may resent it. "A man," we are told, "who has had a personal indignity inflicted upon him has suffered the deepest wrong he can be called upon to bear, yet it is a wrong which society fails to right, while it forbids him to seek the only reparation he can command." This, at first glance, is very plausible; but a little reflection will show that the reëstablishment of the "code" would largely fail to meet the issue. It is a principle of the *duello* that one can fight only with his social equals. One could scarcely call out a coal-heaver, or a tramp, or a flunkey, or a street-rowdy, or even those urbane gentlemen, the car-conductors, because of a personal indignity received at their hands; nor could he without degradation attempt to resent an insult from them by personal chastisement. A street-altercation with one's inferior, unless one possessed the mysterious strength of Eugêne Sue's Count Rudolph, would be intensely humiliating. We thus see that the "code" would still leave us at the mercy of every burly ruffian in the streets, every vagabond who might bear us malice, every reckless clown who thinks himself at a safe distance from the police. As a rule, gentlemen do not inflict personal indignities; in a truly civilized society nothing of the kind could happen. Hence the only indignities we are likely to be called upon to endure will come from the very class to whom the "code" cannot be applied. The only position that is at all tenable in the matter, so far as we can see, is to assume that no gentleman will insult another, and that no gentleman is bound to notice the insults of those who are not gentlemen. For those who resort to violence, the only cure is the police-court. A recent instance in Brooklyn of a sentence of sixty days to the city-prison of a high-minded person who thought it a chivalric thing to redress a grievance by the use of a horsewhip, will do more to remit personal indignities to the domain of the "roughs" than the best-arranged code human imagination can compile.

Many of our readers have, no doubt, recognized a quality of a very distinctive and promising character in the contributions to our pages by Albert F. Webster. In this number of the Journal we give a story by him, entitled "The Owner of Lara." It is the latest and must remain the last of his productions—for his pen is now forever still; he lies in the hush of the great mystery—death! A little more than a year ago Mr. Webster's

health began to give way; after trying different sections of the country here without marked benefit, he conceived the notion of going to the Sandwich Islands, believing that not only would that salubrious land prove a healing Gilead to his health, but afford abundance of rich material for his descriptive pen. He was induced to linger awhile in Southern California, and did not set sail for the islands until last December. He never reached them. When within three days of the promised land he succumbed to the insidious disease that had fastened upon him (which in this land ravages so fatally among the young), and he now lies in the depths of that vast and restless cemetery—the sea.

Mr. Webster was so young (but twenty-seven) that it is safe to believe the fulfillment of the remarkable promise in his writings would have enriched our literature with notable works. His mind was strikingly an original one; his thought and style were strongly marked with individual characteristics; he saw things with great keenness, but in a different light from others. But, as with all original writers, it was difficult at times for all readers to be quite in sympathy with him. He was uneven, as original writers are apt to be; for whoever treads over new roads treads in uncertain places, and is sure at times to find his footing insecure; but whoever does not exact conventional balance, who has a relish for fresh sentences and original ways of seeing and putting things, will discover in young Webster's writings, despite some faults, many most attractive pictures of places, portraits of persons, and descriptions of incidents. Some of his sketches and short stories have, in their native strength and original freshness, in characteristics not borrowed from books but studied from Nature, come near being masterpieces. The young author had a high sense of the moral obligations of his talents; he surrendered to none of the indulgences that so often obscure the light and mar the fame of genius. He was earnest in purpose and animated by high ideals; pure in heart, gentle in disposition, faithful in all things. The sea, that drags so many victims into its measureless depths, has never held in its awful keeping one whose youth and genius gave richer promise of a noble fruition.

New Books.

WITHOUT being in any sense a scientific or systematic treatise on its subject, Colonel Dodge's "Plains of the Great West"[1] is, of all the numerous books that have been written about the trans-Mississippi region, the one from which the most vivid and accurate idea of its physical features, inhabitants, sports, dangers, and attractions, can be oblained. It is almost exclusively the product of personal experience and observation, no recourse being had to any "authorities" save those who could speak at first hand and of their own knowledge; but the experiences extend through a period of thirty years, while the observations cover the greater part of the vast territory lying between the Missouri River and the Rocky Mountains, and stretching from the frontiers of Texas to the boundary of British America. Since 1848, as we gather from his book, Colonel Dodge has been more or less constantly stationed on "the Plains"—now engaged in the monotonous routine of post-duty, now convoying supplies from point to point, now pursuing bands of hostile Indians, and, at every opportunity, participating in each species of sport that the teeming country could afford. Even the opinions of an intelligent man, based upon such an experience, would possess a peculiar interest; but, when the opinions are coupled with the experiences which gave them birth, the result could hardly fail to prove of exceptional value and importance.

Classifying his subjects under three general heads, the author gives in the first section a general but graphic description of the peculiar topographical features of the region, of its climate and scenic attractions, of the fierce storms and floods that sweep and tear its surface, and of the gradual steps by which the "Great American Desert" has been banished from its place on the maps. The two most interesting chapters in this section are those entitled "Travel" and "Camp," and they furnish practical suggestions of the utmost value to soldiers, hunters, travelers, settlers, and all others whose duty or inclinations may lead them to the Plains. The second part deals with "Game," treating, in successive chapters, of the buffalo, wild cattle, elk, black-tailed deer, red deer, antelope, mountain-sheep, wolves, and other animals, game-birds, and fish. In the chapter on "Buffalo," besides a peculiarly interesting account of the character and habits of the huge beast, the author gives the appalling particulars of that frightful slaughter which within the past five years has rendered the most characteristic and one of the most numerous species of Plains animals almost extinct. Incredible as it may seem, Colonel Dodge furnishes authentic data for the statement that, during the three years of 1872–'73–'74, nearly four and a half million buffalo were killed—nine-tenths of them solely for their hides! Other chapters of especial interest are those on the elk, wild cattle, and mountain-sheep, and the entire section abounds in information which sportsmen in particular will appreciate. The third and most important section of the book treats of the Indians; and, besides containing upward of two hundred pages of the most keenly interesting reading, supplies many topics which are worthy of the serious consideration alike of the practical statesman and of the student of ethnology. As Colonel Dodge says in his preface, he has had "ample opportunity to study the Indian character and habits in his own native wilds;" and we have nowhere met with so complete and apparently trustworthy an account of the customs, education, training, domestic and social life, occupations, government, beliefs, and superstitions, of the contemporary wild Indians of the Plains. The portrait thus drawn is certainly very different from that presented by Cooper, and more lately by interested agents and professional humanitarians—indeed, the picture is of an utter savage of almost the lowest and worst type; yet the facts embodied by the author in his narrative not only justify his estimate, but give it the semblance of moderation. One practically important inference which may be drawn from this

[1] The Plains of the Great West and their Inhabitants; being a Description of the Plains, Game, Indians, etc., of the Great North American Desert. By Lieutenant-Colonel Richard Irving Dodge, United States Army. Illustrated. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 8vo, pp. 448.

portion of Colonel Dodge's work relates to the probable effect of transferring the administration of Indian affairs to the War Department. It is plain that stricter faith than hitherto would be kept with the "nation's wards," but equally so that they would speedily receive such peremptory lessons as would deprive them alike of the power and the disposition to disturb the peace of the frontier.

Aside from the valuable features which we have endeavored to indicate, Colonel Dodge's work possesses in a high degree the charm which pertains to all records of stirring personal adventure. Nearly every chapter contains a number of anecdotes and reminiscences of such adventure; and these are told with an entire absence of literary affectation and with that straightforward directness and simplicity that give camp-fire stories their proverbial zest and interest. Reading the book, in fact, is like listening to some exceptionally talented *raconteur*, who relies for his hold upon his audience rather upon the interest of his stories than upon the arts with which they are narrated.

In the half-dozen essays composing her "Troubadours and Trouveres,"[1] Miss Harriet W. Preston, translator of Mistral's "Mirèio," gives a sketchy and desultory but very charming account of that old Provençal poetry which is usually regarded as the fountain-head of modern verse, and also of that newer school in which, in our day, the long-buried seed seems to have blossomed forth again. The first and most interesting paper is an analysis and descriptive summary of Mistral's "Calendau," a poem in the Provençal dialect, which appeared some nine or ten years after "Mirèio," and which is scarcely less voluminous. Miss Preston considers it the ripest production of M. Mistral's genius, and, though it seems to lack the *naïveté*, and simplicity, and curiously frank garrulity of the earlier work, the copious illustrative passages translated by Miss Preston are quite sufficient to show that it must be among the most enjoyable and remarkable of modern French poems. If the passages thus selected are fair specimens of the work, as Miss Preston asserts, we should say that she owes it to the American admirers whom she has secured for Mistral to furnish them with a complete version. The second and third papers treat briefly of the life and work of Théodore Aubanel, "who undoubtedly ranks next to Mistral in originality and beauty of gifts" among the contemporary romance-singers, and more comprehensively of Jacques Jasmin, a Gascon who preceded the others by about twenty-five years, and who is declared to be "one of the most careful artists, as well as truest poets, of this century." The account of Jasmin is particularly entertaining and felicitous, and the specimens of his poetry cited will be apt to satisfy the reader that Miss Preston has not exaggerated in her estimate of his powers. He was a barber, without education, and pitiably poor, and he won for himself position and recognition by sheer, unassisted force of genius. Two more papers deal with the "Songs of the Troubadours," including very brief sketches of the more noted singers, with examples of their poetry; and the sixth and last gives a cursory sketch of the origin and gradual development of those strangely fascinating middle-age legends known collectively as "The Arthuriad." Miss Preston discusses these legends with special reference to Tennyson's "Idyls of the King," and we commend her essay to all admirers of the great nineteenth-century epic.

It will be seen from the foregoing *résumé* that Miss Preston's book is, as she admits in her preface, far from being a complete illustration of the poetry of Provence, whether new or old; but it furnishes an agreeable introduction and incentive to further study, and is, moreover, a striking example of the way in which, by skillful treatment, it is possible to "popularize" a subject which at first glance would seem to appeal only to scholars.

[1] Troubadours and Trouveres: New and Old. By Harriet W. Preston. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 12mo, pp. 280.

The strange and thrilling experiences of which Mr. Julius Chambers has made a permanent record in his little book entitled "A Mad World and its Inhabitants"[1] have already been made familiar to the public through the medium of the newspaper in which they were originally divulged. In the year 1872, at a time when popular attention was already directed to alleged abuses in lunatic asylums and similar institutions, Mr. Chambers, "in his capacity as newspaper reporter," feigned insanity, and, after successfully passing the examination of "two reputable physicians," an experienced nurse, and a careless judge, was consigned to the Bloomingdale Asylum for the Insane, where he spent two weeks in the maniac ward. At the end of that time, by arrangement with his friends, he was released on a writ of *habeas corpus*, exposed the transaction in open court, and subsequently published in the journal which he represented a detailed account of his observations and experiences. "A Mad World" is simply a new, more systematic, and more labored version of the same facts; but certainly the interest of the story is but slightly impaired by the circumstance of its being already in a sense familiar. Indeed, the full proportions and importance of the revelations which it makes can hardly be grasped save on a reiterated perusal, and Mr. Chambers is to be complimented on the artistic skill with which he has worked up and refurbished his old materials. Perhaps the semi-dramatic form, and the staccato method, is too palpable an imitation of Charles Reade, whose indorsement the book carries, and there is something of incongruity between the tragic significance of the facts narrated and the levity of style in which they are now and then masked; but all merely literary criticism of Mr. Chambers's work vanishes before the fact that it has achieved a great practical good in the reformation of the shocking abuses which it first dragged to light.

The fact that a novel has run through twenty-six editions in Paris within a brief period is no guarantee that it will make an equally successful appeal to an English or American audience; but "Sidonie,"[2] by Alphonse Daudet, would be recognized anywhere as a work of singular power, and it is entirely free from those prurient imaginings and that deliberate finessing with the laws of morality and decency which have caused French fiction to be regarded with legitimate suspicion. No one but a Frenchman, perhaps, would have ventured to construct a story in which even the good men are so subservient to the wiles of a pretty and unscrupulous woman—in which passion obtains in every case so easy a victory over reason and conscience; yet the book is very far from being a mere study in the morbid anatomy of vice, and indeed teaches with remarkable force a weighty and impressive moral lesson. That lesson is the amount of suffering, the wide-spread destruction, the tragedy, that can be interpolated into an indefinite number of

[1] A Mad World and its Inhabitants. By Julius Chambers. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo, pp. 228.

[2] Sidonie. (Fromont Jeune et Risler Aîné.) From the French of Alphonse Daudet. Boston: Estes & Lauriat. 16mo, pp. 262.

human lives by one utterly selfish and frivolous nature. Sidonie is just such a creature as we encounter every day —with no special aptitudes for crime, and none of those overmastering and betraying passions that naturally lead to crime, but simply selfish in feeling, vulgar in tastes, and unscrupulous as to the means of gratifying those tastes. Fortunately, such natures are usually restrained within reasonable bounds by the mere adjustments of circumstance, but M. Daudet's aim is to show what wretchedness and wreck one such person can bring about under favoring social conditions. His story is wonderfully realistic, and by reason of this has all the impressiveness of a personal experience. Rapid as are the touches by which the background is laid upon the canvas, and the figures filled in, we seem to become as thoroughly acquainted with each character as with the most labored creation of the psychological school; and even Adam Bede, after the most secret processes of his inmost thoughts have been laid bare, is no better known to us than Risler Aîné. M. Daudet has the true Frenchman's instinct for artistic form and logical method, and almost rivals Balzac's talent for painting a portrait with an epithet, and indicating a state of mind and the process of thought or feeling that led thereto with a phrase.

ONE of the most difficult of literary tasks in our day is to write something at once fresh and interesting descriptive of the European tour. Even the familiar and generally plausible device of recording only personal observations, experiences, sensations, or impressions, fails here, because every conceivable type of tourist and sightseer has already made his record, and every "point of view" has been multitudinously occupied. This is the chief ground for criticism of Dr. Henry M. Field's "From the Lakes of Killarney to the Golden Horn."[1] If the paths along which he leads us had not been trampled into highways by the army of his predecessors; if his efforts at description did not compel us to call to mind the better descriptions of more picturesque writers; if his "impressions" were less hackneyed, and his "conclusions" did not read like commonplaces—then the book would be deserving of commendation: as it is, few readers, we imagine, will find anything in it fresh enough to be greatly entertaining. It should be added, in fairness, that Dr. Field attempts very little in the way of description, and prefers to fill his space with general reflections on the religion, politics, society, and morals of the various countries visited; but even here he has been frequently anticipated, and the public has learned to distrust verdicts about strange peoples based upon glimpses obtained of them from car-windows. The truth about Dr. Field's book is that the letters, of which it is composed, appeared to much better advantage in the religious newspaper for which they were originally written, and of which Dr. Field is editor, than in their present form. In the newspaper the personal references and reminiscences in which they abound appeal to preëxistent bonds of sympathy which might very naturally subsist under such circumstances; in the book they imply a relation between author and reader which, as a matter of fact, can obtain in but few instances.

THE weariness of over-production is plainly visible in M. Jules Verne's last work, "Michael Strogoff, the Courier of the Czar."[1] No man, however versatile and full of resources, can go on indefinitely producing works of the imagination at the rate of two or three volumes a year without sacrificing the quality of his work, and the process of deterioration is distinctly traceable in the case of M. Verne. "Michael Strogoff" is not without interest—on the contrary, it is a very readable and amusing book; but one has only to compare it with "Twenty Thousand Leagues under the Sea," for example, to see that it is the outcome of manufacture, not of inspiration or of a genuine creative impulse. There is scarcely a trace of that fertility and ingenuity of invention which renders the earlier work a continual succession of stimulating surprises, and those gleanings from history and geography which used to be introduced simply to give *vraisemblance* and local color have now become the author's chief reliance. The facts concerning the country and peoples and customs of Central Asia thus introduced into "Michael Strogoff" will perhaps prove interesting enough to those who are not already familiar with them; but the adventures of Strogoff himself, where they are not wildly improbable, are nearly always wholly commonplace. Mr. MacGahan, in his attempt to follow the army of General Kaufmann in its last campaign, exhibited far more ingenuity in overcoming or evading obstacles than is credited to this imaginary courier, whose achievements are only limited by the author's powers of invention. The pictures seem to indicate M. Verne's original conception far more effectively than the text, and in turning the pages one is constantly surprised to find these so thrilling while the accompanying letter-press is so tame.

THE superiority in point of interest of a *bona-fide* narrative of adventure over any avowedly fictitious account is well illustrated by a comparison of Captain Burnaby's "Ride to Khiva"[2] with "Michael Strogoff." Both books profess to describe a rapid overland journey through European Russia and across the steppes of Central Asia; but, though M. Verne has greatly the advantage in literary skill and ability to make effective use of picturesque "points," most readers will turn with satisfaction to Captain Burnaby's simple, unpretentious, and somewhat awkward record. The feat which it records, indeed, seems to bear a close resemblance to the more famous one of the troops who marched up the hill and then marched down again—the author gives no adequate reason for undertaking such a journey, and it certainly produced but meagre results; yet one can obtain from the book what is doubtless a very exact idea of the conditions of travel in Central Asia, and of the customs and characteristics of the various peoples who have lately been brought under Russian sway in that remote and inhospitable region. Moreover, one learns to like the author for a certain soldier-like sincerity, heartiness, and pluck, though the somewhat ostentatious parade of truculence toward Russia is probably more grateful to English ears than to our own. The instructiveness of the work is greatly increased by a number of excellent maps, and an appendix containing, among other things, copious extracts from Mr. Schuyler's report to the United States Government, and giving a detailed account of the Russian advance eastward.

[1] From the Lakes of Killarney to the Golden Horn. By Henry M. Field, D.D. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co. 12mo, pp. 355.

[1] Michael Strogoff, the Courier of the Czar. By Jules Verne. Translated by W. H. G. Kingston. Revised by Julius Chambers. With 90 Illustrations. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co. 8vo, pp. 377.

[2] A Ride to Khiva: Travels and Adventures in Central Asia. By Fred Burnaby, Captain Royal Horse Guards. New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo, pp. 403.

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". . . . And Barbara stood
Incarnate Hate, who but a little space
Ago was Love's ideal womanhood."

" *Barbara.*"

APPLETONS' JOURNAL.

THE AUSTRIAN ARCTIC EXPEDITION.

IN TWO PARTS.

PART II.—THE SECOND WINTER, AND THE RETURN HOME.

WE left the Tegetthoff, at the commencement of May, 1873, fast bound in the ice, all full of hope of a speedy release. But June and July came and went, and still the imprisoning floe drifted slowly along. There was little change in the situation, except that the huge fragments of ice, which had been piled up as far as the eye could reach, gradually lost their sharp outlines, and the scene was a kind of snowy chaos.

At the end of the month the ship began to settle a little, and the water rose between the ice and the hull on the fore-part. They tried to aid Nature by digging, sawing, and blasting away the floe. But all in vain. Man's puny efforts count as nothing for or against the forces of the frozen zones. The Tegetthoff lay fast grounded two or three feet above the level of the water, out of which she had been fairly lifted by the ice. The apparent gain by the partial sinking was more than counterbalanced by the rapid melting away of the ice at the sides of the vessel,



ABANDONING THE TEGETTHOFF.

and late in the summer they were obliged to guard against the danger of her actually overturning by shoring her up with strong timbers resting against the masts. She looked like a building ready to fall rather than like a ship.

There was, of course, little opportunity for scientific research. Great flocks of birds, notably auks and gulls, made their appearance; some of these which happened to fly directly over the vessel were shot. Many soundings were taken through the fissure near the ship as they drifted along; these showed that this part of the Frozen Ocean is quite shallow. Once they drifted over a bank where the water was so shoal that they brought up material from the bottom with a drag-net; this showed that the bed of the ocean there is composed of layers of mud and shells. The longest excursion made from the vessel was on August 14th. For some time they had observed a large, dark mass of ice at some distance. A



THE DRESS OF THE ARCTIC SLEDGER.

party set out to examine it. They found it to be a huge iceberg, upon which were strewed stones and bits of rock, the first earth they had seen for nearly a year, and they rummaged among the *débris* as zealously as if it had been a mine of treasure. Some bits of yellow pyrites were discovered, and some of the finders, like many a one before them, imagined that they were gold, and speculated as to the possibility of going home one day loaded with the precious metal. The distance from the ship was about four miles. This furnished the only means they ever had of even guessing at the size of the floe on which they were imprisoned, and showed that its diameter could not be less than six or seven miles.

By the middle of August it became certain that there was no hope of liberation that summer, and that they must pass another long winter in the ice. The bears had almost ceased to make their appearance, but seals had become numerous, and their efforts were turned to hunting them; for they knew that, although their stores of salt and prepared provisions were ample for another year, yet fresh meat was absolutely essential for their escape from the fatal ravages of scurvy. Their success was tolerably satisfactory. They secured about forty seal, besides many that escaped after being struck. On the 25th the sun set at midnight. Four days after snow and rain fell, and the rigging was covered with incrustations of ice an inch thick. Winter was upon them, and with it, to the commanders at least, the despairing thought that, even if they succeeded in making their escape the next summer, they "must return home without having achieved anything, or at most with a narrative of a long drift in the ice." But the very next day wrought a mighty change. What it was, Payer shall tell us:

"A memorable day was the 30th of August, 1873, in latitude 79° 43′, longitude 59° 53′. That day brought a surprise such as only the awakening to a new life can produce. About mid-day, as we were leaning on the bulwarks of the ship and scanning the gliding mists through which the rays of the sun broke ever and anon, a wall of mist lifting itself up suddenly revealed to us afar off in the northwest the outlines of bold rocks, which in a few minutes seemed to grow into a radiant Alpine land. At first we all stood transfixed, and hardly believing what we saw. Then, carried away by the reality of our good fortune, we burst forth into shouts of joy: 'Land, land, land at last!' There was now not a sick man on board the Tegetthoff. The news of the discovery spread in an instant. Every one rushed on deck to convince himself with his own eyes that the expedition was not, after all, a failure.

"There before us lay the prize that could not be snatched from us. Yet not by our own action, but through the happy caprice of our floe, and as in a dream, had we won it. But when we thought of the floe, drifting without intermission, we felt with redoubled pain that we were at the mercy of its movements. As yet we had secured no winter harbor from which the exploration of the strange land could be successfully undertaken. For the present, too, it was not within the verge of possibility to reach and visit it. If we left our floe we might be cut off and lost. It was only under the influence of the first excitement that we made a rush over our ice-field, although we knew that numberless fissures made it impossible to reach the land. But, difficulties to the contrary notwithstanding, when we ran to the edge of our floe, we beheld from a ridge of ice the mountains and glaciers of the mysterious land. Its valleys seemed to our fond imagination clothed with green pastures over which herds of reindeer roamed in undisturbed enjoyment of their liberty, and free from all foes.

"For thousands of years this land had lain buried from the knowledge of men, and now its discovery had fallen into the lap of a small band, themselves almost lost to the world, who far from their home remembered the homage due to their sovereign, and gave to the newly-discovered territory the name KAISER FRANZ JOSEF'S LAND."

During September the floe continued to drift slowly, first toward the south, then toward the northeast, up to within a couple of miles of the eightieth parallel of latitude, the most northerly point ever reached by the ship. In October the

drift was toward the southwest, during which the floe was driven close to the land, against which its edge was rapidly worn away. On the 1st of the month the distance from the ship to the edge of the floe was thirteen hundred paces; on the 6th it was only two hundred. They were in constant peril of the renewal of the ice-pressures of the preceding year, and everything was kept in readiness for abandoning the vessel if necessary. On the 31st the ship was within three miles of a rather low headland, with huge icebergs all around. Here, in latitude 79° 51′, longitude 58° 56′, the floe came to a stand, about twenty miles northwest of the spot whence the land had been first discovered two months before. The Tegetthoff remained here until she was abandoned, seven months later.

On the morning of November 1st a party set off to reach the land. Clambering over huge blocks of ice, piled up fifty feet high, which formed the edge of the floe, they came upon a broad stretch of young ice, showing that there had been open water there only a few days before. Crossing this, they stood upon land, for the first time since they had left the Barentz Islands, more than fourteen months before. If they had reached the land a few months earlier, they might have set to work to explore it. But now there were only a few hours of daylight, and the days were rapidly growing shorter; so that little could be done until the approaching long winter night was over. Payer with others made several excursions, sometimes by moonlight, to the land, which they discovered to be a small island, to which they gave they name of Wilczek Island. The longest of these excursions was about a dozen miles, which brought them two miles beyond the eightieth parallel of north latitude.



THE BURIAL OF KRISCH.

The second autumn and winter in the ice passed with comparatively little incident. On the 1st of November the stars became visible as early as 3 P. M.; on the 16th large print was barely legible at noon; on the 18th one could just make out the largest letters on the title-page of a book, at the distance of a foot; by the middle of December not a letter could be distinguished at noon on a clear day. On the 21st the sun ceased to appear above the horizon, and for the remaining six weeks of the long polar night they were enveloped in almost total darkness, it being impossible to discern the figure of a man at the distance of a few yards. At noon of this day Payer made a drawing of the ship, which was illuminated with torches for the purpose. The cold grew more and more intense.

On November 23d spirits of various kinds were exposed, and remained unfrozen for an hour and a half at a temperature of —26° Fahr.; at —31° gin and maraschino were congealed, but rum and brandy remained fluid. Subsequently, a mixture of two parts of pure alcohol with one part of water froze at —47°, and cognac brandy at —54°. The lowest temperature observed during the entire expedition was on March 14, 1874, when the thermometer indicated —59° Fahr., or 81° below the freezing-point of water! If the various instruments used were correct, and the observations accurate, a few temperatures considerably lower than this have been observed. Thus Back records —67° Fahr.; Hayes, —69°; Kane, —70°; McClure, —75°—all in America; and Nevéroa, in Siberia, —76°. But there is much difficulty, and some uncertainty, in taking observations at such extreme temperatures.

The officers managed to make themselves quite comfortable, and passed the winter pleasantly enough. They succeeded in so improving the warming and ventilation of their mess-room, that they could sit there for several hours on a stretch without their overcoats, although they were not able to prevent the accumulation of moisture in their berths, and not infrequently the bedclothes were frozen fast to the wall. They had all the necessaries and many of the luxuries of life. Scientific work gave them sufficient occupation; and there was the unfailing resource of a well-chosen library. The crew fared somewhat more hardly. Their quarters were of necessity crowded, for, as the Tegetthoff was not lying in a safe winter harbor, but was liable to be drifted off at any moment, it was impossible, as other arctic voyagers have done, to remove the stores to the land, and use the hold as quarters for the crew. Their work, however, was light. The watch on deck, whose main duty was to keep a lookout upon the ice, and give notice of the approach of bears, was changed every two hours. When they were relieved, they would shoot down into their quarters like a seal into his hole, and those who had a gift for sleeping had ample time to develop it. The worst thing in their case was the prevalence of scorbutic symptoms, in spite of the watchful care of good Dr. Kepes, and, perhaps better still, an almost constant supply of fresh bear-meat.

The bears were, quite involuntarily, their best friends. Scarcely a week passed in which one or more were not shot. Payer estimates that every man ate four or five bears during the expedition. Their constant appearance inclines him to question the prevalent belief that the polar bear hibernates in the winter. On one occasion, during a sledge-journey, they came upon the home of a family of bears. Paterfamilias was encountered by the dogs, and after a fight made for his abode, which was a hole in the snow at the foot of a mass of rocks. The dog Sumbu, sworn foe to bears, followed him in, but soon returned, having evidently seen something which he did not like, and Payer had no desire to enter upon any close examination. On one occasion a she-bear, accompanied by two cubs of darker color, and looking much like poodle-puppies, came close to the ship. The mother was shot, and the cubs brought on board. The sailors made pets of them, put them into a cask, and fed them with anything that came to hand—bread, bacon, sourcrout, or what not. Sumbu took umbrage at the presence of the cubs, and used to scratch and bark for hours together at the occupants of the cask, who would growl back, and show fight with their little paws. At length one of the Newfoundland dogs took sides with the bears, and a fight ensued, in which Sumbu came to grief. But one day the cubs managed to get out of the cask, and made off. They were overtaken, and next day appeared nicely roasted on the dinner-table of the officers.

A large snow-house was built on the ice for the dogs, in which they were shut up during the night. When they were let out in the morning a free fight was the first thing. This over, each dog crept away to the spot where he had hidden a bit of seal-meat or a piece of bread; after he had eaten what he wanted, he would carefully cover the remainder in the snow, all the time glancing watchfully around to see that he was seen by none of his comrades.

During the long winter months, the two commanders took council with the other officers as to their future operations. Their provisions were not sufficient for another year. Scurvy had begun to show itself most unmistakably; seven of the crew were at one time almost disabled by it; and Krisch, the engineer, had also taken a severe cold, which had developed into consumption, and he was evidently very near his end, though he kept busy, and even made Payer promise that he should form one in the sledge-party when the time came. Their stock of anti-scorbutics, especially of lemon-juice, the most effective of all, was diminishing rapidly. All experience had shown that even men who have safely passed two winters in the polar regions are unable to go through the third with health. The ship lay immovably imbedded in the ice, and it was unanimously agreed, if she were not in the mean time set free, to abandon her the next summer, and endeavor to make their way home by sledges and boats; but, in the mean while, to do what could be done in exploring the land which they had discovered.

This determination brought about an agreeable change in their mode of living. The stores, though insufficient for another year, were superabundant for the short time they were to remain. The more that could in the mean time be consumed the better. Officers and crew lived almost in luxury. Lights were freely burned in every part of the ship. Potatoes, preserved vegetables, and fruit, appeared daily on the table, and the allowance of rum was increased. Even the cherished stock of wine, carefully reserved for the use of the sick, was dealt out liberally. Three-and-twenty men drank two hundred bottles in three months. As for cigars and tobacco, every one had as much as he wanted. Under the excitement, and with this better mode of living, the sick improved rapidly, all except Krisch. At the beginning of March he became delirious, with only short

intervals of consciousness, but the diseased action of his lungs was manifested by a continual rattling in the throat. Nothing could be done for him except to alleviate his sufferings as far as possible.

At noon of February 23, 1874, the rolling mist glowed with a red light, announcing the reappearance of the sun, which showed itself above the horizon at ten o'clock the next morning. The long winter night of one hundred and twenty-five days was over! On that day Payer laid before the council of officers his plans for operations upon the land. Sledge-expeditions were to commence between the 10th and the 20th of March, and be continued six or seven weeks. If possible, there were to be three, one succeeding the other: one to the north, along the coast; one in the interior; and one to the west, each to be concluded by ascending some dominating height, from which a wide view could be had. Provisions were to be deposited on the shore for the use of the explorers, in case, when they returned, they should find that the ship had been driven off. In that case they were not to attempt to remain another year, but to endeavor to make their way home over the ice, and by a boat, which would also be left. In any case, the explorations were to be concluded in time to enable those engaged in them to recruit their strength before the whole expedition should set out on its return.

The scheme was successfully executed, and the general result may be briefly set forth. Franz Josef Land, in its already ascertained extent, is nearly as large as Spitzbergen, and consists of two main masses, Wilczek Land on the east, and Zichy Land on the west, separated by the broad Austria Sound. Both are intersected by numerous fiords, and many small islands lie off the coast. An unbroken surface of ice extends from one land to the other, though several large pieces of open water were seen, and at the time of the explorations the ice was usually of not more than a year's growth, though there were numerous broad barriers of piled-up ice. The sledge-routes were considerably more over the ice of the sound than on the land. The atmosphere is so overloaded with moisture as to indicate that the entire country is insular; but the size of the glaciers and icebergs indicate a large land-surface. The mountains are generally from two to three thousand feet high, except in the southwest, where they reach a height of five thousand feet. The prevalent formation is basaltic, consisting of isolated groups of conical mountains and table-lands, the evident result of erosion and denudation, and with no isolated volcanic cones. Tertiary brown-coal sandstone of East Greenland is found here, though the brown-coal itself was seen only in small beds, which Payer considers an additional indication that the climate of the polar lands must once have been as genial as that of Central Europe now is. There was not the slightest trace of habitation, or indeed that a human being had ever before set foot upon its shores. The southern part was destitute of every kind of animal life except polar bears and migratory birds, especially gulls and auks; but in the northern parts numerous fresh tracks of foxes were found in the snow, though the animals themselves were never seen. The vegetation is of the most limited character, consisting almost entirely of a few species of meagre grasses, mosses, and lichens. In no place was there a patch of sward of even a few feet square. Seals were quite numerous along the coast, and a few white whales were seen. Walruses were observed only twice, and then not near the shore. Of fishes, only two small species were brought up by the drag-net, besides a number of species of invertebrate sea-



THE DOGS AND THE YOUNG BEARS.

fauna. Sponges were quite common, many of them of large size. Driftwood was not uncommon, but never large, or in great quantities. Some of the pieces were of a species of pine, whose broad rings of annual growth showed that they must have come from the southern part of Siberia. None of the pieces could ever have formed parts of a ship.

The first sledge-journey was begun March 10th, and lasted only till the 15th. The party consisted of Payer and six men, with three dogs. This journey was chiefly notable for the extreme cold which was encountered, varying between 37° to 81° below the freezing-point. Payer gives some curious examples of the effects of this extreme cold. Thus, on that coldest 14th of March:

"We had some rum; and, as each of us took his share, he knelt down and allowed another to shake it into his mouth, without bringing the metal cup into contact with his lips. This rum, though strong, seemed to have lost all its strength and fluidity; it tasted like innocent milk, and its consistence was that of oil. The bread was frozen so hard that we feared to break our teeth in biting it, and it brought blood as we ate it. The attempt to smoke a cigar was a punishment rather than an enjoyment, because the icicles on our beards always put them out, and when we took them from our mouths they were frozen. Even the shortest pipes shared the same fate. Extreme cold, like extreme heat, is a terrible exciter of thirst. Many try to relieve it by using snow; but this is especially pernicious when its temperature falls considerably below the point of liquefaction. It is, in fact, a mere delusion, because it is impossible to eat as much snow—say a cubic foot—as would be requisite to furnish an adequate amount of moisture. Snow of a temperature of 35° to 55° Fahr. below zero feels in the mouth like hot iron, and does not quench but increases thirst, by its inflammatory action on the mucous membrane of the parts it affects."

This journey was intended to be only a brief one, and most of the hardiest of the crew were left out of it, to be in reserve for the second and longer journey into the interior; but, on account of the partial giving out of three of the men, a return was commenced sooner than was intended. For a week Krisch had lain insensible in his berth; but on the day after the return of this party a sudden cessation of sound told that all was over. Three days afterward his coffin was borne on a sledge to a high point on Wilczek Island, where prayers for the dead were read over the body, which was buried in a fissure between two basaltic columns, and the cavity filled up with stones, and a simple wooden cross erected over it, and a cairn was subsequently raised. The thermometer stood at 37° below the freezing-point, and the snow blew so fiercely that it was with great difficulty they could find their way back to the ship. More than once, indeed, during that winter, when some of the party were only a few hundred paces from the ship, they were completely lost, and were saved only by the sagacity of the dogs.

The second and longest sledge-journey was begun on the 26th of March. It was designed to last a month. For several days previously the weather had been stormy, and there was great danger that before the close of the month the floe would break loose and drift away, bearing the ship helplessly along; and in that case there was hardly the remotest chance that the land-party would ever regain their homes; yet there was not one of the sailors who was not anxious to form one of them. Payer chose those whom he thought the strongest and most reliable. The party as made up consisted of Payer; Midshipman Orel; the two Tyrolese, Haller and Klotz; three sailors, Zaninovich, Sussich, and Lukinovich; and three dogs, Jubinal, Torossy, and Sumbu. Payer called his picked men together, explained his plans, and pointed out all the perils involved, especially that of their being cut off from the ship; and in such case all of them solemnly promised to take the whole blame entirely on their own shoulders. He also guaranteed them a reward of one thousand florins if they should reach the eighty-first degree of latitude, and twenty-five hundred florins if the eighty-second degree was attained. This promise was not to be divulged to the rest of the crew, and was to be void if any of the others should hear of it; for it would be likely to create ill-feeling on the part of those who were left behind. They took a large sledge, weighing one hundred and fifty pounds, and a small dog-sledge, weighing thirty-seven pounds, to be used in special cases. The whole equipment weighed 1,565 pounds, apportioned as follows: Sledges, 137 pounds; provisions, 620; tent, sleeping-bags, etc., 320; instruments, rifles, ammunition, etc., 170; alcohol, for cooking, and rum, 128; fur coats and gloves, 140. Experience had shown that on such expeditions both men and dogs require an unusually large amount of nutriment, not less than two and a half pounds of solid food daily for each man, and about as much for a dog. They expected, and as the result showed correctly, that the bears would add largely to their stock of provision. The narrative of this journey forms one of the most interesting and valuable portions of the work; but we must limit ourselves to a condensed *résumé* of some of its more striking incidents.

March 26th.—They started in a driving snow-storm from the northeast, the thermometer standing at −6° Fahr. Before they had gone a thousand paces from the ship the storm increased, so that it was impossible to proceed; but they chose, rather than to return to the ship, to put up their tent behind a hummock, where it could not be seen from the vessel. For the next four-and-twenty hours nothing was to be done except to thaw the snow out of their pockets, and to sleep. Next morning there was a slight snow-storm, and the temperature varied between 34° and 54° below the freezing-point; yet so severe was the exertion of dragging the heavy sledge that their faces were bathed in perspiration. *28th.*—The route lay over smooth ice covered with snow. The temperature rose, with a strong wind. A sail was set up, and the force of the wind was enough to drive the sledge, which was guided in its course by a man running on ahead with a rope. *29th.*—Thermometer rose to +23° Fahr., and it began to rain. *30th.*—Thermometer fell to −22° Fahr., with a strong

north wind, in the teeth of which they could not march, and so set up their tent, in which men and dogs tried with ill-success to make themselves comfortable.

April 1st.—A bear appeared at long range, and his flesh would be a priceless exchange for their rations of boiled beef. Payer promised the Tyrolese the usual "bear-money" of Tyrol (thirty gulden), if he should be bagged. He received three shots at once, but began to drag himself slowly off. They followed and dispatched him with knives. They cut off and put fifty pounds of his flesh on the sledge, in lieu of as much boiled beef, which was cached on an iceberg, and abandoned the remainder to the dogs, who ate their fill, and left the rest on the snow. Three weeks later these remains saved the party from starvation. April 4th was a sad day. A gull flew low directly over their heads, whereat Sumbu rendered Payer somewhat fastidious, for elsewhere he praises bear's tongue, heart, and brains, and leads us to infer that very good bear-meat is not worse than very bad beef. On the 7th they reached a small island, which they named Becker Island.

"Over this ice-covered island," says Payer, "we now dragged, and, full of expectation, mounted to its highest point. To the north lay an indescribable waste more desolate than anything I had ever seen, even in the arctic regions, interspersed with snow-covered islands, all, big and little, of the same low, rounded shape. The whole, at a distance, presented the appearance of a chaos of ice-hills and icebergs scattered over a frozen sea. One thing only in this view gave us much satisfaction. Austria Sound still stretched uninterruptedly toward the north. Could we have forgotten how the Tegetthoff had drifted toward Franz Josef Land, that sound would have seemed to us the true road to the pole. Nor could we doubt that in the immediate north open water would be found, for



THE WINTER-HOLE OF A BEAR.

was so excited that he broke away from the sledge and started in pursuit. No shouts could recall him; his track was soon covered over by the drifting snow, and they saw him no more. On the 5th, the day before Easter-Sunday, they passed the eighty-first degree of north latitude, and celebrated the event and the day by hoisting a flag on the sledge, and christening a bold headland by the name of Cape Easter. On this day they had the good fortune to shoot their third bear, who came toward the sledge, burrowing her nose in the snow. At last she began to roll over, evidently in great delight at something she had found. Three rifle-shots finished her. The men rushed to the spot, expecting to find the body of Sumbu, but found instead a partially-consumed seal which Bruin had hidden there. "Bear-flesh," says Payer, "was now our principal food, and the sledge was heavily laden with it. We ate it both raw and cooked; and, when the flesh was badly cooked—especially if it were that of an old bear—it was less palatable than when uncooked. It may be tolerable food for sea-gulls; but it is hardly fit even for devils on the fast-days of the infernal regions." We imagine that the recent luxurious fare on board the Tegetthoff had in no other way could we interpret the indications we had observed in the last few days: the great moisture and high temperature, the dark color of the northern sky, the frequent flights of auks, divers, and gray and white gulls, which flew from the north southward, or *vice versa*. . . . On the 7th we passed close to Archduke Rainier Island, and having taken our observation, at noon, we found our latitude to be 81° 23′. We had consequently gone beyond the latitude reached by Morton; Hayes only having reached a higher latitude than this. . . . *8th.*—Our latitude, from a meridian observation, was found to be 81° 38′, and, although the sun shining dimly through the clouds might account for an error of two or three minutes, we had certainly passed beyond the latitude 81° 35′ reached by Hayes in Smith's Sound in 1861. Having no conception that Hall's American expedition had penetrated, the year before we achieved the result, to 82° 9′ on the land, and 82° 22′ at sea, we hoisted our sledge-flag to commemorate our success."

The character of the ice now became so wild and confused that they could not advance directly north, but had to veer about as much as 45° from one point of the compass to another. The transport grew more and more difficult, and they were in momentary apprehension that, in the heavy shocks which

the sledge encountered, the precious cask of alcohol, their only fuel, would be destroyed. On the 9th they discerned a high, rocky pyramid to the westward, which served as a conspicuous landmark, and which they called Cape Schrötter. To this they hastened, and found its latitude to be 81° 37′, so that all the toil of the last few days had been without result.

Before them to the northward were mountains three thousand feet high, over which it was clearly impossible to drag the heavy sledge; and, if they were to go farther northward, they could only do it by the small dog-sledge. It was, therefore, resolved to divide the party—three to remain at Cape Schrötter with the stores, while the others went on with the small sledge. Payer told those who remained behind that he meant to be absent from five to eight days; and, if he did not return in fifteen days, they should saw the large sledge in two, and with it make their way back to the ship. The party to go on consisted of Payer, Orel, Klotz, Zaninovich, and the two dogs. They set out on the morning of April 10th, taking with them provisions for eight days. Climbing the steep edge of a glacier, they proceeded along its surface, crossed by many shallow crevasses lightly covered with snow, into which they were continually slipping. At noon they set up their tent, and made their dinner. And then Klotz made the ominous confession that he had overrated his capacity for travel. One of his feet had for some days swollen and ulcerated, so that he could walk only in shoes made of leather, which are useless in the snow. There was nothing to be done but to send him back, and he soon disappeared from view.

The others set out, Payer, Zaninovich, and the dogs, harnessed to the sledge, Orel walking on a little behind. Suddenly the snow gave way beneath the sledge, and Zaninovich, the dogs, and the sledge, plunged down into an abyss, to the edge of which Payer was dragged backward. Payer crept on his stomach toward the edge, and shouted to Zaninovich that he would cut the rope. The other begged him not to do so, for then the sledge would turn over, and he and the dogs be lost. Orel now came up on the other side of the crevasse, and, prone on his stomach, looked over. "Zaninovich," he said, "is lying on a ledge of snow forty feet down, with precipices all around him, and the dogs are still attached to the sledge, which has stuck fast." There was but one thing to be done. Payer shouted to Orel to



HOW WE RECEIVE BEARS.

throw over his knife, with which Payer severed the trace fastened around his waist. The sledge made a short turn, and then stuck fast again. Payer leaped to his feet, sprang across the crevasse, about ten feet broad, caught sight of his comrade below, and shouted to him that he would run back to the camp, get ropes and the men, and, if he could keep himself from being frozen for four hours, he should be rescued. Flinging off his skin garments, his shawl, boots, and gloves, as he ran, and, dripping with perspiration, he pressed on at the top of his speed through the deep snow, and gained the camp, six miles distant. A rope was taken from the sledge, with which, and a long tent-pole, all made their way to the crevasse. Four hours and a half had passed, and not a sound was heard at first; then there was the faint whining of a dog, followed by some unintelligible human words. Haller was fastened to a rope and let down. He found Zaninovich, almost frozen, on a ledge, and both were drawn up. His first words were to ask forgiveness for having drunk a little of the rum, in order to keep himself from being frozen to death. The dogs had somehow freed themselves from their traces, and sprang upon a narrow ledge, where they had fallen fast asleep. They and the sledge were soon hauled up. So well had it been packed that not an article was lost.

The march of the three was continued northward for two days—first across the frozen Austrian Sound; then along the northern edge of a large land, which they called Crown-Prince Rudolf Land; past a lofty promontory, which they named Cape Auk, from the immense numbers of those fowls which were circling around it, and past Cape Säulen, "Cape of Pillars," from two immense columnar rocks which jutted out into open water; then across the land, until they climbed a promontory one thousand feet high, which they named Cape Fligely, in honor of a distinguished geographer. It is in latitude 82° 5′, and from it they looked far around on all sides.

"The view we had from this height," says Payer, "was of great importance in relation to the question of an open polar sea. Open water there was of considerable extent, and in very high latitudes; of this there could be no question. But what was its character? From the height on which we stood we could survey its extent. Our expectations had not been sanguine, but, moderate though they were, they proved to be exaggerated. No open sea was there, but a 'polynia,' surrounded by old ice, within which lay masses of younger ice. This open space of water had arisen from the action of the long-prevalent east-northeast winds. But of more immediate interest than the question of an open polar sea was the aspect of blue mountain-ranges lying in the distant north, and which lay before us with their outlines clearly defined. These we called King Oscar Land and Petermann Land. The mountainous extremity on the west of the latter lay beyond the eighty-third degree of north latitude. This promontory I have called Cape Vienna, in testimony of the interest which Austria's capital has ever shown in geographical science, and in gratitude for the sympathy with which she followed our wanderings and finally rewarded our humble merits."

This was the extreme northern point of their journey. If they had had a boat, they might have gone some miles farther. Although they were a few miles in error in supposing that Cape Fligely was the most northern land ever trodden by human feet, we believe that Cape Vienna is still the most northern land ever seen by human eyes. They raised the flag of their country on the summit of Cape Fligely. "Proudly," says their leader, "we planted the Austro-Hungarian flag for the first time in the high North, our consciences telling us that we had carried it as far as our resources permitted. It was no act asserting a right of possession in the name of a nation, as when Albuquerque or Van Diemen unfurled the standards of their country on foreign soil; yet we had won this cold, stiff, frozen land, with not less difficulty than those discoverers had gained those paradises. It was a sore trial to feel our inability to visit the lands lying before us; but, withal, we were impressed with the conviction that this day was the most important of our lives." The following document, signed with the names of all the party, was inclosed in a bottle and deposited in a cleft of the rock:

"*Cape Fligely, April* 12, 1874.—Some members of the Austro-Hungarian North-Pole Expedition have reached their highest point in 82° 5′ north latitude, after a march of seventeen days from the ship, lying inclosed in ice in latitude 79° 51′. They observed open water, of no great extent, along the coast, bordered by ice, reaching in a north and northwesterly direction to masses of land, whose mean distance from this highest point might be from sixty to seventy miles, but whose connection it was impossible to determine. After their return to the ship, it is the intention of the whole crew to leave this land and return home. The hopeless condition of the ship, and the numerous cases of sickness, constrain them to this step."

The return-journey was more difficult and perilous than the advance had been. "As we started on the morning of the 13th," says Payer, "we awoke also to the extreme difficulties of the return-route—difficulties which the excitement of our advance had made light of. Orel, suffering from snow-blindness, marched along with closed eyes; and want of sleep began to tell on us all. Even our dogs were worn out, and whenever a halt was made they lay down exhausted in the snow. The sledge had constantly to be unloaded and reloaded, and its fractures repaired. The surface of smooth ice, encumbered with snow-slush which had accumulated on it, rendered our progress very burdensome." They made a long day's march, and at evening reached the camp at Cape Schrötter. Those who had been left there were not in good plight. All were suffering from diarrhœa and snow-blindness, and Klotz's foot had become much worse. The whole party, however, took up their march on the 14th. It was soon apparent that their strength was greatly reduced. Their appetites were enormous, but the excessive consumption of animal food, to which they were unaccustomed, seemed to lower the muscular power and irritate the nerves. Three of the men, who could not endure bear-meat, were often attacked with giddiness, and had to be placed on half-allowance. In the following week

their miseries were intensified by insufficiency of sleep: they could not spare time to sleep it out; and, though the sledge-load grew constantly lighter, their strength to drag it diminished still more rapidly. By the 17th their stock of provisions was reduced to bread and bear's-meat for two and a half days, and henceforth fasting, more or less absolute, was the rule.

On the 18th the snow began to grow more soft, and water rose in the holes made by their feet. At first they supposed that the water came from streams flowing underneath from the glaciers; but before long they became assured that the ice-sheet had broken up, and that the water under the deep snow was that of the sea forcing its way upward. All at once Haller, who was in advance, broke through the snow, and would have been lost unless rescued by the others. Klotz went ahead, feeling the way with a long alpenstock, and often finding no bottom. It was midnight, but the sun was still visible above the horizon, though the land on either side was veiled in mist and fog. Soon they heard the ominous sound of an ice-pressure, and the hoarse beating of the surf at no great distance. They were in their old sledge-track, and before long saw a great patch of open water before them, with no white ice-edge beyond. Climbing an iceberg, they saw other bergs drifting swiftly in the dark waters—the same bergs which, less than a month before, had seemed as immovable as granite islands. Upon one of these they had made a depot of provisions, and that was floating too.

No situation could well be more hopeless. They were on the edge of the open water, without a boat, almost without provisions, and sixty miles from the ship, if she, too, had not drifted away. If they killed their dogs and ate them, and broke up the sledge for fuel to melt the snow for drinking, they might possibly keep themselves alive for a week—and then what? There was but one alternative: they must drag the sledge along the narrow ice-strand clinging to the western edge of Wilczek Land, and then, if the ice was not broken up in the southern part of the sound, they might cross over, and gain Wilczek Island, where they hoped the ship was yet lying. If there was open water, or even a broad fissure, they must inevitably perish on the shores of Wilczek Land.

Now commenced the most terrible march of the whole journey. The driving snow increased to a fierce snow-storm, amid which they dragged the sledge at the foot of the glacier, whose huge walls were visible only at intervals through the driving snow. Haller went a few paces ahead, all the while sounding for fissures. At every hundred paces they were obliged to halt to clear away the ice from their eyes and around their mouths. But they dared not rest until the glacier-foot was past, and they had put foot on firm ground. This was accomplished after a march of seven hours. Then they put up their tent, and crept under its shelter, wet through, half frozen, and half starved. But they did not dare to take a morsel of food from their scanty store. Hunger, cold, and wetness, forbade sleep. Next morning, April 20th, the storm continued to rage. The thermometer marked 36° below the freezing-point; and after a breakfast more fit for a fever-patient than for men as hungry as wolves, they left their tent. In a few minutes their wet clothes froze into coats of icy mail; but they pressed on as best they could until evening. Then the storm abated, and they came upon the very iceberg where almost a month before they had made a depot of boiled beef, and close by which were the remains of the bear which had been left by the dogs, buried two feet under the snow. It took an hour to dig him out, and, having each devoured three pounds of the boiled beef and bear-meat, they loaded the sledge with the frozen mass and pressed on. To their joy they found that the open water had retreated to the west, and, by making a considerable bend, they were able to get around it, and saw the ice stretch-



FALLING INTO A CREVASSE.

ing away, apparently unbroken, toward the southwest, the direction in which the ship should be lying. No wonder that they celebrated their deliverance by a glass of grog.

Next morning broke bright and clear, but very cold. The large sledge, with the men, was sent on, while Payer, with the dog-sledge, remained behind, in order, from a high elevation, to make some measurements indispensable for the maps which he was constructing. He overtook the others during the day, and they went on over a broad reach covered with ice-hummocks; not without difficulty, for Lukinovich and even the much-enduring Zaninovich were seized with fainting-fits, consequent upon their excessive exertions, and they were frequently forced to stop and rest. Their food was nearly consumed, but at midnight of the 22d they came upon their last depot of provisions on Schönau Island. All fear of starvation was now over, and they enjoyed a delicious sleep of seven hours.

They were still about thirty miles from the place where the Tegetthoff should be, and Payer, with the dog-sledge, went on in advance, to ascertain if the ship was still there. At midnight—though still before sunset—he came close to Orgel Cape, near the southern extremity of Wilczek Island. A few hundred steps more, and he would stand on the top, and be able to see if the ship were there. He reached a commanding point, and the horizon of the frozen sea expanded before him, an immeasurable white waste. No ship was visible; not a trace of man save a lonely cairn with a tattered flag fluttering over it, which marked the resting-place of poor Krisch. Suddenly three slender, black lines emerged; they were the masts of the Tegetthoff, just visible above the surrounding icebergs and snow-drifts. There lay the ship in her old spot, three miles away, and seeming no larger than a fly. The three miles were soon overpassed. At a hundred yards' distance Payer was descried by the watch on deck. All the others were fast asleep, but were speedily aroused. In a few hours the remainder of the party were seen approaching over the ice, their sledge-flag proudly flying. For a week the keen zest with which they enjoyed the good cheer which now prevailed on the Tegetthoff was the wonderment of the rest of the crew.



CAPE AUK.

The object of the third and last sledge-voyage was to make some exploration of the southwestern portion of Franz Josef Land, with a special view of

learning how far it extended toward Spitzbergen. Only brief space could be allotted to this, for it was now time to abandon the Tegetthoff, and endeavor to return home. Only Payer, Lieutenant Brosch, and Haller, formed the party, with Jubinal and Torossy to drag the small sledge. They started April 30th, and returned May 3d. The weather was unfavorable, and they were unable to make any probable estimate as to how far to the west the land extended. They could only be sure that it was a vast, mountainous region, everywhere intersected by fiords, and covered by glaciers; and that the mountains were usually of a conical shape, with the exception of Richthofen Spitze, the loftiest summit seen in Franz Josef Land, which rises like a slender white pyramid to the height of about five thousand feet. During the three sledge expeditions they traversed a distance of about five hundred and twenty English miles, of which not far from three hundred and fifty belonged to the second journey.

Preparations for abandoning the ship were now hurried forward. It was a veritable carnival to usher in the long Lenten season which was to follow. Weyprecht deposited all the meteorological and magnetical readings, the log-books, and the ship's papers, in a chest lined with tin, firmly soldered. Payer made duplicates of his surveys and measurements, carefully preparing them so that another hand could construct the map of Franz Josef Land in case he should perish on the return-journey; these were also deposited in a tin-lined chest, with some two hundred sketches of the country and their adventures therein, nearly half of which are given in his narrative. Of the zoölogical collections, only a few of the most portable specimens could be taken. The sixty-seven carefully-dressed bear-skins, and the books and instruments, were left behind. The remains of numerous bears' carcasses lay half buried in the snow, for so abundant had they been that of late only the tongues, brains, and some of the choicer parts, had found their way to the kitchen, the remainder being abandoned to the dogs, who for the first time found themselves free from rations served out to them, and at liberty to gorge themselves at will; and even their voracious jaws were inadequate to make away with their supply. A month later, when summer should set in, the place would become a hot-house of pestilence, unless the gulls should effectually perform the duty of scavengers.

For the return expedition three boats were selected. Two were Norwegian whale-boats, twenty feet long, five feet broad, any two and a half feet deep, each of which was to carry eight men; the third boat was somewhat smaller, and carried seven men. Each of these boats rested on a sledge. The whole weight to be carried was about ninety hundred-weight, of which the provisions amounted to about fifty hundred-weight. Of the dogs, two were shot as useless; only Torossy, Jubinal, and little Pekel, being taken along. The only luxury allowed was a single pouch of tobacco of a certain size for each man; and the crew vied with each other as to who should pack the greatest weight in the allotted space. The plan of the journey was very simple: to reach the depot of provisions on the Barentz Islands, which lay almost directly south; then to follow the coast of Nova Zembla, with the hope of meeting one of the ships which are engaged in the salmon-fishery there until the beginning of harvest. Of the men, two were almost unfit for duty; one of them had shattered his arm by an accidental discharge of a rifle, and the other could hardly move his limbs from the effects of scurvy, and had often to be dragged in the boats over the ice. The remainder of the crew were in good condition.

The Tegetthoff was abandoned May 20th. Just nineteen years before, to a day, Kane had in like manner abandoned the Advance in the Greenland ice. They partook of their last meal on board the ship in the evening, and at 9 P. M.—it being still broad daylight—all were assembled around the boats ready for a start. For the first days their mode of advance was this: All hands, officers and men, were harnessed to a boat, and dragged it for a mile or so; then they went back for the second boat; and then again for the third; so that every foot had to be traveled over five times, three times heavily loaded, and twice empty. At every step the men went to their knees in the snow; the boat-runners were deeply imbedded, and not infrequently the combined strength of all, pulling with a will, was scarcely sufficient to move the heavy load. It was a weary and monotonous scene of incessant toil, aggravated by that constant thirst which we are wont to associate with the sandy deserts of the equator rather than with the icy deserts of the pole. A mile a day was counted good progress; sometimes not half as much could be made.

During the first week, whenever Weyprecht halted for the night, Payer, Haller, and Zaninovich, were sent back to the Tegetthoff, with the dog-sledge, to bring up more stores. The journey which had required a week to accomplish with the heavy boats was easily performed in an hour or two. The remains of the half-frozen carcasses of the bears around the ship were always surrounded by flocks of sea-gulls screaming and fighting over the carrion; and sometimes bears were seen prowling in the distance, as if waiting their time to plunder the deserted ship.

After some days, dark masses of clouds were seen to the southward, indicating that there was open water at no great distance. If they could reach that in a few days, and enter the network of ever-changing "leads," they might launch their boats in these water-ways, and, following its windings between the ice-fields, hope to escape into the open sea.

Still moving over the snow-covered ice, on the eighth day they came to a small, low island, of whose existence they had been unaware. Ascending its highest point, they saw an ice-hole stretching away to the southeast. Toward this they started, hoping to reach the end of their ice-floe. Day after day they toiled in vain, for the edge of the ice-hole was everywhere surrounded by masses of

broken ice piled up so high that the boats could not be dragged over. Further advance was for the present impossible. They pitched their camp at a level place in the ice, which they named the "Harbor of Aulis," for here, like the fleet of Agamemnon, they had to lie idly, awaiting a change in the wind. The three boats having been found too small for the men and stores, a party of ten was sent back to the Tegetthoff to fetch the jolly-boat, with additional stores, to replace those which were rapidly diminishing. It took Payer, with the dog-sledge, only three hours to accomplish the distance over which it had required eight days to drag the boats. They remained here until June 18th. The "Harbor of Aulis" was in latitude 79° 46′, so that in a month, lacking two days, they had accomplished hardly eight miles, and it was nearly twelve hundred miles to the coast of Lapland. At this rate it would require twenty years to reach home.

On June 17th an ice-hole opened close by them. On the next day they made a track to its edge, and succeeded in launching the boats, the sledges being towed on behind. Drinking some tea, flavored with the last of their rum, they pushed off; but after going three miles they were stopped by heavy ice. They drew their boats upon this, hauled them across, and launched them in another fissure, only to be obliged to haul up on the other side, thus merely changing their position from one piece of ice to another. For days their work may be summed up as sailing a little till the end of the "lead" was reached; hauling the boats upon the ice; and dragging them over the hummocks to another "lead."

But they were not always moving southward. During the last four days of June their absolute advance in this direction was only a mile; and on the 4th of July they found that the floe had been driven by a southeast wind to a point farther north than that which they had occupied three weeks before; so that the labor of those weeks had been fruitless. We give, with much abridgment, from Payer's journal, a *résumé* of their way of life during this period:

"It was a strange life, this abode for weeks of summer in boats covered over with a low tent-roof, with oars by way of furniture, and three pairs of stockings for each man's mattress and pillow. Four boats are lying on the ice, crammed with sleeping men; and so great is the heat in them that no one needs his fur-coat, and snow placed in any vessel becomes water in a few hours. If Torossy has not ushered in the day by barking, the cooks do it, when they bring the bowls of soup to the boats. The soup is composed of meat, pemmican, pease-sausage, bread-dust, boiled beef, seal, and bear's flesh; when it is flavored with seal-blubber, it is called *Gulyas*. It is consumed in perfect silence. What, indeed, is there to be said, which has not been said a hundred times before? Each one knows the other's history from his cradle downward. A stillness like death reigns over all the surrounding forms of ice, and the frozen ocean stretches out beneath, a vast shroud. A sunless, leaden sky spreads over all; not a breath of air stirs; it is neither warm nor cold; but the snow is slowly melting. And this pale realm of ice forms a world of danger and difficulty, against which are matched the strength and sagacity of three-and-twenty men.

"Again all have taken their places in the boats to bail out the thaw-water, the great enemy of their health, and of their solitary pair of boots. He whose turn it is to hunt the seal squats at the edge of a floe before a fissure, which admits a few square feet of water, in which no seal will show himself, because he has scarcely room to turn in it. To the others, their abode in the boats is a time of weariness and *ennui*. Happy is the man who has any tobacco; enviable he who discovers a hole in his fur coat which he can mend; but happiest of all are those who can sleep day and night. Noon comes: a little tea is made over the train-oil fire; each gets one cup of it, and a handful of hard bread-crumbs—a kind of dog's food which the impartial committee of provisions measures out with Argus-eyes. The fourth part of the skin of a seal is thrown into each of the four boats, and the blubber on it is eagerly devoured. Some, for the sake of the fins, the ribs, or the head, become guests of the dogs. Flocks of gulls settle impudently near us, screaming and fighting for every morsel they can reach. Some of us try to catch them in nets, but no sooner are the nets up than the gulls disappear.

"There is, however, one solace left us—the solace of smoking. Some, indeed, have already exhausted their whole stock of tobacco. He who has half a pouch of it at his disposal is the object of general respect; and the man who can invite his neighbor to a pipe of tobacco and a pot of water is considered to do an act of profuse liberality. Tobacco becomes a medium of exchange among us, and provisions are bought and paid for with it, its value rising every day. There is no difference between day and night, and Sundays are only distinguished by dressing the boats with flags."

The upshot of all, on July 15th, is thus summed up:

"The ice on all sides lay closely packed, and we had many times to wait for a week in our boats on a floe till the 'leads' were pleased to open, while every empty tin case proclaimed, with fearful distinctness, the diminishing of our provisions and the gloominess of our prospects. And now a steady wind from the south destroyed the little progress we had made. *After a lapse of two months of indescribable efforts, the distance between us and the ship was not more than ten miles!* The heights of Wilczek Island were still distinctly visible, and its lines of rocks shone with mocking brilliancy in the ever-growing daylight. All things seemed to say that, after a long struggle with the supremacy of the ice, there remained for us but a despairing return to the ship, and a third winter there, stripped of every hope, and the Frozen Ocean for our grave."

On the 16th matters began apparently to mend a little. A small line of "leads" had opened southward, on the previous day, by which they made a full mile. The wind now blew from the northwest, and, after being nearly crushed, the boats ran into a broader and longer lead. At noon their latitude was 79° 39′, and the highest points of Wilczek Island were barely discernible—blue shadows surrounded by an edge of yellow vapor, and over the whole a heavy water-sky. They now were able to make four miles a day. July 22d is marked as a white day, for during it they had to draw up on the ice only twice, and reached latitude 79° 1′, fifty miles south of where



THE SLEDGE IN A SNOW-STORM.

they had left the Tegetthoff; and, still warping through narrow "leads," came to larger ice-holes, over which they were able to sail. "Our spirits," says Payer, "were greatly raised, and we went on, full of hope that we should soon come into longer water-ways, which would exempt us from the toils of crossing floes with sledges." But no sure reckoning can be made upon the movements of an ice-floe. On the 27th they had gained latitude 78° 48′. Then a southwest wind drove them back, and on the 2d of August they were in latitude 78° 28′, more than twenty miles farther north—that is, while they were moving southward in the floe, it was drifting more rapidly northward.

But the ice-holes grew larger day by day, and they again advanced at a considerable rate. On the

7th of August they made fully twelve miles. This was the first day when they were not once obliged to drag their boats over a floe. At noon they halted amid some loose ice. Looking southward, they saw a fluctuation in the sea-level, the ice alternately rising and falling. "The swell of the ocean! We are close upon the open sea!" broke joyfully from every lip; for the "open sea" meant deliverance, if only their provisions would hold out. They had now reached latitude 78°. The fulfillment of their fond hope was to be delayed. The favoring north wind had packed the ice more closely together. They could not move, and once more remained still for a week, improving the delay by hauling the boats upon the ice, and calking them. But every hour of delay was fraught with peril. In mid-August the arctic summer was wellnigh past; the weather was growing sensibly colder; they had food only for another month; and the caprice of wind or current might again carry them to the north, as it had two years before, but now to inevitable destruction.

At last, on the night preceding the 14th of August, the ice opened a little, and they could go on their way. Just before starting in the morning a seal was shot—their eighteenth and last since leaving the ship. They forced a passage through a long succession of "leads," and entered larger and still larger ice-holes, through which they could move under sail, and at noon they were in latitude 77° 49′. Right before them was a large ice-hole, with the sea running high in it. There was the last ice-barrier, and beyond was the boundless open sea. At six in the evening they, for the last time, drew up the boats on the floe. "Again," says Payer, "our ears heard the noise of the waves—the voice of life to us. Again we saw the white foam of the surge, and felt as if we had awoke from a death-like slumber of years to a new existence. We went to rest for some hours, but were aroused by the watch about two o'clock in the morning. The east wind had gathered some heavy masses of ice around us, and we were already several hundred yards from the water's edge. Any delay in escaping would require the labor of many days to set us free again. After much shoving with the poles, and unloading and loading, we again got beyond the line of ice. The Frozen Ocean lay behind us, and on our last floe we made preparations for our voyage on the open sea. The day of our liberation was the 15th of August, the festival of the Assumption of the Virgin, and our boats were dressed with flags in its commemoration. But it was no time for the rest and recreation of a holy day; graver duties pressed upon us. The boats had to be ballasted, and were with difficulty made to take on board the baggage, the water-casks, and the crews."

With three hurrahs they pushed off from the ice, and commenced their voyage, the happy issue of which depended on the weather and incessant rowing. The nearest land lay sixty miles away, and if a storm should arise the boats, laden as they were, must go down. The dogs could not row, or do anything else for the common safety. Payer shall tell what followed:

"We were soon convinced that the dogs, which suffered greatly from sea-sickness, would dangerously incommode us in the boats, by destroying their trim. There was, in fact, no room for them in our overcrowded boats, nor water, nor provisions. We could not bring ourselves to abandon them, and our only form of gratitude was, alas! the painful one of putting them to death. A floe by which we passed became the grave of these our true friends, our companions in all situations, and our helpers in all dangers."

Their course was shaped south-by-west, toward the Barentz Islands, where they hoped to take in the provisions left there two years before to a day; and then to coast along Nova Zembla in search of some ship engaged in the fisheries. All hands took to the oars. The crews of each boat were divided into two watches, relieving each other every four hours. On the second day a fresh breeze sprang up from the north, before which they hoisted their sails, and on the morning of the third day the mountains of Nova Zembla, bathed in violet and crimson hues, rose through the mists. But a dense fog set in, and they could steer only by the compass; and, while it lasted, a strong current bore them to the southwest, and when land next became visible they found that they were a hundred miles beyond their depot at the "Three Coffins." To go back would have involved a loss of time far more valuable than the small quantity of stores which they could take on board their overloaded boats, and they held on their course down the coast of Nova Zembla. They peered into the bays, and landed several times, in the hope of discovering fishing-vessels or fishermen's huts on the inhospitable shores. All that they could discover was a single abandoned whale-boat lying keel uppermost. Sometimes, indeed, they thought that they saw a ship, but when they rowed near it they found only an iceberg. It was clear that the fishing-vessels had already left their more northern resorts.

On the 23d of August it seemed that their fate must soon be decided. Their provisions would last only ten days more. They had passed every place but one where they could hope to fall in with a vessel. This was the bay of Dunes, toward the southern extremity of Nova Zembla. Should they be unsuccessful there, they must run the desperate risk of attempting to cross the White Sea to Lapland—a distance of nearly five hundred miles—and they could even now keep their boats afloat only by constant bailing. During the night the boats became separated in a storm, but came together again next morning. To give all an equal chance, the remaining provisions were fairly divided among the different boats, and they again took to their oars. Toward evening they rounded the black, weather-worn rocks of Cape Britwin, the northern headland of the bay of Dunes. The ledges were covered with innumerable birds, reveling in the spray of the surf. At about seven o'clock a simultaneous shout of gladness went up from all the boats. Right before them was another little boat, with two men engaged in catching birds. Then, turning the corner of a rock, they

saw before them two schooners lying at anchor. In a few minutes the boats were alongside the nearest vessel, whose decks were crowded with long-bearded sailors.

It was the Russian fishing-schooner Nikolai, of Archangel, whose patriarchal captain, Feodor Voronin, welcomed the strangers, not knowing who they were. The welcome was changed almost to homage when the ukase was produced bidding all the subjects of the czar to give every possible aid to the Austrian polar explorers. At the sight of the imperial seal and sign-manual the sailors bowed themselves to the deck with bared heads. But their welcome was none the less cordial. The best of everything they had was spread on the table, and the hungry and exhausted voyagers regaled themselves on salmon, reindeer-venison, eider-goose eggs, bread, butter, tea, and brandy. The skipper of the other schooner soon pulled on board, and was no less cordial in his welcome.

The day of their deliverance was the ninety-sixth since the abandonment of the Tegetthoff. It had been the intention of Captain Voronin to fish a fortnight longer in the bay of Dunes, and another fortnight farther south. But the explorers could not endure the thought of spending a whole month in the now overcrowded Nikolai, where the crew must of necessity sleep in the hold, among bear and reindeer hides, salmon, and reindeer-flesh, nets and oil-casks. So they agreed with the captain that he should forego his fishing and take them at once to Vardö, a little fishing-port in Norway, near the North Cape.

On the 30th of September, the eight hundred and twelfth day since they sailed from Bremerhaven, they sighted Vardö. The Austrian flag was displayed on the foretop of the Nikolai, and each adventurer, in his fur coat, stood on deck, ready to land. They ran into the little harbor in the afternoon, and, amid the wondering looks of the inhabitants, Payer hurried to the telegraph-office. Before many minutes had passed their friends and countrymen knew, and before many hours had passed all Europe and America knew, that the men of the Austro-Hungarian North-Pole Expedition had got back alive.



SCENE ON THE ICE.

BARBARA.

THERE'S her picture, hanging on the wall—
Copley's work, a century ago;
See the grace with which that silken shawl
Droops from off the shoulders' rosy snow!

See the carriage of that haughty head;
See the latent scorn in those dark eyes;
Only the mournful mouth of blossom red
All the haughty splendor soft belies.

"My Lady Barbara" they called her then;
'Twas in the old gay days of George's reign.
My Lady Barbara! In the eyes of men
No fairer beauty ever breathed disdain

From lovely lips or scornful, radiant eyes;
Yet all her beauty brought no dower but pain,
For all her beauty could not win the prize
That she had staked her hope of heaven to gain.

She laughed at love and lovers till *he* came,
And laughed the more, and flung her idle threat
Of idle scorn, when others spoke his name,
And said, "My haughty lady'll get

Her match if not her master here."
Her scornful, laughing threat rang up and down,
And where he rode or feasted met his ear;
And where he rode or feasted through the town

She held aloof awhile with cunning guile.
He gave no sign; a stranger in the place,
He rode and feasted, gave back smile for smile.
One night he smiled upon *her* waiting face,

Then bent a moment, looked and smiled again.
Low laughed she under breath: "So this is he
Who conquers women's hearts, this startled swain,
Whose heart is in his eyes, 'tis clear to see."

"Whose heart is in his eyes"—and thinking this,
She gave him smile for smile, and glance for glance.
He came at her command, she did not miss
His presence day or night at feast or dance.

What was it that she missed as time went by?
What was it that she sought and sought in vain,
In soft and courtly phrase, and glance of eye?
What was it that she missed and could not gain?

"His heart is in his eyes," she'd lightly said,
And left unsaid the vow to win and wear;
And, looking in those eyes, her own heart bled,
And broke at last with love's despair.

Her master, not her match, she'd found indeed;
And, like the fair, fond women Shakespeare drew,
She flushed and paled with love, and gave no heed
That all the jeering town her passion knew.

No vision of the truth pierced through her pride,
Till winter came and went, and spring was nigh;
He but delayed, she thought, to seek a bride
His reverent love ranked over-high.

And, dreaming thus, poor sweetheart, fell the blow,
And half the town stood staring at the sight:
'Twas at the Province House, beneath the glow
Of festal lamps one festal night.

High beat her heart beneath her bodice-belt;
Her cheek was like the rose, her eyes
Like stars, triumphant, fond, as if she felt,
"To-night, to-night my beauty wins the prize!"

A moment thus she stood superbly fair,
An image of exultant youth and grace,
That seemed to say, "With time and care
I have no part nor place."

Then all at once a whisper met her ear:
"Look! there he comes, his sweetheart on his arm,
The girl from over seas." She turned, without a fear,
Without a thought of coming ill or harm,

This proud, unconscious Barbara, to see
Whose sweetheart was so trumpeted by fame,
And she not know; she turned to see
His face—his cruel, splendid face—that came

Between her soul and heaven: his face
Bent smiling down, smiling and fond
To seek another face, not hers; another face—
Good God! was this the sweetheart from beyond

The seas they'd whispered of?—No, no, 'twas chance—
Some fool had blundered; this was she
Of whom the provost's wife had spoke, her guest from France,
Late come, to find herself unknown, and he

In kindness, like a gallant knight,
Paid his devoirs in courteous word and deed,
His gentle service, as a gallant might
To serve a stranger's need.

And with the thought a smile across her face
Flashed lightning-like; for there he came,
This gallant knight, with sudden, hastening pace,
And smiles to meet her own. Like flame,

Her cheek, that had been pale with pain, now burned;
Like flame, her fierce heart leaped with love and pride:
"Mine! mine!" her eyes declared. He touched her hand, then turned
To her who hung upon his arm. "My bride,

Come Easter-morn," he said, "a stranger here,
Brought by her kinsman to my waiting love;
If Lady Barbara, whose welcome cheer
I know so well, would welcome *her*, above

All favors would a bridegroom prize—"
Here all at once a smothered sound
Broke off his silken speech of lies;
And cries of "Coward! caitiff! hound!"

Rang down the room; and Barbara stood
Incarnate Hate, who but a little space
Ago was Love's ideal womanhood.
Thus for a moment gloomed her face,

And, like the caitiff she had named him there,
He shrank beneath her withering word and look.
Not this the triumph he had planned with care,
Not this the end, this mighty wrath that shook

And swayed the throng, till men—ay, those whose suit
She'd laughed to scorn in other days—
Turned judge of him, as there he cowered, mute,
Before the lightning of her speech and gaze!

The very air seemed full of menace then,
Of muttering thunder, soon to break and fall
In storm upon his recreant head; when,
Almost as she spoke, they saw her tall,

Straight figure sway and bend, her eyes grow dim;
And, ere a hand could reach to save, she fell,
A senseless heap, prone at the feet of him
Whose mocking love had turned her heaven to hell.

Then for a moment all the throng lost sight
Of aught but that still semblance lying there,
And only when they saw returning light
Of life upon her face they whispered, "Where

Is he, this coward, who has fled before
His dastard's work?" Ay, where was he?
Not then, not there, nor ever any more
They saw his cruel face: across the sea

That very night with her whom he that night
Proclaimed his bride, come Easter-morn,
He fled away. That very night,
Indifferent of all her scorn,

Dead to revenge, forgetting hate,
In blessèd trance poor Barbara lay—
In blessèd trance that seemed to wait
From hour to hour, from day to day,

Until a day rose dim with rain,
An April day, chill and forlorn;
Then broke the trance, and out of pain
She slipped from earth—on Easter-morn!

"CHERRY RIPE!"

BY THE AUTHOR OF "COMIN' THRO' THE RYE," "AS HE COMES UP THE STAIR," ETC.

CHAPTER XV.

"Anything that's mended is but patched; virtue that transgresses is but patched with sin, and sin that amends is but patched with virtue."

MIGNON walked to the window and looked out at the garden stretched below. Bumble and a favorite wife had escaped from the kitchen-garden, and were strutting about the burnt-up, stubbly bit of lawn on which reposed half a dozen bent croquet-hoops, three or four battered wooden balls, and two mallets, the same being the forlorn residue of a set of croquet that had been in its prime some three years ago.

"It will rain before night," she said aloud, and looking up at the skies, over which a lowering, black cloud was slowly creeping. The air was sultry, the silence oppressive; there was but little beauty in either sky or land just then, but Mignon leaned far out on the window-sill, looking abroad as though she were anxious to imprint what she saw upon her memory. Perhaps some instinct told her how this old garden, that had grown dear to her from long familiarity, would never again look the same to her after to-day; that the careless, happy hours of her girlhood were gone, never to return, while the cares and troubles of a woman were thickening about her path—I say it may be so, for she was not conscious of thought: she simply regarded that which was before her, and understood it, noting all things, from the stray birds that flew from one tree to another, hastening to hide themselves from the coming storm, to the blood-red heart of a single rose that grew on one of the standard bushes her own hand had planted nigh upon four years ago.

A faint mutter in the distance heralded the approaching storm. Mignon withdrew from the window and went back to the table where the unopened letter lay. She took it in her hand, looked at and laid it down again.

"Muriel," she whispered, and her voice sounded strange and sinister in the lonely, darkening room, "shall I open this letter or destroy it, and go back to the long and weary days of waiting, with the added misery of knowing that I might have learned somewhat of you, and did not? It holds tidings of you, and any news must be good to me after your long and cruel silence.—You cannot have done anything wrong, my Muriel; it is I who have been always wicked, and perhaps you are expecting me—reproaching me in your heart; while I am idling here, there may be a message in this letter from you to me—an explanation why you do not come.

"Yes! I will read it, I will face the truth, whatever it may be, for nothing can break my love for you, my beloved, nothing can make you any other than my angel of goodness, and I can bear anything that brings me nearer to you, no matter how steep and thorny the path may be."

Once more she took the packet in her hand. As she did so, the storm burst; a sudden glare of lightning half blinded her, and a clap of thunder seemed to shake the house to its foundations.

"Mignon," wrote Miss Sorel, "when a bad thing has to be told, or a blow is about to be inflicted, the only mercy that can be shown is to do it quickly; therefore I shall say what I have to say in the fewest possible words.

"You know that when I brought you here,

Muriel sought and obtained a situation as governess in the family of a Mrs. Falkner, living in Dublin. Twice a year she came over to spend her holidays with you. Twice a week (sometimes oftener) she wrote to you, and for the space of over two years she failed neither in her visits nor her correspondence. At the end of that time all communication with her abruptly ceased; your letters and mine were returned to us, unopened and redirected by Mrs. Falkner. Upon my writing to that lady and inquiring for your sister, I received the intelligence that Muriel had left her suddenly, giving no reason, leaving no address, affording not the slightest clew by which it was possible to ascertain her whereabouts.

"You used to come to me and say, 'Do you think she is dead, ma'am?' and my heart grew sore for you, for I had begun to suspect that Muriel was lost to you (let me whisper it, Mignon; and, since I shall be dead when you read these words, do not hate me for what I am forced to say) by something of which you have never heard, and cannot even guess at—something compared with which death is kind and the grave a friend—and the name of this thing by which she is lost to you is—*shame!*

"I say I suspected it, but I did not *know;* that was to come after.

"Do you remember the illness you had in the autumn of the year before last—an illness mainly caused by the grief that filled you at her strange silence and stranger neglect? And do you remember how, when you were beginning to recover, you used in the evening to lie in the drawing-room with Lu-Lu, or, sometimes, myself, for companion? One evening I was sitting with you after dark—I in the shadow, you in the firelight with your features plainly visible—when I saw a woman's face pressed against the window-pane, peering in. She thought you alone, for her eyes never once wandered toward me; and the intensity of her gaze, and something in the half-seen features, sent a sudden suspicion leaping through my mind. I managed to get out of the room without a sound, so that when I came behind her in the garden she was still there. I laid my hand upon her arm; she turned with a violent start and broke away from me like a mad creature, but I caught at her dress and held her fast.

"'Muriel,' I said, 'have you come at last to see Gabrielle?'

"'How do you know that I am Muriel?' she said, in a strange, defiant voice, that staggered me.

"It was so different from the sweet voice of the girl I had spoken with only a few months before.

"She was holding a piece of her shawl over her face; we were but a few paces from the window, but it was pitch-dark and I could no longer distinguish her features. Nevertheless, an unerring instinct told me that it was your sister and no other.

"I think she dropped the shawl. I let go her dress and held her arm—a round, fine arm, clasped by a heavy bracelet, that from the mere touch assured me she was not at all events suffering from poverty.

"'Let me go,' she cried, struggling violently—ay, violently; and do you remember that the distinguishing quality of Muriel was her *gentleness?*'

"'Muriel,' I said, 'do you know that Gabrielle has been very ill, that the child's life has been in danger?'

"I felt her arm tremble in my grasp as though she were in an ague-fit, and her voice was hoarser than before as she whispered:

"'She is better now—she is recovering.'

"'Yes,' I said, 'and, strangely enough, she now frets about you no longer, but seems happy in looking forward to the time when you will return to her.'

"She rocked herself to and fro in a strange, dumb agony for some moments; then she said:

"'She does not think evil of me; she does not suspect me of—*sin?*'

"My soul seemed to die within me as I heard her—I saw the old, miserable story so plainly—but through it all I was most conscious of pity for *you*—you who had so loved and believed in her, who looked upon her as something above and beyond other women—and it seemed to me that your wreck of faith in her (when you should know all) was the most piteous feature in the whole case.

"She repeated her question almost fiercely: 'She does not suspect me of—*sin?*'

"'She does not know the meaning of the word,' I said; 'at least, in the common acceptation of the term.'

"'God grant she never may!' cried Muriel, with fearful energy. 'Promise me, swear to me, that you never *will* tell her—let me be for a little longer to my angel the Muriel that she used to love—and to love—'

"Her arms fell by her sides, she stood like a woman turned to stone, then she suddenly stooped her lips to my hands and kissed them passionately.

"'You are a good woman,' she said, 'are you not?'

"'No,' I said; 'I try to be, but I am not, really.'

"'Then, if you are not,' she said, 'nobody is. And a good woman always keeps her promise, does she not?'

"'Yes,' I said.

"'Then promise,' she said, holding my arm tightly, 'that you will never reveal to Gabrielle that you saw me here to-night. Swear to me that you will never tell her the thoughts that I know are in your heart concerning me to-night—that you will utter no word to tarnish the mirror of her pure mind by one whisper or hint of evil. Let her think me cruel, unnatural, heartless, but do not let her think me—wicked. Do you swear it?'

"'Upon one condition only,' I said, after a few moments of thought, 'and that is, that I leave a written account of this interview with you for Gabrielle to read in case of my death.'

"'In case of your death!' she cried; 'are you ill of an incurable disease? Have you any reason to think that you are *likely* to die before long?'

"'No,' I said, 'I have no disease that I know of; humanly speaking, I am likely to live for a long

while, but death may come unexpectedly to me, as to you, at any moment.'

"'Do you think that you will live two years?' she cried; 'do you think you are likely to die before that?'

"It was a strange question asked in a strange fashion, but I perfectly understood that she wanted certain things to be kept from you for a certain time, and that she feared my death might interfere with her plans.

"'I cannot tell,' I said. 'Why do you say two years?'

"'Because,' she said, 'by that time all will have come right, and I shall be able to face her—honest. I shall be able to look her in the face, and you, without fear or shame. You will have a better opinion of me then than you have to-night; if you knew what I have suffered, what I do suffer, you might find it in your heart to be sorry for me.'

"She left my side, and stole to the window. I looked over her shoulder. You were sitting by the fireside working, and there was a smile upon your lips, the first I had seen there for many weeks.

"'See!' cried Muriel; 'she smiles!—Gabrielle! Gabrielle!'

"There was such a passion of longing in the poor, pretty creature's voice that it made my heart ache to hear her. At last she tore herself away.

"'Think as well of me as you can,' she whispered, taking my hand in her two trembling ones; 'you have promised that you will never tell her?'

"'Yes,' I said, 'I have promised.'

"'God bless you!' she said, 'but, above all, for the friend you have been to my Gabrielle! Do not deem me thankless for your goodness; I pray for you every day.'

"And with that she kissed my hands and was gone like a shadow.

"I have only seen her once since that night; it was about three months ago. She was again looking in on you from the garden, but this time at the front of the house. When I reached the place where I thought I had seen her standing, I found no sign of her. It seemed to me a curious and sad fatality that, at the very time you were at your brightest and happiest, looking forward to such unclouded hope to your reunion, I should have become possessed of the knowledge how by her own act she had severed herself from you forever.

"Mignon, do not look for her return; better far for you that you never see her face again, lest you have to endure the inconceivable agony of contrasting the Muriel of your love and childhood with the Muriel that now lives to you; and believe me when I say that, bitter as would be her loss by death to you, it would be merciful compared with the horror of knowing her to be alive, divided from you by a gulf that she can never cross—the gulf of *sin!*

"That she will return in two years I hold to be too wild and improbable a story to afford us one ray of hopeful anticipation; dependent upon the capricious impulse of the man who has betrayed her, she leans but on a broken reed. For so it is that when a virtuous woman forfeits the respect of the man who loves her, she makes herself but a poor pensioner on his bounty, and reposes herself but by sufferance upon his protection; while he, being bound by no law to give her redress, being indeed thrown absolutely back upon the goodness of his impulses and heart as to whether or not he shall repair the wrong he has done her, is, alas! more likely to be false to his better instincts than true to them; for the tendency of a bad man is ever toward evil, and he rarely gives the lie to his past life in one deed of conspicuous virtue.

"Mignon, little adopted daughter, if my words appear heartless and cruel to you, I beseech you to believe that they are as hard to me to tell as to you to hear. Comfort I cannot give you, pity I dare not offer. Only believe that you are not the first, as you will not be the last, to whom God has seen fit to send so terrible a misfortune.

"LALAGE MAKEPEACE SOREL."

Five minutes passed, ten minutes, fifteen. The hand of the clock went round to the half-hour, but still Mignon sat still and quiet, the letter neatly refolded and placed in the envelope. A knock at the door came, and there entered Prue.

The storm had spent itself, the rain had ceased to fall, the sweet odors of flowers and refreshed green leaves floated in at the open window.

Prue advanced, about to speak; but, when she saw the rigid attitude of the girl who sat in the chair; when she saw the awful change that had come over Mignon's face in the space of one hour—she stopped short, terror-struck.

"Little mistress," she cried, "don't look like that; don't fret so about Miss Sorel; if you haven't got any friends or home, dear heart, you've got your poor old Prue, and together we'll make our way in the world."

Mignon lifted her hand and beckoned to the woman. Prue came slowly nearer and nearer till she faced the girl.

"Prue," said Mignon, slowly—and her voice was as the voice of a stranger—"what is *shame?*"

CHAPTER XVI.

"O limnèd soul! that, struggling to be free,
Art more engaged!"

SOME one was watching the stars, "the angels' forget-me-nots," come out one by one in the sky overhead. O stars! that man in his short-sighted, narrow-minded wisdom calls "restless," do you not mock him, even as he speaks, with the silent majesty of your eternal peace and presence? Is it not the toiling, throbbing, suffering heart of man that is restless, not you? Century after century you look dumbly down upon million after million of human beings who, in the brief and scanty hours of serenity that brighten their lives, and possessed by no immediate, passionate wish, or unfulfilled longing, lift their eyes

to your supreme splendor, and, pointing at you a pygmy finger fashioned of dust, hurl at you the epithet of "restless."

You might teach us many a lesson of beauty and peace if our hearts could only be guided to read you aright. You might breathe into our souls some divine image of the unutterable grandeur of the life that lies beyond this present, but we do not seek to understand you, or fathom the mystery of your meaning. We only glance up at you for a few seconds with careless, aweless regard, as though you were pretty toys hung out for our passing wonder and amusement, then turn our eyes downward to the coarse, garish lights that guide our footsteps, and death overtakes us while we are still groping to and fro, seeking for the jewel of wisdom in the mud that hampers our feet; having learned not one lesson from those simple yet mighty teachers overhead, and attained to neither knowledge, understanding, nor greatness.

Some one was thinking, as so many other souls have thought in their misery (and most of them, I think, in their youth, when trouble seemed to them a less natural thing than happiness; whereas, to the older wayfarer, happiness is accepted as something strange and precious, theirs by no right of their own, but a gift sent straight from Heaven), "It will be all the same a hundred years hence."

This cry, that proceeds from such different hearts, under such widely-different circumstances, must surely take its root in some subtile process of reasoning that is gone through alike by all suffering human nature—perhaps it is the outcome of a sudden lightning conviction of the utter impotence and wastefulness of sorrow, and our intense weariness of life causes us to look forward to the ambulation of it, all it knows and comprehends, with a certain sense of relief. But, although the mere utterance of the old, old thought carries with it a dull comfort of its own, reality steps quickly in and pricks us with the thought that the hundred years are not over yet, that the *meanwhile* alone is our life and must be gathered up and borne as a burden, no matter how the flagging limbs fail us, no matter that we see no end or turning to the dark and lonely road along which our journey lies, nor that there is not one breast upon which we have a claim to lay the burning brow for our precious purchase hour of peace.

"Nothing cares," thought the girl, as she lifted her heavy eyes—eyes that had shed no tears throughout these seven long days—to the crescent-shaped moon, that

> "Put forth a little diamond peak,
> No bigger than an unobservèd star,
> Or tiny point of fairy cimeter—
> Bright signal that she only stooped to tie
> Her silver sandals ere deliciously
> She bowed into the heavens her timid head."

A night-bird whirled swiftly past; out of the soft twilight a night-wind came sighing and whispering, toying with the few precious flowers brought by Prue, that

> ". . . . poured out their soul in odors,
> That were their prayers and confessions;"

and the peace and stillness of the soft summer night warred against the girl's passionate heart, and she cried out dumbly against the heartlessness of Nature, as though she expected the stars to step down and comfort her, the bird to pause in his flight to whisper consolation, the very foundations of all things to be upheaved because she was tossed upon the waves of shame and agony—but there came no voice out of the night, no sign out of the silence, and so, in her confused longing after something that she could not compass, she had said in her bitterness of spirit, "Nothing cares." Who has not felt, at some period or other of his existence, that Nature is a cruel and unsympathizing mother to the children who love her best?

Go to her when you are happy and contented, and she will seem to rejoice and make merry with you. Every one of her quivering lights and delicate tints will be a message from her heart to yours, that she knows your secret, and exults in your gladness. The music of the waterfalls will be as the sound of her voice, the breath of her flowers as the words of her lips; the sunlight upon her purple hills will be as a smile that is smiled for you, and you alone, and your heart will borrow a quicker throb and beat at feeling how perfectly it is in unison with hers. But go to her when you are sad and lonely, when the only creature from whom you could brook the receiving of pity is far away, and she will heed you not—nor shed one tear over your sorrow, nor silence one song of her countless birds, or quench one of her magic lights—nay, if you die, she will wear her fairest robe, her brightest smile, and, at the very moment that you are lowered into her breast, she will produce some magical effect of sunlight leaf and landscape that you should, on beholding it in your moments of felicity, have deemed to be a special and loving token of her harmony with your soul. And yet the great nurse-mother has a heart, and a very human one, for while she still continues to smile for those of her children who are light of heart, she receives her dead and sorrowful ones tenderly into her breast. Over their heads she sows her delicate flowers and kindly grasses, and out of the hum of the bees, the chorus of her silver-throated choir of birds, the very rustle of her silken leaves, nay, the very foot-fall of her shy and beautiful animal creation, she weaves one exquisite, never-failing requiem to sing over us, remembering, when all human things, ay, even they that have loved us most tenderly, have utterly forgotten!

"Nothing cares." But little further on its way of research groped the confused and childish intelligence of the lonely little creature who sat, very still and drooping, in the old wooden chair.

There was something strangely pathetic in its absolute quietude, for in Mignon's short life it had ever been her nature to cry out sharply under pain of body or mind; but the bitterness of an adversity that was in itself irreversible, and set far beyond the merciful chance of either hope or fear, had absolutely

stunned her with its violence, leaving her with no more than a crushed and helpless feeling of accomplished misery.

In the days of her keenest longing after Muriel, she had owned one precious possession, of which no man had power to rob her, that had been the tide upon which floated, fair and stately, the argosy of her hopes, laden with the golden store of love and happiness, liable to no storms from without, no treachery from within, as are the brave ships that sail upon the dangerous, shifting floods of reality. Now the future had stepped backward and become the present, and she saw it, this dream-joy of her fancy, as the hollow, pitiful mockery that it was, devoid of substance, use, or fulfillment, how its boards were rotten, its yards manned by the dead, its sails but skeleton hands that waved idly in the wind, the ghastly wraith of that cursed and cruel "might have been" that draws all the sweetness and pith from out of human lives to cast it down as water upon the earth.

To Mignon all things began and ended in the present—the present, that her immature powers of suffering did not give the strength and resolution to meet; she was as one who is suddenly deprived of the crutch upon which she has confidingly leaned in her troublesome path, and knows not how to take one single step forward without its support.

She did not even dimly guess how Time, the restorer, heals all wounds; even if she had known it, would not her soul have rebelled against the hurt that she had received, unconsciously asking what healed wound could ever compare with the unflawed wholeness that was hers ere the knife descended and the blow fell? What restoration can ever compare with the dauntless confidence of untried and unbroken health? The stain may be cleansed away, but the traces of the process remain—the gaping wound may close, but the scar remains forever—we can lay our fingers upon it at any moment, and say to our hearts, "It is here"—and we feel it throb and burn for many a year after others deem it wholly healed and forgotten; we remember, as no other can, what we were in the days before we tasted of the fruit of the tree of knowledge—we know what we now are: not to mortals is it given to eat of the bitter fruit either in the shape of sin or sorrow, and henceforward be as though our shrinking lips had never touched it. The night drew in, the countless hosts of the great army of living lights overhead had ceased together, and now filled the appointed places set by him of whom it has been written, "He calleth them all by their names"—but the girl still sat without stir or movement, trying painfully to think, yet hearing only a dumb cry from all creation, the skies, the earth, the wind, of *Muriel! Muriel!* And so it was that her ears were deaf to the sound of footsteps that came slowly along the gravel-walk, nor did she lift her eyes when they came nearer, nearer, and at length came to a full stop before her.

There was enough light in the sky for the newcomer to make out the outline of a fair, drooped head, and of two little slim hands, folded stiffly on a plain black gown.

"Gabrielle Ferrers!"

It was a man's voice that spoke, harsh and distinct, each word falling sharply upon the absolute silence with startling effect.

She raised her head slowly, like a dull or chidden child, with whom obedience, however painful, is an instinct.

"Stand up!" he said.

She rose, in a strange, mechanical fashion, and quietly, with no sense of wonder or of fear, discovered in the half-light the unforgotten face of Silas Sorel.

He put out his hand and touched a fold of her black dress.

"You wear this for your benefactress?" he said.

She bowed her head in silence. The sources of speech, as those of thought, seemed, for the time being, to be dried up.

"You have reason to regret her," he said, coldly, "for she was the only friend you possessed in the world. There are men and women altogether independent of friendship and extraneous support, who find their best and safest allies in themselves, and possess the power to carve out their own lives boldly and well; but you are not one of these women; your father was not one of these men; you are all unstable; and as a sapless tree or a drought-stricken land shall you wither away, root and branch, and your place shall know you no more."

The even voice, broken neither by anger nor passion, uttered these words with the solemnity of a curse; and Mignon, listening to him with patient care, and no shadow of either fear or resentment, unconsciously committed them to memory, knowing not that in an unknown day of the future they would recur to her mind with all the force and significance of a prophecy.

"Facile as sand, weak as water, with headstrong hearts and feeble wills, you are all bound to fulfill your destinies. Already, from afar off, I have watched the working out of those of your father and sister, and yours will in no sense be behind the others, or I have not read that true Ferrers face of yours aright."

He paused. The scorn that for one moment thrust aside her pall of wretchedness, and flashed from her eyes, might surely have wakened in him some dormant spark of manliness, had he not been blind through his madness. A spirit of revengeful hatred, immoderately nourished and exalted into godship, has the effect of divesting both man and woman of every human attribute where the object of its loathing is concerned, making of them but blind instruments of a cowardly and degrading passion.

"Such being the case," Mr. Sorel went on, "the death of my sister is in every way disastrous to you. Had she lived, your home with her would have been secured until some man, mad and senseless enough to be caught by your pretty, wax-doll face, spoilt his life by marrying you; but, as it is, you are deprived

of your home, you have not a single friend, and you will have to earn your bread before you eat it. The world in general is apt to be cold to those who look to it for subsistence—cold, yet in some respects too kind for the safety of a young and friendless woman."

His latter words fell unheeded on Mignon's ears. With her lately-acquired terrible knowledge of sin fresh upon her, she yet did not understand him, so that the insult of his insinuation, the disgrace of his speech, simply recoiled upon himself, and he knew it. His hatred and bitterness of heart rose higher as he saw how powerless he was to move her; he knew nothing of the history of her griefs, he believed her silence and mobility to be but an insolent and audacious phase of the Ferrers' haughtiness and pride of bearing, and his slow pulses quickened with anger as he cried:

"Do you know what she was to me, this dead woman, who was the sweetheart of your father, the friend of his child, the gentle schoolmistress to an army of turbulent girls that her weak hand had scarcely power to control? She was my very life itself. Any pretty fool would have suited your father just as well as she did; any commonplace woman could have done as much for you as she has done; but nothing would serve but that my own joy upon earth should be sacrificed at the altar of you and yours. A harsh, unloved man, I was a yet more cursed and unhappy child; my very mother could not endure my evil humors, my father spurned me from his path; only one creature bore with me, understood me, loved me—ay! in spite of all my hatefulness, *loved* me—and that was the dead sister upon whom I looked my last four days ago, and who would be with me now but for you and yours—you and yours! It was no fever that killed my poor girl, it was a broken heart—do you hear me? A broken heart, and your father was the man that broke it. He had all the world to choose from, yet he must needs come and steal from me my one ewe-lamb! I endured to see her drift away from me—endured to see the passionate love of a week set aside the deep and steady attachment of years, for I loved her too well not to be able to endure my own loss if it should result in her happiness, only it was not so; the treasure that he had grasped with such eager, avaricious hands ere long fell from them, and on the day that she should have become his wife her heart broke instead, and I!—O God!—in my madness was as Cain, and would have followed and killed him, had she not wrung from me a promise that I would never lay hand upon him. It was not his fault, she said—not his fault! O Heavens! And thus for many years we dwelt together, but a gulf yawned between us; the old days never came back, she was no longer my sister, but *his* sweetheart. She came to me one day and told me that he was dead. I rejoiced, thinking, 'Now that he is gone her heart will turn back to me.' And even as he had been to her living, so was he to her dead. Not long afterward she came to me again, and said that he had left a child in her care, and that she was resolved upon accepting the trust. I bade her choose between us, and she chose—you. The patient love of a lifetime to weigh not a feather against the dying wish of the man who had duped her! Judge, then, whether or not I have reason to hate you—ay, even more than I hated your father. Judge when from time to time I saw her, growing paler and paler, flagging more and more under the burden your selfish father imposed upon her, whether I did not transfer my hatred from your father, dead, to his daughter, living; judge whether I am likely to raise my hand to save you from the miserable future that awaits you, for even as your ill-starred father perished, even as your sister is living in shame, so shall the horror of your future in no way fall behind that of the others, and I shall live to see it—ay! and behold you perish even as the Book has written that all the seed of the unrighteous shall perish!"

He lifted his hand in solemn warning; his voice had the monotony of a curse—he was, in truth, a fanatic, whose brain had been partially overturned by intense brooding on the subject of his sister's wrongs and his own, and there was the glare of covert madness in his eyes as he peered through the half-light into the girl's face. She, recoiling at those pale and frightful features, fell back before him, and he, still advancing, was face to face with her as she stood upright against the wall; whereat, her courage suddenly failing her, and the power of speech returning, she suddenly shrieked out:

"ADAM!"

CHAPTER XVII.

"Friend! is there any such foolish thing in the world?"

THE cry had preceded the thought by about a second; instinct directed it, for it was the result of no conscious volition of her own.

A breathless silence followed, which lasted some ten seconds. Then a man dropped noiselessly from the wall almost at their feet.

"You called me?" he said, intensely relieved at finding nothing more terrible going forward than Mignon in apparently close conversation with a middle-aged and extremely ill-favored gentleman; for the cry had been such as one might utter in the extremity of fear or anguish, and had pierced his ear with a sudden and disastrous sensation of evil.

"An assignation, I presume," said Silas Sorel, withdrawing a few steps from the pair; "you are beginning early, Gabrielle Ferrers."

The tone of the man who spoke conveyed a deliberate insult to the girl, none to Adam, and the latter perfectly understood him.

"An assignation," he said, calmly, "is a thing that requires a previous agreement between two persons, and that such is not the case this evening is proved by the fact that I am here only in obedience to Miss Ferrers's summons."

"Take care, take care," said Mr. Sorel, addressing Mignon, and disregarding Adam utterly, "that

you do not follow the example of the girl that you call Muriel!"

"Peace!" cried Mignon, stepping forward, the *fierté* of her voice and attitude amazing the one man as thoroughly as the other; "do not dare to take her name between your foul and slanderous lips! Revile the dead if you will; they are beyond the reach of your curses as of your hatred forever, and you can wreak no pitiful revenge upon them; revile the living that are face to face with you; but do not dare to traduce one who is not here to speak for herself!"

She turned back to Adam as though he were her friend and refuge, and indeed she had altogether forgotten her cause for anger against him; instinct guided her to him, and she went. The Ithuriel-spear of sorrow had turned all lesser things into shadows at a touch, and a passionate throb of exultation ran through Adam's bewilderment that it should be so; that the wild and improbable dreams of an hour ago should in a breath have leaped to golden fruition; that he was actually in her presence, called thither by her voice, looked to by her for help and protection; nay, more, that he dared to hold one of her little, trembling hands securely in his own.

"Who is this man?" he said to her; "and by what right does he come here to insult you?"

"He is my enemy," said Mignon, "and he has no authority over me."

"This young lady, sir," said Silas, extending his hand toward her, and for the first time addressing Adam, "enjoys the proud position of owning not one soul upon earth who has the smallest authority over her; but, as a slight drawback to her enviable position, she is an absolute pauper, without a shilling or a friend in the world, and not a home open to her save that which is furnished by a sister's shame."

"You lie!" cried Adam, dropping Mignon's hand, and striding forward. "She has a friend, and he is—*here!*"

He struck his breast with a vehement gesture, the longing strong upon him to seize the man before him, and give him the chastisement he so richly deserved.

"And so you are her friend?" said Silas, with a sneer, and again the deliberate insult his tone conveyed made the blood boil in Adam's veins.—"Did I not tell you, girl, that you would find the world, cold as it usually is, in some respects too kind to you? And we all understand what kind of friendship subsists between a young lady who is on such excellent terms of clandestine intimacy that a call will at any moment bring him to her side!"

"Sir!" cried Adam, almost beside himself with fury, "do not presume too greatly upon your gray hairs, although the man who can so shelter himself behind them is so vile a coward that he deserves to take a coward's punishment. And as to your calumnies, I hurl them back in your teeth."

"Bah!" said Silas, scornfully; "you use long words, but ask her if what I have said is not true, every word of it."

Mignon's head sunk upon her breast; a burning shame was upon her; she could not have put her hand in Adam's now if her life had depended upon it, but he took it in his own, and—

"Sir," he said, "I think you must hate this young lady very much, although I cannot believe it to be possible that she has ever harmed you."

"I hate her," said Silas, slowly; "she and all her stock. The men are all fickle, the women are all light; there is not one sound fruit upon the tree; have naught to do with them if you desire any peace of mind, or covet an unstained life; better far that you should slay yourself than place your honor in the hands of a Ferrers."

In the days to come were not these words to ring in Adam's ears, and be to him as letters of fire in the darkness, as letters of ink in the sunshine—although they were now as the angry, futile ravings of an embittered, half-maddened man?

"Have you anything more to say?" said Adam, quietly; "if not, I charge you go, ere I force you from the gentle presence that you have so outraged by your foul-mouthed, lying words."

"Before you bid your elders and betters begone," said Silas, "you had better be quite certain of whose premises you are standing upon. Now, as it happens, this garden is mine, whereas you committed a trespass by entering it by way of the wall; therefore it is for me to command your departure, scarcely for you to command mine."

"But," said Adam, looking down at the girl who stood beside him, "is not Miss Sorel—"

"Miss Sorel is dead," said Silas, fiercely; "and, as her property reverts to me, this garden is mine. Yonder house, and all that it contains, is mine.—You will leave it," he said to Mignon, "by the day after to-morrow at sundown; you will take with you that beggarly woman who has for you so great an affection; and you will leave not one trace of your sojourn here, or one indication that will serve to remind me of your existence, nor will you dare again to cross the threshold of the house that has sheltered you for so long. Henceforth your place is out in the world."

"Oh, have mercy!" cried Mignon, falling down on her knees; "and do not drive me away before she has come back—she would think I was dead or had forgotten her, and she would go wandering about looking for me—and we should never find each other. Let me starve, live in the meanest corner of it, or in this old garden, do humblest service for you; but oh, do not send me away!"

A mist swept across Adam's eyes; a lump in his throat half strangled him as he stooped over that little, kneeling figure, and raised it in his arms.

"No," said Silas; "you shall not live here. If she returns (and it's not likely), I will bid her follow you; you will probably wander about half your lives looking for each other, and that will be a worse punishment than if you found her now, although she is what she is."

A low cry of agony broke from the girl's lips—his wicked words passed her by; she was conscious of but one thought, that she was to be banished

from the place to which Muriel would so certainly return, whether in triumph or degradation, sooner or later.

"Mignon," said Adam, "if it be true that you are so lonely, having neither father nor mother, nor any friend at hand to take care of you, will you take *me* for your friend, lover, and husband? Will you come to such a home as I can give you, where we will wait together for Muriel's return?"

He felt a quiver pass through her, as though she were violently surprised and startled, but she answered him never a word. How the brave, true heart beat as he looked across at Silas, who had retreated a step, and seemed struck with a bitter and angry dismay!

"You would *marry* her?" he cried.

"Yes!" said Adam, "if she will take me; if she will stoop to lay her little hand in mine, all unworthy as I am, and give me the right to cherish and protect her always; so much I will do for her, so help me God!"

"You would take her!" cried Silas, "with the knowledge lying at your heart like a viper that all the Ferrers are bad—bad; that sooner or later the black drop will come out in yonder girl; that sooner or later—for they are all false—she will betray you?"

"I would take her," said Adam, never loosening his hold upon the girl's drooping, quiet figure, "with all her childish faults and imperfections, with her beautiful youth, her unsoiled freshness, and innocent heart, and deem her the most precious and exquisite gift that ever came to the heart of man! I would commit my honor to her keeping, and lay my future in her hands without one doubt as to their safety, or one fear of her disloyalty—if she is able to find within her heart one little word of kindness for a poor fellow who loves, yet is not half worthy of her."

"You love me?" exclaimed Mignon.

"I have loved you for a long while."

This new puzzle for the moment distracted her attention from other things; she stood quite still, conscious, for the first time that night, of thought. Impulse and instinct had hitherto guided all her words and actions.

The two men waited, breathless, for her reply. One at least would have forecast her future with a certain amount of truth had her answer been in the negative.

"You would help me to find her?" she said, pursuing a certain train of thought, and looking earnestly into his half-seen face.

"I would."

"And let me live close by here with Prue, so that we might take it in turn to watch by the gates, in case *she* came?"

"Yes, you shall live close by."

She put her hand to her head.

"Wait a moment," she said, "I have got a hundred pounds, my very own: would it buy a roof to shelter Prue and me, and feed and clothe us for some time, perhaps only until the autumn comes, perhaps a great deal longer?"

"It would not last a great while."

She fell to thinking again; then said:

"And if she did not come here, if it were necessary, you would with me search the world through from end to end until we had found her?"

He hesitated a moment.

"Yes," he said.

She turned without a word and put both her hands into his. Adam held her fast, but did not speak. So they faced the enemy, young, and brave, and handsome—so he often saw them thus in the years that came after, defying him. Even so they in the future remembered that cruel, wicked face and the mirthless smile that covered his thin and bloodless lips as he stood, his arms folded, looking at them.

"I wish you joy of her," he said, coldly. "When we meet again, as we shall meet, it will be a matter of the profoundest amazement to me if I discover that this young lady still retains the place in your esteem that she at this moment possesses. Miss Ferrers—sir—I have the honor to wish you a very good evening."

CHAPTER XVIII.

"Half happy by comparison of bliss is miserable."

As the echo of his footsteps died away, Adam took that pale young face between his hands, and looked down into it thoughtfully. It took a faint warmth beneath his touch, for she was ashamed—in a moment's space he had been transformed from her friend and champion to a scarcely-known lover, whose presence filled her with uneasiness: the former had been something to hold fast by and value, the latter oppressed her with a dull sense of dissonance and strangeness.

He was instantly conscious of the change in her, but he did not let her go.

"Mignon," he said, "after all, is your answer '*No?*'" But, as he looked, he found himself no longer seeking the answer to his question, but recognizing, with a dismayed feeling of astonishment, the change that had come over her face during these past ten days, and not possessing the key of the puzzle beyond the fact of Miss Sorel's death (for that other black misfortune shadowed forth in Mr. Sorel's speech he had rejected as a willful and malevolent lie), he was at a loss to comprehend it.

"I am tired," she said, slowly, and he cried out upon himself for a fool that he had not observed her fatigue. When she was seated, he knelt down by her side, on the very spot, as it suddenly occurred to him, where Rideout had knelt a fortnight ago that very day.

The girl did not speak—a wheel seemed to be going round and round in her head—the waters of affliction, held back for a brief period by the strange events of the past hour, were rushing back upon her with resistless fury, and again her soul and heart and body were one yearning, bitter cry of "Muriel!—Muriel!" while her sole consciousness was one of intolerable shame and misery. Presently she looked

up, and, seeing Adam's face close to her, a ray of curiosity flashed across the confused horror of her own.

"How long ago was it," she said, slowly, "that I called you a liar, and a thief, and a spy?"

"A long while ago," he said, gently; "do not think about it."

"And, after calling you those names," she went on, still more slowly, "you offer me a home and—your love. For you said you loved me?"

"Yes."

"No; you do not," she said, in the same stiff, careful way; "you only pity me. How can you love a person who said such things to you? You only said so out of kindness, and to show that bad old man I had one friend."

"Mignon," he said, "I have been your faithful lover for a longer time than you think, even before I came over the wall and weeded your garden—I have watched you growing up for these past two years, for I said to myself, 'When she is old enough I will go to Miss Sorel and ask her openly for leave to try and win her for my little sweetheart.'"

"And that was why you came over the garden-wall?" she said.

"No; I had not meant to approach you in any clandestine manner, but a foolish impulse prompted me to go over, for, at that time of the morning, I never dreamed of your coming out; but you came, and caught me." He paused, but she seemed to have relapsed into apathy, and did not speak.

"At first you believed me to be the man who had written you the love-letter; then, before I had in any way recovered from the confusion into which I was thrown by your sudden appearance (for, remember that I loved you, and was now for the first time face to face with you), you asked me who I might be. In the moment that I hesitated, I saw your eyes fall upon my shirt-sleeves, an inspiration flashed through my mind, and, almost before the thought had formed itself, my lips had uttered the *sobriquet* given me by my sister Flora, 'Adam, the gardener.'"

"She calls you that?"

"The term is applied contemptuously," he said. "All my life long I have been fond of working in my garden, and she is pleased to marvel at the lowness of my tastes."

"Then it was not quite a lie?" said the girl, sighing; "but you should not have come again; you would not have acted deceitfully then—"

"No," he said, "I should not have come again, but the temptation was too great to be resisted; to look, not furtively, but openly, at your face, to hear your voice, to hear you addressing me, and to watch you, yourself so utterly unconscious—it was not in human nature to cast this delight away, and so I followed you, in some clothes borrowed for the purpose, to Madame Tussaud's, and afterward I came over and weeded your gravel-walks."

"But why did you steal the letter?" she said, still trying, through all her giddy sense of confusion and misfortune, to follow out a line of special thought.

"Because, at that time"—he laid a certain stress upon the last three words, that Mignon did not observe—"I would rather have seen the girl I loved in her coffin than receiving or replying to a letter from the man whom you know as Philip Rideout, and"—his voice grew lower—"it maddened me to think that to this man, who was not worthy to approach you, should be written your first love-letter—"

"Then you *were* listening," cried Mignon; "you watched me write it from the other side of the wall?"

"Yes," said Adam, slowly, "I listened to you—I could not love you as I do to-night if I did not know every thought of your innocent heart—if I were not so sure that your face is but the reflection of your mind, if I had not assured myself with my own ears that I had not erred in placing all the hopes of my life upon you. Nevertheless," he sighed, sharply and bitterly, "it was a fatal mistake, Mignon—a mistake that I shall feel to the latest hour of my life."

He paused for some seconds, then went on again:

"Mignon," he said, "there is one thing that I have to tell you; and perhaps when it is told you will bid me go away from you, for it may be that to *him* you have given your first fancy, and when you become aware—" He broke off.

"It is this," he said, firmly: "the man you know as Mr. Rideout is free to woo you honestly to be his wife."

"Then that, too, was another lie?" she said, almost in a whisper.

"O Mignon! Mignon, how could you—" He turned aside, asking himself how he was to expect the honor and duty of a wife from one who doubted the truth of every syllable he spoke.

"A bad beginning, a bad beginning!

"No," he said, "it was true."

"But you said he was married?"

"He was—at that time."

"Then is his wife dead?"

"No—not dead."

How could he tell this girl the whole shameful story? His lips refused to utter it: it was curious that the two utterly dissimilar men, who were fated to be the joy and misery of Mignon's life, were equally careful over the purity of her mind, and that both were so passionately desirous of keeping from her the knowledge of evil.

"Then she must be his wife still," said the girl, knowing nothing of the law of man, but remembering that of God, which has decreed that the man and woman united in his name shall cling together till death do them part. She remained so still, that Adam said:

"Are you thinking, Mignon, that you would have been happier with him? That if I had not scared you by a warning, you would have chosen him—not me?"

"No," she said, at last, "but I was thinking—that perhaps (if you are quite sure that he is free) I might have married *him* and saved you the trouble; for I do not think he would have *minded* marrying me, he seemed so very sure and certain that he *did* want to marry me, and was so angry when I said

'No'—whereas you only asked me out of kindness, because you heard that wicked man say I had no friends, and indeed it was a generous and noble thing of you to do, but I do not wish to take advantage of it, because I like you so much, and I do not like him, no, nor his looks, though I dare say he would help me to find *her* as well as you could, and I think he would be really grateful to me if I said 'Yes.'"

"But if you liked me best," he said, clinging resolutely to the only crumb of comfort that her speech contained, "why should you marry him, for I love you too?"

"But he will be so angry," said Mignon, wearily, her interest beginning to flag; "he said if I dared to marry any one else he would follow me through the world, but he would find me at last; and really I think he is quite determined enough to do it."

"I shall know how to protect my own," said Adam, gravely; "and when did he say he should return, Mignon?"

"He said that I was to look for him any hour after the fourteenth day had passed."

"And the fortnight is up to-day," said Adam; "he may be here to-morrow—to-night, even!"

The girl's head had drooped again; she did not even hear him; her soul had gone back to Muriel again.

Adam was thinking deeply.

"I will not hasten things by one hour on his account," he said to himself, "but if he should come it will be a bad business—bad."

"Adam," said Mignon, almost in a whisper, "you heard what he said—that wicked man, about *her?*"

"Yes."

"It is true," she whispered back again, "or so they say."

He did not immediately speak; this revelation of her family life was terrible to him—up to this time he had not believed the words of Silas Sorel, although he knew some strange mystery hung about the fate of Mignon's sister. Like all men, he wished the surroundings of the woman he loved to be absolutely unassailable, and was not proof against the world's decree that, whereas the evil doings of the male members of a family may disgrace and bring the same into disrepute, yet will no real stigma attach itself to its women until one of the sisterhood shall stoop to sin, and thereby forever sully those other innocent creatures who are guiltless of aught save their fatal relationship to her.

"They say it is true," went on Mignon, piteously, "and they ought to know better than I; but how could she be wicked, and she said she would come back at the end of two years—honest?"

And then Adam felt, with a sharp, sudden pang of grief, that all his care for her had been in vain—that her mind was no longer a page upon which had been written no word of sin or harmful meaning.

"When my poor love comes back to me," ran on the girl's soft voice, "as she will come to me some night or day, you will not by word or look show her that she is unwelcome, or drive her away?"

"I will not drive her away," he said, slowly, but in his heart he was praying that she might never come back to reflect her own shame upon her guiltless little sister.

"The only creature that I love in the whole world," she said, below her breath—"the heart of my heart, the life of my life!"

He heard her, but was in no whit dismayed. How could he expect her to love him yet? While he had been learning her disposition, studying her face, he had been a perfect stranger to her, and he was not one to value hasty love—he knew that a fancy may be born at first sight, but that love grows, even as the appetite, by what it feeds upon, and he had infinite hopes of the future.

"We will not draw down the blinds at night," she said, dreamily, "lest she should come and look in and we should not see her, but some night, *some* night, I shall see her beautiful pale face against the glass, as Miss Sorel did, and then I shall run out and bring her in—at home at last."

He shivered.

"Mignon," he said, presently, "did you not hear what Mr. Sorel said? That yonder house was his and all within it, and that you must go away from it on the day after to-morrow?"

"I had forgotten," she said, putting her hand to the head that ached so terribly, "but he cannot prevent me from sitting at his gates; a beggar has a right to do that—*any one.*"

"I have a plan in my head," he said, soothingly, "by which we may regain possession of the house, but to carry it out we must be very quiet and cautious, or he will discover it all and thwart us—in short, Mignon, we must go away."

"*Go away?*" she repeated, blankly; "but indeed I cannot—I cannot—it is quite impossible!"

"But, Mignon, you must," said Adam, firmly, "unless you wish to lose all chance of getting this house, and you do not wish to do that."

"How long should we be away?" said Mignon, anxiously—"three days—a week—more?"

"I cannot tell," he said; "the time will depend upon whether certain matters take a short or a long time to arrange."

"And the sooner I go away, the sooner I shall come back, is it so?" she asked, feverishly.

"Yes."

"Then let us go to-morrow," she cried; "it will not take me an hour to pack up, and—"

"But, Mignon," said the young man, half laughing, half hesitating, "we must be married first, you know!"

"I had forgotten all about that," she said, suddenly sobered, "but it doesn't take very long—to get married, does it?"

"No."

"I don't see why we should be married at all," she said, wistfully; "why can't you be kind to me always and look after me?—for I have got a lot of money—oh, a great deal, that I dare say would last

me till Muriel comes back, and then we could go and make some more together."

"Mignon," he said, gently, "I am not your brother, so I could not look after you and take care of you as if I were one, and I do not think you know how hard a young girl like you would find the world. And you promised me, Mignon."

"If you are quite sure," said the girl, "that you do not *mind* marrying me very much, and that you will not some day be sorry for having done so kind a thing, why, then, I will marry you to-morrow—next day—whenever you please; only make haste and bring me back again!"

That imploring voice—he turned aside from it and groaned, for how could he ask her to try and understand marriage? The word carried about as much meaning to her mind as though it were a technical term applied to a branch of study of which she had never even heard. "To marry" was to her to sit in that garden, or watch at yon gates, or search the world through for her lost sister, but of understanding or consciousness of what a wife was, she had about as much comprehension as a baby.

"Then we will be married the day after to-morrow," he said, "and, Mignon—" and gently drew the weary head to his shoulder.

But as he stroked the folds of the sunny hair that flooded his breast with sunshine, he said to himself: "It has all been too quick—too quick! Could I but have had time, she would have learned to love me; and, were it not for Philip La Mort, I would wait. But, lest he snatch my prize from me with his lawless, eager hand, I must go on with it; only it is a pity—a pity—more, it is not fair to her, and it is hard to me."

A dusky shadow stepped out of the gloom and looked down upon the young man supporting the girl, who was too worn out with misery, excitement, and pain, to regret that kindly aid.

"Prue," said Adam, touching a fold of Mignon's black dress, "will you get ready a plain white gown for your mistress, for she is going to marry me the day after to-morrow?"

CHAPTER XIX.

"Had I your tongue and eyes I'd use them so
That heaven's vault should crack; oh,
She is gone forever!"

A SLIM young figure in a white gown, standing before a looking-glass, fastening a white rose against a round, white throat; a woman standing by, divided between smiles and weeping; a young man pacing a garden with rapid, unfaltering footsteps, and glancing from time to time at the watch he held in his hand; a weary, haggard lover hasting as fast as horse's feet will carry him to the longed-for consummation of his dearest hopes, his most ardent desires, while his eager imagination outspeeds his tarrying body, and pictures to him the form, the face, the very robe even, of the girl whom we saw but now looking in her mirror; an elderly clergyman walking slowly up the narrow path that leads to the vestry-door, marveling a little at the short notice he has received of the marriage he is about to celebrate; a pew-opener, deciding that for folks who are going to be married without friends, carriages, bridesmaids, or anything whatever that befits the occasion, she need make no attempt at their reception beyond setting the church-door half open, and dusting the altar-steps—these are the pieces that will by-and-by fit into the morning's puzzle, and fall into their places one by one, making the picture that is painted upon them complete.

Only one actor in the little drama (to drop one metaphor and adopt another) cannot fail but to arrive too late—though he were keenly alive to the danger that threatened him, he could not fail to be too late—for fear and apprehension could beckon him forward no more irresistibly than does love with its smiling, wooing lips of welcome!

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The bride, with neither smile, nor blush, nor tear, has made her vows, and her husband has kissed her upon the lips, for the first time. The waiting-woman no longer hovers between joy and sorrow; her face is as bright as the sunlight that falls on the red-and-black tiles at her feet. The clergyman has shut his book, and is wondering, half sadly, quite kindly, how it comes that this young girl has no friend to stand beside her, or relation to forbid her marrying so young—for to him it seems almost a profanation of the sacredness of childhood—and his glance turns from the girl to rest reproachfully upon Adam. And he, who is now nearing his destination, feels his pulses bound, his heart stand still in the expectation by the vision and greeting that he fondly believes to await him.

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And now they are out of the church; they have signed their names in the big register; and Mignon, after writing her Christian name, has been forced to come to a full stop and ask her husband what she shall write after it, whereat the clergyman has stared, scarcely believing the evidence of his own eyes and ears. When she had written it, she just put her hand in Adam's and came away, quite simply and gladly, with her head full of the thought that the sooner she should go away from Thistletown the sooner she would return; and so they go along the quiet roads together to Rosemary, where the traveling-carriage waits, ready packed and loaded, and with nothing for them to do but just jump in, take their seats, and set off upon their travels. For the rest, they had breakfasted two hours ago, and within-doors there was not a soul to bid them good-by and good luck, or send a slipper and a shower of rice flying after the chariot-wheels.

At the gate Mignon drew her hand out of Adam's. "I am going to say good-by to my garden," she said; and he, understanding her humor, went into the house to speak with Prue, and she passed on her way alone.

She sat down on the old wooden chair and looked around her. All things looked the same, yet not the

same; the world and all things within it had changed to her in more ways than one since the time when she rode in the wheelbarrow with such grand content, and was as happy as the days were long; and now she was riding away, in a real coach, taking with her a heavier heart than she had ever dreamed of then.

The sound of the familiar bang of the garden-door made her look up, thinking that it was Adam come to fetch her. In the act of rising she involuntarily sat down again, as she recognized in the newcomer, not Adam, but Philip Rideout. Worn by fasting and excitement and want of rest, haggard with the consuming flame of gnawing remorse and uncontrollable passion, his dark face startled her with its wild beauty, as he hastily traversed the few steps that lay between them, and, kneeling down by her side, clasped his arms about her waist, and—

"Kiss me, Mignon!" he cried; "for I come back to you—*free!*"

She gazed down upon him without a word, powerless to loose herself from his embrace, and he, looking up at her, through all the confusion of brain and heart that possessed him, instantly missed something out of that childish face—the beauty was still there, but the radiant, joyous freshness, that guileless innocence of sin and evil, that he had been so fiercely desirous that she should retain, where were they now? Something had gone from her—something had happened to her—of this he was quite sure, but what?

A kind of horror grew slowly in his eyes, reflected perhaps from hers, for she feared him; then his glance went faltering down to the hand upon which the plain gold wedding-ring shone.

He withdrew his right arm from her waist, and lifted this hand, turned it over, looked at it on the other side, parted the third and fourth fingers, as though to make sure that the circlet was perfect, going through all this slowly and carefully, much as a madman may do who knows himself to be mad, yet is trying with all his might to follow out the one solitary thought that he equally knows to be rational; then, still holding her hand, he looked up piteously and unsteadily into the girl's face, then down again at her fingers.

"*Stolen!*" he said, in a whisper—"*stolen!*" and fell forward like a dead man upon her breast.

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When Adam entered the garden a few seconds later in search of his wife, it was to discover her leaning over an insensible man, whose arms were clasped about her waist, while her fair hair mingled with his dark locks as she gazed into the face that lay upon her bosom.

He stood still for a moment, his sight going from him, his brain on fire; then he went on again.

"He is dead!" said Mignon, lifting a cheek as pale and wan as the one that lay beneath her own.

"Mignon," said Adam, scarcely knowing what he said, the agony of his heart making his voice harsh and abrupt, "take your arms away from that man—I command you not to touch him!"

A vain command, when she was powerless to free herself from that death-like, nerveless body, those heavy, clinging arms.

She sought to rise, but could not.

Adam drew Rideout's arms away, and made a gesture to Prue, who had followed him into the garden, to take Mignon's place.

"You will attend to this gentleman," he said, and use every means to restore him. Should you require other assistance you will summon it, but he has merely fainted."

Then he turned to Mignon and took her hand in his.

"Come," he said.

"And leave him like that?" she cried, in amazement. "Oh! how can you think of such a thing? Why, he may be *dead!*"

The hand that held hers closed so tightly and suddenly upon it that she almost cried aloud for the pain, and yet he was not conscious of using any force or roughness, for there was not one fibre of unmanliness or cruelty in him, but he was for the moment utterly maddened and taken out of himself.

"Come," he said, quietly.

She caught her breath hard and looked up into his face, so youthful in its set calmness, and bearing in its clearly-cut features and firm, square jaw such ample indications of will and determination, that she wrenched her hand out of his, and, flinging both her arms round Prue's neck, cried, through a rain of passionate tears:

"I will stay with you—with you!—and, oh! how I wish with all my heart and soul that I had never got married to-day!"

Some of her scalding tears splashed heavily downward upon the weary, careworn face resting against Prue's shoulder, but he neither stirred nor spoke, the stupor of utter exhaustion was upon him, and bound him hand and foot.

"Come," said Adam, for the third time; but, as he said it, the fury of the tempest being now over, it flashed through his memory how, only two nights ago, he had sworn to her to be kind to her always, to be *gentle* with her—and this was the fulfillment of his vow!

"Take care of him, Prue," said Mignon, as she gave Prue a last frantic hug. "Poor fellow—poor fellow! And be sure and tell him that I *wanted* to wait until he was better, but I was not able."

"There," said Prue, in a whisper, as the girl still clung to her, "go now, dear heart, your husband's waiting for you—your husband that loves you dearly, and him that you've sworn to honor and obey—and come back to me soon, my heart, for it's sad I shall be without you; but never fear I'll keep watch for *her*, so never fret yourself about it."

The tears were pouring down her own cheeks; this parting was to her far more of a grief than to her young mistress.

Why did the girl pause to look down long and wistfully at the face of the man to whom she had written her first love-letter, and whose looks she had

never liked when he was strong and bold and gay? Why did she go, turning often and sobbing bitterly, along the path by her husband's side, even pausing at the door he held open for her, to stand for some seconds still looking back? Then the door closed—and the last page in the first volume of the book of Mignon's life was turned down forever.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

KELLER HILL.

THE following story came into my hands by chance, and I think there will be no harm in printing it as a leaflet from the history of colonial times, the only half-veiled and misty antiquity our country has. Those times, obscurely and briefly described and noted in the hasty annals of the day, are yet inevitably to become the cradle of all our family greatness, the parchment proof of all American genealogy; and there is a certain stateliness about them, though, in reality, mixed no doubt with the extreme of roughness, which is pleasing to the ancestor-searching eye. It will be seen, I think, that it is an old Virginia mansion which Master Marlowe describes; but, as in every case throughout the manuscript the word "Keller" is substituted for another which has been carefully erased, I take the name to be a fictitious one, giving, therefore, no clew for possible recognition by modern eyes. But that the story is of Virginia there is scarcely a doubt—Virginia, that Old Dominion, to whose fair lands came English-Church families at an early date, namely, Fairfaxes, Peytons, Dinwiddies, Careys, and Lees. Yet, as we are adrift as to exact locality, so we are for that reason entitled to whatever of detail remains; like reading freely and with honor the body of an old letter whose date, superscription, and signature, are gone.

The diary is written in an old, leather-bound note-book; it bears the marks of genuineness on every page. Master Marlowe was a good scribe, and no doubt he tells his story better than his brother, or his patron, or, indeed, any of the gentry mentioned, could have told it—gentlemen in those days being more ready with their swords than with the pen.

Extract from the diary: "*April 6th.* — A day of transcending beauty. No one who has not seen this landscape of the New World can comprehend the sudden springing forth of the leaves, in one night's darkness as it were, and the quick following of the blossoms. From my casement I view the rugged backs of the mountains, the little brown river below, and the far-stretching valley; to these, the small and well-meeted-out landscapes of my own land, dear England, over the sea, are as the flower-borders of a cottage-garden to the Devon moorlands. Our patron is kinder than ever to us. Me hath he given this apartment, where I keep my collection of flowers and plants; and also a horse hath he given, of the proper docility, for my mountain-riding. In fair weather, therefore, am I abroad all of the day, seeking and exploring; in foul, am I here, studying, proving, and labeling, to the full content of my heart. Discoveries not without moment have I already made; whereat much satisfaction I feel. My brother Edward is chosen as our patron's companion, and the two find pleasure of a real sincerity in each other's company. Truly, of society is there roundabouts but scanty measure, only small settlements here and there, as at the mills, the ford, the cross-roads, and at Kirby-Fields, in all told but one or two gentlemen's families, the rest being settlers of the yeoman class and peasantry.

"Major Keller esteemeth Edward a pleasing young friend, and together they ride to the chase and overlook the estate, which is worked by Africans, held as slaves, according to the custom of the country. The lands are fine, consisting of hill, dale, and valley, together with water-courses; from them the owner hath good living and revenues. Madam Barbary has sent; a word with me she wishes. I hasten to her.

"*April 7th.* — She was sitting in her morning apartment, her black maids around her sewing their seams; seeing me enter, she dismissed them. Ever kind and motherly to us, sweet lady! Childless is she to her grief; wherefore it is, I think, that she looks upon us with so much love. She might have had sons of like age. It was to speak with me concerning the little closed church she had sent. It grieveth her that its doors remain barred week after week, and that no services of God are held save her own poor readings to the slaves on the afternoon of the Lord's-day. 'Is this a proper zeal?' quoth she. Other conversation had we concerning the procuring of a Church-of-England minister; my lady writeth home to her friends by the next ship."

A pen-picture of my lady, from the diary: "Madam Barbary hath a beautiful though wasted countenance—the lace lappets of her cap surround it and hide the silvered bands of her hair; her eyes are black, piercing when roused, though gentle in repose; a soft voice hath she, and fair, white hands, that lie restfully upon the quilted satin of her gown. About fifty-six years of age hath she, I think, and her husband the same, although younger in look and action, as must ever be the case in man and woman. Yet he loveth her and hath respect toward her truly and well, and her little word of comment is, I note, followed by my lord as advice, though unconsciously, perhaps, and from long habit of regard."

A pen-picture of my lord, ibid.: "Major Richard Keller is a man of noble port, easily to be recognized anywhere as an Englishman of good family and fortune. He is strong and youthful still, and he weareth always his hair powdered, and lace ruffles at his wrist; neither will he give up his sword, in spite of the present peace, since gentlemen so few there are in this Western wild. A generous heart hath he, as

his treatment of two persons especially testifieth, to wit, myself and brother, John and Edward Marlowe, cadets of a poor though well-born English family, seeking home and fortune in this New World. And the writer of this record, John Marlowe by name, scribe and botanist of poor parts, hereby deposeth that, as long as life shall in him last, never can he forget the noble kindness of said Richard Marlowe, Esquire, his patron and kind friend."

A line or two on Edward Marlowe, ibid.: "My brother Edward is a gallant youth, of fair Saxon aspect. Riding hard he loveth well, and the chase. Of hot temper is he, yet not holding anger long. Younger than myself by three years, and loving me dearly, though caring naught for my ways, and my plant-studies; yet often bringing unto me tufts of this and that from his mountain-rides, thinking they may be something rare, which are never rare—nay, of the utmost commonness; yet all the same is it a loving thought."

No portrait have we of Master Marlowe himself, save what we gather from his diary. He seems to have been a sedate youth, wrapped up in his studies and dried collections, honest even to dullness, yet of deep nature. He saw only one thing at a time; but that one thing he saw with his whole soul.

Of the old Virginia mansion there are pages of description, written, as the whole manuscript is also written, with the old-fashioned spelling, which I have not thought it worth while especially to transcribe. It was far from settled districts, and the roads over the mountains were rough; therefore the lowland gentry came rarely thither, and Madam Barbary but seldom went to them, on account of the long drive and her own delicate health. The mansion held some old-fashioned furniture, which had been brought over from England; mixed with it, however, were rude benches and settles, plaited mats of dried grasses, broken panes mended with oiled paper, and wolf and bear skins doing duty as rugs, showing the colonist's expedients to make habitable a home in the rugged wilderness. There were wooden bowls to wash in, and Madam Barbary's fine damask towels alongside. There was claret-cup before going to bed; and the light snow drifting through the mended windows all night long. All this I gather from the diary, together with minute descriptions of the life they led; how the squire and his young companion rode far and wide together, dining with the Kirbys of Kirby Fields, stopping to chat with old Blacksmith Kestler at the cross-roads, or the Ramley family at the mills; how Madam Barbary ordered her household, and how Master Marlowe dried his plants; pages of this last-named item. I take up the narrative again when the two young men had been a year and a half at Keller Hill, regarded as dear young friends, nay, almost as sons, and beloved by all in the household.

"*July* 16*th*.—Yesterday being the Lord's-day, religious service was held in the entrance-hall, Major Keller reading the psalms of David in their appointed course, and also the holy Litany. I felt my heart more than commonly stirred within me as our little and remote congregation looked steadfastly upon his face, and the sermon read I with fervor. Our Africans sit upon benches near the door, and after service are they most benignantly catechised and instructed by Madam Barbary.

"*July* 17*th*.—Edward and the patron off for a two days' hunt. This morning I found the *Aristolochia serpentaria*, which joyfully bore I to my small laboratory. Already have I made distillations of use in the service of the household, whereat my pride is greatly swollen. In fair vials stand they upon a certain shelf in madam's morning apartment, and to this page I will confess that more than once in passing have I softly oped the door, when no one was by, to feast my prideful eyes upon them; so strong is our poor human vanity!

"*July* 18*th*.—Home from the hunt; but with little spoil. The Kirby youths to dine.

"*July* 19*th*.—O God of the desolate, God of the stricken-hearted, how shall I write it?

"My brother—my brother is dead!

"*July* 22*d*.—Him have we buried, poor Edward! The family burial-ground, hitherto graveless, hath now a mound. 'He shall lie there as mine own son,' quoth Madam Barbary, steadfastly weeping, as, indeed, she hath wept for these three days past. The whole country-side came to the obsequies; a table stood spread in the entrance-hall, day and night, with the best spiced wines and meats constantly served thereon. I set this down on paper to commemorate the honors paid to my brother. But oh! my brother, my brother! The tears do blur my page.

"*July* 24*th*.—No relatives have we, save sister's little children afar in England, to apprise of this calamity that hath befallen us; yet will I set the manner of it down on paper, as is fitting for a gentleman's son. He dieth not as the dog dieth; written scroll and marble tablet shall be to his memory. On the 18th day of this month of July, Quartus and Jeremy Kirby, Esquires, of Kirby Fields, dined at Keller Hill. The table was generously spread, the wine flowed freely, together with wit and merriment. At sunset the horses were led forth, the young squires thinking to ride home by the full moon's light; which turned dim, however, ere midnight, by the reason of heavy clouds, as I myself observed, looking from my window. Issuing forth at dawn, as is ever my custom, chance (shall I call it so?) led me onward to the search for dial-plants, growing upon rocks, and opening with the sun. For this cause I climbed down under the high ledge, and found—no dial-plant, truly, but my brother—my brother—dead!

"Lying there, with face upturned to heaven, a direful wound over the temple, lay Edward Marlowe, and by his side, partly lying over him, the cruel, sharp-edged, broken rock that did the deed!

"Wandering out late at night, flushed with wine mayhap (poor brother!), his foot slipped, and the cold rock, caring nothing, took yet that time to fall, when centuries before and after were crowded with minutes that would have done as well.—Insensate

block, didst thou not know? A human atom, merely? Nay; it was my brother—my dear and only brother!

"*July 27th.*—The Lord's-day. (His will be done!) Mournful service had we, the rain falling drearily, wherefore came no one up the mountain to join with us. The funeral-hymn we sang again in memory of the drenched mound outside in the storm, and again Madam Barbary did weep. Nay, I wept also, and the slaves sang alone; truly are their voices marvelous sweet. My debate is now with myself: Shall I leave this place? It has become darksome to me, though once I loved it well, and I would fain be gone. Yet, she asks me to stay—Lady Barbary; and is it not a selfish heart that would leave them now? They loved him well; but the patron most, for Edward was his dear companion, and they rode together daily as friends. There is indeed none to fill the place of the lost one, for I, his brother, am but slow in wit, and small craft have I with horse and gun, wherewith our patron hath an excellent skill. Yes; I will even stay a time longer. Surely I must do this. But—oh, my brother! The sun shineth the same, and the flowers blow; this is hard to see. Nature careth not for our sorrows, then? Yea, she careth; but she biddeth us look upward.

"*August 4th.*—A dreadful thing has come upon us. Its foreshadowings we see, to our horror—our horror! Is the world gone mad, then? This it is (my pen can hardly write it): the people whisper to each other, 'Was it not, after all, murder?' and 'Hath not some human hand done this deed?' And the answer thereto (black word of evil!) is the name of Richard Keller!

"*August 8th.*—It gains ground daily, the infamous tale. I am in agony lest it reach our dear lady's ears; I bid the servants let no one in. But no one comes.

"*August 10th.*—I could bear it no longer, but rode down the mountain. In the valley the whisperings stay; there will I meet and do battle with them. 'What is it all, good people? Should not I, his brother, know? His foot slipped; he fell from the ledge; a fragment of rock fell with him—so it was. A glove has been found, you say? High words heard? And, when ever fell fragment from those hard ledges before? Nay, I know not; ask the ages. Pried off and thrown down to hide the deed? Out upon you for the devilish thought! What! our patron, our kind friend, our almost father, *he* do this thing? And wherefore? Wherefore? I say. Ye are silent, and from good cause; ye have no answer. From the promptings of the heart the tongue speaketh, and, if man hath done this deed (which God forbid!), he is among *you!* It is an old trick, that of accusing to escape accusation. Time will bring all things to light, for the proverb is true that saith, "Murder will out!"' And so I rode homeward again, up the mountain; but my heart was heavy within me because of the averted looks I had seen, and whisperings heard from those I had counted as friends. Steadfastly do I believe that my dear brother met his death by accident; yea, I know it. It was ever his custom to wander up and down the plateau under the stars before going to bed. Often have I noted it from my casement. Ah, could the dead but rise in his grave-clothes and speak, how he would stab this false slander to the heart!

"*August 15th.*—It has come! They have haled the king's officer from sixty miles away to serve the notices upon us. Richard Keller, Esquire, of Keller Hill, is held to answer to the charge of murder (woe be to this day!). Yet as there is no proper prison, and the confidence in his word is great (strange that, an ye deem him murderer!), he may abide here at Keller Hill until the day of trial cometh, which is in the month of November.

"*August 20th.*—Madam Barbary hath visibly aged in these five days since the thunder-bolt fell; her pale face is heavily lined, and the purple shadows under her eyes deepened. I cheer her as best I can. 'It is a conspiracy, sweet lady,' I said to her to-day, 'to blacken the name of Richard Keller, and drive him from this country, that others may go in and possess his lands and derive profit therefrom. It is but an example, madam, of the evils that come to a new and distant colony. Law have they not, nor the proper explanation of it, being far from learned magistrates, and from the king's authority. To the majesty of the crown can we not appeal, but must bide the decision of men but partly taught, and filled, oftentimes, with envy of the rich and the nobly born. O miserable land! O sad country! To whom can we look for aid?' 'To God!' said Madam Barbary. She folded her pale hands, and together we said the Lord's Prayer. After that, with a better courage, we took counsel together concerning the accusation.

"*August 25th.*—Proud Richard Keller holds himself aloof; he will to no one speak save to his wife, and the very servants doth he order from his presence. For false witnesses must there be somewhere among those black faces; whisperings went down the mountain, or they would never have reached the plain. The Kirbys came at once, hotly indignant. 'We will crush out this serpent!' they cried; and they took counsel with me. 'Such-and-such things can we at the trial bear witness to,' they said, 'having been the last persons here that night. We will come, and with us will ride our cousins from the Tide-water, glad to aid in the good work of awing down these truculent mountain-rustics. Fear not, sweet lady, all will be well; bide in peace. And, as for us, we will return anon.'

"*August 28th.*—The intense heats are telling upon us. Breathless stand the trees in the valley below, and the mountains bask. It takes much heat to warm their great sides through, and it is but right they should have it; yet human creatures pant meanwhile. The burning counter-fire of indignation availeth, however, to keep mere sun-heat somewhat at bay. Most of all, it grieveth me to see our patron; he lives alone, nor will he speak. Not aged is he like his poor wife; rather doth he stand doubly erect. Him doth pride quicken, disdain of all that *canaille;* the trial seemeth to him a thing beneath his notice. As, verily, so it is; yet must the issue

be met. Escape could be made, home to England, since there is small protection in the law here, and even a gentleman's life in danger; but Major Keller will have naught of this. At Keller Hill will he live, forsooth, and there will he also die; the little plots of the peasantry disturb him not. Me will he not at all give audience to; speech between us passeth through Madam Barbary. It is because of his grief, I think, and the bringing up of memories my face causeth unto him; for I am like my dear brother, albeit not so well favored. Yet once did I find moment to say: 'Honored sir, my brother's generous friend and mine, believe that I am not unmindful of all the kindness you have heaped upon us; for I speak for both, he being not dead forever, but sleeping, and we with the certain hope of seeing him again in another world. Therefore let me say that none so fit as I to stay here and refute this vile slander with all my soul and strength, the which will I do, God helping me! For never lived lie more black than this, that thou, knight and gentleman, noble friend to two poor youths, shouldst slay the one thou lovedst best, him who was to thee like thine own son.' This said I from my full heart, and Sir Richard's eyes did fill; quickly he turned his head away, yet not before I saw it.

"*September 5th.*—I have been down again among the people; my heart is heavy. We have but this—our word. They have a cloud of happenings which they call facts. First, the glove. But that I have disproved; for both the maids testify to the day when Madam Barbary gave the pair to Edward from her husband's stores, looking up idly from their seams as they worked, and noting the hue and texture of the gift. High words? But often they discussed together warmly, holding converse freely and on all subjects. Nonsense that, good people! Do ye not see it? Now, lastly, a new item is brought forward. Just over the edge of the precipice, caught on a bush, hidden in leaves, some recently-prying eye hath discovered a lace wrist-ruffle, indubitably the property of Major Keller; for Edward Marlowe—wore he ever wrist-ruffles? Nay, he wore them not; that I myself do know. 'Madam Barbary, gave you also lace ruffles to my brother?' She saveth 'No,' with a sad countenance. There remaineth, then, this ruffle.

"*September 20th.*—The people taunt me for my labors; they revile me for my faith. 'He knoweth not if men be killed,' say they, 'so long as he hath his weeds!' Loud-voiced are they, bent upon what they call justice. Great God, rankest injustice that smells to heaven! I labor still in my inquiry; how came that ruffle there—of all places, *there?* Perhaps he walked that way, and the ruffle dropped unnoticed from his cuff. But they answer, 'When do ruffles slide unnoticed over the whole hand and fingers? And this one is torn, also—in a struggle, mayhap.' O base insinuators, I shall yet daunt ye!

"*October 2d.*—I have spoken with Madam Barbary concerning this ruffle. 'Dear lady, is it his? The lace have I not, since Miller Andrew Ramley will not let it go, but behold the exact drawing of it which I copied from memory after long gazing at the pattern, as Andrew held it up, the hopper being between us.' 'It is indeed his,' quoth madam, with a paler cheek; 'nay, I can find its fellow;' and herself brings it from the chest of drawers within his apartment. 'When have you seen him wear them?' I asked. 'Not in many months, I think.' 'Can you take an oath that he wore them not on that fatal evening?' 'Nay, I cannot,' quoth Madam Barbary, sadly; 'since the patterns are much alike, and I know them all, and therefore blend them.'

"*October 10th.*—I have forced myself, as it were, into the presence of the patron, to ask of him the question: 'When wore you this ruffle? Oh, speak!' He taketh it carelessly from me, and, after looking at it, sayeth: 'Not for some months, I think. This is the one whose mate had disappeared one day when I thought to wear them.' 'You dropped it, mayhap? It slid unnoticed over your hand while walking on the plateau, and when you came in it was gone?' 'Not so; I did not lose it, but missed it from my drawer. Why do you speak of it? Has it aught to do with the subject upon which I have forbidden speech in my presence?' And he turned from me. In perplexity I went away.

"*October 20th.*—Thanks be to the Lord who giveth us the victory! All is clear; a marvelous thing hath happened. Lo! had I a choir, it should chant this whole day without ceasing, in token of my joyfulness, 'Allelujah! allelujah!' Let me set it down plainly. This morning as I walked abroad, thinking sadly upon the trouble that surrounds us, my steps took the old direction toward the cruel ledge. I sat myself down wearily under the trees, and looked out over the valley; then, gradually, I leaned my head backward on the mosses, until I lay looking upward through the foliage into the blue of the sky. And I said, 'Oh, that I had the wings of a dove, that I might fly away, and be at rest!' For but few days were left to us, and it seemed to me that I had accomplished nothing; my heart was sore within me. Then, to me ungrateful, the good Lord showed a wondrous thing—mine eyes, looking aloft idly, as our organs move without our direction, noted a dark object up among the leaves—a dark object, a round object, a nest, the nest of a bird, and, woven into it, strands of white, and an end fluttering like lace. Instant I had climbed the tree like a boy of ten, and my trembling hands touched the nest, the home of two ravens, now forsaken, but joyous with proof for us; for two bits of lace and a strip of shining ribbon were woven into it—things no doubt stolen through open windows according to the thievish habit of the bird. And, to crown all, one bit of the lace was loose and hanging, a strong wind might easily detach it—a visible proof of how the other fell. I glanced down; the bush was just below. Complete now all links in the chain; and the cloud is broken. My senses stood firm: I did not tear down my witness, but left it in its place, and shouted to the slaves at work in the field below. They came, and I sent a swift horse for Andrew Ramley, that he might come and bring the ruffle, and be convinced. He came;

he was convinced; the patterns matched. Not hostile was he ever, only obstinate, and holding to what he called the truth. 'Now that the truth has come to thee in a bird's-nest, Andrew,' said I, 'as though even dumb things spake, art thou not convinced?' 'I am,' he said. And then together we took down the nest, and bore it to the mills, and after that to the cross-roads, and on to the ford itself, that all might see the witness that so wonderfully had appeared for us from a green tree, speaking with a clear voice, though silent, unto all. And from my saddle I spoke again to the people: 'Ah, friends, see ye your error? The ravens stole the ruffle, and wove it into their nest, whence it fell and caught on the bush below, even as this bit would soon have likewise fallen. And the glove, too, have I disproved. Remaineth but the voices, as to which I testify that often they argued warmly together concerning dogs and guns, and I have heard their voices high full many a time when the wine was in them. To which our slaves can also testify. Likewise the squires of Kirby, who will be here to say it in person. All ye have called proof, then, is gone, gone, gone. One thing more remaineth, which ye should consider, for a strong part of the case it is, although a negative part. This is it: *Why* should he have done this deed? What possible cause to murder foully this youth, his dear friend? No cause—no cause! And yet there is ever cause for such deeds when done, save in the case of madness, insania, the which no one can ascribe to Richard Keller, as ye all well know. I say unto you, No cause! And, if any man knoweth cause, open or secret, I challenge him to speak. To-morrow at this hour I will return hither; seek truly and well, and, if cause ye find, speak it boldly out. And the Lord judge between us if I yield ye not justice, should cause be found.'

"The next day at noontide I rode again down the mountain, and not alone—Madam Barbary rode with me on gentle Bess. For her heart was uplifted with great joy because of the dispelling of the cloud, and she wished with her own ears to hear the refreshing sounds of love and faith returning to her husband as to the rightful lord of the soil. Her laced habit wore she, and the gladness made her young again in brightened eyes and colored cheek as we rode down the winding track into the valley. To the ford we took our way, and the people there assembled shouted when they saw us coming, for the gentle lady hath ever been beloved by them, and to see her on horseback among them—she so delicate, so little apt for mountain-riding—aroused their enthusiasm. The nest, our witness, was at her saddle-bow, tied with strong cords, and, as they pressed around her, she lifted it in her hand. 'Dear friends,' she said, much moved, 'ye are with me again to-day owing to this dumb proof, and I give thanks unto God for it and for you. Now can ye no longer harm your souls with thought and speech against the innocent. Dear friends, *I* could have told you from the first! The wife's word is not received in law, I know. Yet it should be; for who knoweth so well as she who loves him? The dear youth, Edward Marlowe, is gone; he was to me as mine own son; for him I weep. A gallant youth and brave, and dear unto my husband—my husband, with whom ye must have kind patience, good sirs, as with one of exactest English ideas and training. Yet, is England not still our home?' said our lady, nobly. 'Is she not still this land's dear mother?' A cheer broke forth at this; for all the listeners were loyal at heart when the name of England was heard, although amply provided with lawless words at other times, and often malcontent. My lady's voice faltered when the men cheered; this token of returning friendliness toward her proud and solitary lord touched her heart, and the tears came. At this they cheered again, and I rode forward a pace or two to relieve her; my turn now. 'I said to-day I would come again among you to ask for discovered cause, neighbors and friends. Hath any man found it? Let him step forth and answer.' 'No man hath found it,' answered old Simon Kestler, the blacksmith; and then, raising his hand solemnly on high, he added, 'God be thanked, the case is at an end!' It was; for though the trial is still to come, we know now what the verdict will be.

"*November 1st.*—All-saints-day. To-morrow is appointed for the trial. We dread it not at all now, since we know the temper of the people. The Kirbys are come, and with them Randolphs, and Harrisons, to bear us countenance. The which is needless now, yet none the less joyful, and therefore the house keepeth festival, and the tables groan with good cheer. Grant, O Lord, that we may all live through the bright morrow to thank thee at its close for the final removing of the clouds that hung over us!

"*November 2d*, 3 A. M.—The Catholics do call this All-souls-day. Thou hast indeed laid my soul bare before thee this night, O Almighty God!—How shall I write it? What shall be my course? O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death? Now let me tell it all out plainly: This night, when at last the house was quiet, and I could, without impropriety, retire, I went alone out under the stars to meditate awhile, and offer up my evening prayers. It being All-saints-day, I went in the pale moonlight to my brother's grave, below the brow of the hill, far from the house, a solitary place well shaded by forest-trees. Clouds came and went; my feet made no sound on the soft grass, and my voice no sound on the still air, for I murmured not my prayers aloud, as is often my custom, but mused silently as I went, with a thankful heart. 'Thou, too, wouldst be joyous, couldst thou but know it, brother,' I said to myself, as I saw the mound appearing. But what was that? A shadow? A form? It lies by the side of the mound; yes, I see it plainly; I see an arm, a hand white in the moonlight. Ha! Who art thou that lurkest here? I have thee fast; no need to struggle. Merciful Heavens—it is a woman! Yes, a girl, a poor, affrighted maid, who wept piteously, and fell at my feet imploring. 'Tell me all, and I will let you go; not else,' I said, sternly; for I felt

a dreadful secret near. And then, through her sobs, she told me a strange and harrowing tale, one that I had not thought to hear in this remote and simple land. (Yet, why speak I so? Love and passion, are they not ever the same, whether in England's court or the New World's forest?) Both Major Keller and my poor brother had loved this maid. They had noted her as she stood at her cottage-door when they rode by, and her beauty sank into their hearts. And after many chance passings of this kind, both had ridden thither secretly alone, each outwitting the other with feigned excuse, and paid their court to her. She, poor child, innocent of the world's ways, had listened, pleased and much elate, and at last she had confessed to Edward that she returned his love. But not to the elder man; him she feared and dreaded. 'One who might have been my father,' she said to me with simple scorn. (But love does not go by ages, poor child!) 'And as soon as I had in open words confessed it, and plighted unto him my troth, the next day, yes, the very next day, my own love was slain, slain by a fall from the rock-ledge at Keller Hill.' 'The next day?' I said, startled. 'Yes, sir, the next day; nay—the self-same night, rather! Father went down to the cross-roads that day, and heard the news told; he brought it home, and I, within the inner room, listened as he made mention of it to granny, and fell into a dead swoon, from the which at last I came out again undiscovered, since granny remained outside to talk of it.' 'They did not know, then, of your acquaintance with these gentlemen?' 'They knew it not, sir, for I was shamefaced to tell them, lest granny should chide me severely. Ours is a lonely home; my father, a strange and silent man, who goes but rarely where other men are; he works alone all day, and granny often goes a-field with him, so that I am left by myself with household tasks to do. Yes, we live aloof from all the world; we have seen no one since that evil day.' 'Why have you chosen this night to come here?' I said. 'It is no more than any other night, is it?' answered the maid, all unconscious of the suspicion or the trial (it was for that I asked her). 'I could not come before, for granny has been down with burning fever, and I have cared for her day and night. Poor granny is gone now; she too is dead, and I am left alone. We have buried her under the great pine, and father has made all things ready to leave this country-side forever, which indeed I am not loath to do, since those I love are gone. We journey a long, long distance, sir—to Massachusetts Bay, where I have relatives, father saith. But tell no one of it, sir, I pray you, since we are to steal away secretly by night, for reasons good unto father, though unknown to me. But I could not, could not go, without seeing the place where he is sleeping. I knew that they would place him here at Keller Hill, and I felt that with my own eyes *once* must I see the spot.—O my love! my love! I am nothing to you now. Had you but lived one day longer, I should have told it all, for, after you spoke, then was I proud, indeed, and waiting to tell it when father rode home with the news. After that I could not speak; nor would they have given credit to my story. I should have been to them but a maid overbold, fit to be chided. And now I must go, sir; I have staid too long, indeed. I have still to journey the long miles back.' 'Then it is far you live?' 'Yes, sir. But the mare is swift-paced; I shall be at home before daybreak.' The moon shone on her tear-wet face, and again I noted that she was fair: long-lashed, child-like eyes, soft, dimpled cheeks, and little teeth like pearls. 'God bless you for a true maid!' I said. 'I am his brother; mayhap he spoke to you concerning me. And now his brother asks you, will you ever tell of this again?' 'Never,' quoth she. 'Swear it on his grave,' I said. She laid her hand upon the mound, and repeated after me the oath. 'This I do because his brother asks it,' she said, with gentle dignity that was almost proud, 'and not because there is danger of my speaking. Since my true-love is taken from me, there is naught else; I am not one to make an idle story of his name. Farewell, sir; God keep you! I must go; and even now, in this quiet night, I am frightened because of that old man who came to me with his words and smiles which seemed so strange in one so old. His house is up there on the hill's crest, is it not? A fearful place! Farewell, sir.' She said farewell to the mound, also, with many tears; I raised her at last, my own eyes not dry. For a token I gave to her a slender golden chain which had been my mother's. 'Take it,' I said; 'his only brother gives it to you as a token of friendship.' She clasped it around her neck, still in tears, and then I helped her on to her horse; she waved her hand in token of adieu, and, taking the westward track, a wild, lonely road that crosses the mountains far from all the settlements, keeping on the crests of the hills while they are in the valleys, she was gone. But now that I sit alone in my own apartment, the awful thought comes steadily: *Was* it by accident? 'The very next day,' said she. Could the two men have had words together late that evening? Did the younger boast of his love, and the favor it had gained, and was the elder wroth thereat? Knew they of each other's passion? Or knew they nothing save each his own hot heart? But still the thought returns that the younger *did* speak, and that the elder in his mad and baffled rage fell upon him and slew him. It is down on the paper now; God forgive me if it be false! But what if it be true?—Oh, strange, strange happening, my meeting with the maiden! Somewhere in the wild west district lives she, and now even that nearness is removed by her going northward to the far shores of Massachusetts Bay. And for his own reasons the stern father goeth secretly. How strange are thy ways, O Lord! The only one who could know, knows nothing, and yet telleth me all! What to do—oh, what to do? The house is full of happy sleepers. Sleeps *he*, the murderer, well? To-morrow is the trial, for whose verdict I have labored—I, the dead man's brother! How piteous is my fate! And yet, I have no proof; I have suspicions only; and but lately scorned I those who judged by the same.

Yet jealousy is a wild madness, and he must have felt it if he knew the whole. Richard Keller hath a powerful frame, and my brother was but a youth.

"5 A. M.—I have decided to give myself this respite, namely, until after the trial. It may be that the people will judge against him, and so the matter be taken from my hands. I have no proof of anything. And yet—but, verily, more than once during the long hours of this night, hath it seemed to me that I was going mad. *De profundis clamavi, Domine, in toto corde meo.*

"*November 2d.* — Nightfall. It is over; he is acquitted, unanimously, joyfully. Nay, the people in their enthusiasm drew his carriage up the mountain with their own hands, the slaves bearing part, so that it was like a triumphal procession. The Kirbys, the Harrisons, and the Randolphs, rode alongside, an escort of gallant gentlemen, and the dinner was a high festival, Madam Barbary presiding; while the blacks from far and near, together with our own slaves, feasted on the plateau behind the house in great jollity. From dawn my prayer was that I might be enabled to give my testimony calmly, seeing that it was but the simple truth, and touched not this later matter at all. The nest was our strong witness—oh, the weakness of our strength! For, though all is truly as we and the birds have said, still murder might well be done; the ruffle had naught to do with it. And blasphemous is our common use of the word providential. The finding of the nest was providential, was it? Nay, it was chance alone, and man knoweth not so easily the ways of Providence. I gave my testimony with quietness, and I listened motionless to all; yet, when the verdict came, and the people shouted, it seemed to me that a voice said in my ear: 'Cain, *thou* hast done this thing in thy influencing of the people. Where is thy brother? Doth not his blood cry up to Heaven?'

"4 A. M.—I have been to him; I have told him all face to face, and commanded from him an answer: 'Didst thou do this deed, Richard Keller, or didst thou not?' I found him just entering his apartment, the revel at last over; he moved softly so as to not disturb Madam Barbary in the inner chamber. His face was flushed, his blue eyes bright; in his rich dress, with the powder in his hair, he looked the younger man, as I, pale and cold, in my black clothes, confronted him. I drew him from the room and out into the night; he went with me humming a tune, and carelessly questioning, 'What freak is this, good John?' 'Richard Keller, thou hast slain my brother! The life of Edward Marlowe was by thee destroyed, and not by the insensate rock. The words that I spake ignorantly to the people of the valley have turned upon me. "Murder will out," quoth I. Yea, and it hath come out, but not as I did dream. The whole do I know, save only what thou now must tell unto me.' 'What knowest thou? Dost thou threaten me, sirrah?' he said. 'Nay, I threaten not; I am unarmed. Nevertheless, thou must surely tell me all. A young girl's fair face it is which hath caused thee to sin, and that face I have seen. Seest thou now that I know all?' He had drawn away into the deeper shadows, so that I could not note his countenance, and I, wishing not clamor or contest, then repeated to him word for word all that the maiden had said. 'Richard Keller, she knew not, and she will never know through me, that human hand did the deed; yet *I* know. And it was thine!' Then the voice from the shadows answered me, 'Thou hast no proof.' 'But I have proof: my blood in my veins doth testify. He was my dear and only brother; thinkest thou my pulses would not thrill in the presence of his murderer? I dare thee to swear unto me otherwise—thou art the man!' Then, for the space of a moment, there was silence between us under the dark sky. 'I do not require thee to avow it further,' I said, tears filling my eyes. 'May God pardon thee!' 'A little more and I should have told all the world, John, the devils dogging me to it,' said the voice from the shadows, muffled and hoarse. 'You think so; but you would not,' I replied. Then, again, there was silence.

"'What will you do?' he asked. 'God knows.' 'You can demand my life.' 'Of what avail your life?' said I. 'It cannot bring the dead to life again, and vengeance is not mine. We have eaten your bread and drunk from your cup, Richard Keller; you have been kinder to us than all the world besides. This swore I once never to forget: I do not forget it now. No public avowal do I require, no hurt to name or fortune, for sweet Lady Barbary's sake. Yet my brother's blood cries up to Heaven, and some reparation must be made. We were alone together, we two; therefore on this earth is no one wronged, save myself only and that simple maid. But (life is long) she may love again and wed, and be a happy mother—God grant it! So, then, there remaineth only myself. I claim not empty vengeance, not so do I read the gospel; and the Lady Barbary shall not be slain with grief. But, as I said before, some reparation must be made: not to me—all you have in the world could not avail for my loss—but to humanity at large. I will think further of the matter and communicate with you by writing.' And so it was arranged. We returned toward the house again; the lights were burning dimly in the hall, and I looked upon his face. He had grown into an old man. But one more question I asked. The thought came to me of Edward as a little curly-haired boy, and how we played together on Devon moors, and chased the butterflies. 'Did he suffer much?' I said.

"'He lived but a moment, John,' answered Richard Keller; and then, sinking into a chair, he laid his head upon the table and sobbed aloud. Miserable man! God be merciful to him and to me!"

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"It is many years since I wrote the words above, and the Lord *hath* been merciful unto me—I trust unto him also. Richard Keller and Barbary, his wife, are both long since at rest, and their estate hath served for the education of many friendless youths. For Edward and I were friendless; and, therefore, in that way it was decided that reparation should be made. My trust is over now—my labors at

an end; I, too, am an old man. The young maid lived, as I had thought, to wed, and her children are in the thriving settlement called Boston, on Massachusetts Bay. The spirit of discontent is abroad in the land; it was not so when I was young. But I leave all things in His hands; He knoweth best. Amen!

"JOHN MARLOWE, aged seventy-four years."

FRENCH ETIQUETTE.

I.

THAT young girls and young men in France are sedulously kept apart, that wooing and winning are unnecessary preliminaries to a French marriage, are facts that have been much commented upon; but *how* they marry in France, and the etiquette of that very formal and business-like ceremonial, and the preliminaries considered necessary thereto, are, we believe, but little understood on our side of the water.

The first thing to be done is to go through that time-honored formality called popping the question. But a French aspirant for matrimonial honors is not allowed to make his proposals in person to the young lady. That would be a sad breach of *les convenances*, and would probably horrify the *jeune personne* out of her seven senses. A friend is charged with the delicate office of asking her parents, not if they will accept M. So-and-so for a son-in-law, but if it would be agreeable to them to consider him in that possible light. Should the answer prove favorable, the gentleman may desire an interview with the lady's parents or guardians, at which interview the young lady must *not* be present. In this first interview all business questions, including the important one of the dowry, and the almost equally important one of the young man's fortune expectations, etc., are settled. Should all these preliminaries be favorably arranged, a second interview is decided upon, and the day and hour rigorously settled beforehand. Exactly at the specified time the future bridegroom must present himself, carefully but not *too* carefully dressed—that point is essential. His betrothed, in elegant but simple attire, awaits his coming, surrounded by her parents and relatives. After this first visit he is entitled to be received as a *prétendu*, but must request admission to this privilege either by writing or through one of his near relatives. Permission once accorded, he is then for the first time presented to his lady-love as her future husband, and may afterward visit the house on an intimate but not a familiar footing. He must always come in full dress, nor can his *fiancée* receive him in other than a very careful toilet. A morning-dress, no matter how fresh or tasteful, is completely inadmissible. The gentleman must invariably send his *fiancée* a bouquet on the days that he intends to call. The engaged pair must never be permitted to indulge in a *tête-à-tête*, nor can they call each other by their first names without using the prefixes of monsieur and mademoiselle. An engagement ought to be kept secret, and should be officially announced only a few days before the signing of the contract. Of course, French engagements are usually very brief, such a life of constraint and formality being agreeable to neither party.

These preliminary formalities having been scrupulously gone through with, next comes the question of the wedding, or rather weddings, for our French couple must be married twice over, once at the mayoralty, in accordance with the law, and once at church, to satisfy religious scruples. This latter ceremony is by no means essential to the legality of the marriage; but not to be married in church is considered a proof of irreligion and republicanism of the most ultra type. Now comes an amount of bother which, to our extremely simple ideas as regards marriage, appears to be at once stupid and unnecessary. As a necessary preliminary to the civil marriage, the bride and groom must arm themselves with half a dozen documents each. First comes the *acte de naissance*, or birth-certificate; then the consent in writing of both parents, or, if either or both of them be dead, the proofs of their decease, and the consent of grandparents or guardians in their stead. If you are sixty years of age, and have parents still living, this written consent is still indispensable, unless, indeed, you go through the formality of the *trois sommations respectueuses*, which consists in "respectfully summoning" your recalcitrant parents three times to show cause why you should not espouse the beloved of your heart, after which you can do as you please. But such a proceeding is looked upon with so much disfavor by French society that it is only resorted to in very extreme cases. If you are an officer in the army, you must get the permission of the Minister of War to your nuptials, and he will not grant it unless the bride possesses either a dowry of thirty thousand francs, or a settled income of twelve hundred francs a year. All these consents obtained, next comes the publication of the bans, which takes place not only in the church, but also at the mayoralty. The signing of the contract is the next formality to be fulfilled. Usually, in Paris, this ceremonial is made the occasion of a family festival, and a special dress is prepared for the bride, very often a fac-simile of the wedding-dress, only in some delicate evening-dress tint instead of white. The notary reads aloud the contract, after which the bridegroom rises, bows to the bride, and signs his name, afterward passing the pen to her. She signs in her turn, and must then hand the pen to the mother of the groom, who must give it in turn to the mother of the bride. These little points of etiquette are strictly observed. All the

other relations then sign in turn, according to age or station. It is considered a great honor to obtain some high personage as a witness to the contract. If there is a *fête* given on the occasion, the *corbeille* or wedding-presents of the bridegroom, and the *trousseau* as well, are exhibited to the guests. The *corbeille* comprises shawls, jewels, gloves, laces, furs, etc., together with a purse containing a sum of money in gold, the whole inclosed in a large and elegant box, or in a handsome work-table. The value of this present is usually supposed to represent one per cent. of the young lady's dowry.

In Paris, the days usually fixed for marriages at the mayoralty are Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, from nine o'clock in the morning till five o'clock in the evening. The necessary papers are to be handed in two or three days before the marriage is to take place. The church ceremony may take place on the same day, or may be put off for some few days longer. The marriage at the mayoralty has entirely an official aspect. No especial toilet is needed, and the bride may, if she chooses, present herself in an ordinary walking-costume. It is usual, however, in all ceremonious or elegant weddings, to have the two marriages take place on the same day, and the bride, therefore, wears her white toilet with veil, wreath, etc., to both ceremonies. Etiquette exacts that she carry a white prayer-book to the church, but if she has not one, and does not wish to go to the expense of purchasing one, she may, if she pleases, put a cover of white watered silk on her old one. The law prescribes that all the doors of the room wherein the civil marriage takes place be left open, even if the personages be of such importance that the ceremony takes place in the private parlor of the mayor.

Having got our bride and groom safely through all the legal formalities, the next step is the religious ceremony. If the parties contracting be related, either by blood or marriage, a special dispensation, both from the Church and state, must be obtained. The French laws are by no means so severe on the point of consanguinity as are those of England, or even our own. Not only are marriages between first cousins, and brothers-in-law and sisters-in-law, considered perfectly legal, but those also between uncles and nieces. The bans having been duly published, the parties are required to furnish to the priest who is about to perform the ceremony a certificate that they have been duly to confession within a brief prescribed period, their certificates of baptism, and a certificate of the publication of the bans. If a widow or widower marry, he or she must join to the above papers a certificate of the decease of his or her former spouse.

All these papers being duly *en règle*, we will now imagine our happy pair *en route* for the church. The bridegroom and his family must go in search of the bride and her relatives, all the carriages of the wedding *cortège* being supplied by him. He must come provided, not only with the ring, but with the marriage-coin, which is either of gold or of silver, according to the wealth of the parties, and which is brought inclosed in a small case like a medal. Among the very poorest classes a double sou is sometimes used, but great indeed must be the poverty of the bridegroom who cannot afford at least a five-franc piece. These marriage-coins are regarded with peculiar veneration, and, in cases of extreme destitution, are usually the last articles pawned (they are never spent), and the first to be redeemed.

On starting for the church, the bride and her parents take their seats in the first carriage, and the groom and his parents in the second. The order observed on entering the church is much the same as at an American wedding; that is to say, the bride is led by her father, and the groom gives his arm to his own mother. When the questions "Wilt thou have this man or this woman," etc., are asked, the bride or groom must turn toward his or her parents and bow slightly before responding. After the ceremony, the bridal party adjourn to the sacristy to sign the marriage-register. They are followed thither by all the guests invited to the church, who come to pay their respects and to proffer their congratulations. On leaving the church, the bride is led by her father-in-law, and the groom escorts his mother-in-law. A collection for the benefit of the poor is taken up among the guests and spectators assembled in the church, by two young girls, each with her attendant cavalier, and both the ladies and the gentlemen must be the near relatives of the newly-wedded pair. A *déjeuner*, or a dinner, followed by a dance, usually closes the festivities of the day, and our French couple, after much toil and tribulation, are married at last.

There are certain shades of etiquette to be observed on certain occasions. For instance, a widow ought not to marry before the first year of her mourning has expired, but, if she does take a second husband within that period, she may lay aside her weeds for the ceremony, but she must reassume them immediately afterward, and her new husband must go into mourning likewise out of respect to the memory of his predecessor. It is against the law for a widow to marry before ten months have elapsed after the death of her first husband. A French widower, on the other hand, may marry as soon as he pleases, but it is considered in good taste for him to wait for six months at least. It is not proper for a widow to invite any guests to her second nuptials, and her dress must be simple, and *not* of any white material, though a black dress is inadmissible. She must neither receive nor pay wedding-calls. The wedding of an old maid, that is to say of a demoiselle of over thirty, must likewise be extremely simple; no printed invitations must be issued, and, though she may wear a white dress, she ought not to wear a veil, and her wreath should not be composed wholly of orange-blossoms, but with a few of those bridal blossoms mingled with other flowers. If she is much over thirty, her dress should not be white, but of pale blue or some other delicate tint, and she ought to wear a bonnet instead of a wreath. No invited guests should ever go to a wedding in mourning, and should a lady wear a

black dress on such an occasion, it is *de rigueur* for her to wear some bright colors about her so as to prove that she is not in mourning.

Two weeks after the wedding the *lettres de faire part*, accompanied by the cards of the newly-wedded pair, are sent out to all their friends and acquaintances.

It will be seen by the foregoing description that it is not an easy matter to get married in France. Nor are the formalities herein set forth at all optional or confined to the wealthy classes. The poorest couple that wishes to join fortunes in France must fulfill all these wearisome and expensive conditions. The consequence is, naturally, that another and wholly unnecessary impetus is given to the immorality of the lower classes in France. Doubtless Jean would gladly marry his Jeannette could he do it with as little fuss and expense as Jonathan espouses Huldah in the United States. But the thrifty French nature revolts from the idea of the loss of time, and the really serious drain upon the slender purse, and so the ceremony is too often quietly dispensed with. The reason given for the maintenance of these complicated marriage-laws is the profit that accrues thereby to the coffers of the state. The laws relating to the marriage of aliens have rendered it nearly impossible for foreigners to be legally united in Paris, and so Americans are obliged to go either to London or to Geneva to get joined in holy wedlock.

II.

THE preceding description of the difficulties and formalities that surround the pathway of those who are about to marry in France may induce in the reader a desire to know some of the peculiarities of French etiquette in other relations of life.

As relates to formal calls, the rules are pretty much the same as those which meet with acceptation in American society. It is, however, more *de rigueur* in France to call on a reception-day. A visit on any other day is held to be extremely impolite, unless the parties are on terms of great intimacy. The visiting hours in Paris are from three to six. A gentleman who comes to call on a lady must leave his overcoat in the antechamber and carry his hat in his hand. He must not wear pale-tinted gloves, such as pearl or pale yellow: such hues are only suitable for evening dress. Ladies who go to make a call on foot ought to leave their umbrellas and their India-rubber shoes in the antechamber. Should any one sneeze among the assemblage while you are making a visit, you must look at the person gravely and bow. Do not draw your chair too close to that of the mistress of the house—it is bad manners. Never bring a child or a dog with you when making calls—a most sensible regulation, by-the-way, and one for the adoption of which most American hostesses would be thankful. Never rise from your chair to approach the fire while paying a call, even should you be suffering from cold. Should any friend of yours meet with some great piece of good fortune, such as the inheritance of great wealth or a title, or should some prominent post be bestowed upon him, your congratulations by letter will be sufficient. Should he, on the contrary, fall into disgrace or poverty, you must call in person and at once.

The custom of New-Year's calls is not a French one, yet it is to a certain extent observed, among relatives and officials chiefly. On New-Year's-eve a gentleman must call on his superiors and his grandparents. On New-Year's-day he visits his parents and the other members of his immediate family. The first week in the new year is devoted to visits on the other members of his family, the second week to intimate friends, and the rest of the month of January to mere acquaintances. Thus it will be seen that the round of visits that we in America crowd into one day is in Paris wisely spread over an entire month. It is in extremely bad taste to wish anybody with whom the caller is not very intimate a "Happy new year"—a genteel indifference as to the happiness or the unhappiness of the coming twelve months, so far as your acquaintances are concerned, being apparently a rule of Parisian politeness.

Visits of condolence must be made on all persons who have sent you a *lettre de faire part* of the death of a member of their family. Ladies must wear black, or at least very dark dresses, when they go to pay such visits, and gentlemen must be particular to wear dark gloves. If the recipient of the visit be a gentleman, his gentlemen visitors must embrace him and the ladies shake hands with him; if a lady, the ladies must kiss her, while the gentlemen have to content themselves with pressing her hand. We should think that the reverse of this process would be found to be by far the most consolatory—particularly if the person to be condoled with was a widow or a widower. You must not ask your host or hostess how they are when you go to pay a visit of condolence; nor must you speak of yourself nor of your own affairs, nor of any cheerful subject, nor must you mention the defunct, unless the person on whom you are calling should take the initiative. After all these rules, it is rather comforting to be told that a visit of condolence ought always to be extremely short.

If you wish to give a dinner in Paris, and desire to ask to it any person who is your social superior, you must call and deliver your invitation by word of mouth; to write or to send a printed card would be rude, such forms of invitation being suitable for your equals and your inferiors only. At dinner the host and hostess occupy each end of the table. Should the host be a widower, he would insult his guests did he place a *young* woman at the other end of his table. Here follows a rule that is peculiarly and amusingly French: If a gentleman be placed next to a young, unmarried girl at a dinner-party, he must converse with her very little, and only on the most trivial subjects. It is very rude for a lady to pretend at a dinner-party to be a small eater and to boast of her lack of appetite—such a proceeding is an insult to her entertainers. If fruits are served at dessert, and you wish to peel a pear or a peach, you must cut

it into quarters and pare it horizontally; to peel it round and round is considered extremely countrified and in bad taste. Never tell a story at a dinner unless requested to do so by the master or the mistress of the house. After the dinner is ended and the company return to the *salon*, it is etiquette to remain at least two hours, for the evening of a guest belongs in such cases to his entertainers. As French dinners take up far less time than do our longer and more elaborate ones, the reason for such a rule becomes obvious.

The etiquette for Parisian balls differs but little from our own, except that a gentleman must never offer his arm to an unmarried lady, or, indeed, to any but an intimate friend. Ecclesiastics must not be invited to a ball or to any entertainment at which the lady guests are to appear in *décolleté* dresses. Young men who go to a ball and do not dance are styled "impertinent fools" by our Parisian authority, who goes on to remark further that a young man who cannot dance well ought to abstain from inviting any ladies to dance, except those that he is very well acquainted with. A curious chapter of Parisian ball-etiquette is that pertaining to the gaming-tables, which are expected to form part of the amusements of the evening—a feature which is, fortunately, foreign to all our social gatherings. And here let me remark *en passant* that this custom, which is far more universal in French society than is usually imagined, is an extremely pernicious one. The stakes, of course, vary, being in some houses very high and in others the reverse; but so far has the practice been carried that there are certain fashionable houses in Paris whereof the mistress holds weekly evening receptions, and at these receptions gambling forms the chief and, indeed, the only recognized amusement of the evening. In fact, in most of these houses, a guest who refuses to play is civilly but unmistakably permitted to see that his presence is unwelcome. I have heard of an instance where a gentleman lost five thousand francs in the course of one of those fashionable "evenings," which was rather a high price to pay for a few hours' amusement.

Reception-days are a fixed and immutable institution in French society. All ladies who pretend to mingle at all in the gay world, and many gentlemen as well, have their day on which they are at home, they remaining invisible to all save their most intimate friends during the rest of the week. The reason for this practice is at once sociable and economical. It brings a lady face to face with her acquaintances, and thus makes society less formal and more intimate—so much for the social side of the question. As to the economical phase, it is on that one day only that fires are lighted in the *salon*, and that the linen coverings are taken off the furniture in that sacred apartment, and that the mistress of the house assumes a formal toilet.

No refreshments are provided on these reception-days (which, beginning at All-saints-day, last till Lent, and sometimes even through Lent and till the 1st of May), with the possible exception of tea, and sometimes the thinnest of sandwiches and the most fragile of biscuits. And here let me remark *en parenthèse* that the consumption of tea in social circles in Paris is something amazing. Not only is tea proffered for your acceptance at morning receptions, but at evening ones as well, and at small parties or social evenings it forms the invariable and generally the only beverage. Your French hostess considers that she has amply fulfilled all the duties of hospitality if she gives you a cup of tea to sip and a small biscuit to nibble.

The ceremonies that go to make up the sum total of a French funeral are wellnigh as numerous and as onerous as are those of a French wedding. The first thing to be done after a death is to make a declaration thereof at the mayoralty of the *arrondissement* or quarter wherein the defunct resided. The mayor sends an official physician to examine into the nature and causes of the decease, etc., after which the relatives of the defunct must go to the mayoralty in order to have the so-called act of decease drawn up. They must go provided with all the papers and data concerning the age, domicile, married or unmarried condition of the dead person, etc., by which this paper, which is of peculiar importance in French law, may be prepared. The day and hour of the funeral are fixed by the mayor, of course as much in accordance as possible with the wishes of the family. But no person is allowed to retain the corpse of a relative unburied for a space of more than three days. The reason for this immutable rule is obvious. Owing to the comparative scarcity of ice in France, the use of the ice-box is unknown, and three days is consequently the outside limit of time that the laws of hygiene and the rules of common-sense can allow to family affection in such cases. Another sensible custom is that of closing the coffin before the funeral takes place. The rules of French etiquette demand that during the time that the body remains unburied no person should speak above a whisper in the abode, and that the table should never be set for meals, but that each member of the family should take his or her repasts either in his or her bedroom, or at a corner of the table in the dining-room. On the day of the funeral, the *porte-cochère* of the house wherein the apartment of the deceased is situated must be draped with black, and all other persons who have apartments in the same building must abstain from receiving visitors. The mourners do not ride to the cemetery, but follow the hearse on foot; therefore ladies scarcely ever go to the grave, but content themselves with being present at the funeral ceremonies. Of late years the fashion of civil interments has become very general among the members of the ultra-Republican party. At these funerals there are no religious ceremonies whatever, some intimate friend of the deceased being selected to pronounce a discourse at the grave. Among the leading members of that party, Victor Hugo and M. Gambetta are most frequently called upon to perform this office. The impassioned and eloquent utterances of the former at the graves of Madame Paul Meurice and of Edgar Quinet will not soon be forgotten. It must be confessed that such interments,

after the peculiarly mechanical and formal routine of a French funeral conducted in the ordinary way, have a touch of reality, of warmth, of heart-felt emotion, that is at once novel and refreshing.

As regards mourning, the French are far more sensible than are we. The rules of bowed shutters, and of wool and crape habiliments of the hue of outer darkness, donned for an indefinite length of time, would appear absurd to this peculiarly intelligent nation. Their rules on this head are extremely precise, each shade and style of mourning being severely regulated. A widow must wear mourning for two years. She must wear black woolen stuffs, with collar, cuffs, and veil of crape, for one year; she must not *crêper* or friz her hair, and she must wear a cap in the house during that period. At the end of one year she can wear black silk trimmed with black lace; this not very oppressive costume is *de rigueur* for six months. During the following six months, all shades of violet, gray, and lilac, are permissible, after which, her two years' mourning having expired, she can dress as she pleases. The mourning for a parent or a child is to be worn for one year: six months of crape and bombazine, three months of black silk and lace, and three months of grays and purples. For a grandparent the rule is six months, and for a brother or a sister four months, the half of which period only is to be passed in black stuff and crape. In deep mourning it is not considered proper to wear kid gloves, cloth gloves being considered appropriate; nor is any ornament, even of dulled jet or of Berlin iron admissible. When the head of a family dies, the servants are put in mourning as well as the relatives. Each servant receives from the heirs two complete toilets, one for every-day wear and one for Sundays. Children under twelve years of age are never put in mourning. Abstention from society or worldly pleasures is marked by the duration of the deep mourning only; that is to say, for one year after the death of a husband or wife, six months after that of a child or parent, etc. It might seem, to our exaggerated American notions of mourning formalities, from the above rules, that the French lacked affection as signally in all relations of life as they do in the marital one. Such, however, is not the case. The tie between parent and child is a peculiarly close and touching one among them. Not a lack of affection, but a plenitude of sense, has dictated the French regulations as regards mourning.

A SPRING REFRAIN.

"Nunc decet aut viridi nitidum caput impedire myrto,
Aut flore, terræ quem ferunt solutæ."

HORACE, lib. i., car. iv.

I.

BRIGHT on the hill-sides set against the sun
The glad grass ripples to the west wind's feet;
Bright in the orchards buds are long begun—
Blossoms and bursting leafage freshly sweet;
Daylight hath stood to hear the linnet sing:
Nay, sweet, nay, sweet, this is no little thing.

II.

Hark! for the birds seem like to burst their throats
In sheer glad-heartedness for earth grown bright;
Hark! from each pasture-land and close there floats
Antiphonal outpouring of delight;
Such is the latter gladness of the spring:
Nay, sweet, nay, sweet, this is no little thing.

III.

Hard by cool shallows of the sapphire sea
Bright-breasted sea-swifts flash above white foam;
Have they no word of hope or fear for thee—
Hope, that thy happy heart become Love's home;
Fear, lest to far-off lands he soon take wing?
Nay, sweet, nay, sweet, this is no little thing.

IV.

"Store not," they say, "for any land unknown;
Gather around thee all things fair and sweet—
Blossoms of love and music softly blown—
Colors to deck thy dainty breast and feet;
Still Change shall find thee, still Death's kisses cling."
Nay, sweet, nay, sweet, this is no little thing.

V.

The year's youth and thy youth meet face to face
'Mid odorous breath of flowers and cuckoo-call;
Love's passionate whispers fill each interspace,
Love's passionate kisses on thine eyelids fall:
Hearts unto hearts responsive roundels sing:
Nay, sweet, nay, sweet, this is no little thing.

VI.

Perchance, one day far hence, thy soul shall say,
"Ah, for that green isle in life's grievous sea!"
And thy tired, tear-dimmed eyes shall look away
Back past regret, and wrong, and agony;
Back past deep snows and drear winds wandering;
Back to the loves and laughter of life's spring:
Nay, sweet, nay, sweet, this is no little thing.

ABOUT GARDENS AND GARDENING.

I.

THE COUNTRY GARDEN.

"'I have been in Corisande's garden,' said Lothair, 'and she has given me a rose.'"

IT was a quaint and pretty love-scene; and the garden itself will bear describing:

"In the pleasure-grounds of Brentham were the remains of an ancient garden of the ancient house that had long ago been pulled down. When the modern pleasure-grounds were planned and created, notwithstanding the protests of the artists in landscape, the father of the present duke would not allow this ancient garden to be entirely destroyed; and you came upon its quaint appearance in the dissimilar world in which it was placed as you might in some festival of romantic costume upon a person habited in the courtly dress of the last century.

"It was formed on a gentle southern slope, with turfen terraces walled in on three sides, the fourth consisting of arches of golden yew. The duke had given this garden to Lady Corisande, in order that she might practise her theory that flower-gardens should be sweet and luxuriant, and not hard and scentless imitations of works of art. Here in their season flourished abundantly all those productions of Nature which are now banished from our once-ravished senses: huge bunches of honeysuckle and bowers of sweet-pea, and sweet-brier and jasmine clustering over the walls, and gillyflowers scenting with their sweet breath the bricks from which they seemed to spring. There were banks of violets which the southern breeze always stirred, and mignonette filled every vacant nook.

"As they entered now, it seemed a blaze of roses and carnations; though one recognized in a moment the presence of the lily, the heliotrope, and the stock. Some white peacocks were basking on the southern wall; and one of them, as their visitors entered, moved and displayed its plumage with scornful pride. The bees were busy in the air; but their homes were near, and you might watch them laboring in their glassy hives."

This is a charming picture of a quaint, old-fashioned garden on a grand scale; but even ordinary old-fashioned ones, humble imitations of the Lady Corisande's, breathe an aroma that is simply delicious. It is only here and there that one is found; and the modern florist is slow to admit that half the charm of the old-fashioned garden lies in that look of happy rest among the plants, each of which seems to say, "All plant-life is sacred when admitted here." A lover of the old ways writes: "I spoke of box-edgings. We used to see these in the little country-gardens, with paths of crude earth or gravel. Nowadays it has been discovered that box harbors slugs; and we are beginning to have beds with tiled borders, while the walks are made of asphalt! For a pleasure-ground in Dante's Inferno such materials might be suitable."

But it has also been discovered, among other evidences of progress in gardening, that a small plot of ground, cut up into a labyrinth of narrow walks, edged with dwarf-box, is a piece of unsightly patchwork—displeasing to the eye, and undesirable in every way — the later fashion of a smooth lawn, with flowers-beds effectively disposed here and there, being much more natural-looking and agreeable; for flowers are like diamonds—their setting should be of the most inconspicuous nature, and never the more prominent feature of the two.

In spite of their faults, however, the old gardens, as some one says, stir within us a feeling which the modern ones, with their stiff massing and "blaze of color," fail to excite. Loving memories linger about the little cottage-plot—

> "Where the marjoram once, and sage, and rue,
> And balm and mint, with curled-leaf parsley grew,
> And double marigolds and silver thyme,
> And pumpkins 'neath the window used to climb;
> And where I often, when a child, for hours
> Tried through the pales to get the tempting flowers,
> As lady's laces, everlasting peas,
> True-love-lies-bleeding, with the hearts-at-ease,
> And golden-rods, and tansy running high
> That o'er the pale-top smiled on passers-by:
> Flowers in my time which every one would praise,
> Though thrown like weeds from gardens nowadays."

One particular feature of the old-fashioned garden which rendered it so attractive was the intermixture of fruit-trees, vegetables, and flowers—an arrangement which may not, perhaps, be always practicable, but which is seldom seen even where it could be carried out. Apple-trees, at least, would be ornamental on almost any lawn; and, in the season of blossoms, those exquisite, pink-tinged petals, with their Eden-like fragrance, would compare favorably with the choicest productions of the flower-beds. People are apt to think, in connection with fruit-trees in the garden, of thick, tangled branches hung with those invisible webs with which one's face comes into such sudden and unpleasant contact. But this is not the idea at all. The French *cordon* system of fruit-culture for gardens is both neat and ornamental, and quite invaluable for unsightly walls. Dwarf fruit-trees, too, are all the fashion now for apples as well as for pears.

Is there no beauty in Pomona that we can call to our aid? Or why should we everlastingly call upon Flora for everything that is beautiful in the embellishment of our gardens? Fruit-trees have flowers as well, and thus they have a double season of beauty for us—beautiful when in flower, beautiful when in fruit, pleasing to the eye and to the taste, ornamental as well as useful—doubly gratifying and doubly enjoyable. Berried plants are always in demand for their ornamental qualities; but, after all, these only please the eye, instead of furnishing, like the fruit-

trees, "entertainment for man and beast." Red-cheeked apples, it is argued, are quite as ornamental as red-berried shrubs; and the bird's-eye cherry is scarcely more desirable when in flower than any other cherry, while the ripe fruit, preserves, etc., when placed in the balance, will cause the empty blossoms to "go up at full sail."

Where trees or shrubs are to any extent an impossibility, the lack of verdure may be satisfactorily supplied by ivy, either trained in pyramids or climbing over an arbor. The smaller varieties will agreeably break the formal lines of parterre-gardening; and the spotted British ivy, the broad-leaved variety, the arrow-leaved, the golden-leaved, the dwarf-marbled, the digitate, etc., may all be effectively used. Nothing can be more desirable for edging than the dwarf varieties of this "rare old plant." It is always beautiful, from the rich, dark shade of green in winter to the softer yellowish hue of the young leaves in spring and summer. The variety of veins, spots, and shades, is quite a study; and there is no description of ivy that cannot in some way be made both useful and ornamental.

In the gardens of the Tuileries the glare of color is softened by the numerous shrubs, both flowering and otherwise, which are planted with the most generous regard to their full development—each being allowed abundant space for its own particular individuality. Nothing is crowded in this arrangement; and, stiff as the garden undoubtedly is, with its wide, straight paths, which cut up all the central spaces without the slightest approach to a "turpentine walk," it is not stiff with geometrical beds, or solid phalanxes of shrubs and plants. Green predominates here, and relieves the statuary of its ordinarily staring and conspicuous look. The vegetation consists largely of luxuriant copings of Irish ivy and plant-borders to most of the walks; while the centres of the squares are smooth, velvety plots of beautifully-kept turf. In this way the eye is relieved and rested from the glare of the stone vases, pedestals, statues, etc., and no rocket-like "blaze of color" deprives it of its powers of discrimination.

The owner of a half-acre plot would probably object to the magnificent distances of the Tuileries shrubs as an absurd impossibility in his limited space; the answer to which is, that it is not a bit more absurd than his attempt to imitate the other arrangements of a large public garden, and the sooner such aspiring little inclosures meet with the fate of the frog that tried to be an ox the better.

A garden which is intended for show is usually a moderately large space, and not infrequently replenished by plants already in bloom in place of those whose "season" is over. They involuntarily remind one of the children's gardens that are all "posies" merely stuck in the ground for a few hours. Some one mourns, not without cause: "A garden is, in fact, no longer the home of plants, where all ages, the young, the mature, and the decayed, mix freely, and in easy dress. It has degenerated into a mere assembly-room for brilliant parties, where childhood and age are both alike out of place."

In this artificial arrangement one loses all the delicious pleasure of watching for and reporting the first faint-green tips that whisper of coming buds and flowers—the first crocus or snow-drop that shakes its pearly bell defiantly in stern, old Winter's face; though, for the matter of that—

> "Who ever saw the *earliest* rose
> First open her sweet breast?"

Paths, instead of conducting one, as they should do, out of all labyrinths and difficulties, are often a serious stumbling-block in gardening. They are so seldom comfortable and picturesque at the same time. They either lead nowhere in particular, or curve where a curve is the height of absurdity, or are damp from lack of drainage—except that made upon the master's purse. For the worst-done work is by no means the least expensive. The experience of a sufferer is, that "it is about as much trouble to keep walks in order as it is the beds; and, unless they are well kept, the whole design will have a slipshod look. Where good gravel can be obtained that will pack, the walks can be kept in order with comparatively little labor; but this is not generally to be had, and perhaps the next best thing is some of the different asphalts."

A path is not for ornament, but for convenience—as a means to an end; and that end is the getting somewhere. It does not add, therefore, to the pedestrian's satisfaction that, in its attempts to be "undulating," it should wriggle like a serpent, or lead him to quite a different part of the grounds from where he expected to go. Beauty in a path consists in a look of naturalness; and a retired, rural-looking place is sadly spoiled by attempts at gravel-walks. "Where wild-flowers and blossoming shrubs, free songs of birds, the murmur of the brook, or the plash of water on the bank of pond or river, fill us with a feeling of solitude, we dislike any appearance of man's labor or artificial improvement. If our way lies through a thickly-settled country, where artificial life is constantly forced upon us, where all walks are formal and graveled, all gardens trim and hedged, fences straight, and trees in formal lines, it is an additional pleasure to come upon a spot where Nature seems hardly to have been disturbed, where the path we follow seems to have been made by loose cattle, or is a wood-road, too little used to be regularly made, and so left to wind in and out to avoid a standing tree or a projecting rock."

This is very pretty reading, but the "loose-cattle" theory would scarcely be convenient or agreeable in ordinary cases; it is not necessary, however, to go from that to the opposite extreme of stiffness. A curved path is more pleasing than a straight one, provided it has a *raison d'être*. The planting of a group of trees or shrubs in the curve, or a better view of the house and premises, will furnish this. Five feet in width should be the smallest limits of ordinary walks, that two persons may walk comfortably abreast without brushing against the plants

and shrubs on either side. A garden procession in Indian-file does not produce so picturesque an effect as the same figures in groups. An abruptly-terminating walk should be finished by some ornamental object like a summer-house, a statue, a vase, etc., as though furnishing an excuse for having the walk. It is far prettier, however, to make the path return upon itself, which can be done by a circular bed of flowers or shrubs, as whatever suggests limits in a garden robs it of half its charm.

The proper edging for beds, since the stiff, little rows of box have fallen into disfavor, is a hopelessly perplexing subject. Grass edgings are pretty, when carefully trimmed; but it is almost one man's work to keep them in order. Tiles, boards, etc., are employed with various degrees of satisfaction. Bricks set on one end are justly pronounced an abomination; but "the cheap, handsome, easily-put-down, and easily-kept-in-order edging is yet to be invented." Edgings of Alpine strawberry-plants, placed four or six inches apart, are very ornamental; while the richly-flavored berries last late into the autumn. Daisies, pansies, and other small-flowering plants, are also used, and are very effective.

The proper shape for beds depends in a great measure upon the size and shape of the garden. A square, or parallelogram, with bias crossings and a round, central bed, produces a good effect; but where the garden-beds are already made, and are, perhaps, nothing more than straight borders along the sides of the fence, the beauty and arrangement of their contents may be made so conspicuous as quite to overshadow the lack of grace and symmetry. To lay out a garden for a large and varied collection of plants is by no means an easy matter. The patterns usually given in works on horticulture are often more suitable for embroidery or mosaic work, and are only tolerable in "masses of color." A garden made on these principles has an indescribably bare, dreary look to the lover of Nature who longs for the old-fashioned arbors and arches covered with roses, or clematis, honeysuckle, and Virginia creeper.

But covered walks and arbors are out of date, and the poor, shy, climbing things can scarcely find a support to cling to; modern gardening, with its set lines, being decidedly opposed to picturesque irregularity. A very pretty framework, not out of place in one of these geometrical beds, is made of wire, and shaped like an umbrella with a very thick handle; and the leaves and blossoms of the sweet-pea, maurandia, cypress-vine, nasturtium, *Cobea scandens*, and all the family of climbers, twist in and out of the open-work in graceful profusion. Something still more simple, and even prettier, when well covered, is the dismantled frame of a real umbrella or parasol—skeletons that are almost sure to be found in the happiest household; and these umbrella-frames, covered with vines in lieu of silk or gingham, are delightfully puzzling ornaments to the uninitiated.

Perhaps the prettiest style of bed for the lawn is the basket-bed, which seems particularly suitable where there are lofty trees. Ivy is indispensable for outlining the basket, and covering the handle. With a tasteful arrangement of color within, a garden-basket is a happy combination of Nature and art. These baskets, to show to advantage, should be prominently raised above the surrounding level. To make a base of sufficient thickness, three-foot stakes should first be driven into the ground and crossed diagonally. The inside should then be filled with good soil, and left in a convex shape at the top. The ivy-plants should be prepared beforehand from cuttings, and planted under the turf of the lawn; they can then be trained in one direction around the stakes. It is better to get the basket ready in the autumn for the following spring; and, if carefully trimmed and kept in order, it will prove one of the most attractive, as well as cheapest, of floral ornaments.

The selection of plants for various positions requires some judgment, as the beauty of their effect often depends upon how they are placed, some showing to better advantage if looked down upon, others when on a level with the eye; others again must be looked up to; while some accommodating species are satisfactory anywhere. It is a somewhat disheartening but painfully stubborn fact that gardening, even on the humblest scale, is high art; and those who laugh this idea most to scorn usually belong to the class whose beans always sprout upside down.

With regard to ornamentation generally, "carpenter-architecture," besides being expensive, is altogether out of place in small gardens, although harmonious and agreeable, in the shape of summer-houses and rustic seats, where the grounds are extensive. It is common to see a little garden, with starveling flower-beds and a few shrubs, bestridden by an elaborate, expensive edifice miscalled a summer-house, miscalled an arbor, properly called a nuisance. Another popular delusion, that empty urns and vases, painted china sets, ugly statues of mythological deities, are appropriate to square plots of grass and patches of flowers. Suburban gardens are often spotted with these things, which are seldom either ornamental or useful. A rich urn or vase filled with flowers is a beautiful sight, and may sometimes be used with excellent effect, but the right place for it is often an open question.

The ornamental properties of decayed tree-stumps, and even of half-barrels sunk in the ground and covered with strips of bark, are too well known to require particular mention; but a rustic wall-pocket against some grand old tree is not so common, and may be made a thing of beauty with trailing vines and bright clusters of bloom. Our motto would be vines, vines *everywhere*; and a curving-in gate with a light trellis-work over it, for graceful climbers, is a most ornamental addition to the entrance-grounds. For a purpose like this the beautiful *Clematis Jacksonii* is scarcely so well known as it should be; and the fiery autumn blushes of the Virginia creeper touch up with just the right line of color the *passé* charms of summer verging into fall.

But, whatever else the owner of a small garden may see fit to do, let him not, as Mr. Wegg would

put it, "drop into" statuary. Staring plaster-casts, unless veiled and draped with abundant green, are positively hideous; and those who are most given to displaying them in small, unshaded spaces would probably return the Venus of Milo, after ordering it, like an Oriental bride, without seeing it, in fuming indignation at a broken and mutilated "figger," instead of the perfect Greek statue expected and paid for. Mr. Lowell says that "it is only in such a climate" (that of Italy) "that it does not seem inhuman to thrust a naked statue out-of-doors. Not to speak of their incongruity, how dreary do those white figures look at Fountain Abbey in that shrewd Yorkshire atmosphere!"

Occasionally, perhaps, in extensive grounds, a Naiad by a retired fountain, or a Flora not too elaborately gotten up, may be rather a pleasant object; but, after all, the most harmonious figures, where Nature is supposed to hold sway, are those of veritable flesh and blood, even if not after the Greek models.

Garden associations, and especially the characters that have always seemed to belong to certain plants and flowers, are something quite mysterious; and "our impressions of flowers are largely built up of these broken, multitudinous hintings, often exceedingly vague and indefinite, but by no means wholly arbitrary. It is from these dim suggestions that our ancestors have drawn our present names of flowers, sometimes with deep insight and poetic truth, sometimes with all sorts of flights and fantastic coloring, lent by medicine, astrology, or alchemy." Many of the homely names thus bestowed are still preserved in England. Thus, the old Saxon name of "wakerobin'" is full of poetry: it is pretty, as some one says, to think of the birds aroused from sleep by the soundless ringing of that flowery bell. The more common name of the plant is *Arum*, or lords-and-ladies.

From time immemorial, the violet and the lily-of-the-valley have been the types of modesty and sweetness; and these, with mignonette—the "little darling"—are alike the poor man's flowers and the poet's pets. Milton writes of the "glowing violet," which is something of a puzzle, as is also Shakespeare's "violets dim;" unless both are explained by "the contrast of the colder blue tints of the dog-violet with the purple of the scented kind—a purple which catches the eye in a dim, uncertain way known to all violet-seekers when the flower lies half hidden among herbage, so that we doubt whether we have really discovered one or not."

Ben Jonson calls the white lily "the plant and flower of light;" according to Leigh Hunt this is because of its snowy whiteness, also because "there is a golden dawn issuing out of the white lily in the rich yellow of the stamens," and "that silvery glistening of the petals which makes them seem almost to shine with a light of their own. No darkening shade, no trace of richer tinting — those large, queenly flowers seem wholly compact of a lustrous, dazzling whiteness which gains warmth from the stamens with their rich orange glow."

There are two distinct objects in gardening, which can scarcely be carried out harmoniously in the same plot: one is to have constant masses of bloom for a show-garden; the other is to raise flowers for cutting, both to glorify one's house and to send portions to those for whom nothing is provided. One garden is to be looked at like a picture, or wax-flowers under glass; while another is full of all sorts of sweet possibilities. All things are fragrant and delightful there; and, perhaps, in some shady, green-arched path, more than one lover has received a rose from the hand of his Corisande.

II.

CITY GARDENS.

EVERY one does not leave the city in summer, and many who go spend only a few of the hottest weeks at the sea-shore, or among the mountains—leaving a wide expanse of summer that, although passed within brick walls, is in many respects the most comfortable portion of it. The season is endured, however, rather than enjoyed; and one reason of this is, that so little provision is made for any of the beauty that belongs to the season of leaf and flower—so few traps are laid to catch sunbeams that are ready to fall into the most carelessly-spread snares.

The popular idea of summer in the city may be represented by a palm-leaf fan and a pitcher of ice-water; banks of greenness, or buds and blossoms, being generally regarded as utterly foreign to the subject. A city back-yard is usually only a dismal trysting-place for cats—walled in with ugly fences, and ornamented with perpetual relays of wet clothes; the front, with its stereotyped parallelogram of grass and monumental urn, suggests a well-kept grave. For a background to this, unclothed walls of brick fling back with savage force the fierce, vertical rays of sunshine; and naked iron or stone railings shut in empty little balconies admirably calculated to hold not only flowers that are lovely to the eye, but thickets of green, living sponges that absorb and diffuse a grateful moisture, peculiarly acceptable under an aspiring American thermometer with a passion for the nineties.

Sometimes, perhaps, on an exploring walk, or car-ride, through streets that have been a sort of *terra incognita* within city limits, one comes unexpectedly upon some oasis in the general Sahara, a bower of greenness, having probably an unobtrusive little house as a foundation—but with some trick of porch or veranda, or trellised window, and clustering vines and blooming flowers, that photographs it at once on the memory, and refreshes the summer pedestrian like a draught of country milk. Possibly, the vines are only morning-glories and scarlet-runners, climbing-rose, or common woodbine; but they do their office of love, and cover, with dewy, protecting arms, the helpless walls through the long summer siege, and smile at the

fiery sun that tries so hard to pierce the joints in their armor.

"I have seen," says some one, "a small house in a dusty street, with a bit of garden in front; over its windows and doors pretty vines climbed; bright roses, marigolds, and honeysuckles, lighted up the dark, sad cloud of poverty that hung about the place; though they were of no economical value as food, drink, or clothing, they gladdened the minds of the laborers who passed to and fro from their work morning and night." That is just it, a city garden gladdens the eyes of so many besides the owners; and we recall vividly the surprise of beauty from a wide, gracious-looking mansion in the suburbs, the second-story balcony of which was fringed with a continuous line of brilliant verbenas, blooming with the most generous prodigality in narrow boxes placed just back of the stone ledge.

But, it is argued, some city fronts are so low and narrow and shaded—or, rather, the street on which they are situated is all three of these—that anything like plant-cultivation is altogether out of the question, as nothing could possibly thrive in such a cheerless situation. Even with these drawbacks, however, one need not despair; and green leaves, at least (which are more acceptable than brick walls any day), may be aimed at successfully. The long-suffering ivy will not resent even these forbidding accommodations, and the balcony or window-box may be wreathed with it as with a perpetual suit of Lincoln green, making an effective background for the few shy flowers that may be nursed into bloom. Of these, let it be remembered that pansies and lobelia delight in shade—likewise auriculas, daisies, and forget-me-nots. Hepatica, blue and rose-tinged, lily-of-the-valley, digitalis, mimulus, large-flowered hypericum, nemophila, were all originally forest-belles, whose city admirers would no longer permit them to blush unseen; but their shy, country ways still cling to them, and the shadier the nook the better they will thrive. Violets and periwinkle also belong to this retiring sisterhood, and many others could be added to the list.

Ferns can *always* be depended on for these damp, sunless door-yards; and, when "money is no object" (which Utopian idea involves the most exquisite possibilities), plants already in bloom can be transferred from the florist's grounds to the companionship of the ivies and ferns, and discarded for fresh ones as soon as their beauty wanes, thus forcing brightness and bloom into the dullest of inclosures.

Everything in the way of flowers is possible on a balcony looking to the east. Almost any blossoming vine may be used in place of ivy; and, with the aid of a hoop nailed to the top of the window-frame, it can be formed into a graceful arch. A vase or basket suspended from the centre of this arch will add to the beauty of the general effect. Flowers will bloom here from the beginning of the season to the very end; and a western exposure is equally good. But where the front looks directly south, the balcony is converted into a natural hot-house, and needs shading. This may be accomplished by a tree, or an awning, or a plank inside, which, with its edge touching the floor, and reaching as high as the tops of the tallest plants, will protect the roots from the summer heat.

Where there is no balcony there may be window-boxes, and these are ornamental in their simplest forms. With delicate vines hanging fringe-like from their edges, and more substantial climbers wreathing the windows, a little bloom will go a great way. The plant-boxes should be about two feet in depth and width, and as much longer than the window as can be easily reached from either side. Into the box should go, first of all, six inches of broken crock or stone for drainage; then three inches of broken bones and leather; over this a rich, light loam. On the front edge may be planted with good effect verbenas, nierembergia, gilia, mignonette, and maurandia, with its delicate, hanging tendrils.

The little plot of ground between the house and the street, called indiscriminately "court-yard" and "area," even when scarcely more than a yard in width, is capable of results in the way of gardening that would never be dreamed of by those who make no higher attempts than a crop of grass. Sometimes the area is large enough for the cultivation of shrubs and small trees, and, with careful pruning, these can easily be kept within bounds; but it is *always* large enough for vines and window-boxes. There are many plants, too, usually treated as shrubs, which can be trained upon walls like *espaliered* fruit: among these, the *Cydonia Japonica*, with its rich coral blossoms in spring, and dark-green leaves in summer, is particularly effective. Planted unobtrusively at the corner of a fence, it will branch right and left, and form a sort of hedge no less beautiful than novel.

If bereft of all back-yard whatever, the dwellers in cities can, with a little judicious care and forethought, obtain much beauty and bloom from the front. Many of the evergreen-shrubs, and especially the new, variegated kinds, will do admirably on the shady side of the street; rhododendrons, kalmias, and, with some amount of space, *Pinus cembra*, *Ilex laurifolia*, American holly, andromedas, juniper, etc., would abundantly repay the cultivator.

In English cities and towns, these little, contracted front-yards are made into blooming Edens, sometimes not more than twenty feet square. With neat edging-tiles for the narrow side-beds, and a raised parterre in the centre, crowned by some graceful shrub, or foliage-plant, and the high English walls covered with climbers, "the entrance-court" forms an ornamental introduction to some cozy box of a house that has at least the outside air of being inhabited by people of taste.

A suggestion has been made (but not, we believe, ever carried out) that in a row of houses the proprietor of each little court-yard should "give the whole of his mind" (and space) "to the cultivation of some particular flower or plant; and with lilies in one inclosure, roses in another, verbenas in a third, gladioli in a fourth, and so on through the list, the effect would be that of different flower-beds in a large garden, and less patchwork-y than a variety in a small

space. Flowers, of course, could be exchanged; and bouquets for the house would thus be more satisfactory and in greater profusion. With a row of houses thirty feet front and standing thirty feet back from the street, the space afforded would be ample for the exercise of much horticultural taste; and wire fences between the inclosures, as also those on the front, could be entirely covered with various vines, and made as beautiful as leaves, and buds, and blossoms, could possibly make them.

In a plan arranged for these larger houses the paths slant, and the patterns in the different "fronts" join like the breadths of a carpet. The centre-piece in one should be oval, another round, a third star-shaped, a fourth octagon, a fifth heart-shaped, etc. Small deciduous trees like the *Chionanthus*, or fringe-tree, the *Cornus Florida*, *Halesia*, or silver-bell, cranberry-tree, snowball, magnolia, and others, would be desirable in a space of this size.

The same idea may be carried out advantageously in rows of smaller houses if care is used in the selection of plants suited to a small space. Such beds of pansies as might flourish in shaded city door-yards! Such fuchsias, and forget-me-nots, and violets, and lilies, as might take the place of the rank grass or hopeless-looking pavement that now stretches from door to door! The little country-towns have the advantage in this respect—their front-yards being generally ornamental; and in one small city that we wot of there are recesses over the entrance-doors filled with plants and hanging-baskets, and draped with flowering vines. These little wayside conservatories are a perfect blessing to the passers-by; and with abundant watering can be kept fresh and beautiful through the entire season.

Do you know, O reader! the possibilities of a city back-yard?—a back-yard, even, with dingy fences and undesirable neighborhood? Do you know that ugliness and disagreeables can be *planted out?* that Virginia creeper and English ivy will throw a green veil of charity over the most hideous chimney-pots and back views of buildings? To be sure, shrubbery cannot be planted to any great extent by reason of clothes-lines; but grape-vines can, and fruit of various kinds on *espaliers*. The highest fences and the thickest surrounding houses may be laughed to scorn in this style of cultivation; and enterprising people have actually managed to take prizes for fruit raised in this way. They were probably the kind who always find four-leaved clovers—perhaps seven-leaved ones; but their success, even if exceptional, proves that there is more in back-yards than is dreamed of in ordinary philosophy.

Altogether the nicest arrangement for a city-garden is to begin with a background of ivy on the fences planted about two feet apart, while a grass-plot might occupy the whole of the ground except a border between two and four feet wide, according to the space, and with a due regard for clothes-lines. This border should be planted with two or three continuous rows of well-contrasted flowers up to the ivy background; but it should extend on three sides only. A large rustic vase might occupy the centre of the grass-plot, with, perhaps, a smaller one on either side; and these should be filled with not more than two or three different kinds of flowers.

Under the too common mistake that all the colors of the rainbow, and all the plants in the florist's calendar, are desirable in one vase, these garden-ornaments are made to resemble a gigantic bouquet; but with an harmonious arrangement of two or three colors only the result is much more artistic. Among particularly happy combinations are the old Tom Thumb *pelargonium* for the centre, with an edging of *Saponaria Calabrica*—the effect of orange-scarlet with the trailing pink tresses and delicate green is both pretty and uncommon. A wreath of dark-velvet pansies on the edge, with white and pink geraniums in the centre, is also lovely; as well as lobelia with rose-scarlet or deep-toned pink edged with silver-leaf foliage. But there is no end to the variety to choose from; all that is wanting seems to be the gift of combination.

Next to the house should be at least three feet of gravel or pavement, and the farthest part of the border, facing the house, might be wider than on the other sides, with more flowers, and a background of low shrubs. This would give a very pleasant view from the back-windows between the flowers that should adorn the windows themselves drooping low over the outer ledges. Crimson-velvet petunias and thunbergias, with their orange or buff colored petals and black centres, are a charming combination for this purpose.

We have not done yet with city-gardening, but shall next proceed to the roof, scattering on our way a vine or two in the vestibule—a wall-pocket of ferns, perhaps—and possibly a rustic stand, or French *jardinière*. We know a city-vestibule that is made green and beautiful by a pot of English ivy on one side and a Madeira vine on the other trained over the inner door, and supported on rustic brackets. It is not difficult to set up such an unpretending greenery as this; but the same vestibule without it is quite a different affair.

It has been said that we make too little of the waste space on the tops of our houses, constantly fanned by the most healthful breezes; and that for three months of the year it should be the popular family resort. On the Continent of Europe, and especially among the Germans, roof-gardening is quite common; and, with such unbroken table-lands as most of our city house-tops present, there appears to be no serious obstacle in the way of brilliant success. A roof-garden has the strong recommendation of being well out of the reach of thievish hands.

The roof of an L, or back-building, which is attached to so many city-houses, is the most favorable for this experiment, and more easily reached for work or enjoyment. It may be converted either into a garden or a greenhouse with the most gratifying results; in the latter case, it could easily be heated from the kitchen-range or the furnace. A shed only twenty feet by fifteen would be sufficient for a large collection of flowering plants, a cold grapery, or a cold peach-house—almost any fruit, in fact, that

might be desired. If a garden only is aimed at, be sure that the roof is made strong enough to bear the pressure, and then begin with a bottom of coarse materials and broken boxes for drainage, filling up with compost.

The roof-garden is only a window-box on a mammoth scale; and everything of the vegetable, flower, or fruit order, can be made to grow as well here as on the ground. The arrangement must depend on the shape and size of the roof, and its peculiar exposure. Long, narrow, wooden boxes, placed just inside the ledge or railing, may be used for plants instead of the bare roof; paint them a dull red, and fill with good garden-earth mixed with manure. They can be managed exactly like a flower-border. Wistaria and Virginia-creeper planted at each end may be trained to unite across the front, forming, with the delicate blossoms and richly-tinted leaves, perfect representations of spring and autumn. The generous foliage of both vines will sufficiently shade the smaller plants in the boxes.

In an inclosure of this kind, thirty feet by fifteen, which was outside the windows of a drawing-room on the second floor, and bounded on all sides by chimney-pots, there were more than sixty boxes, some of which had been in use over ten years. The walls were entirely covered with ivies, planted either in casks or in square boxes, about eighteen inches high. There were at least a dozen ivies that locked arms as they grew, and made the circuit complete. One side of the outlook, being uglier and more conspicuous than the remainder, was fitted with a slight wooden scaffolding painted green, twelve feet high in the centre, with side-pieces attached to the walls, and upright laths nailed to the garden-boxes below. Ivy did the rest by covering the scaffolding so closely that nothing else was visible.

Boxes for roof-gardening should be made of the strongest wood; and several small ones are preferable to one large one. Blocks must be placed underneath to prevent the wood from resting on the lead or stone; and a fresh coat of paint once a year is said to be a great improvement. A thorough tarring inside will also make them more durable. The bottom of each box should have six or eight holes for the escape of superfluous water, and a layer of broken pots should be put in before they are filled with earth. Boxes are used instead of flower-pots because the latter would soon be roasted on a roof. To keep them in good condition the soil should be entirely changed every two years, or partially so every spring.

A very pretty arrangement for a terrace-garden is to begin with a roof, which can easily be formed of some quickly-growing creeper supported by trellis-work on a central column of wood. This might pass through a round table, which could be used for books or work. If the roof is over an L, one side will be occupied by the wall of the house with doors and windows opening upon it. Each end may be arched by a trellis-work of wood or wire, and covered, of course, with vines, the inevitable hanging-basket suspended from the centre. A row of boxes on the inner edge of the balustrade will contain such plants and vines as are best suited to that particular exposure. The corners may be beautified with honeysuckle, clematis, Boursault roses, wistaria, and Virginia creeper. Such a garden requires watering two or three times a day, and especially if the roof is of metal, which reflects heat powerfully.

Even fruit may be raised in this way, and many kinds are extremely ornamental. Grape-vines especially flourish; they can be bought trimmed and ready for bearing, and should be placed at the foot of the posts supporting the arches of the terraced arbor. This will provide them with a suitable support and the most favorable situation. They may be trained to grow in festoons, which are exceedingly ornamental. The grapes will appear in due time, within easy reach of one's hand, and hanging in clusters of beautiful purple bloom all the way down from the centre of the arches to the base of the pillars.

There should be four vines in all, one at each corner; and to have the fruit in perfection the top of the vine must be cut off as soon as the young grapes are as large as a pea, and the grapes themselves must be thinned out when very thick in a bunch. When too many are left to ripen, they crowd each other, and the light cannot get to them at all. Some very careful cultivators cut out with a pair of scissors one grape in every three. The leaves, too, should be trimmed off about a month before the grapes are gathered, removing every one that prevents the sun from striking directly on the fruit.

Dwarf cherries and plums will bloom abundantly on the terrace if cultivated in large boxes; and a white and red currant-bush and three or four raspberry-plants will be desirable additions.

A terrace-garden is a much more agreeable prospect from one's back or side windows than a dreary metal roof; and such a garden can be carried on with so little comparative trouble that it is a source of wonder why it should be looked upon as a sort of unattainable castle in the air.

HUDSONIA.

NOT in the cloistered safety of the woods,
Where the fair firstlings of the spring-time hide.
Not the gay, laughing, dancing brook beside,
Nor in the hush of mountain solitudes,
Seek we for thee, O hardy pioneer!
Upon the barren, bleak, and wind-swept sand
Of sea-girt isles, thy feet are set. There, fanned
By breezes salt with spray, thou dost not fear
To spread thy couch of velvet tapestry—
With golden flowers soon to be 'broidered o'er:
A new Canute, thou sittest on the shore,
Sending brave challenge to the mighty sea;
While, far and near, as waiting thy command,
The glistening ranks of sturdy beach-grass stand.

THE TOWER OF PERCEMONT.

BY GEORGE SAND.

XIII.

IT was just in time. Madame de Nives, pale and excited, entered in her turn, absolutely as if she were in her own house, without knocking or being announced. Marie had turned to the window, leaving visible only her black and white fichu, her blond hair coquettishly curled, and her straw hat turned up behind; without being dressed as a peasant, she wore as usual that pretty Auvergnat bonnet which blends with the new fashions in such a manner as to appear elegant without ceasing to be original.

"Pardon me, M. Chantabel," said Madame de Nives, who at first glance took, or pretended to take, the two young ladies for peasant-girls; "you are here in consultation; I did not know it. A thousand pardons! I am looking for my daughter; I thought she was here. They told me at your house that you had taken her in this direction. Tell me where she is, that I may embrace her. I will wait in your garden till you have leisure to attend to me in my turn."

While the countess was talking I had glanced to the back part of the tower, visible through a window opposite to the one occupied by Mademoiselle de Nives, and had seen Charliette watching and waiting in the ruined and abandoned part of the manor. Therefore Madame de Nives appeared to me perfectly well informed of what was going on, and I was unwilling to indulge her in a useless pretense.

"You will not disturb me, madame," I said. "I am here with my family. If there is a consultation, you will not be in the way." And, advancing to the easy-chair, I added: "Mademoiselle Ninie is in this room; but she is in the midst of the game of 'hide and seek,' and does not see you.—Come, Ninie," I continued, raising the table-cover, "it is your mamma; hasten to welcome her."

Ninie obeyed with a visible reluctance. Her mother seized rather than took her up, and seated her on her knee, saying, in a harsh tone:

"What! are you insane? Don't you remember me?"

While Ninie was embracing her mother with more fear than love, Mademoiselle de Nives, anxious to know if the child was a victim as she had been told, turned round to observe this glacial kiss. The clear, cold eyes of the countess were fixed upon hers, and I saw her tremble as at the sight of a viper. Doubtless she would not have recognized her step-daughter immediately and under this disguise if she had not been informed of her presence. She was evidently prepared for the interview, as she did not mistake her for an instant for Miette, and a ferocious smile contracted her lips.

"You pretend, sir," she said, in a loud and clear voice, "that I shall not be in the way in the consultation I have interrupted. As far as I can see, the question to be settled is a marriage between two young ladies and two gentlemen. I am acquainted with but one of them; which of the suitors is hers?"

"Here he is!" replied Mademoiselle de Nives, without hesitation, pointing to my nephew. "This is M. Jacques Ormonde. The bans will be published in a fortnight, and, although at that time your consent will be unnecessary, I hope, madame, you will deign to approve my choice for the sake of propriety."

"It will be very necessary," replied the countess, "since this is the gentleman who, it appears, ran away with you."

"This gentleman," added Jacques, to whom happiness gave self-control, "would suggest to the countess that Mademoiselle Ninie is out of place here, and would be better off amusing herself in the yard."

"With Charliette, who is still prowling about there?" I said, raising my voice; "no, take the child to her nurse, who is waiting for her among the vines, and come back here yourself. If your future wife is obliged to make some concessions, we need your approval."

"She may make as many concessions as she pleases," replied Jacques, taking Ninie by the hand, who followed him with an instinctive confidence; "she gave you full control of her affairs, and I do the same, uncle." And he led away the child, followed by the glance of the countess, who thought much less of her daughter than she did of examining the features and appearance of Jacques with a haughty and disdainful curiosity.

"Here is, then," she said, as soon as he had gone out, "the object of Mademoiselle de Nives's grand passion?"

"The young man is my nephew," I replied, "my dear sister's son, an excellent person, and a very worthy man."

"Or a very gallant man? M. Chantabel, you are indulgent, as is well known, to the members of your family! I see you find nothing worthy of condemnation in the elopement. It will not, however, be approved by every one."

"It will remain unknown, for no one here will divulge the secret, out of regard for Mademoiselle de Nives and you."

"For me? indeed!"

I made a sign to the others to leave us, and, approaching very near her, said, in a whisper:

"For you, madame, who agreed with Charliette to bring about this scandal, and ruin Mademoiselle de Nives!"

She became pale, as if she were going to faint; but, making a strong effort, she replied, in a low voice:

"This woman has told a frightful lie, and you will never be able to prove it!"

"Are you willing to let me call her? She is still there."

"Why do you want to call her?" she replied, with a wild look.

"You must summon her before us all to tell the truth. The recompense you promised her will be at this price; and, if necessary, we have a collection of documents that will unloose her tongue. She will produce your letters."

The countess feebly murmured these words:

"You must not do that! I am in your hands—spare me!"

Then she sank back in her chair in a real fainting-fit. I had guessed right, for I learned the details afterward. Charliette had, of course, fleeced, taken advantage of, deceived, and betrayed every one in turn.

My niece and Mademoiselle de Nives came eagerly to Madame de Nives's assistance. She recovered her senses very quickly, and wanted to renew the conversation. I begged her not to fatigue herself uselessly.

"We can," I said, "renew the conference later this evening or to-morrow."

"No, no," she said, "immediately, especially as I have nothing to say. I have simply to wait for propositions that one would think ought to have come from me on the eve of a general settlement of our interests."

"There are no propositions to be made," I replied. "You thought that Mademoiselle de Nives, having been led to commit acts of grave imprudence, would need silence and a generous pardon on your part. Things are changed now, as you have just seen. Silence is for the common interest, and pardon is no more only a matter of expediency—say, rather, of Christian charity. Mademoiselle de Nives is absolute mistress of a considerable fortune. I know now the amount of it, for I procured it during your absence. She has a right to demand the accounts of guardianship, which, as I had foreseen and calculated, will amount to about two hundred and forty thousand francs; but she does not want her sister to be brought up in constraint and privation. She will give you an unconditional receipt for all sums expended or saved by you during her minority. It is for you, madame, to address to her—I will not say thanks—but at least to give evidence of the satisfaction a mother ought to feel under such circumstances."

Madame de Nives had expected to make a better bargain by her unworthy plots. She was checkmated and overwhelmed. She tried to speak, but could not utter a word, and made to Mademoiselle Marie a kind of grimacing smile, with an abrupt inflection of the head. She recovered, however, strength enough to say that Léonie would still be very poor, since the possibility of laying aside even a small sum in the large and expensive Château de Nives was an entirely gratuitous supposition on my part.

"I know nothing about it," replied Mademoiselle de Nives, rising.—"M. Chantabel, would you be kind enough to tell me the amount of my income as nearly as you can?"

"If you sell the Nives estate, mademoiselle, you will have an income of fifty thousand francs. If you keep it, you will have thirty thousand."

"And now," she resumed, "will you ask Madame de Nives how large an income she requires to live in ease and security?"

"I shall never enjoy these two blessings again," said the countess; "I must have at least fifteen thousand francs a year to bring up my daughter, without letting her feel the change in her situation."

"This, with your small saving, of which I also know the amount, will give you the means of living in the same manner as you have done since your marriage. Mademoiselle de Nives must decide if your affection for her merits such a sacrifice."

"I will do it!" cried Marie, without a moment's hesitation; and, perceiving Jacques, who was just entering, she took his hand, adding: "We will make the sacrifice; but upon one condition, without which I shall adhere to the conditions that M. Chantabel has drawn up—I must have an unconditional release."

"What, then, is this condition?" said Madame de Nives, whose steel-colored eyes shone with a metallic lustre.

"You must give my sister to me, and resign all your rights over her to me. At this price you will be rich, live where you please—excepting at Nives, where I intend to establish myself. You will see Léonie; but she will be mine, mine alone!—Jacques, do you consent?"

"Joyfully!" he replied, without hesitation.

Madame de Nives did not appear thunderstruck, as she should have done in conformity to the character she was playing. The idea was not new to her. Marie had proposed it through Charliette, and the countess had had time to reflect upon it. She feigned, however, a new fainting-fit. Marie and Miette were very much excited.

"This is too cruel!" contended my niece; "this lady is ill, and cannot bear such emotion. She may be wicked—that is possible; but she cannot be indifferent to her daughter, and we are demanding too much of her!"

"Leave me alone with her," I said; "and give yourself no trouble. Go to my house and wait for me, and, if Madame Chantabel has returned, tell her to have a good dinner ready for us after all the excitement of the morning."

When they had gone, Madame de Nives kept me waiting a long time before she recovered possession of her faculties. She shed a few tears when resuming the subject, exclaiming that it was horrible, and that Mademoiselle de Nives took her revenge in an atrocious manner.

"Mademoiselle de Nives does not wish for revenge," I replied. "She possesses in reality a remarkable sweetness and gentleness. She has not addressed to you one bitter word under circumstances where the wrong you have done her would naturally turn her heart against you. She has taken a great

fancy to Léonie, and I think the child returns it as far as she knows how."

"One thing is certain: my daughter loves every one excepting her mother! She has a terrible disposition. She showed an aversion to me when she was very young."

"I know it, and it is a great misfortune; but it is your own fault, for you have not taken the right course to make yourself loved by her and respected by your servants."

"You cannot, however, advise me to abandon her to an insane woman who has taken a passing fancy for her, and will soon cease to care for her?"

"When she ceases to care for her, she will send her back to you; but then you must bid farewell to your income of fifteen thousand francs! Pray, then, in earnest, that the two sisters may live happily together!"

I saw plainly that Madame de Nives perceived the justice of the argument. She still discussed the question, however, for the sake of appearances.

"You really think, then," she resumed, "that Mademoiselle de Nives is capable of bringing up a young girl in a suitable manner?"

"If you had asked this question yesterday, I should have said, 'No, I do not think so.' I did not then fully know her; while to-day, here in your presence, I felt a great admiration for her. This childlike generosity has a sublime aspect that exalts it above the trifling mistakes of an over-excited imagination. I had just been finding great fault with her when you entered; she punished me by showing an admirable repentance and sincerity. I am now entirely on her side, which will not prevent me from serving you in taking care that the payment of your income shall be made a serious and inviolable contract."

"Ah, yes! that is of special importance!" cried the countess, involuntarily. "This allowance must not be a lure."

"Neither must it be an extortion," I replied; "the allowance will cease on the day when you reassert your claim to Léonie."

"That is understood," said the countess, in an angry tone; "but if Mademoiselle Marie, who knows nothing about money, should ruin herself! I must have a mortgage on the Nives estate."

"You shall have it; but do not fear that she will ruin herself: on the contrary, the moment she marries Jacques Ormonde she will be much richer."

"Will this famous Jacques Ormonde, who is called a conqueror of women, make his wife, and consequently my daughter, happy?"

"This conqueror of women has the best heart in the world, and a natural disposition of the finest water."

"And, while awaiting the marriage, what shall I do with my daughter, who thinks of nothing but running away from me, and to whose absence I must become gradually accustomed, in order to have courage to leave her entirely?"

"You will go to Nives to make preparations for your departure. Ninie will stay at my house with Mademoiselle Marie, who, being betrothed to Jacques, will remain under the protection of her future uncle."

"But your son—your son has just had—I know it very well—an intrigue with her!"

"That is one of Charliette's lies. My son is an honest man and a serious-minded man. It is possible that Charliette wanted to make money out of him also; but he is sharper than Jacques. Meanwhile, as we must not give occasion for gossip, my son will pass the rest of his vacation with his cousin at Champgousse, and will not return home until the marriage takes place. We shall sign this very day the deeds that concern you at the same time with the contract, and, while waiting, as you have recovered your self-possession, you will dine at our house with my family and yours."

"Impossible! I cannot see all these people, Ninie especially! This child, who leaves me with joy in her heart, is my punishment."

"It is a deserved punishment, Madame de Nives. You wished to debase, ruin, and dishonor your husband's daughter—you were determined either to make her a nun or to destroy her character forever! It is too much; you have wearied the patience of God. Do not abuse that of men; and take every precaution to keep them in ignorance of the secret designs of your guilty soul. Offer your daughter as a recompense for your cruel deeds, and accept in return the worldly wealth for which you have worked with so much perseverance and so little scruple. You must dine with me, since you have told my wife everything you could think of against Mademoiselle Marie. I do not ask you to confess your guilt nor to retract your words; we shall say that you have had a reconciliation with your step-daughter, and that, through my efforts, an arrangement has been made satisfactory to all parties concerned."

XIV.

MADAME DE NIVES yielded, took my arm, and we went together toward my house. As we came out of the pine-wood I saw Charliette, who was watching us, very much disturbed on her own account at the result of our conference.

"We must make a settlement with this jade," I said to the countess.

"No, no!" she replied, in terror; "I never want to see her again.

"For that very reason she must be paid."

And, turning toward Charliette, I made her a sign to come to us.

She quickly obeyed the summons.

"The time for settling your accounts has arrived," I said; "we have all agreed to have nothing more to do with you. M. Jacques Ormonde has paid you three thousand francs—it is more than you deserve. He has no further need of you. Mademoiselle de Nives will also give you three thousand francs. How much has the Countess de Nives, who is here present, promised you?"

"Ten thousand," replied Charliette, boldly.

"Only five thousand," replied the countess, bristling with indignation.

"On the day when Mademoiselle de Nives comes of age," I rejoined, "you can come to my house to receive the sum of eight thousand francs, after which you will have nothing more to expect from any one."

"That is little for so much work," replied Charliette. "If I told all that I know—"

"You can tell it if it pleases you to be driven away in all quarters as a promoter of intrigue, and a vile woman. If you talk about us, we will talk about you also; beware!"

Charliette, frightened by my words, went off as quickly as possible, and, during the ten minutes it took us to reach my house, I saw that Madame de Nives was rapidly recovering her self-composure. This woman, whose sole impelling power and sole passion was avarice, horrified me. I was none the less very polite, respectful, and attentive to her. I had told her some plain truths, and had gained a good cause. I had no angry feeling to excite me, and I was satisfied with myself. I conducted her to a room, as she wished to rest for a little while.

Madame Chantabel had not returned. Miette had courageously gone to work to prepare the dinner. She understood the art of cooking, was well acquainted with my tastes, and was much beloved by my servants. I saw with pleasure that we should have a good dinner, and that no dish would be a failure—my wife not being there to excite the nerves of the cook by giving confused directions.

It gave me still greater pleasure to see Henri smiling at Miette's side, and helping her in the most lively mood; he had taken off his coat and put on a white apron. This was so contrary to his tastes and usual serious bearing that I could not conceal my surprise.

"What do you wish?" he said; "there are dramatic and romantic heroines here who would be very much puzzled to know how to make a simple omelet. Emilie, who is in my eyes the only and true heroine of the day, and who makes no effort to attract attention, consecrates herself to our service as if she were good for nothing else. It is only just for me to save her all the trouble I can, or at least make her laugh by my awkwardness."

And, as Miette went away to look after her pastry—"See," he said, "how skillful and quick she is! With her silk dress and trimmed fichu, she takes no precaution, and yet she will not soil them with a single spot. She is in her element—home, country, and domestic life."

"We must leave her there," I replied, with a malicious purpose. "Such a condition is not poetic enough for a man of your time."

"I beg your pardon, father, I find it entirely sufficient! Poetry is present everywhere, if one has the eye to see it. It was at Vignolette in the old times, when, in the very middle of her great, black kitchen, where the huge copper vessels shone so brightly, I looked at Miette as she kneaded in her pretty fingers the cakes for our breakfast. It was a picture of Rembrandt with a figure of Correggio in the centre. At that time I felt the charm of this intimate life and this model woman. I forgot everything, but now I see again the past through the revived medium. Miette is much more beautiful than she was in those days, and has become much more graceful. Besides, I am hungry; the smell of the food seems to me delicious. The animal is in harmony with the poet in crying out: 'Here is the truth—a well-regulated and well-appointed existence, an adorable wife, an inexhaustible depth of confidence, mutual respect, and tenderness.'"

"You have come to a full comprehension of the heart as well as the reason. Will you not tell this to Emilie?"

"No, I dare not; I am not yet worthy of forgiveness. I know Miette has suffered for my fault: she believed for a day or two that I was in love with the heiress, and that I was willing to compromise her reputation to get her away from Jacques. Without you, dear father—without the full explanations made to-day, she would, perhaps, still believe it. Do you know how you frightened me for a moment? But, when you put me under the necessity of telling Mademoiselle de Nives before you all what I ought to think, and what I really had thought, of her frivolity, I understood that you were rendering me a great service, and I regained at once my self-control and willingness to do as you desired. If Marie's odd ways surprised me for a little while, no one but myself must ever know it, and, if she felt any doubt in regard to the matter, I am glad you gave me the opportunity to remove the impression. She belongs to Jacques, certainly, and to no one else. She has a noble character, notwithstanding her childish triviality. Jacques has the great good sense that is wanting in her, and, since he loves her dearly, will impart it to her unconsciously, without wounding her pride. He will always talk like her; but he will do it in such a way that in her turn she will think like him."

"Very well reasoned, my son, and now may God grant us his aid! In these *dénoûments* that pressing circumstances force us to improvise, life strongly resembles a pleasing romance. I own that, in pleading before you the cause of reason and right, I did not expect such a success—I did not see that two beautiful and good marriages would result from my simple and sincere words! But where are our lovers?"

"Over there, on that bench you see from here. I believe they are waiting impatiently for the countess's decision in regard to Ninie. Do you think she will give her up?"

"That point is already decided," I replied, "and I must hasten to tell them so."

Miette at this moment came toward us with her pastry ready to put into the oven.

"I am not in the habit of embracing my cooks," I said, kissing her on the forehead; "but this one is so much to my taste that I cannot refrain."

Jacques and Marie, seeing me coming from the pantry, ran to meet me with Ninie.

"Well," said Mademoiselle de Nives, pointing to the child, "may I hope?"

"She is yours!" I replied, in a low tone. "Do not say a word, and endeavor to avoid additional trouble by inducing her to bid farewell to her mother properly."

"That is easy," said Jacques; and, taking Ninie in his arms: "Listen, mademoiselle; your mamma, seeing that you are very well here, and very fond of us, consents to leave you a few days longer with Susette at Papa Bébel's. You will certainly thank her for her kindness? You will embrace her, and be very good, will you not?"

"Yes, yes!" cried the child, beside herself with joy; "I will be very good. What happiness!—We shall go after dinner to the fountain with Susette and my hobby-horse, Henri."

"It is I who will be the hobby-horse," replied Jacques, smiling, "and Susette will make the boats."

"Have you pardoned me," I said to Mademoiselle de Nives, "and will you consent to remain with me until your marriage?"

Marie took my hands with that charming outpouring of the heart that atoned for every fault, and, in spite of my resistance, pressed her lips to them.

"You have saved me," she said; "you are and you will be my father! I need so much to be directed, to be really loved! You must make me worthy of this dear Jacques, who spoils me, and from whom I cannot draw the slightest reproach."

"Then I shall scold at you, and it will be his fault. He will tell you that you are perfection."

"Yes, indeed," exclaimed Jacques, "I shall tell her so!"

"And that I am an old dotard."

"As to that, no," he replied, half stifling me as he pressed me to his breast; "you will always be our guardian angel."

Meantime my wife arrived, and her arms dropped with surprise when she saw me embracing the lovers. Her eyes were not large enough to examine the countenance and costume of Mademoiselle de Nives.

"Madame Chantabel," I said, while presenting her, "be kind enough, I beg you, to bless and embrace your future niece, a peasant-girl, as you see, but very well born, and worthy of your affectionate interest."

"Is this a joke?" said my wife; "would Jacques marry, in this way, and at once, a person with whom we are not acquainted?"

"A few words will make you acquainted with me," said Mademoiselle de Nives. "I came to Percemont in disguise to consult M. Chantabel. He has expressed his approval of my marriage with Jacques Ormonde. My step-mother arrived unexpectedly. M. Chantabel brought about a reconciliation between us, and she even consented to share with me an inestimable treasure—the child whom you see playing yonder, whom you love also, and who will become mine."

"The child! your step-mother! I do not understand you at all," said my wife, astounded. "Is it a wager to mystify me?"

"Look," I said, "at that beautiful lady who is adjusting her toilet, and passing and repassing before the window of chamber number two in your house."

"The Countess de Nives! Is she here?"

"And Mademoiselle Marie de Nives also."

"And the countess gives her daughter—she gives Ninie to—"

"To the person of whom she has spoken so unkindly, and who does not deserve it. Did I not tell you that the countess was very odd?"

"I find the word too mild now, but I suppose there is money in all this?"

"Much money, for Mademoiselle de Nives does not count the cost when her heart speaks, and her act is still more worthy of commendation since she had nothing to fear from the calumny that menaced her. Emilie, Jacques, Henri, and I, in front of all, are here to defend and exonerate her."

"And you still receive this countess? Has she taken possession of our house?"

"For this evening. She has been very much agitated, and we are taking care of her. She is going to dine with us."

"To dine with us, indeed! And I not at home! An ignorant cook, and without brains!"

"Therefore I have found another, a wonder whom I wish to present to you. Will you not welcome your future niece?"

Marie approached gracefully and confidently. Madame Chantabel was much moved, and, when after the presentation Mademoiselle de Nives took her hand to kiss in token of respect, my wife had tears in her eyes; she was conquered.

"This does not prevent me from thinking," she said, as we were on our way to the kitchen, "that Jacques's marriage is remarkable, and far above his condition. Since you understand so well how to perform miracles, M. Chantabel, why did you not think of your own son before any one else? Henri would have been a much more suitable and agreeable husband for this young lady in all respects than the great Jacques."

"My dear wife," I replied, "listen to me. Leave the cooking to take care of itself—everything is going on as well as you can desire; let us talk a little while under these trees, like two old friends who ought to have but one heart and one will."

I related to my wife all that had passed, and added: "You see plainly that Mademoiselle de Nives, waited for and hoped for with good reason by Jacques, cannot be the wife of any one else, unless it were of an ambitious person, entirely without scruple."

"You are right, M. Chantabel, I do not deny it; only I regret—"

"There is nothing to regret. Henri will be happy in his marriage, happier than any one in the world!"

"I see what you are driving at, M. Chantabel! You wish him to marry your Miette Ormonde!"

"He wishes it also; he loves her."

"It is you who persuaded him to make this choice."

"No, I was very careful not to use any influence

in the matter; it would have been the means of estranging him from her, and I am not so foolish. What have you, then, against my poor Miette?"

"Against her? Nothing, to be sure—I do justice to her merits; but it is—it is that bonnet."

"That village bonnet? Mademoiselle de Nives has one on to-day just like it, and looks none the less like a countess."

"Yes, but she is one in reality—that is easily seen."

"And you think that Miette looks like an ungainly woman?"

"No, she resembles her mother, who resembled you. There is nothing common in our family; but Miette is cold, she does not love Henri."

"Ah, there is your mistake! Miette appears cold to you because she is dignified and spirited. I thought you would understand her, for I remember some one whom I loved and sought in marriage—a long time ago. This person was jealous of a little blonde, without the least occasion, whom I asked to dance with me at a country ball. My *fiancée* wept, though I knew nothing about it, and never confessed her resentment until after our marriage."

"This person was myself," replied my wife; "and I own I would have cut myself to pieces rather than confess that I was jealous."

"Why so, tell me?"

"Because—because jealousy is a feeling that leads us to doubt the man we love. If we were sure that he was deceiving us, we should cease to care for him; but we are not sure; we are afraid of offending him and of lowering ourselves in his estimation by the avowal of our distrust."

"Very well explained, wife. And, then, one suffers all the more from the effort to conceal it?"

"One suffers much, and must exercise great fortitude! Do you think that Miette has this fortitude?"

"And this endurance? All the more since her pride has been wounded by some one."

"By whom?"

"That is the very thing I want to know."

"Is it perhaps by me?"

"That is impossible."

"Well, it is the truth. I spoke sharply to this child, because she seemed to think Henri would stay in Paris. I confess I was afraid of it also, and was out of temper about it. I vented my spite on poor Emilie, and don't know what I said to her. She went away in consternation, and, as I have not seen her since, I supposed she was in the sulks; but I assure you I bear her no ill-will, and love her as much as ever."

"Shall I tell her so?"

"At once. You say she is here: where is she hiding?"

"In the kitchen, with Henri."

"Henri in the kitchen? This is, indeed, something new! He, so aristocratic!"

"He declares that nothing is so distinguished as a young and beautiful girl engaged in the duties of housekeeping, and nothing so deserving of respect as the mother of a family like you taking care of the well-being of the household."

"This means that I ought to go and see to the dinner?"

"It means that Emilie has it in charge already, and that Henri looks upon her when he says the woman he loves will be a person useful, serious, devoted, and charming, like his mother."

"M. Chantabel, you have a golden tongue! The serpent had a voice like yours in paradise. You do with me whatever you please, and pretend all the time that I am the mistress."

"Yes, you are the mistress; for, if you are unwilling to receive Miette, Henri and I must give her up."

Just at this moment Henri came to announce that dinner was ready, and, reading from the expression of my eyes the favorable condition of affairs, he embraced his mother, and said:

"Mother, I have a secret to tell you after dinner."

"Tell it immediately," she replied, much excited. "Dinner will wait. I want to know everything!"

"Very well. Only two words are required, my dear mother. I love Emilie—I have always loved her; but I do not wish to tell her so without your permission."

My dear, good wife did not reply, but ran to the kitchen. She found Miette in the pantry, washing and wiping her pretty hands. She took her by the shoulders, then by the neck, and embraced her maternally several times. Miette returned the caresses with her eyes full of tears and a charming smile upon her lips.

"There is no need of any other explanation," I said; "this is the best of all."

Henri thanked and embraced his mother also, and then we went to take our places at the dinner-table.

The dinner was so good that, notwithstanding the great constraint of the first moment, we could not resist the animal (if you will) but profoundly cordial understanding of persons who hold social communion together after the fatigue of a struggle and the relief of a reconciliation. I do not like to eat much or for a long time, but I like a table elegantly supplied with choice viands. Our thoughts, our faculties, our intellectual and moral disposition, depend much upon the delicacy or the grossness of the food we have assimulated. My wife, a much smaller eater than I, was almost a gourmand on this occasion, with the intention—very evident to me—of complimenting Emilie, and repeating to her that she bowed down in her presence.

As I like to study character, and every action has a significance in my mind, I remarked that Mademoiselle de Nives ate nothing but creams, fruits, and bonbons, while Madame Alix de Nives, with her extreme thinness and pock-marked complexion, had the robust appetite of avaricious persons who dine at other people's expense. The great Jacques swallowed everything cheerfully, with a sincere and

hearty flow of spirits ; but this angular person, with his closed mouth and handsome, straight nose, too flat underneath, appeared to be carefully storing a supply of provisions in his stomach, as certain animals do in their nests at the approach of winter. Vice is an ugly thing, and the description of it is disagreeable, since it is impossible to refrain from seeing its serious side ; but when one has escaped from its snares, he may be permitted to perceive its ludicrous aspect, and amuse himself inwardly as I did in replenishing the plate of the countess, seated at my right hand, and treated by us all with every appearance of the most devoted hospitality. Ninie's chair had been placed next to her. She went through with the affectation of sending her to sit by Mademoiselle de Nives.

"By the side of Susette!" exclaimed the child. "Ah, mamma, how kind you are!"

"It is the first affectionate word she ever addressed to me in her life," said Madame Alix, in a low voice.

"It will not be the last," I replied. "She was trusted to your servants too much, and learned suspicion and rebellion from their evil example. Now she will be brought up in the right way by generous souls, and will learn to respect you."

Very much at ease in regard to future proceedings, we put Madame de Nives into her carriage at dusk, and Marie placed the child in her arms for the last time, promising to see her again in a fortnight.

Madame Alix pretended to be much affected at parting with her child, and made the movements of a person whose sobs prevent utterance ; then turning to me while giving back Ninie—"Remember," she said, "I must have a mortgage."

As the carriage departed I indulged in an immoderate outburst of laughter, which amazed Miette and my wife, the one as simple-hearted as the other, and all disposed to be sympathetic.

"Indeed, M. Chantabel, your heart is too hard!" cried Bébelle ; for, following Mademoiselle Ninie's example, we all called my wife by this nickname.

"Oh, you wise woman!" I replied, "you are pitying the vulture who digests comfortably the fortune that has been given her with the dinner that has been served for her!"

When I had talked freely with my dear family, Jacques Ormonde raised an objection to one part of my plan.

"I ask nothing better," he said, "than to return to Champgousse, where I am thoroughly domesticated ; but I confess that I am no longer so eager to build a house there for my own use since Mademoiselle Marie prefers to live in her château, and I have no reason for regretting my small farm. The country is not lively, and my dog-hole is too contracted for me alone. I think that, even for a fortnight, Henri, whom you condemn to this exile, will be very uncomfortable. I propose an amendment ; if two beds can be carried to the tower of Percemont, we shall be pleasantly located there, and nearer you, while the proprieties will be equally well observed."

"No, that is too near," I replied. "We all need a short season of reflective and philosophical retirement before being reunited in the intoxication of happiness ; but I will soften the sentence, for I find Champgousse too far off, and I would like to have you both where I can conveniently discuss with you questions of importance in regard to future arrangements. Henri admires Vignolette, which is within a stone's-throw, and we need Emilie at our house for all kinds of preparations. She must stay here, and you will reside at your sister's with my son."

This conclusion was adopted, and we found it very convenient to dine together every Sunday either at Vignolette or at my home.

I plainly foresaw that Jacques's marriage could not take place under six weeks. We needed that time to regulate the settlement of Ninie's fortune, and the conditions on which it was to be held. And then I did not wish to hurry this marriage which had been brought about so unexpectedly. I knew, indeed, that Mademoiselle de Nives would have no reason to repent of her choice, but for all that she needed time for reflection, and I wished to devote all the time possible to her intellectual and moral education.

The dear child made the task easy for me. I discussed with her the delicate questions concerning love, marriage, and monastic celibacy. I discovered in her some regret for that renunciation that had always been held up to her as a condition of grandeur and purity, and had to destroy many false ideas regarding the world and domestic life. She could not have, and did not have, any systematic defense ; she was, fortunately, very ignorant. I had nothing to combat but an exaltation of feeling ; but I made her understand that the most important employment of our powers and resources is to bring up a family and to give to humanity members worthy the name of men. I initiated her into a respect for that sacred law which she had been educated to regard as the worst thing possible for the true purpose and attainments of the soul. She listened to me with surprise, but also with earnest interest, and, very sensible to the good influence of intelligible and friendly words, declared that no teacher had ever moved and delighted her as I did.

The excellent Emilie, on her side, gave her the necessary instruction. She had already undertaken at Vignolette to interest her in a judicious course of reading ; but, preoccupied or over-excited, the pupil had fatigued the mistress to no purpose. Now she was attentive and docile. Intelligence was not wanting, and I must say that Miette with her serene simplicity was an admirable teacher. Miette liked to do well everything she undertook. At the convent, which she entered as a peasant, she came out knowing everything better than her companions, and she had continued her studies since her return to her own home. She had always consulted me in the choice of books, and, when she had read them, came to discuss them with me, to present her objections, and to ask me to solve them. I saw then that she had read, and read well, and admired the peaceful harmony that reigned in her brain, which still re-

tained its freshness and healthy action in spite of the constant exercise of the will and the rigid performance of moral obligations. I understood perfectly the worth of the woman I wished to bestow upon my son, and Mademoiselle de Nives, who until the present time had known only the patience and kindness of heart, now comprehended the superiority of her companion. At the end of a month she knew enough to have no longer the resource of saying she was too ignorant to be judicious.

XV.

WHEN Marie was twenty-one years old, that is about a fortnight after she took up her abode with me, when all her affairs were settled, signed, authenticated, and terminated, and when Madame Alix, satisfied and delighted, had taken flight for Monaco, where she wished to pass the winter, Jacques Ormonde came with Henri to take possession of the tower of Percemont. The weather was still fine, the chimneys did not smoke, and we saw each other every day. Mademoiselle Ninie went to make boats with her sister as often as she wished, and Bébelle had the table well served all the time without giving herself any trouble, and without having dramatic scenes with the cook. Miette, after finishing her duty as teacher, hastened to pluck a partridge or make butter. Nothing was ever behindhand for a moment, even when my wife, who had a restless nature, anticipated the time fixed by herself for such or such a piece of work. Besides, Miette preserved without effort the blind submission of fact, which is the *sine qua non* toward a provincial mother-in-law, who thenceforth, finding herself satisfied in her legitimate pride as a housewife, gave the absolute government of the household into her hands, and avowed that repose was occasionally very pleasant.

Jacques Ormonde, during this time, was receiving great benefit from Henri's influence. Their *tête-à-tête* at Vignolette had been employed in mutual comprehension and mutual appreciation of each other.

"We did not think of running about or of hunting," said Jacques. "Would you believe that we shut ourselves up at Vignolette like two hermits, and that the only exercise we took was to walk in the vineyards or the garden while we talked together from morning till evening? How much we had to say! Truly we were little acquainted with each other before. Henri confessed to me that he thought I was all stomach. I confessed to him that I thought he was all brain. We discovered that we had, above all, hearts that understood each other perfectly. Emilie will find her cellar in as good order as when she gave us the keys. We drank nothing but the water of Anval. We felt from the beginning that we needed no stimulants, and that we had been sufficiently excited by the stirring emotions our souls had experienced."

"This is the reason you look refreshed, and like one rejuvenated. Continue this regimen, my dear boy, and in a few weeks you will become again the handsome Jaquet."

"Never fear, uncle; I see now how it happens that, after having been the favorite of so many women who were good judges, I ran aground against a little schoolgirl who, without your aid, never would have loved me. The point in question now is, to recover the power of pleasing. I have no desire to make myself a laughing-stock the first time I kiss my intended wife."

"Add one thing more," said Henri; "that you made sober reflections upon the duties of life, such as you never took time to make before! We made mutual confessions; one was no better than the other. But we touched upon each other's faults more lightly. You were too lenient, I was too severe; we mean, however, to walk henceforth in the path of truth, and, if our life is not beautiful and good, I hope it will not be our fault any longer."

Jacques left us to join Marie and Ninie—who, fortunately for our purpose, clung to her sister like a shadow—in gathering the fresh bouquet that every day adorned our family table. The frost was not yet severe. There were still in the garden splendid china-asters, model tea-roses, mignonette and heliotrope in abundance, and many varieties of mallows, whose beautiful, curled leaf enlivens and embellishes the pyramids of fruit at dessert.

"Come, now," I said to Henri, "what are you going to tell me of yourself? You have said nothing to Miette, I know—"

"And I shall say nothing to her," he replied. "I cannot think of the proper words, my heart is too full. I found again at Vignolette all the sweetness of my first intoxication; every leaf, every blade of grass, was a page of my life, and brought back to me a pure and burning image of the past. Emilie's abode is a sanctuary for me. Would you believe that I did not allow myself to look into her chamber, even from the outside, though the casements were often left open? I was contented with examining the embroidery on her furniture; every stitch patiently shaded and brought into line was a reproach to the hours I had lost or employed unworthily when far away from her. What a frightful contrast there is between the life of a pure girl and a gay young man, even among the least depraved of his class! Emilie is twenty-two years old; she has passed three or four years in waiting to see if my will and pleasure would bring me back to her, the most trying years, perhaps, in a woman's life! She has risen above the endurance of solitude, or has accepted it; a glance at the velvet-down of her cheeks, at the purity of her smooth eyelids and rosy lips, gives abundant proof that an immodest idea, or simply a bold one, has never thrown its shadow over this flower, this precious diamond. Jacques, in his hours of unreserved confidence, confessed his many indiscretions, and I did not laugh, for I remembered my own shortcomings. If I have become reconciled with myself on account of my good resolutions, I cannot yet get rid of a feeling of shame in Emilie's presence. Here we are reunited at last, living under each other's eyes. Every moment when I can approach her without being intrusive, I seek her smile,

offer my assistance, or talk with her of old times, that is, of our old and happy love! I see plainly she has not forgotten the enjoyment of the past; she is pleased with my good memory, and smiles or sighs at the remembrance of our childish joys and sorrows. She understands, certainly, that I am not ardently reviving all this past to bury it in barren regret; but when I am ready to put into the present the word *happiness*, I perceive the necessity of commencing with that of *forgiveness*, and feeling that years of reparation can alone give me this right. I cannot say a single word. When, then, alas! shall I see the day draw near, in which I can say, 'Be my wife?'"

Emilie was passing us with a basket of ripe grapes gracefully poised upon her head. If she had been a coquette, she could not have chosen a richer or more becoming coiffure. The delicate vine-branches, with their varied shades of vivid color, fell back over her dark hair, and the grapes, brilliant as garnets, formed a diadem on her beautiful brow, as pure and proud as that of a chaste nymph.

"Miette," said Henri, who had hurried toward her, "will you be wholly the daughter of your uncle, who loves you so much, and the wife of your cousin, who adores you?"

"If you think I deserve the happiness of being yours forever," replied Miette, putting her arms around my neck, "take me—I belong to you."

The two marriages took place on the same day, and the two weddings made but one at the Maison-Blanche; then Henri and his wife went to pass a few days in their beloved solitude of Vignolette. Marie and her husband went away with Ninie to commence housekeeping in the fine old Château de Nives, which they were obliged to refurnish, for Madame Alix had naturally carried everything away, even to the tongs. Jacques appreciated the value of money, but he had the good sense to sympathize in his wife's disinterestedness, and, instead of being indignant, his feelings found expression in loud bursts of laughter, so that the avaricious dispoliation of their home was for several days a source of much mirth.

Besides, everything was not lost. One evening Marie said to Jacques: "Take a pick-axe and shovel and we will explore the park. I intend, if my memory does not fail me, to give you the pleasure of digging up a treasure."

She searched a few minutes among the brakes which covered a remote portion of the park, and suddenly exclaimed: "This must be the place; here is the old box-wood tree; this is the place; go to work!"

Jacques turned up the ground as she directed, and found an iron-bound casket, containing the diamonds of the late Countess de Nives. Some days before her death, foreseeing the ambition or distrusting the rapacious instincts of her successor, she had confided her secret to an old gardener, and had made him conceal her family jewels in this spot, directing him to inform her daughter of the hidden treasure at a proper time. The gardener died a little while after; but his aged wife had shown the place to Marie, who had not forgotten it: these diamonds were doubly precious as imperishable *souvenirs* of her mother.

However, the newly-married pair were somewhat straitened in pecuniary affairs during the first year of their marriage, but they scarcely perceived it. They were happy; they loved Ninie dearly: she repaid their devotion, and, though until this time small and delicate, she soon took on the plumpness of a skylark in full corn and the splendor of a rose in full sunshine.

At the return of the fine season, I determined to celebrate St. John's day with my family; it was my wife's birthday, for the true name of Bébelle was Jeanne.

As all the young people were going to pass the day with us, I arranged a pleasant surprise, by giving them an elegant breakfast at the tower of Percemont. Henri had not welcomed the idea of shutting himself up permanently on this rock, for its isolation would interfere with our fréquent intercourse; but, as it was one of the favorite goals for our walks, I had several rooms cleared up and furnished, particularly an elegant dining-room, where the table was set on a carpet imitating rose-leaves of different colors. This tower of Percemont was still a source of pleasure to my wife, who liked to say to her friends, with a consequential air: "We do not live in it, we prefer our own house; these things are only superfluities." As for myself, I pardoned the old donjon the slight vexations it caused me. I had obtained there the greatest success of my life—a success gained by persuasion. It had decided the happiness of my children, as well as that of poor little Léonie, who deserved to be loved—the sacred right of children.

All my dear guests met there once more in the enjoyment of a happiness that was touching to behold. Some letters were brought to me at dessert. The first one I opened was a letter announcing the marriage of the Countess Alix de Nives with M. Stuarton, an Englishman, humpbacked and rickety, but worth millions. I had met him in Paris when I was a young man, and he had then reached maturity. Our inconsolable widow had undertaken to take care of him, with the hope of inheriting his fortune in a short time.

"Ah!" cried Madame Ormonde, in consternation, "she is richer than I am; she will take Ninie away from me!"

"Do not be uneasy," I said; "that which is good to take is good to keep. Madame Alix will soon be a widow, and Ninie would be a restraint upon her in marrying for the third time."

[THE END.]

THE WALKING-FERN.

CHAPTER I.

THE botanical class excited quite a *furor;* the woods and the fields were hunted for rare specimens. One lady studied herself ill in a week. Maria and Margaret, together in this as in everything else, planned a day in the woods in search of the rare *Asplenium rhizophyllum*, or walking-fern. Neither of them had ever seen it, nor did their teacher know where it was to be found. He had, indeed, heard it grew upon a single rock near a small pond in Denham Woods. But the Denham Woods were large, with half a dozen ponds in them, and to find it would require much walking and a long search.

He had suggested a botanical picnic, in which the class should all go together to the woods some fine day, to look for it. But Maria and Margaret felt the spirit of discovery strong in their hearts, and determined to have the sole honor of finding this desired plant.

It is not alone in geographical discoveries that emulation exists; its spirit extends to all the minutiæ of science—indeed, of life. Every villager desires in some way to be distinct from his fellow; so, in starting ahead of their class, these young ladies but proved their common origin with the rest of mankind. Let us hope this spirit of emulation did not descend from that animal whose only motive seems mischief.

Without confiding their intentions to any one, even the cook, of whom was begged a provident lunch-basket, they started early after breakfast one morning for a day's pleasuring.

"Do not look for us till night, mamma," cried Margaret, as the gate clicked behind her. This young girl was small and fair, with a profusion of light flaxen hair, which gave her a still younger look, and made her infantile ways and expressions seem less inappropriate. But, with all her childish ways, she had a certain depth of insight breaking out in flashes of wisdom far beyond her years.

Maria met her half-way down the path. Slipping her arm into that of Margaret, she hurried the latter forward without uttering a word. Accustomed to her companion's moods, Margaret, in turn, did not speak; she only pressed her companion's arm closely, smiling toward her as she did so.

Strangers puzzled themselves over the bond which united these two, "so totally unlike."

Maria was the oracle of the village, full of wise sayings, and looked up to by her companions with a certain awe.

"Well, now," said she, when, having walked rapidly fifteen or twenty minutes, they approached the borders of the wood.

"Well," reiterated Margaret, "here we are, started at last, and nobody the wiser."

"Then you did not tell your mother?"

"Mamma never asks. She knew you were to be with me, and took it for granted we were after some plant. Did you tell any one where you were going?"

"Not I. I have found out that to tell what I intend to do loses me the power of doing it."

Margaret looked at her companion in some surprise. She was accustomed to strange ideas from her, but anything quite as metaphysical as this she had never heard. Nevertheless, she did not ask questions.

Maria walked along in silent thought, brushing aside the fallen leaves as she passed. She seemed desirous of pushing some troublesome thought aside. She had taken the lunch-basket, which she declared to be no sort of inconvenience to her. With it in hand, she walked so fast there was no chance for conversation, and frequently the windings of the slightly-trodden path hid her entirely from Margaret's view.

At the end of half an hour, the latter found her seated upon a fallen tree which some storm had uprooted and thrown across the way.

"Idler!" exclaimed Maria, touching Margaret's cheek with a bit of brushwood. "Already the sun mounts in the heavens, and still the way is long before us."

"A moderate pace and a continuous one suits me best. Yours is breaks and halts. Let me take that basket now."

Tossing off her sun-hat, which the shade of the woods made unnecessary, she placed the basket on her head, swung the hat over her arm, and with hand on hip started merrily along, singing, "Tra, la, la! tra, la, la!" in a voice so full and melodious that even the squirrels stopped to listen.

After a while she turned to Maria, who was now in the rear, and asked:

"Which pond shall we visit first?"

"Take them as they come. If I remember, this path zigzags around them all."

"I should say zigzag! I should need an Indian along to zigzag me to the right place, so you shall lead the way."

Maria came slowly up; the girls seemed to have changed characters within half an hour. Maria, so wise, so free from superstition, no longer desired to lead the way. A foreboding of evil seemed to hang over her. At last, in a half-questioning, half-assertive tone, she said:

"Do you ever have presentiments, Margaret?"

"Myriads, but they never amount to anything. I had a presentiment a few days ago that our house was on fire, and I ran all the way home to find ashes on every hearth; even the kitchen-fire was out, and cook fast asleep in her room. The more I have the less I care for them."

"To-day, since I came into this wood, I feel as

I have never felt before. Something seems pulling me back, telling me not to go on."

"Stuff and nonsense, Maria! you've got an attack of dyspepsia. What did you eat for your breakfast? Let me recommend a diet of bran-bread and water; sha'n't even allow you to eat fruit, because it is cold, and therefore not suited to your present condition. But, stop! here is a partridge-berry—take that; the color is good, corresponds to your idea of what is enlivening." And her peals of merry laughter rang through the forest.

Maria seemed to pick up courage.

"I don't know what came over me," she said. "Come on!" And she, who a moment since had been so backward, now resumed her usual manner, and once again Margaret found it difficult to overtake her.

"Here is lake number one," she soon cried; "hurry up."

Long and carefully they looked. They found many varieties of fern, among them the delicate maidenhair, with its branching fronds, and its glossy black stems, but no walking-fern.

"How far is lake number two?" said Margaret, at the end of their fruitless search. "I must have that fern."

"A third of a mile; and number three is three-quarters of a mile beyond that. Unless we find it at one of these two points, we shall have a long tramp to the fourth lake. These three are all connected by little streams, and it is easy enough to find them, but number four is an independent pond, fed by underground springs. I have almost forgotten its direction, it is so many years since I came last."

"Shall we be obliged to go that far, do you think?"

"Oh, I don't know," answered Maria, carelessly. "Discoverers do not count distances. When one sets out to find a new world, or a new fern, he must keep on despite the changing needle, or tiresome paths."

"That is true; but my tramp has made me hungry, and I wish to calculate for our woodland hotel."

"Nonsense! don't talk of eating at this hour; let us first find the fern, then we shall have good appetites."

"But eating gives strength."

"But eating brings weakness," retorted Maria, who had resumed her own character and metaphysical style of replies.

"Let us refrain, then; but I hope your walking-fern is not an edible that I shall be tempted to devour the moment I see it. Some plants have such a queer, inviting look; they seem to say, 'Come, eat me!'" Then, apparently struck by a new thought, she added: "I suppose your fern is called walking because it compels people to walk so far for it?"

At the second pond their success was no better than at the first. Many plants, new and curious to them, they noticed for the first time, but did not stop to gather them. Toward the third pond they approached with less accelerated pace. Two disappointments had somewhat checked their ardor, and led them to expect disappointment.

The lunch-basket began to grow heavy, and even Maria no longer indulged in sentences of hidden meaning as Margaret again hinted the propriety of eating. Neither did she assent, and so the basket was not opened.

The friendship of these two girls was of a singular nature; it was less that of equality than that of mistress and maid. In point of fortune and of birth Margaret stood first, yet Maria exercised a sway over her that comes to the strongest will when any two are united, whether in friendship, in business, or in marriage.

Margaret, who was again carrying the basket, merely slipped it from one arm to the other, and walked on. Again Maria appeared lost in deep thought. The changes which came over that strange being this morning were something unusual. Margaret did not try to understand them.

"What matters?" she thought. "I shall live just as long if I don't know exactly what has come over her. Of one thing I am sure: it is nothing bad."

Thus she showed her faithfulness without seeking that vivisection of the emotions demanded in some styles of friendship. Another short half-hour, and a gleam of green through the trees, a glint of something glistening as the branches waved in the wind, showed them lake number three near at hand.

"How beautiful!" said Margaret, as they came to its border.

Maria stood silently looking into its depths, which even at the shore sank at once in a bowl-like depression, far deeper than a man's head. No gradual shelving of a sandy beach here; no slow approach to its so-called unfathomableness; but at once down, down! Not a ripple stirred the water. The slight wind played its gentle pranks far above its surface, tossing the leaves upon each other, but not descending low enough to bend the shrubs at their feet.

The green of this lake was of the same translucent hue which secured for Lake George its old-time appellation of Lake Sacrament, and which endowed its waters with a fabulous sanctity in the eyes of its early discoverers.

Margaret had never before seen the like; but Maria, who had been to school on the shores of Lake Superior, had seen in that vast body of water, and in some parts of Lake Michigan, a similar purity and clearness.

Is it not a fact that appreciation of beauty grows upon us? Maria, to whom this hue and clearness were no novelty, was more strongly moved by their contemplation than was Margaret.

The latter looked at them in a more utilitarian light.

"What a lovely shade for an evening silk!" she exclaimed. "To catch that hue would make any dyer's fortune!"

Maria filled her soul with its hidden meaning,

and sighed on thinking it too profound to be rightly understood.

It is easy to see that Maria was a full-blooded mystic, ready at any moment to slip from the control of the body, and, soul alone, mount the blue empyrean. At times she so longed for death, in order to solve the mystery of life, that she scarcely could refrain from hastening its hour.

Margaret was a butterfly, happy in the present, and leaving the solution of life's riddles unguessed till the appointed hour.

"But where now is your walking-fern?" queried she, yawning so hard as to stretch her pretty lips wide asunder. "I am hungry, and tired, and sleepy; as you have said we cannot eat till we find it, I propose we give up the contemplation of this dye-pot, and begin our search."

Paying no attention to the contemptuous name bestowed by Margaret upon the lake, Maria slowly turned away, and began to climb the bed of a rocky ravine, from which the waters had long since dried. Margaret followed her, climbing and falling over the stones, which even the wear of the water had not deprived of a certain sharpness. She groaned once or twice as her foot slipped, or she bruised her hands in the ascent.

About half-way up the hill Maria stopped, looked eagerly around, made a little exclamation, and left the ravine. Soon, high above her head, towered a giant rock, standing there alone — some bowlder brought down on a glacier and stranded. It was thickly covered with something green, that did not look like moss. One could have fancied some mysterious affinity between the rock and the plant that had drawn the latter to pity the isolation of the bowlder, and to cover its nakedness with its own lovely verdure.

So thought Margaret, who, while quite materialistic in her views, still had a tinge of romance—like all young girls—in her heart, which had been led in this direction by a chapter in her botany upon the loves of the plants.

"Come, here it is," called Maria, and, before Margaret gained sure footing upon the bank, she had climbed to a little knoll, and, with her hands clasped in an ecstasy of half-devotion, stood looking down upon the leafy covering of the rock.

Long, narrow, lanceolate leaves, with a slender, stem-like apex, that, catching in the soil, threw out tiny rootlets, making arches whose ends, like those of the rainbow, were hidden from sight—this was what Margaret saw—the walking-fern.

"Now I shall eat my dinner," said practical Margaret. "I want to fill the basket with these plants, which I cannot do until my lunch is taken out; and then, too, the trowel is at the bottom of the basket."

"So you brought a trowel, did you? I never thought of that."

"No, I suppose not; you, doubtless, thought the beetles or ants would help you; and you would never have thought of lunch, either, or basket. It is well your Margaret does not live in the clouds."

"Doesn't it look like a fairy-garden?" said Maria, scarcely drawn away by the clatter Margaret made as she unpacked the lunch.

"Yes and no—anything, if you will only come and eat. I *am* so hungry I shall not answer for your having anything unless you come now." And she dropped down on to a bed of moss beside the lunch.

Before they had finished eating, they heard approaching footsteps, and soon a middle-aged man appeared in sight. His long, gray beard fell upon his breast; his head was bowed, so that only a small portion of the lower part of his face was visible; his hands were clasped behind his back; and he scarcely seemed conscious of the direction he was taking, which brought him close to the bowlder.

Neither of the girls spoke, but Margaret lightly pulled Maria's dress. As to herself, she was somewhat startled to see this man, when they thought themselves entirely alone. It was not that he should also be in the woods—they had been brought up with the usual American fearlessness, or perhaps I should say confidence in the respect of men toward women — but this man was strangely dressed. Around his neck, drooping low upon his beard, on which it lay in fine contrast, was a double-stranded necklace of rose-hips. His wide-brimmed straw hat was turned up upon one side, and fastened in place by a green wreath, which run around the crown. The rest of his habiliments were of common order, except the adornment of his low shoes, upon which partridge-berries were placed in form of a large buckle.

Just at the moment Maria felt the pull upon her dress, the stranger looked up.

"Whom have we here?" he hastily cried; then, regaining his startled composure, he courteously lifted his hat and bowed profoundly, disclosing a round, full-moon face, quite bronzed in color, as such a shaped face should be. Clear, light-blue eyes gave rather a cold look to an otherwise rubicund countenance, and in a different-shaped face would have given him the air of a detective.

With hat removed, he seemed a much younger man than when he approached them. His hair was but slightly gray, and his eyebrows did not possess that wild, bushy look so frequently seen as old age approaches.

He was evidently a man who had cared for himself, and whose hair, beard, and eyebrows, had not been left to negligently grow as they would, but had been trained and pruned in accordance with the behests of civilization. His eyebrows gave special indication of this care. His tones of voice were those of a cultured man, and his appearance indicated familiarity with the world.

"You ladies doubtless belong to the university botanical class, of which I have heard, as I see you have found my favorite asplenium?"

"We came for it," replied Maria. "May I ask, sir, by what right you claim this fern?"

"It has been mine as long as I could see it every hour if I chose; it is no longer mine, if you care to remove it."

"We do not wish it all—merely to replace our lunch with its fragrant leaves."

"Ah, you are a true lover of Nature, if she thus admits you into her mysteries. Few people can perceive its odor. When I traveled in Tasmania I found a fern of powerful fragrance. The belles of that far-off land wore it in their hair as a charm, and long before meeting them one would be aware of their coming by its approaching perfume."

"You have traveled?" said Maria, in whom the mention of far-off lands or distant countries awakened vehement desire to also go.

"Years since"—with a deprecatory wave of the hand—"years since! The wine of life lies on its lees for me now, except in these woods. After fifty, man has few illusions left. For three years I have not been outside these woods."

"And yet you keep your hold on the world?"

"Through means of a messenger whom I never see, but who comes at stated periods with a few changes of clothing and a month-old paper. Books I never read, only this book"—and he cast his eyes reverently around. "I keep out from the turmoil of the world, for I read no news that is fresh."

This strange man threw himself upon the ground, and looked confidingly into their faces.

"A whim has seized me to tell you my history. To you, life is yet full of illusions; I have passed them by, and had thought to go down to my grave unknowing and unknown. Your bright young faces have changed my determination."

Without waiting for a reply, he said:

"I was one of a family in which were six boys and three girls. Our mother died when I, the youngest, was but three months old."

Margaret was certain she saw a tear in his eye; but at that moment a gust of wind threw a lock of hair across his face, and brushing it aside gave him a chance to also brush the tear away if it were there. Maria had noted nothing of the kind.

"I lived, I grew up, and here I am—all the rest are dead. Of six strong boys, and three loving, kind girls, I alone am left—I who was the youngling, the motherless! We were not a marrying family: four of the boys and two of the girls chose a single life. One of my brothers, one of my sisters, and I myself, were the exceptions. Better, far better, had we, too, obeyed the family instinct. The time comes in the history of families when their thread should be dropped. The purpose of that line has been accomplished, and any effort to thwart Fate will be futile. The final hour of my father's family had come. Nine children, even, were not a power against that power invisible. Soon I shall be gone, the last of my race."

Maria's eyes had never moved from his face, though, now he had stopped a moment, Margaret whispered:

"Let us take our ferns and leave the tiresome old fellow to himself. Any one can see he is mad."

"Mad! the world is full of mad people; this one is of a new order—let us hear his story," replied the mystic Maria.

Looking up at them, he continued:

"All lived to be over sixty. My brother who married took to himself an insane wife. He did not know it, neither did she. That her mother died in a mad-house had been carefully kept from the daughter: she had been educated abroad, and was a most lovely woman. Not one of my own sisters was dearer to me. Everybody loved her; my bachelor brothers felt they had a new home, and her husband was devoted to her. In little over a year's time she gave birth to a daughter; soon after, that strange form of insanity which sometimes comes on at such an hour held her in its grasp. My brother devoted himself to her, but after another year she died—had worn herself out by the violence of her paroxysms. My brother shortly followed her, broken-hearted; the babe had not lived long enough to make any trouble."

At this point the strange man arose to his feet, walked toward the lake, seemingly about to seek its depths, then stopped, turned about, and soon resumed his old place.

"Here was one part of our family blotted out—my brother's was the first death."

Maria twisted a cohosh-plant growing near her, and, bruising its berries in her hands, tossed the whole on to the ground; it fell at his feet.

He looked up in apparent surprise at seeing those two sitting there.

"I beg your pardon," he said, "but did you wish anything of me?"

"Your story," uttered Maria, in a low voice.—Turning to Margaret, she rapidly said: "My presentiment is upon me. I must know this man's life."

"To what purpose? We have sat here half the afternoon, and, at the rate he talks, it will be tomorrow night before he finishes."

"I shall stay till then if it is—"

"What? You are madder than he! How am I to get home? I have no fancy for these woods at a much later hour."

The stranger had risen while this talk was going on, and now stood a few steps nearer to them, his back against a tree. As soon as he saw them glance toward him he again began:

"Two of my bachelor brothers, who went abroad for cheer after this melancholy episode, were lost at sea on their way home. The vessel was burned, and only one man survived in a boat that was cast off. My brothers had remained on board, perhaps happier to have died that way, terrible but quick, than to have lingered for weeks, a prey to starvation, the want of water, and to be saved at last through eating their companions."

"What uncanny stories he tells us! My blood grows chill here in this wood. He can't have had *every* bad experience, can he?"

"I must hasten," he said, as if divining her words. "My one remaining brother and two of my sisters died of consumption. That left Anna and myself. We were both married. Anna's husband was a well-to-do farmer, but terribly close. He did not spare himself nor her. In that house there were no leisure

moments—all was work. No books came in, no music was heard, no lightness nor joy of any kind, even no young children; but a boy was taken into the family, who grew up a perfect copy of my sister's husband—the same greed of money, the same hatred of learning, the same anxiety to do hard work. It is one of the mysteries to me how it came about, but, finally, Anna's husband determined to put his farm into that boy's hands—boy I call him! he was then thirty years old, and my brother-in-law sixty—he determined, I say, to give everything to the boy then, before he died, on condition of support for himself and Anna while they lived. It seemed a marvelous thing for such a man to do; and sometimes I thought he was more determined upon it because he knew his wife was much opposed to this step."

"It was the pauper-instinct!" said Maria.

"I beg your pardon; did I hear aright?"

"Yes, you heard aright; you cannot fail to have met with this instinct, often and often. The desire of being supported, the protection of somebody else, the freedom from care. It shows itself in various ways, and is so lightly condemned that men even pride themselves upon their begging powers, and are sent for from far and near. Oh, yes, the pauper-instinct is strong in some people."

"My sister did not live to endure this shame long. She died, and I had no further interest in him."

Again the narrator walked toward the lake, again returned.

"That left only myself, my wife, and one son."

Maria noticed that, as he mentioned his wife, a spasm passed over his face, contracting its ruddy proportions, till from a full moon it came to have a look like that satellite in its third quarter. Behind, in its shadow, lay his family.

"But I must hurry, ladies; the day falls and you must go. To say that I loved my wife, is nothing; I worshiped her, and God always brings punishment upon those who adore a creature above the Creator. I lost her, lost her, lost her!" and with the last words his voice rose to a wailing cry, and he tossed his arms frantically above his head.

"It matters not how," he began, after a few moments. "I lost her, and I was mad with sorrow. I could not bear to look upon my boy: he was very fair, too fair for a boy—the picture of his mother. So I placed him where he would receive good care, and I went abroad. I staid for years; I visited every land on the globe, but I could not banish her. Let me go where I would, among the snows of Siberia, on the desert of Sahara, on ship and shore, she was with me. I tried to curse her memory, but the words died on my lips, for how can the same lips bless and curse at the same moment?

"What do you think my age to be?" said he, abruptly changing the subject.

"About fifty, you say; ah! but that is only in mortal years; beside me, the Pyramids are young. I have passed through an endless eternity since those hours," and again he covered his face.

"My wife—she who once was my wife—loved the walking-fern; always on her work-table stood a little pot of them, and I helped her manage them, so they should always look fresh." Coming to the bowlder, he picked a leaf, carried it to his nostril, which dilated like that of a race-horse on its course as he sniffed its odor; then he threw it down with an air of hatred ere he spoke again:

"When at last I returned to this country—I will not say home, for all places and none are home to me now—I could not find my son; I had not written him for many years; the family with whom I placed him were dead, and nobody knew whether he, too, was dead or not. I call him dead. This bowlder of walking-fern is the tombstone of all my hopes, and Nature has written the epitaph, 'Adieu!' You who take of this, take part of my sorrow unto yourselves. Nevertheless, it is not mine; it belongs to the world. Once more, and forever, adieu!" saying which, he rapidly disappeared from their sight.

"A queer story, and a queerer man," said Margaret; "not very romantic, and quite incredible. Let us get our ferns and go."

"Hush! I would not touch a root for the world! Let us go."

"What! and leave all this we have had such a tramp to get? I shall take some."

"Take it, then, as your own. I am going home;" and, gathering up her hat and the light shawl she had worn about her, Maria glided rapidly off in the direction whence they had come.

"Wait, wait!" cried Margaret, hastily seizing the basket and trowel—"wait! I shall be lost in these woods;" and, forgetting her anxiety to carry home a fern, she ran rapidly after Maria, leaving every leaf untouched.

CHAPTER II.

"I SHALL bring a gentleman home to dinner," said Margaret's father one morning, as he left the house.

Strangers to dinner were no unusual occurrence in that house, and Margaret gave the announcement no second thought, until she heard the gate click, and saw her father, accompanied by a young man, coming up the walk.

"My daughter, Mr. Harris," was her father's simple introduction; then he went out of the room.

"Rather a bad fire for your town," said Mr. Harris; "must have given your people something to do while it lasted."

"Have you come about the fire?" said Margaret, who suddenly divined this was the expected agent of the insurance companies.

"No—yes; in fact, I am not the special agent, but, as I was traveling in the vicinity, our firm requested me to look into it. No special trouble about the valuation, I think. Your father tells me he is about the heaviest loser."

Though possessing a spice of romance in her composition, Margaret was not looking for a possible lover in every young gentleman she saw; still, this

young man attracted her attention in an unusual degree.

The tones of his voice seemed familiar, even the expression of his eye, and she puzzled herself during all the dinner-hour upon the subject. With his departure she thought no more of it.

Toward night Maria came in. Three months had passed since their adventure in the woods. The botanical class had disbanded, without its proposed search, and no asplenium graced any of its herbariums. These two friends still kept at work, and had much to show for their labors. Quite a long discussion took place this afternoon as to the best method of securing leaf-impressions, during which Margaret referred to the lanceolate leaf of the walking-fern.

"I met the Walking-Fern in the streets this afternoon, somewhat rejuvenated and less adorned, but still the same," said Maria.

"What! our lunatic of the Green Pond? You must have been mistaken."

"Perhaps it was his wraith, with a hint of the spirit's eternal youth. About twenty-five now, I should say, his age cut half in two; not so wild-looking; brown hair and whiskers; the same cold, blue eyes, divining everything at a glance."

Margaret looked at her in a surprised manner, then a sudden glint of intelligence flitted across her face. She clapped her hands together, saying:

"It is he!"

"Who? Have you, too, seen him?"

"He dined here."

"So he lives on mortal food?—it could not have been his wraith," said the speculative Maria. "It seemed too soon."

Without inquiring into this mystical phrase, Margaret continued: "I was puzzled all dinner-time because he looked so familiar—something about his eyes, his expression, the tones of his voice. If old Mr. Walking-Fern had not said he had no relatives, I should say this Mr. Harris was one of them."

"It should not surprise us to discover resemblances among the tens of millions of people in the world," said Maria, who now evidently desired to remove from Margaret's mind the idea she had just implanted there.

"The wonder is there should ever be any dissimilarity," replied Margaret, ever ready to follow the bent of Maria's mind.

"Does it not teach us of the unseen? The body builds itself upon the soul, and so each body looks quite unlike every other one," continued Maria.

"I don't pretend to know or care; I leave all such speculations to your 'inner light.' What I want to know now is, Who is this Mr. Harris? Where did he come from? Where is he going to? How came he to be traveling in this vicinity, and what is he to the insurance company? And I will find out, too."

At tea-time her father said:

"I have invited Mr. Harris in this evening. He seems to be a cultivated fellow, and Bruce's Hotel is a dreary place for a decent young man."

"Who is going to entertain him?—this is your lodge-night."

"Sure enough! I had forgotten that; don't believe I'll go. I want to get his opinion on Darwin's last book; and then we'll have a quiet rubber of whist. Nobody plays that old-fashioned game now, but Harris casually mentioned his familiarity with it."

"I believe that was the reason you invited him over."

"Well, I shouldn't wonder if it was half the reason. I hate always to have a dummy-partner, and old Mr. Penrose will be delighted.—Here, Bridget! you just step into Penrose's, and tell him I have got a partner for him to-night."

Mr. Brandon sat steadily looking into the fire a few moments, after Bridget's departure. Suddenly he looked up at Margaret.

"Have I told you, child, I thought of leaving Holmsbee, when this affair was settled?"

"Leaving! Where? What for? What has put that idea into your head?"

"I believe I can build up a better business in a larger place. You don't care, do you? Society is poor for you here, and your mother has always disliked this town. My business is broken up by this fire, and the change will not be so great. I wish, too, to give the youngsters a better chance for education than they will get here—fill up their heads with solid ideas, my dear; get in plenty of good thoughts, and leave no room for the bad ones."

Quiet games of whist, with Margaret, Mr. Penrose, and a dummy, were Mr. Brandon's favorite winter-evening amusements—having been indulged in for several years. It was early in the season for their commencement, but the prospect of another partner in the game had roused all Mr. Brandon's enthusiasm.

Before the bell rang, Margaret had drawn forward the old-fashioned mahogany whist-table, which opened on to a fifth leg, put the cards in place, near her father's seat, and ordered the dish of walnuts cracked with which her father's whist-evenings invariably closed.

Margaret's mother, who seldom interested herself in this game, contrary to her usual custom, came into the room this evening and took her seat close to the table. Something new evidently interested her. Perhaps it was her husband's plan of leaving Holmsbee, where she had never been quite satisfied to live. Only love for her husband had in the least reconciled her to the place—a place with whose society she seldom mingled. She had not one of those makeshift characters that, if they cannot have their desire, will take something less and learn to be satisfied. Quite the contrary—she could do without, but she could not accept a modification.

This made her, in the eyes of the neighbors, a peculiar person. She was not understood by them; therefore they disliked her. She held herself aloof from them; therefore, knowing so little of her, they made it their business to talk a great deal against her. Of this her husband knew nothing, and for it Mrs. Brandon cared nothing.

The advent of this stranger gave her a little pleasurable excitement. He came from the great world, once so familiar to her, but now so distant. To see him, to hear him, was like the breath of some remembered air.

She did not come down to talk during the game, for she well understood its character to be synonymous with its name, whist, while the game lasted.

The stranger pleased her at first sight; his manner when presented to her was easy but deferential; very different from the nonchalant air of many of the present generation, who, when introduced to an older person, toss their head with an air of condescension, which seems to say, "I honor you by speaking."

Whatever traits of character the young stranger might show upon a more protracted acquaintance, he was at present neither presuming nor vain. His air of deference continued, and he occasionally glanced at Mrs. Brandon in an appealing way, which still further tended to render him pleasing in her eyes. Regard for his wife's tastes caused Mr. Brandon to shorten the delightful games he was playing, and, after three rounds, he rose from the table, drew a semicircle of chairs before the open fire, and invited his wife and daughter, Mr. Harris, and Mr. Penrose, to seats therein. As for himself, he took the centre chair.

"You like the corner, wife, and I know Mr. Penrose has similar tastes. I will keep the young people, one at each side."

"Shall I bring the nuts, papa?" whispered Margaret.

"Not just yet; Mr. Harris has promised me an hour on Darwin."

"Oh, I hope, Mr. Brandon, you did not understand me as considering myself capable of adding anything new there," said Mr. Harris. "I can only give you my thought."

"Well, well, we shall see. I have nobody in this town to express even his thought upon it, and I see you have given the subject some attention."

Mr. Harris turned with a bow to Mrs. Brandon.

"I have your permission, madam?"

"With a thousand thanks; we need a little enlivening, I assure you. Books do very well as promoters of thought, but seed sowed by them is much like garden-growth, very slow. I liken conversation to the forcing-house that compels rapid evolution."

Thus pressed the young man began slowly to speak. He seemed at first quite inclined to keep the beaten track, but a few questions from the members of the little circle soon threw him into self-forgetfulness, and for nearly an hour he talked brilliantly, and with an acumen that justified Mrs. Brandon's idea of the results of conversation.

Then the walnuts were brought on, and talk ran in its usual strain the remainder of the evening.

"I wish Maria had been here," exclaimed Margaret, after the company had separated. "How much longer is Mr. Harris to be in town, father? Maria must certainly meet him."

"I thought you told me she had seen him."

"Oh, that was nothing; a mere street rencontre. But they two would certainly suit. I have never seen the young man before that I thought good enough to talk with her. How long did you say?"

"Oh, I don't know; a week, more or less. Insurance affairs won't take as long, but I understood him to say he had other business to attend to—something about somebody he once knew. I didn't pay much attention."

"You dear old father, you never pay attention to what does not concern you; but I want Maria to see Mr. Harris, and you must invite him here again, and I will manage that Maria shall be here."

"Pooh, pooh! what scrape are you getting your old father into, now?—Wife, how is this?"

But Mrs. Brandon only smiled. She was quite used to such passages between father and daughter. This family was one that very well understood itself. Constant explanations were not needed within the charmed walls of that home, each member of which thoroughly believed in every other member.

Affairs seemed inclined to arrange themselves; for the very next morning came a call from Mr. Harris.

"Pardon me," he said, "but I wish to make some inquiries in regard to Denham Woods, and your father has referred me to you as well acquainted with their peculiarities. Can you tell me about the chain of lakes? I shall visit them myself in a few days, but first I desire to make a few inquiries."

"I have a friend, a member of my botanical class, who knows tenfold more in regard to them than I do. I will call mamma to entertain you while I run over for her."

He was about to protest, but before he could open his mouth she was gone.

A bright, frank laugh broke over his face.

"A transparent child!" he exclaimed.

When Margaret returned she found her mother seated in an arm-chair, her white morning-shawl fallen one side, and Mr. Harris on a stool at her feet, entertaining her with an account of the races he had attended a few weeks before.

Never had Margaret seen her mother so animated. Usually very placid, her life passed along with but few ripples. Now her cheeks were flushed, her eyes were bright, and she looked ten years younger than in the morning—so surely does happiness contain the secret of eternal youth.

When she rose to leave the room, he hastened to open the door for her, bowing with all the deference due a princess.

"Ah, Miss Margaret, you are fortunate that you have a mother! I never knew mine. Is your woodsy friend coming?"

How many sides had this man? How different the tone from that with which he addressed her mother! A mocking laughter Margaret was quite sure dwelt in the words "woodsy friend," and she turned to him half expecting to see a laugh upon his lips; but he was as sedate as when she first met

him, and again she was struck by his resemblance to the Green Pond stranger.

"Shall I tell him?" thought Margaret; but something held her back. "What right have I? He might take it amiss; still I should not care were it not for his strange, puzzling similarity in look."

Maria's entrance broke this train of thought. In her heart, Margaret had already seen them wedded, and now she felt watchfully curious as to the first conversation.

This young girl was pure and simple in all her ideas, but was somewhat imbued with the prevailing thought of Holmsbee society that marriage was the fate of all young women.

It was a subject not talked upon between these two girl friends. Margaret had never heard Maria mention marriage, and was herself careful not to speak upon this topic before Maria's mother, who had been left a widow through a very painful accident.

In the course of that morning's conversation, Margaret for the first time learned that the Denham Woods, from the village to the third lake, had grown into a forest within the last twenty-five years, and that formerly an elegant mansion stood upon one shore of Green Pond—at that time called lake—from which, upon one side, extended a grand park, filled with deer, while beyond the lake stood the primeval forest as now.

Every day for a month Mr. Harris found occasion to call at Mr. Brandon's. His business seemed to drag along, and yet he did not hasten it. He was like a drifting pebble, resting until some new and stronger force should move him. So thought Maria. Margaret felt sure she knew the secret of his waiting, and fell to weaving a long romance, ending in a far-off future year. Her mother grew brighter every day with the prospect of life in a new and larger town. It seemed to Margaret that her mother loved Mr. Harris, because she associated him with the change. She never refused to see him, never showed signs of weariness at his stay.

Margaret's voice was heard oftener than before in song about the house. Her "Tra, la, la" had a new tone of gayety. The world was changing to this family; but they failed to surmise the cause.

"Where have you been?" was Margaret's first salutation one morning, as her usual visitor approached. She said this half eagerly, then quickly checked herself. "How rude I am!" she thought.

The young man merely smiled.

"Will you have it?" he said, extending a small pot in which was growing a luxuriant specimen of the walking-fern.

She took it without reply, and bent her head for a moment over it.

"Do you catch its perfume?" he asked.

She made no answer for a moment, then she said:

"Maria ought to have this."

"I took her one an hour since."

"Oh, did you?" she exclaimed, joyously. "Then I shall keep this, with thanks!"

"My mother loved it," he simply said.

Margaret opened her eyes widely, then suffered the lids to droop slowly over them—a pretty trick she retained from childhood—"making baby-eyes," her father called it.

"Your mother?" she said, slowly and gently.

"I have only her memory," he said. "Do you wonder why I adore your sweet mother? Ah, she permits me to love her!"

"Permits?" said Margaret. "Is not love free?"

"Not at all. It is not free to come or free to go. Of all mortal or immortal things, it is the least free."

"If Maria were only here!" murmured Margaret.

Maria would know what to say—how to answer, but she did not. All this while she was playing with the fern—passing her small fingers over it in a caressing manner.

"Does this grow so common that you do not ask me where I obtained it?" he said.

"I know: the Green Pond."

"So you have been there?"

"Once."

"Will you go again? I have bought this part of the forest, and to-morrow workmen begin a road through it."

"Will not that destroy it?"

"Oh, no; I shall preserve all the wild features; but I must have readier access. The land belonged once to my ancestors. There is a queer cave upon it, and the remains of a mine whose workings have been destroyed. I have found a trace I have long sought, and for it I must thank Holmsbee fire."

"Thank a fire?"

"That is nothing. I thank any fortuitous accident that brings my goal. Do you wonder at events? I do not; their march is no surprise. A year since, a thing is impossible; a year to come, it has long been accomplished."

"All this is fine, but I do not comprehend it," sighed Margaret, but so low he did not hear. "Maria would enjoy this talk."

Taking up the pot, she led the way gayly to her mother's room.

"See, mother, what I have brought you!"

Her mother's eyes shot past the fern, and rested with a smile upon the young man who had brought it.

"Now there are two of them," said Margaret.

"Two! two what?" said her mother, half unconsciously.

"Two Mr. Walking-Ferns."

They did not know what she meant, but the fancy pleased her, and she repeated it to herself.

"The old and the young."

She again looked at her fern, but could read no more of its secrets.

"I shall go to the woods again," she thought. "Who would have believed botany to be so deep a science? It holds all mysteries. Perhaps that is why Maria is so sagacious!"

Always Maria!

Leaving her mother in conversation with the fern-

giver, she took her hat and wandered down the garden to look at her beds of flowers.

Pulling a weed here, fastening a stake there, she had forgotten he was in the house—forgotten his very existence, so little had it to do with her thought and life—when she heard an approaching step, and turned to see him coming down the walk.

"Ah, you wish to see what care I give my beauties!" said she.

He did not reply—did not seem to hear; but, coming close to her, said:

"Margaret, I love you! Will you be my wife?"

She opened her eyes wide, and let the lids fall over them in the pretty way already described.

"Why do you love me?" she at last murmured; which the young man took as an admission that she returned his love, and stooped to kiss her.

"No, no!" she said, skillfully evading the caress. "You have not answered me."

"Ah, I know not; but it gives me happiness."

"I do not think I love you," she said. "What is love?"

"You ask? Then you do not love. It is something that fills the whole being—it shines on all of this world, all of the next. It makes life worth living—ah, without it, there is no life!"

"I love my mother," whispered Margaret.

"There are many loves. Ah! Margaret, sweet, let me teach you the secret."

She shook her head gently.

"Ah! well, dear, I love you all too much to wish to force your heart. If you cannot love me of yourself alone, I must wait or go away. I should scorn myself if I deemed the fault yours; not to be loved is my misfortune, not anything blameworthy in you;" and he turned gently away.

Margaret stood for a long time where he had left her, her fair hair, loosened by the wind, falling over her face, as, leaning thoughtfully on her hand, she looked steadily toward the ground. The sun lighted it like gold, as its beams fell aslant its abundant bands.

.

Maria sat alone that afternoon, but, strangely enough, her thoughts were upon these two. When the dusk of the evening set in she heard swift steps coming up the walk, and Margaret burst into the room.

"What is love?" she cried. "Maria, you are wiser than I, tell me what is love?"

It was too dark for Margaret to see how this question changed Maria's look, and how cheek and neck and brow reddened at this question.

Margaret could not see this, and, sitting down by Maria's side, she took her hand in her clasp and pressed for an answer.

When Maria found tongue—

"Wiser ones have vainly asked," she said. She feared the trembling of her tongue, the rapid bounding of her heart, would betray the fact that she had learned the secret.

"O Maria, it must be a fearful thing to love any one not your mother—I mean, love some one else—some man! I am sure I do not know how love comes, or what makes it—do you?"

Again the color ran over Maria's face, but her heart did not beat quite as fast, nor her voice tremble as it had done. Her secret, her very own, and not another's, had been invaded by this friend, who had plunged into its midst all unknowing where she stood, for Maria had given her heart, unasked, to the one that this day had offered his own to Margaret.

Soon Margaret laughed merrily, child that she was in all her ways.

"Poor me!" she exclaimed. "Had it been you, Maria, I should have said it was all right."

"Who is it, dear? what is it? You have not told me," said Maria. A strange frenzy had seized her; she felt determined to force from Margaret's lips the name she dreaded to hear—the name she already knew.

"It is his secret, not mine," said Margaret, when thus pressed, childishly unaware that she had already betrayed him.

"True, true; forgive me," was Maria's reply. Some dreadful demon had been whispering her to hate her friend, who had stepped before her in the love of a man to whom, all unasked, she had given her own heart. But she tried to banish the temptation and the thought alike. Margaret was innocent of all wrong toward her—she did not even return the love that had been offered; and so, in order to drive away the demon of distrust and hate which disappointed love so often brings, she drew Margaret into her arms and kissed her.

"That is right, dear," she said; "another's secret is not your own. I cannot tell you what love is; when it comes you will know."

Margaret nestled closely to her bosom, and, drawing Maria's ear to her lips, whispered:

"There is one I wanted to have love you; I don't know, but it seems to me there is time yet."

CHAPTER III.

Two years have passed. Mrs. Brandon has recovered her health, strength, and spirits in the congenial atmosphere of that city-life in which her youth was passed. She renewed the acquaintance of her early days, and, had the customs of France existed, would have found herself a middle-aged belle in the society where she was a girlish belle twenty-five years before.

Introduced to a new life, Margaret had given up her botanical studies: all that remained to put her in mind of them was a half-filled herbarium, which she seldom saw, and a pot of dead asplenium. She kept it, she scarcely knew why, yet she always fancied a touch of romance clung to its faded and shriveled fronds.

Maria and she were no longer intimate, though no grain had crossed their friendship. They were separated by distance, that was all.

In her new life Margaret found much to claim her attention—much that was in common with ordi-

nary girl-experience. She was no longer an unconscious child, she studied no longer plants, but human beings. Her mother wished her to marry; one suitor after another had received his dismissal. "I do not want to leave home," was all she said. To father, to mother, to suitors, the same cry.

Her mother strove to reason with her.

"We want you, too, my child; but we shall not live forever. Do you not wish a home of your own—two homes?"

"Never, mamma; do not speak of it;" and she would clasp her arms about her mother's neck and kiss her.

Mr. Harris called whenever he came to the city, but he no longer wore the bright, fearless look of old. He had lost his color, and his curious resemblance, so puzzling to Margaret. He, too, had left Holmsbee, though Margaret liked to fancy he knew more of Maria than she did herself.

She sometimes caught him looking fixedly at her; the young girl did not blush, but steadily returned his gaze, but she found at such times he was not conscious of her presence; his body alone was there, his soul was afar.

Opening the parlor-door one morning about his usual hour, he caught a glimpse of something which fixed a long-thought-of plan. Seated upon a sofa was Margaret; before her stood a young man twirling his mustache in an embarrassed manner. "This is the fifth time, is it not?" he heard Margaret say. Feeling himself an intruder, he drew back, shutting the door so noiselessly that he was not heard; but Margaret, whose back was toward the door, had seen the reflection of his presence in the mirror.

Before reaching the street he was passed by the young man. He paused for a moment as the latter rushed by him, slamming the door vigorously. "What matter!" he ejaculated. "As well now as ever," and he turned his steps. But he did not again enter the room where he had just seen Margaret; he passed along, up a flight of stairs, and soon found himself in Mrs. Brandon's apartment.

"I am going away," was his abrupt salutation, "to Europe; and I must tell you my history. Will you listen?"

"You know I will; sit down in this comfortable arm-chair. Now, I am ready."

"Have you never thought I once had hoped to be nearer to you than I am; that I love Margaret—have long loved her? You say nothing. Do you, too, deem me unworthy?" and he clasped his hands over his eyes.

"Do you not know I have long loved you as a son?" she said; "but Margaret has always so closely coupled your name with that of Maria—indeed, I never thought of you as my daughter's lover."

"I am—I have been for years, but I shall never ask her to be mine. When I leave this country, I shall be a wanderer forever; a wanderer like my unhappy father. I am the last of my race. Listen! When I was an infant, a terrible domestic calamity overtook my father's household. I will not pain you or myself by its recital. It was not known to me for years; it so utterly destroyed that family, that its memory gradually faded from the minds of people. Those who had me in charge brought me up as their own, until I was ten years old. The one I called my mother then died; the one I called my father married again, and I was as a stranger in that household.

"I went out into the world, and from that hour to this have depended upon myself. Home has had the greatest attractions for me—all my exertions have been to build one up."

At this point he stopped, looked imploringly toward Mrs. Brandon, and said, "In your home I found my model."

She answered by lightly touching his hand.

"I loved Margaret from the first moment I saw her; I told her my love before you left Holmsbee. It was too soon; she had not seen the world, and I did not press her when she said 'Nay;' I wished to be her free choice."

"Your sentiments were noble," responded Mrs. Brandon; "and uncommon," she added, in a lower tone.

He looked at her gloomily.

"They were just," he cried. "Could I wish to *bind* a heart that would not come to me freely? Ah, no!"

She glanced toward him and smiled.

"You are my heart's mother," he said, reverently kissing her hand. "I am innocent, yet I am accused for the sake of another; an hereditary taint poisons my blood. I tell you this, not to alter things, but that you may know. Do not think of me as all bad, for I have intended no evil."

"Life is wonderful," replied Mrs. Brandon, who saw he was expecting some word from her. "The happiest of us do not escape."

"Margaret never told you of a strange man she and Maria met, years ago, at the Green Pond?" he queried.

"I don't know; it strikes me she did. When she was botanizing?"

"I see she has told you. That strange being was my father. At that hour he knew of no son; I knew of no father. He deemed himself the last of his race; *I* must be the last."

An expression of poignant sorrow settled over his face, as he continued: "And yet, through a slight gift of mine, fate has its grasp on two others—the two whom I would least have drawn into the gulf with me."

Mrs. Brandon slightly shuddered.

"Are you cold?" he asked. "Do you divine?"

"Not cold; but your tale is weird."

He looked at her fixedly, hesitated a moment, then said:

"My father lived to tell me the fate of my mother; he lived to tell me what made him a wanderer on the face of the earth. I had found those woods once to have belonged to my father's family. I purchased them, not knowing what misery I bought, with the graceful trees. Do not think me

mad, mother—I may call you mother, just for this one day—I found a man who had not looked on mortal face for three long years. His tastes were like mine, and we met by a rock—his tomb, he called it. I wrung from him his history, I told him mine. Do you wish to know his name?"

He arose, and, although they were alone in the room, he bent his lips close down to her ear and whispered it.

She drew slightly back.

"Not he?" she said.

"The same, the very same; and do you wonder now why I could not say again to Margaret I loved her? I found my father but to lose him, for he died within a month, and, at his own desire, was buried at the foot of the rock where first I saw him—where Margaret saw him too. He charged me never to marry, never to carry my inheritance of misfortune and crime farther down the world."

"My son—" began Mrs. Brandon.

"Bless you, bless you for that word, your 'son!' I shall bear my exile better now. I must hurry," said he, "while I have courage. I did not decide in a moment; I came here again and again; I saw your happy home: oh, how I longed for its peace! I did not promise even myself for a while, but at last I have decided, and to-morrow I go. It is best for Margaret to forget me—she soon will; but you—you sometimes bear me in mind;" and, seizing his hat, he started toward the door.

Mrs. Brandon put out her hand and detained him.

"I do not know Margaret's heart," she said. "She has refused many suitors. I doubt if she knows her own heart; it may be yours, I cannot tell. But whether it is or not, you have no right to throw away all of life simply because of another's crime. What a hopeless world such a course would make!"

"You trust me still?" he said. "I am glad. I fill with courage; life is not all gloom now. Let me go while I have this light."

"You shall not go without one promise."

"What is that?"

"A letter every month."

He paused; his face darkened.

"So much the better," he finally said; "so much the better. If you have faith, I will."

"Nor is this quite all. If ever you desire to return—if ever you wish to come back, promise me you will not hesitate, promise me you will come."

Her words, which declared her faith in him, her caressing voice, the touch of her hands, weakened his resolution.

"I promise," he at last said.

"And now you must see Mr. Brandon and tell him you are going. Do not run off like a convict. Secrets are bad, at best, and at best the world is very suspicious. There is no cause why you should not go openly."

CHAPTER IV.

In the morning her mother told Margaret he was gone. She made no reply; she did not seem to listen; but from that time she went less and less into young company. She would sit hours with her work in her lap, her head drooping into her hand.

"Of what are you thinking, my child?" her mother often asked her.

At such times she would smile, pick up her work, and answer—

"Nothing."

Whenever Mrs. Brandon received a letter she would mention its place of sending, but Margaret evinced no interest. She asked no questions, nor could her mother have answered any, as these letters merely said, "I am well."

Several months passed in this wise, and then Margaret wrote for Maria to visit her.

She came, and the old-time friendship seemed to take its olden course. Margaret deferred to Maria in everything. A great many secret consultations took place between the two. Maria had the air of a protector over Margaret. Even her mother wondered, though no jealous thought of another's influence came over her. Margaret loved them both, but in different fashions.

By-and-by they proposed a little journey together, those two girls. Margaret's mother was glad, and hastened a few little preparations.

"'Twill do Margaret good," she said. "Even now I can see that Maria's coming has effected a change for the better—the dear child is more cheerful."

The cyclones of life do not always give warning: when we look back, it is in surprise at our unconsciousness, even to the moment before the storm that changes all our life. That journey, over which Mrs. Brandon had so many happy thoughts, in the wonders it was to do for Margaret, was the casting of her fate—a fate that was to draw her young life down to the dark grave.

It all came out soon enough now.

"O my mother!" moaned Margaret, "who will tell her? You must, Maria; but what shall stay her under the grievous news?"

Knowing all that was before her, Maria shrank from its doing. "Her only one!" she said.

All mystic utterances fled before the great burden upon her.

An incurable disease, terrible in its nature, yet to-day fearfully frequent among both men and women—the surgeon's knife, and death in near prospect: these more certainly known after that journey, which Mrs. Brandon so fondly hoped would cheer Margaret's spirits and restore her health.

How she broke the terrible truth to father and mother, Maria never knew: when the bitter task was done she returned to Margaret, pale, as one who had passed through some fearful mental torture.

"My child — my darling child!" moaned her mother, bending over the sofa where she lay.

"Don't, mother, don't!" said Margaret, a spasm

of pain sharply drawing her features. "Mother, dear mother!" said she, a moment after, throwing her arms about her mother's neck. "It can't be helped; don't let us cry; we have had a happy home together, and I will leave you another comfort. Send for him, mother; I must see him."

No need now to mention names; but, as month after month slowly passed, and he did not come, Margaret grew more restless. But at last the hour came when he, too, stood in her room.

"Leave us together," said Margaret. When he came out to seek her parents, the agony of death seemed to have passed over his face.

Father, mother, and lover, talked long together.

"And you?" at last said Mrs. Brandon.

"It *must* be as she wishes," he said; "it cannot change my fate."

"Let it be as the child says," answered the father; the mother bowed her head on to her hands and wept.

.

A week more, and Margaret lay dead in the house. Beside her coffin, mourning with the parents, stood he so lately made her husband—so soon left a widowed bridegroom.

Did Margaret love him?

I think not. Long suspecting her fate, she had dreamed no dream of marriage, and least of all to him whom she had set aside as the chosen of her friend; she had dreamed no dream of marriage or of long life, but she knew his regard for her mother, and left him to be called son.

Two years more passed, when he sought Maria's home.

"Shall it be as she said?" he asked. "You know, Maria, that I loved her. She was my first, but she bade me love you, and I can promise to be a kind husband."

Maria said, "Yes." She knew that Margaret's father and mother would be glad, and that, in pleasing herself, she should add to the happiness of very many others. The high-tide of passion had ebbed in her heart, yet she did not marry without a kind of love. If not with the bounding pulse of youth she now took the marriage-vows, yet still it was with the sober, even regard that promises more of quiet happiness.

And thus the romance of Margaret had its fulfillment, and thus Maria's own presentiment retained half its power, and was shorn of half its dread. A long and uneventful life was passed by this couple, yet no children grew from it. For this Maria sorrowed, but her husband exhibited no regrets. Although twice married, the wish of his father was fulfilled—he was the last of his family. The unexplained mystery of his mother's life the world never heard; if he himself knew it, he told no one, not even her whose presence and love gave him a comfort he once had thought out of his reach forever.

When at last his life was ended, upon his tomb—upon the tombs of those two, the wives so strangely won—was placed no inscription; simply upon each was carved a pot of walking-fern.

GOING HOME.

A BOHEMIAN SONG.

I WENT home with Ludmilla—
As I very often do;
We sat on the grass together—
But what is that to you?

Beneath the trees we chatted,
But not a word of love;
As innocent as children,
Or the birds that sang above.

I squeezed her little fingers,
That pressed, methought, my own:
"Ludmilla! O Ludmilla!
If you were only grown!"

At the cheeks of poor Ludmilla,
Who turned away her head,
You might have lighted a candle—
They blushed so red, so red!

"What is it, dear Ludmilla,
What maiden hopes or fears?"
Her answer to my question
Was a sudden stream of tears.

"Weep not, weep not, Ludmilla,
Or let your tears be few:
My heart is constant ever,
And only beats for you!"

The moon stole out of the darkness,
As bright as bright could be;
She smiled when I kissed my darling,
And wished that she were she!

We'll meet again to-morrow?
And each the promise made:
Then something rustled near us—
But we were not afraid.

I went home with Ludmilla—
Not as I used to do;
For I covered her with kisses—
But what is that to you?

THE GREAT WHITE WALL.

I.—FOG.

I ARRIVED by the last train, and, for all I could see, I was the only passenger on it. But it was so dark—so utterly and hopelessly dark—that I could hardly see what was in my own mind, much less anything outside of it. As I was groping along with my valise in my hand, I ran into somebody.

"Hullo! are you the porter?"

"Anything I can do for you, sir?" replied a voice.

"Yes; take this valise, and show me the way to the best hotel in town."

"It's not quite in my line o' dooty, sir, at present—"

"Oh, never mind! you won't be wanted any more at the station to-night; and I'll give you a shilling, if the hotel's far off. Which is the best?"

"Gunston's Hotel is the best, sir," said the porter, taking my valise from my hand. "And it ain't far off, neither. Nothing is very far off hereabouts: it's a small town."

"It's a very dark town! Keep on talking, or I shall lose you. Do you belong to Gunston's Hotel?"

"Well, no, sir—not to say exactly belong to it."

"You are sure you are quite disinterested in thinking it the best?"

"Well, sir, I suppose it ain't often a man is quite disinterested about a thing," returned this porter, who seemed to have some ideas of his own in his head; "but I think I'm right in telling you Gunston's the best hotel in town, because, d'ye see, sir, there ain't no other!"

This answer somewhat abashed me; and while I was considering whether to ask the porter's pardon for having seemed to distrust him, or to start a new subject altogether, we turned a corner, trod along a stone sidewalk, and in another minute passed through a portico into a lighted hall. The porter, whom I now saw to be a tall, powerfully-built man of about forty, with a thick black beard, and wearing a long, rough overcoat, set down my valise, and, to my surprise, passed on to the inner part of the hotel without waiting for his shilling. In another moment the landlord appeared—the most commonplace-looking person that I ever beheld—so much so that, as often as I glanced away from him, I instantly forgot every particular of his aspect. Such men are a slow poison.

"Good-evening, sir. Quite foggy to-night," he said, with marked deference.

"There are fogs and fogs. A London fog is one thing; a sea-side fog quite another. I am particularly fond of sea-side fogs."

"Quite so—quite so. Shall I order you any refreshment, sir?"

"A little whiskey-and-water, and a cigar. Breakfast at half-past seven."

"Thank you, sir." The landlord disappeared—from sight and recollection at the same moment; and I had forgotten to ask after my porter. But since I meant to make the next day a long one, I was soon asleep, with the soft, salt atmosphere breathing in upon me through the open window.

I awoke soon after five; the fog was so thick even in my chamber that it was difficult to distinguish the pattern of the wall-paper on the farther wall. Out-doors there was simply a blank whiteness. I was on the first floor, and yet, looking out of the window, I could not see the pavement of the sidewalk eighteen feet below. No sound was audible except the boom of the surf, which, though evidently near at hand, seemed to come from no particular direction. Did my window command a sea-view? Impossible to say; looking out against the fog was like a cheerful kind of shutting-the-eyes. But against that fog as a canvas I could paint a fairer imaginary prospect than whatever real one was likely to be revealed by clear weather. The music of the surf was as fascinating here as in the southern seas, and it was my own fault if I did not build coral-reefs for it to foam upon.

"My assertion last night that London fogs are different from sea-side fogs, though commonplace, was truer than most commonplaces. They differ as do truth and falsehood. The former is the atmosphere of a hundred impure generations shutting out heaven; the latter, that of angels descending from it. In the one we suffocate and sicken; the other cools and soothes us. We breathe clear air unheeding, but to inhale this visible purity is too manifest a privilege to go unnoticed.

"Philosophers," I continued, "have speculated as to the bodily and spiritual condition of a person who had been born and lived in total darkness; but I should be happy to know a man or a woman born and bred in an impenetrable white sea-fog She could not fail to be a charming acquaintance; for though befogged intellects are commonly derided, surely a mind which had lived in unceasing communion with blankness so sublime as this"—here I waved my hand toward the window—"could hardly avoid tempering its own blankness with sublimity!"

It was not until after I had finished dressing that I heard any sounds ascribable to human origin. As I leaned over my window-sill, in some doubt how to fill up the gap of two hours between now and breakfast, I heard a door open somewhere below, and somebody come out upon what was probably a door-step. Then some hard object was set sharply down; then there was a small plash and a trickle of water; then a sound as of scouring and, accompanying it, some light-hearted snatches of song, evidently from a female organ. I took my hat and a couple of towels and went down-stairs.

II.—SURF.

SHE was a red-cheeked damsel in a dirty, lilac-colored gown, the sleeves whereof were rolled up

above the elbows of her stout arms. She was on her knees beside a bucket, and a cloth was in her hand. She looked up in surprise as I appeared in the doorway.

"Good-morning!"

"Good-morning, sir!" said she, very pleasantly, pausing in her work while she dabbled the cloth in the water. "You're down early."

"I'm ambitious to take a swim before breakfast. Can you tell me where the sea is?"

She laughed, and wrung out the cloth between her hands.

"Why, there it's right plain in front of you, sir!" and she nodded with her head over her shoulder.

"But it's foggy, and I never visited this part of the world before, and as soon as I lose sight of you I shall be lost."

The damsel dropped the cloth into the bucket, got to her feet, and described to me the particulars of the route I was to take, with as much good-will as a Frenchwoman would have shown. But, when she had finished, something moved me to offer her sixpence, which she accepted very easily. I should not have thought of offering anything to a Frenchwoman: what is it about the English lower orders that so constantly suggests sixpences and shillings to the traveler's mind? "Tipping" is an unholy practice; it demoralizes them that give and them that take: in this instance, though it was the last event in my interview with the damsel of the bucket, it cast a disenchanting light over all that had gone before. I walked away sadly, for I had materialized my gratitude into a dirty bit of silver: what was in her mind of course I know not; since she had coveted the sixpence, she would not have been happy without it; but I think she would have been happier if she could have contrived, for once, to forget to covet it.

I felt my way along the sidewalk, the sound of the surf growing louder as I proceeded, and assuring me that I was on the right route. But by-and-by the sidewalk came to an end, and then, for what seemed a long time, and in spite of the directions I had received, I had to trust to instinct—or rather to luck, for I have no instinct in these matters. At last I stumbled upon an abrupt ascent, the surf sounding farther away than it had done a few moments before; but, on gaining the summit, it broke upon my ears with a startling roar, my feet trod in loose shingle, and I needed no one to tell me that the waves could not be more than forty paces distant. In a few steps farther, I picked up a wreath of dried sea-weed; a moment later a broad tongue of foam slid up the acclivity of the beach, and nearly surprised my shoes. I had discovered the English Channel.

The beach was shingle; but after walking along the surf-line for several minutes, I came upon a spot where the sand emerged somewhat, and here I resolved to take my dip. The fog was denser than ever; and when, having left my garments at a prudent distance above high-water mark, I stood within reach of the waves, I felt like the only living creature in a world half redeemed from chaos. Pallid nothingness surrounded me; only this foam and sand about my feet were real; the tall, green breakers which loomed suddenly, one after another, out of the blank in front, though real enough when they burst upon me, were the creation of but an instant previous. In short, nothing existed save what was in contact with me; what if the experiment were to proceed no further, and I be left the sole inhabitant of so very fragmentary a planet? What would become of my clothes? and who would eat my breakfast?

I have never felt more lonely and diminutive than when a hectoring breaker eight feet high crept upon me unawares, knocked me over, fell upon me, and finished by raking me down, with a horrible rasping noise, into the foaming ditch formed by the resistance of the mass of waters to its own recoil. I was an atom of unassisted helplessness swallowed up in the fearful collision of incomprehensible immensities. By the time I had picked myself up, however, all my blood had come tingling to the surface, I gave the great green bullies buffet for buffet, and the fray was so exhilarating as soon to drive my moralizings upon the nothingness of things into the chaos they had contemplated.

But in man's contests with the powers of Nature, cleverly as he may manage the affair for a while, he must be outdone sooner or later; and, accordingly, the time came which saw me hobble panting and dripping up the slope, wondering where so many sharp pebbles had come from since I went in. But this speculation was forgotten before another of more poignant import: where were my clothes? Where I had left them, no doubt; but where was that? Where was I? I could not call my surroundings unfamiliar, for nothing was apparent except the fog and the sharpness of the flint pebbles upon which I was treading; but, unfamiliar or not, my surroundings were not those of my clothes, still less were they the clothes themselves. In losing them I had doubly lost myself.

The occasion of my calamity was plain enough: while I was unsuspiciously gamboling on the vexed surface, some wily current had borne me along-shore, setting me down at a greater or less distance from the spot at which I entered. The difficulty was, that I knew not in which direction the current had set, nor, consequently, whether I ought to start off eastward or westward in order to regain my lost outer man. To take the wrong direction would be to circumambulate the whole terraqueous globe—or, at any rate, England and Scotland, which was practically just as bad, especially as I had already discovered that to walk barefooted upon flint-shingle is a slow and extremely agonizing process. Moreover, the morning was advancing, and I recollected having heard somewhere that fogs on this part of the coast had a trick of clearing away at a moment's warning. Now, what if some enterprising speculator had set up a row of fashionable houses directly on the beach?—my mind shrank from the contemplation of

ghastly possibilities! I try to write lightly of this adventure; but, in fact, I cannot smile at it even now, and at the time I was thoroughly unstrung. All those nightmares seemed realized in which the sufferer finds himself—destitute of all normal apparel—in the midst of a fastidious and unsympathetic assemblage. I think my reason must at length have begun to totter on her throne, for I detected myself recalling hopefully the fact that the human body, after long exposure to the elements, becomes mercifully clothed with a thick suit of hair, and wondering whether the fog might not last long enough for me to acquire such protection.

"The devil fly away with the fog!—or no—no!" That is a perverse scrape indeed, which the victim fears to anathematize either up or down!

"Here you are, sir!" said a voice, which I seemed to recognize.

III.—SHINGLE.

"WHY is this hotel called 'Gunston's?'" I inquired of the landlord, after a comfortable breakfast, leaning over the office-bar.

"Well, it's owned by Mr. Gunston, sir," said he, approaching, with a deferential bow and smile. "You are acquainted with the gentleman, I think?"

I shook my head.

"Who is he?"

"Beg pardon; I fancied you had seen him last evening. Well, sir, Mr. Gunston is our great man here. He was born in the town, which wasn't much to speak of at that time; when quite a lad he shipped before the mast for Australia—made a large lot of money there, sir, and returned here to give his birthplace the benefit of it. He had this hotel built, as well as all this block of new buildings; it was he, too, sir, that had the railway prolonged from the town above us. And, with it all, he's just as plain and homely in his manners as any poor fisherman in the place. Yes, we think a great deal of Mr. Gunston, sir."

"Landlord, is there any chance of that fog's returning before night?"

"Well, hardly, I should think, sir. You are fond of fogs, I think you said?"

"Fond of them! they're my pet abomination. When is *table-d'hôte?*"

"At 4 P. M., sir.—If you thought of taking a bath, sir, our bathing-machines are—"

"I never bathe!" exclaimed I—of course, with mental reservations. I had not yet recovered my equanimity sufficiently to enlarge upon my experiences of the morning, or to confess that I had been rescued from my wretched predicament by my railway-porter!

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On reissuing from the hotel-door, I beheld the blue sea "right plain in front of me," as the damsel of the bucket had said. There ought to be plenty of summer sea in heaven, for nothing on earth is more heavenly. What a blue—brilliant and tender, soothing and exhilarating! It tempts the soul of man to despise the body for its poverty of utterance, for beauty is more unutterable than even love.

The fog still lingered about the horizon, as though loath to leave so fair a scene; but a jolly breeze came freshening from the west, and was already scattering white sparkles over the mighty surface of azure, and giving strange life to passing vessels, which dipped and glided far off and near. The narrow beach of mounded shingle stretched right and left for several miles, its extremities closed in by the famous white cliffs which I had come to see. Before me lay the path which I had groped after three hours earlier; and the little ascent up which I had blindly stumbled now appeared as the side of a leveled esplanade, along which were ranged at short intervals a number of brilliantly-painted wooden benches. But the prospect was too fine to be injured even by the benches; it seemed a miracle that the formless blank of six o'clock had been changed into such exquisite shape and hue by nine.

The tide was on the ebb, but the surf was still heavy—much heavier than was warranted by the breeze. Some great storm had lately ploughed the Atlantic, and these huge rollers were a sort of official advices of what had been done outside. A rough sea appears larger and more imposing than a smooth one. The distance from the main body of water to the limit of the surf's up-flow is so much greater; beyond, range after range of tossing billows enable the eye to realize the immense perspective; and, meanwhile, the roar of the surges disconcerts the judgment and leads it to exaggerate. That rasp of the retreating wave adown the shingle is a sound so harsh and guttural that I should have fancied only the German Ocean capable of uttering it. The sea grasps the beach as with gigantic claws, building the pebbles up perpendicularly here, while there it sweeps them away and bares the sand beneath. But this is nothing to what happens in the great storms.

At a point of the shore nearly opposite the village, I found the ruins of a small fort. Very small indeed it was, and in its original, circular form might have been taken for a gigantic millstone. It had been massively built, and I should have supposed that nothing less than an eighty-one-ton shot could so completely have knocked it to pieces. So I looked about for the grizzled, one-legged survivor of the fight, with his blue eye, his quid, and his spy-glass, who was to tell me all about it.

He was not to be found; but, instead, I happened, somewhat to my surprise, upon my railway-porter. He explained that he was off duty for that day; and, in answer to my questions about the fort, informed me that the waves, and not cannon-balls, had wrought this destruction. What a buffet must that have been that shattered such solid masonry! Methinks I see the vast, gray wave, toppling and hustling onward, snatching up a few cart-loads of pebbles, whirling them round and round as in a sling, and then, with a sudden rush and roar and foaming tumult of energy, hurling them in one lump point-blank against the wall! The stone courses crack and part, the fragments fall apart, and now the

innumerable little pebbles are washed into the gaps and crevices of the bulwarks they have overthrown, and half bury them from sight. For so does the sea heal the scars it makes; and these ruins, festooned with uprooted sea-weed and softened with drift, looked as accustomed to their catastrophe an hour after it had occurred as they do to-day.

Such great storms, my companion told me, come periodically. Every five years or so the ocean gives a yawn, as it were, kicks over its barriers, shakes its mane at the little village, and throws stones at the outlying houses. The latter, therefore, intrench themselves behind a sturdy wall of compact masonry, built round three sides of a square. But nothing entirely avails against the burly besieger; yonder stands a blighted mansion, whose lower story was entered last year by several hundred tons of rude sea-pebbles, which knocked, indeed, at door and windows, but came in without staying for an answer, carrying windows and door with them. No writ of ejectment or prosecution has been served on the trespassers, and they still remain in possession. Probably the astounding effrontery of the outrage at once and forever quelled all spirit of opposition. Certainly it would be hard to devise a more terrific way of awakening a peaceful householder in the dead of night; and what if he possessed a wine-cellar!

Three centuries ago, according to my porter, a sea-change happened here which really deserves to be called strange. At that time a small river (by no means an insignificant one, however, as English rivers go) flowed peacefully through the lowland, and found its exit to the ocean beside this same small fishing-village, upon which it conferred some little maritime importance. Ever since Julius Cæsar's eye for the picturesque brought him over to Britain, and for how long before that we know not, this quiet stream had pursued its accustomed course, with no more idea of altering it than the Conservative party in England has of altering its policy on the Eastern question. One winter night, however, during the latter half of the sixteenth century, a hurricane began to blow, the like of which had never been known before. The sea, so to speak, reared straight up on end, and stalked over the land like an army of giants. The surf broke miles inland, amid sequestered farms and over green country-lanes. It was the conviction of those who retained their senses sufficiently to be conscious of any conviction at all that the traditional subjects of Britannia had organized a successful rebellion, and that the "right little, tight little island" was not water-tight, but, on the contrary, was incontinently become part of the sea-bottom. The storm raged for three days, after which there was an improvement, so far as weather was concerned.

But when, at last, the appalled fishermen ventured to thrust their heads inquiringly outside their windows, lo! they had lost their river. Amazed, they staggered forth, and sought distracted up and down; the river was gone, and there was not so much as a pint of ditch-water left to show where it had been. It was not a case of annihilation, however: far worse—it was an elopement; the most heartless instance of geographical unfaithfulness that I ever heard of. One of the villagers, wandering forlorn some miles to the northward, all at once stumbled upon a stream which he had never seen in that part of the country before. Oppressed with a dark suspicion, he followed it up toward its source, and ere long was compelled to recognize in it the traitorous current which he and his fellows had mourned as dead. It occupied its unlawful bed with so much demure self-possession, and smiled in its betrayed one's face so placidly, that had it been possible still to doubt he would have done so. It was an impressive story, and might, I thought, be worked up into a romantic and pathetic novel in three volumes, in which the heroine, if not the plot, should be entirely unhackneyed and original. It would be difficult, however, to inflict poetical justice in the last chapter. The real sequel is, that a new village grew up around the new river-mouth, and to-day flaunts its stolen prosperity in the former possessor's face. To set matters right by another great storm would denote poverty of imagination; and there are various difficulties in the way of creating a geological convulsion.

IV.—CHALK.

My sensible and entertaining porter now observed that he must go home to his kids, and so he bade me farewell and walked off. I kept ploughing my way onward through the gray shingle, with the sea on my right, and the cliffs lifting their strange whiteness heavenward, at an ever-lessening distance in front of me. I had heard so much about the snowy cliffs of Albion that I was prepared to find something very dingy and disappointing. Seen from a distance, they might, perhaps, assume a snowy gleam; but upon a closer examination this would disappear, and stains and discolorations would fill the view. Pure white is a rare color in Nature, and wise people are slow to believe in it before seeing it.

As I approached, the cliffs presented themselves to me in profile—a gradual slope of olive-green mounting from the landward side, and a sheer vertical precipice to seaward. It always affords me a fresh pleasure to behold the grand and bold breakings off of the land which are to be seen nowhere save at the sea-side, and at the summits of mountains. These are the unfinished places of Nature—there is no easing them down, or smoothing them off; they are where one order of things ends and another begins, and such mighty ends and beginnings it is good and satisfactory to contemplate. The present precipices were from a hundred to two hundred feet in height; the sky above them was of a shade of blue which I can indicate only by calling it infantine; the blue of the sea at their foot was vigorous and robust in comparison, and showed a slight greenish tinge, which was further set off by the delicate purple of the horizon. These splendid tints were kindled with sunshine, and harmonized by the white front of the great cliff, which rested athwart them all, its brow swathed in a misty indistinctness. Was the fog, then, a sort of spiritualization of the

chalk, or was the chalk solidified fog? They ought to be related in one way or the other.

But when at length I stood directly beneath the cliffs and gazed upward, the mist had vanished, and the zenith (to speak artistically) was genuine ultramarine, while the chalk was pure Chinese white—only one cannot buy these colors at the shops made up with cent. per cent. of brilliant sunshine. The effect of chalk upon the eye is very different from that of snow, although it appears to be just as white. One reason, of course, is that all snow-shadows have blue in them, which chalk-shadows have not; another may be that we feel snow—even "everlasting" snow—to be transitory, and its transitoriness brings it nearer to our sympathies than this strange primeval chalk can ever come—which belongs, by rights, far down in the bowels of the globe, but which rises up out of our green and familiar earth, the pale ghost of an unknown past—a ghost that we can touch, yet never really approach, for it owns no kinship with man.

Speaking soberly, however, it is not the fact that flint-chalk belongs to the latter part of the Reptilian age and Mesozoic time that gives it its impressiveness, but the fact that it is white. When the great Ode to the Colors is written, white will, I trust, be celebrated as it ought to be, but has never yet been. White is properly the type of goodness and purity; when, therefore, it appears under tragic and appalling circumstances, it is tenfold more terrifying than black would be, because it seems unnatural and monstrous. If waves foamed black instead of white upon the fatal reef, the doomed mariner would drown with one shudder the less. It is the soft, deceitful whiteness that insults and awes as well as kills him. Again, is it not the whiteness of a ghost and of a skeleton that gives them half their power over the imagination? or, if the devil, so far from being as black as he is painted, were to turn out dead white, would he not be a more grewsome fiend than ever? May it not be said, in short, that the color capable of producing upon the human mind the strongest influences, both for good and for evil, is white and not another? Then things are not at their worst when they look blackest; they have yet to put on that ghastly hue which, because it is the sum of all hues, we are fain to call hueless. And as for the famous white cliffs of Albion, they are superb or frightful, or both at once, according to our point of view or mood of mind. The longer I gazed upon them, the more weird and uncanny did they appear; and, if this was the case at noonday, it is easy to imagine what their effect would be in a moonlit storm, for instance. For miles and miles they stretched away, gleaming ghastly white along the sea, which itself blanched into foam even at the moment when it dashed defiantly against them. Most impressive, indeed, they were; and for once my prudent skepticism had been gratuitous: their whiteness was as unsullied and complete as report had given it out to be. But what an unconscionable amount of chalk it was!—enough, were the world a blackboard, to write its history in the longest and most ornate periods.

Interminable dotted rows of black flints slanted upward from base to summit, indicating the dip of the strata, and causing the uneducated mind to wonder how they got there, and why the rows happened to be parallel. Their only use seems to be to form a shingle beach—by the somewhat deliberate process of being washed out of their setting by the action of the waves. An immense number of these detached flints—quite one per cent., I should say—are pierced either partially or entirely by small holes; and, as I sauntered along, I picked one up every now and then and strung it on a bit of twine which I found in my pocket, until I had a primitive sort of necklace, such as an ancient Briton might have worn.

By this time the sun—it was a mid-August day of a remarkably hot summer—had got nearly overhead, and was beginning to make himself felt, his rays being reflected from the sea, the shingle, and the chalk, in a complicated but very effective manner. Seeing a cave in the face of the glaring cliff, I made my way to it, in the hope of finding it an agreeable retreat in which to smoke a cigar. But it was already tenanted by countless myriads of small flies and other lively little insects, who, with perhaps the best will in the world to be hospitable, only succeeded, like many bigger bugs than they, in being offensive. As I stepped forth again, a large fragment of chalk broke away from the brow of the overhanging cliff and fell with a dead thump near me, small chips splintering away from it on all sides, but the main lump remaining unbroken. The beach is strewed with similar fragments of all shapes and sizes, from cobble-stones up to bowlders of many tons' weight. Some of these are below low-water mark, and at least a hundred yards from the present base of the cliff. Have they been carried out there by the waves? or did the cliff originally extend to where they lie? Their whiteness, in those parts which are not overgrown with sea-weed, is marvelously intense, the action of salt-water seeming to add a lustre to what was already immaculate. The sea-weed, by-the-way, takes root on the upper sides of these bowlders instead of the lower, and on the landward instead of the seaward face. There must be such a good reason for this that one cannot help wishing to know what it is.

Any one who maintains that the sun of England is incapable of producing fatigue and perspiration should have been my companion on this day. The tide was now nearly low, but I kept as near the water as possible for coolness' sake. Presently I found myself on a low-lying ledge of rocks, amid which were numberless pools, each one a complete aquarium, containing sea-weed, fish, crabs, sea-anemones, and starfish. While studying the wonders of one of the largest of these pools, I inadvertently discovered that the water in it was a trifle over waist-deep. The incident suggested the propriety of taking a bath in a more deliberate and less inconvenient manner; so I laid my garments out on the shingle to dry, and then, in spite of my disclaimer to the landlord, I sought the surf once more. The water was just warm enough to make it easy to stay in too

long; and, on coming out at last, the hot pebbles were towel enough and to spare. The sun poured straight down and seemed to penetrate to the marrow, until I felt as if the warmth and light I had absorbed would last me some way into the cold gloom and dampness of the coming winter.

V.—UPS AND DOWNS.

It was already afternoon when I arrived at a depression in the line of cliffs, and found a narrow pathway leading upward from the beach to the summit. A few minutes' climbing brought me to the level of the South Downs, known to fame on account of the mutton raised upon them. They are a series of undulating plains, covered with a compact, close-cropped turf of a dark, olive-green hue. The contours of these undulations when relieved against the sky appear singularly sharp and clear; and the shadows cast are beautifully soft and gentle. Nothing would be easier, however, than to lose one's way upon them, there being absolutely nothing in the nature of landmarks (except the artificial "blazings" of chalk along some of the principal pathways) whereby to direct the course. One depression or elevation exactly resembles another, and the eye soon becomes bewildered. There is the danger, moreover, of walking over the edge of the cliff; for even in broad daylight you may walk within a dozen paces of it without suspecting your proximity; and at dusk or in a fog the only safe plan would be to sit down wherever you happen to be, and wait for better luck. How the ancient Britons contrived to walk along the edge of these cliffs, and throw down stones at Cæsar, I cannot conceive; it is even a mystery whence they obtained the stones. The nearest approach to a projectile that I saw were the innumerable little white snail-shells (with no snails in them), which, with the mutton—which I did not see—are the only ostensible product of the South Downs.

By this route it was a journey of two or three miles homeward; but, on reaching the brow of the descent to the village, I had the worth of my walk in a fine outlook over the neighborhood. On the left lay the broad, flat sea; on the right, green fields, and hedge-rows, and cultivated slopes; in front, a series of headlands approached from the pale horizon, until at my feet the little village lay huddled behind its wave-compelled barrier of shingle. It was a small and ancient-looking cluster of habitations, threaded by narrow and devious streets, all of which, however, if followed out to the end, would conduct you toward the shore. A dumpy little church of gray stone, with a red-tiled roof, and a short, squat tower bearing a diamond-shaped clock-dial on its front, presided with fitting dignity over this homely assemblage. All the old houses were red-tiled in strict conformity with their church, and were built only one story and a half in height, so as to escape the sweep of winter gales. But, on the west of the village, and insolently turning their backs upon it and the church, stood a row of brand-new, perked-up, four-story buildings, which had no more congruity, physical or metaphysical, with the place to which they were accredited, than they had with Rome or Babylon. Of these houses, the tallest and most perked-up was, I regretted to see, my hotel. It would be well if a storm, like unto that which carried away the river, were to remove these impertinent pieces of architecture into some adjoining county. The winds and waves owe the village a good turn, and they could do nothing more acceptable than this. "And Mr. Gunston," said I to myself, "must, in spite of the landlord, be a wretch!"

Nevertheless, my exertions had given me an appetite, and since I knew that there was a place reserved for me at the hotel-table, I felt that it would be foolish to absent myself from it on merely sentimental grounds. Accordingly, I went down the hill with that uncomfortable rapidity to which slopes of a certain steepness always compel the pedestrian; and an hour later I was in a mood to endure the existence of a comfortable inn even at some sacrifice of æsthetic harmony.

When, after dinner, I again turned my steps seaward, it lacked some four hours of sunset. The sea directly beneath the sun had a whitish appearance, owing to the glitter of the light upon the waves; but this merged on either side into a pale-green hue, which, on the extreme north and south, became dark blue; while the horizon passed through a corresponding series of gradations from misty white to mauve. The breeze had died away, and the surf, no longer loud-voiced and eager, seemed half asleep, and barely maintained a mild, reiterating plash along the shore. Yet even these infantine waves had a sly way of making quick, unexpected onsets upon the unwary feet of those who trod too near; and every once in a while a small shriek would go up from somebody who had got wetted, or had narrowly missed being so. All the nobility and gentry of the neighborhood were out to enjoy the afternoon ocean; and after turning round and round, like a dog about to lie down, I at length fixed upon a commodious spot in the shingle, and established myself there.

VI.—LIFE.

It is pleasant to observe how intercourse with the ocean renders grown-up people childlike and playful. They gambol with the waves and the beach precisely as children do, only more awkwardly. They put themselves in perilous proximity with the surf, they cry out and laugh, they pelt one another with sea-weed. When they go in bathing, they become oblivious or reckless of personal appearance, and dance up and down in the water, splash, scream, and gesticulate, as they had not done since coming out of the nursery. The ocean is so immense, and at the same time, owing to its homogeneity, so personal, that every man and woman must feel themselves devoid of age and formality in its presence.

As for the children themselves, they are simply in their element, and appear the most reasonable of created beings. All their sayings and doings, which seemed so absurd and distracting in the parlor and dining-room at home, are here the very apples of

gold in the picture of silver. Let them set up the loudest racket they can—there are no echoes on the sea-shore, and we fancy that the sound of their voices is absorbed only too quickly into space. But, in fact, children are seldom so noisy here as are their elders; the vastness that surrounds them makes them quiet. They work about very busily, but with less uproar of tongues than they usually find indispensable. They are all devoted to paddling, and some very tall paddling is exhibited by young ladies from four to fourteen years old. Such lengths of sometimes chubby but often lean and bony shanks as those young people do measure out for the edification of spectators! There seems to be a fearful joy in paddling which is absent from malice-prepense bathing. It is a sort of stealing a march on expectation; and there is the fascinating danger of getting the clothes wet, besides. But painful observation has satisfied me that paddling won't do for grown people; even the ocean cannot make children enough of them for that.

The ocean has other effects besides reproducing childhood; it can create a philosophic serenity and repose such as we are more apt to associate with the Golden Age than with the nineteenth century. To sit face to face with boundless air and water makes it seem worth while to be silent and motionless: the pulse and the brain are calmed, the eyes move in long, leisurely glances, the breath comes slow and deep, and we realize with surprise how feverish and fussy the most of life is.

Little groups of people were encamped all along the beach as far as the eye could distinguish them, and resembling at a distance those clusters of sea-weed and shells which every tide rolls up upon the shore. Some had settled themselves quite near the water's edge; others, more phlegmatic, were half-way up the pebbly ridge; others, again, with whom one would hardly venture to scrape an acquaintance under any circumstances, were seated decorously upon the painted benches on the esplanade. Each group had its umbrella or two, buff or black; the gentlemen wore white veils round their hats, with the ends hanging down behind, as though they had been in Ceylon; the ladies wore white dresses, and everybody had on canvas shoes.

But the persons who attracted me most were an exceedingly pretty little boy and girl, about seven and nine years old, who sat by themselves, not far from where I was reclining. The boy lay with his head in his sister's lap, and the two appeared, so far as I could discover, to be doing nothing at all except to enjoy the fun of being alive. At length I arose, and respectfully approached them, and asked whether I might sit down beside them. They gazed at me inquiringly, and, seeing that I did not look dangerous, they graciously granted my request. For at least ten minutes we three sat in perfect silence, looking at one another with solemn earnestness; but, by the end of that time, we had arrived at an excellent mutual understanding. I now inquired whether they had ever listened to the wonderful and delightful story of the Caliph Stork; and forthwith proceeded to tell it. It had a great success; and from that we went on straight through my whole collection of Hauff, Grimm, and Hans Christian Andersen. Then they told me that they liked me very much, but not so well as their papa, and that their papa's name was Gunston, and that he owned all the nice new houses, and had been to Australia. I really began to feel some curiosity to see this Gunston, who was as well off in children as in money, be he how rich soever.

From story-telling we fell to throwing pebbles at a mark—a universal and very absorbing employment at the sea-side. The conditions imposed were to lie flat on the back, raising the head just enough to see the target, and so to let fly. In such constrained circumstances any decent approximation to the mark is creditable; a narrow miss is a marvel of dexterity, while an actual hit is a triumph worthy of being recorded in the next edition of Mr. Green's "Short History of the English People." After this we began digging holes along the terrestrial radius toward China; but were content to stop at a depth sufficient to illustrate in transverse section the geologic formation of the beach. After a rattling and rolling descent through the world of flint stones, which grew ever smaller and smaller, like all obstacles resolutely met, we came to a region of brown sand; the pleasure of scooping out which, in contrast with the harshness of the previous labor, represented the rewards which should crown all earnest search after the inner substance of things. The sand being gone, however, we found ourselves stuck in a greasy bed of clay, not easy to penetrate, and leading apparently to nothing. From this we learned the unwisdom of prying too curiously into the arcana of life; and the best thing we could think of doing then was to wash our hands of the whole business.

As the sun went down, and the air grew cool, we were fain to abandon our stations on the beach, and the children said a cordial adieu, and left me. I joined the little throng which was pacing to and fro along the promenade. The dusk comes on slowly: from a crimson cloud in the west a rosy lustre is reflected against the white face of the great, white wall yonder to the southward, where I walked to-day. Its cold deadness seems to be touched into glowing life for a moment; but soon the light fades, and the cliff vanishes ghost-like in the gathering gray. Now some fishermen come from the village, and, laying hold of the boats which ever since morning have lain in graceful idleness upon the beach, they drag them with a rush and a shout down the slope, and so plunge through the surf of the risen tide. There is no wind; the waves break gently, as if hushing themselves to sleep; but for half an hour, if we listen intently, we may hear the measured sound of oars turning in the rowlocks. And when it has become quite dark, we descry, far out upon the waters, red lights, burning like fallen stars. Have those fellows any idea that they, in the business-like pursuit of their rude profession, have added the last touches of poetic beauty to the day?

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I told the landlord I must take the first train the next morning; he expressed some commonplace regrets in his usual deferential manner, promised to have me called at the proper hour, and hoped I would come soon again.

"I mean to do so," said I; "and when I do I hope to have the pleasure of seeing your Mr. Gunston. If he is half as charming as his children, he's a Phœnix."

The landlord looked a little puzzled, but said, "Quite so—quite so, sir!" bowed, smiled feebly, and vanished. After I was locked into my room, and had put the candle out, I remembered that I had intended asking him to engage the railway-porter to carry back my valise for me. However, it was now too late, and since the distance to the station was but small, it would be no hardship for me to lug the thing myself. So next morning, after discharging my bill, I laid hold upon it and set stoutly off.

"Better let me carry that, sir," said a voice behind me; and there was my porter. I wondered why he never wore corduroys, like all other porters I had ever seen.

"No, thank you," said I; "I shall do very well; and it isn't worth a shilling when there's no fog."

"I sha'n't mind about the shilling, sir," replied the man, smiling. "A chap sometimes likes to help another a bit, when he can do it, without being paid for it."

"You are the first porter, however, from whom I ever heard those sentiments," I observed. "Well, catch hold, then; and I sha'n't object to your drinking my health afterward."

As he took the valise, we turned the corner of the street, and came suddenly upon the two children of the famous Mr. Gunston, trotting along hand-in-hand. My porter sat down the valise, took up one child after the other, and gave them a couple of hearty kisses.

"My kids, sir," he said, resuming the valise, with a laugh. "Well, I'm proud of 'em.—Run along home now, pets; dad'll be round directly."

"Yours!" repeated I, stopping short, and eying him with astonishment. "Why, they told me last night they were Mr. Gunston's children!"

"Oh, you got acquainted with 'em, did you, sir?" returned he, with a smile, half mischievous and half embarrassed. "Well, my name is Gunston, sure enough."

"I hope," said I, at last, "that you won't refuse to drink my health, Mr. Gunston, or to let me drink yours.—Why didn't you tell me before?"

"Well, a man's a man, or he isn't, whatever his name may be," said Mr. Gunston, good-naturedly; "that's one thing I learned in Australia. And another is, that it don't necessarily hurt a man to carry another's burden for him once in a while, even if he does get a bob for it. Ha, ha, ha!—Well, here's your train, sir. Jump in! Good-by, and next time you get down here I'll carry your valise to my own shanty, if you're agreeable!"

We shook hands mightily: the train moved away.

RUSSIAN DISSENT, HERESY, AND SCHISM.

THE Russians are not Europeans except technically. It is necessary to put this caution before one's eyes whenever anything Russian is to be considered, because there could be no more fruitful as there is no more common source of misapprehension than forgetfulness of this fact. One naturally thinks of the Russians as only a modified sort of Englishmen, or Germans, or Frenchmen. In studying Russian life, or speculating upon probable Russian action, we are apt to regard things Russian from a West-European point of view. The fact is, as every student of the subject soon discovers, that the subjects of the czar are Europeans only as the Turks are, by geographical accident, and every judgment concerning them which rests upon the theory of anything like a close analogy between them and the other peoples of Europe must be sadly misleading.

We are accustomed to say that Russia, since the days of Peter, has advanced rapidly in civilization: it would be more exact to say that Russia has been advanced, as her attitude has been at best a passive one. The civilization which she has is something that has been superimposed upon the people by a power essentially alien to themselves—a power, that is to say, with whose ideas and wishes they have never sympathized. In accepting that civilization, they have not accepted the ideas that created it in the countries from which it was borrowed by Peter the Great and his successors. The czars have plated Russia, so to speak, with the manners and the institutions of the West, but Russia remains unchanged under the plating. Her people have obeyed the imperial edicts, but they have not sanctioned them. They have submitted rather than consented to the changes which have been wrought, and their submission has not always been ready and cheerful. These changes have made Russia a European state, but they have not made the Russians Europeans. They are Russians still, of the old, semi-Oriental sort, and they have the old, semi-Oriental way of thinking which belonged to their forefathers.

It is especially important to bear all this in mind in considering the attitude of the Russians toward religion, the church, heresy, and schism. A recent writer on the Eastern question has fallen, as it seems to me, into a grave error from neglect of this, assuming that, because the Russians do not willingly tolerate heresy among themselves, they would probably persecute other than Greek Christians in any territory that might fall to them in a war with Turkey. Such an assumption would be perfectly logical in the case of any nation of Western Europe. If the Germans were accustomed to persecute Roman Catholics, it would have been fair to suppose that

they would persecute them in Alsace and Lorraine, when those provinces became German; but the Russians are not European in their ways of thinking, and the reasoning from analogy fails because no analogy exists. The Russian notion of religion is not at all our notion of it, and the supreme obligation of the Russian to practise the rites of the Orthodox Church is not held to govern persons not Russian, even though they be subjects of the czar. "According to Russian conceptions," writes Mr. Wallace, in the interesting work from which chiefly the materials of this article, as those of a former one, have been drawn, "there are two distinct kinds of heresy, distinguished from each other not by the doctrines held, but by the nationality of the holder. It seems to a Russian, in the nature of things, that Tartars should be Mohammedans, that Poles should be Roman Catholics, and that Germans should be Protestants; and the mere act of becoming a Russian subject is not supposed to lay the Tartar, the Pole, or the German, under any obligation to change his faith. These nationalities are, therefore, allowed the most perfect freedom in the exercise of their respective religions, so long as they refrain from disturbing by propagandism the divinely-established order of things. This is the received theory, and we must do the Russians the justice to say that they habitually act up to it. If the government has sometimes attempted to convert alien races, the motive has always been political, and the efforts have never awakened much sympathy among the people at large, or even among the clergy. In like manner the missionary societies, which have sometimes been formed in imitation of the Western nations, have never received much popular support. Thus with regard to aliens this peculiar theory has led to very extensive religious toleration. Tartars, Poles, and Germans, are in a certain sense heretics, but their heresy is natural and justifiable. With regard to the Russians themselves the theory has had a very different effect. If in the nature of things the Tartar is a Mohammedan, the Pole a Roman Catholic, and the German a Protestant, it is equally in the nature of things that the Russian should be a member of the Orthodox Church. On this point the written law and public opinion are in perfect accord. If an Orthodox Russian becomes a Roman Catholic or a Protestant, his heresy is not of the same kind as that of the Pole or the German. No matter how pure and elevated his motives may be, his change of religion is not justifiable; on the contrary, he is amenable to the criminal law, and is at the same time condemned by public opinion as an apostate—almost as a traitor."

And yet it is with sects and schisms that we shall concern ourselves in this sketch, and Russia furnishes abundant material of this sort for a much fuller treatise than any magazine-article can be. Russia is so full of sects, indeed, and many of them are of so abnormal a kind, that the subject has engaged many pens, and filled many volumes.

Of the sects which vex the government and the church, some of them slightly, others sorely, there are two distinct kinds, which may be conveniently named, after Mr. Wallace's plan, dissenters and heretics; the dissenters being the members of the scores of sects which have been developed out of the protesting faction of the church in the time of Nikon, and the heretics being protestants of every degree against the Greek Church doctrines and rites. There are many fantastic sects in each of these categories, and they have long been a source of serious trouble to the government, as well as an interesting subject of study.

The dissenters originated in a schism, but they have always held that not they, but the priests of the Orthodox Church, were schismatics; they believe themselves to be more Orthodox than the church, to be the church, indeed, opposing an officially sanctioned heresy. They are a sort of Old Catholic body, which has been separated from the church by the church's departure from the true faith, or rather the true form, which, to the Russian mind, is more important. They have not protested against old things, but against new, and their separation from the church has been the result merely of their faithful adherence to the practices of the fathers as they have received them.

The Russians, as was shown in a preceding paper, regard religion chiefly as a set of semi-magical rites; and, believing as they do that both temporal and spiritual welfare are dependent upon the strict observance of forms, the more faithful among them have naturally resented and resisted everything like innovation in religious ceremonies, attaching inordinate importance even to the most insignificant trifles. The substitution of "O Lord have mercy" for "Lord have mercy" in a chant was sufficient to arouse the bitterest opposition; and an archbishop once declared that the repetition of a single word only twice instead of thrice was sufficient to secure the damnation of the innovating worshipers! The position of the fingers in making the sign of the cross is deemed a matter of vital importance; and the manner of bowing before an icon may involve the bower's eternal welfare.

During Nikon's patriarchate it became necessary to revise the liturgy, and it was discovered that various errors had been fastened upon the text by careless or ignorant copyists—as, for example, in spelling the name of the Saviour "Isus" instead of "Iisus." Nikon's effort to correct these time-sanctified errors was stoutly resisted by the extreme conservatives in the church, who refused to conform upon any terms to the new ritual; and in the end the devout conservatives were formally excommunicated.

Thus originated the dissenters; but they have since suffered many divisions. When the czar persecuted them, they named him Antichrist, and fled for safety into the forests or across the frontiers; but, when they sought to keep the church alive among themselves, everything proposed produced a new schism. They were without bishops, and some of them believed that they could ordain priests for themselves, others that they could not. Some of them accepted renegade or rejected priests ordained

by conforming (and therefore heretical) bishops; others refused to do so on the ground that such ordination was invalid—and thus arose the sect known as the priestless people, who hold that the ordinary means of salvation, through the sacraments, have been withdrawn from men. When the government relented and ceased to persecute the non-conformists, even permitting them to worship as they pleased upon paying a small fine, some of them accepted the clemency offered, while others refused to have any dealings with Antichrist; and so again a division occurred. It was a case in which private judgment was necessarily exercised upon points whose importance was only imaginary, and by men whose notions of the subjects with which they dealt were founded in most illogical conceptions, and the number of sects which have thus been created is surprising only upon a first view. Maturer consideration leads one to wonder rather that there is any limit at all to their number.

Their present condition varies as greatly as their notions do. One sect has regularly licensed religious houses in St. Petersburg and Moscow, while another consists of vagabonds who will not live in houses or enter upon business of any kind, believing that the end of earthly things is at hand, and that whoever binds himself to this world by participating in its concerns shall perish with it. Some of the sects live in a sort of harmony with the church itself, their members securing immunity from interference on the part of the careless and unscrupulous parish-priests by paying these clergymen the fees which they would exact for the performance of their functions if the sectaries wished to have them performed. The clergy, regarding their office merely as a source of revenue, are well content to receive their fees without being asked to perform rites in return, and dissenters whose consciences permit them thus to pay tribute to Antichrist get on well enough, nobody suspecting that they are dissenters at all. Their stricter brethren, however, have a less easy lot. Some of them go so far in their refusal to have intercourse with heretics—that is to say, with members of the Orthodox Church—that they remove and throw away door-handles that have been polluted by the touch of persons who have yielded to Nikonian novelties.

I referred just now to the origin of the priestless people, and I return to the subject for the sake of recounting a little more fully the story of the difficulties of the old ritualists in the matter of obtaining priests—difficulties in which the more practical half of them displayed a very praiseworthy disposition to bend to circumstances which they could not control. Their one bishop having died without transmitting his episcopal orders, their supply of priests speedily fell short. Up to that time these rigid ritualists had kept themselves free from everything like contact with the heretical priests who remained in the state church. Their need becoming sore, however, they relented so far as to accept the ministrations of priests who had remained in the state church upon two conditions—namely, the priests must have been ordained before the schism occurred, and they must abjure their heresies. This served the purpose for a time, but after a while the supply of priests who fulfilled the first of these conditions naturally failed, and the ritualists again modified their doctrine to meet the exigency. They required only that the abjuring priest should be one who had been baptized before the schism, and in the case of such a one they overlooked the fact that his ordination had come from the bishops of Antichrist. Finally, even this condition was removed, and the old ritualists had renegade priests in plenty. At a later day they secured bishops of their own, so that now they are no longer dependent upon an heretical church for their clergymen.

Positive heresy is apt to be more interesting than mere dissent, and in Russia it is greatly more so. Sects are many in that country, whose members reject the official church utterly, and have creeds of their own concocting, nearly all of them being fantastic in a greater or less degree. Some of these sects number among their members men of culture and social standing, but usually the heretics are ignorant followers of more ignorant leaders. Mr. Wallace appears to have made no great effort to study these sects, and in attempting here to give the reader some notion of their peculiarities of creed and practice I tell chiefly what other travelers than Mr. Wallace have reported.

It must be borne in mind that many of the queerest of these Russian sects exist only in single neighborhoods, numbering only a few members, and having no real importance, social or political, and that distance is apt to mislead us with respect to their significance. I suppose that a Russian traveling in this country in search of queer things to write about would easily discover many little heresies among us of a fantastic kind of which we are in ignorance. I remember a little society of fanatics with whom I came in contact in the State of Indiana, many years ago, whose fancies would lend interest to a Russian writer's account of odd American sects. Their prophet and leader was an ignorant man, in humble circumstances, who dreamed one night, after eating an unwholesome supper, that he saw the Saviour of mankind, wearing a hat with the brim in the same plane with its crown. He straightway founded his church upon this dream, and he and his disciples wore hats of the pattern described. A book has been published in New York within the last month or two, in which an elaborate account is given of a certain "sleeping preacher" in North Alabama, whose pretense, or delusion, or whatever else it is, might easily bring a new gospel and church into being, if the religious instruction of the people around him were somewhat less thorough than it is. There are probably many scores of small and absurd sects in America of which magazine-readers know nothing whatever, and it is not unlikely that some at least of the queer Russian sects are equally unimportant, or would be so if the state church would let them alone, as it usually will not do. Others, again, are well organized and wide-spread, the Molo-

kani in particular, among whom Mr. Wallace passed a considerable time. He found them to be in effect very nearly Scotch Presbyterians, so far as doctrines and practices are concerned, but without the freedom of action, the ecclesiastical organization, and the formulated theology, of the Scotch. They are well-behaving people, industrious, sober, truthful, and prosperous. They mind their business, and pay their taxes, wherefore the civil government is disposed to let them alone, except when moved by the ecclesiastical authorities to interfere with them. The Molokani do not talk freely, however, of their religious doctrines, for fear of bringing trouble upon themselves, and Mr. Wallace found it necessary to lay careful siege to their confidence before he could learn much about them. They take the Bible for their sole guide, asserting the fullest right of private interpretation. They are plain men, usually, unlearned, but so well acquainted with the Scriptures that they can repeat at will all the passages which refer to a point under consideration. They have a general agreement of doctrine among themselves, but have no formal creed. They are open to conviction, and have no cherished doctrines to defend against new light. They meet to discuss doctrinal points, and seek merely to ascertain what the teachings of Scripture are. Many points are avowedly unsettled as yet among them, and upon these they hold their judgments in suspense with charming frankness and honesty. They reject fasts, believing ceremonies to be of no importance, and arguing that men who work need abundant food. Mr. Wallace calls them Presbyterians; other writers have believed them to be unaccountably strayed Lutherans; and one investigator, at least, names them rationalists. They are clearly Protestants, and rather logical freethinkers, whose freethinking is kept within certain bonds by their unquestioning belief in the inspiration of the Scriptures.

The Molokani show us the best side of Russian sectarianism, and the fact that they are rarely interfered with by the authorities seems to show that, whatever spirit of intolerance there may be in Russia, the civil government is wise enough to recognize the impropriety of persecuting a heresy which makes its followers thrifty, sober, law-abiding, and prosperous subjects.

There is greater allowance to be made for the enforcement of law against a sect which holds that Christ has come, and that it is now a sin to pay either rent or taxes. There are two such sects, one of very recent origin, and the other considerably older. They agree only upon this one point of doctrine, the newer sect having apparently no other article in its creed. The rent which these sectaries refuse to pay is the charge that was fixed upon their lands when they ceased to be serfs of the crown, and their refusal to pay it brings them directly into conflict with the civil power. The officers of government must collect what these peasants refuse, on a point of conscience, to pay, and the problem which is thus presented is an extremely vexatious one.

Another sect, the Helpers, were interfered with some years ago, but the only thing which could be proved against them was that they were unusually and, as it seemed to their neighbors, unnaturally good men. They were suspected of believing heretical doctrines, but the machinery of the courts was insufficient to discover what the prisoners did believe, and they were finally set free, to be as abnormally good as they pleased.

It is not surprising, in the circumstances which surround these sects, that they should endeavor to keep their doctrines and practices secret, but some odd things result sometimes from the effort to do this. For the most part, the sects produce no books, partly because they are commonly composed of illiterate men, but still more because books may be read by official personages. What we can learn of them is usually made known by some apostate member, or discovered by some spy of the monks, who gains admission to their society by feigning conversion to their faith. The Champions of the Holy Spirit, indeed, have a book which sets forth their doctrines and practices, but it was written by an enemy, an Orthodox Russian state-officer, and was meant to be a cruel satire upon them. They accepted it as a respectful and truthful account of themselves, and a correct exposition of their creed, and have held it in high esteem ever since. Their regard for the book led the press censors to prohibit its sale as an heretical work, and this added to its value in the eyes of the Champions of the Holy Spirit. These people neither preach nor hold services, but lead the strictest of lives, and practise personal piety with the utmost zeal.

Many of the sects have persons among them whom they believe to be Christ, incarnate for the second time, and the Virgin. One sect was founded by a peasant-soldier, Daniel Philipitch, about the middle of the seventeenth century, and is now strong in many parts of the empire. Philipitch's doctrines, as reported by Mr. Hepworth Dixon, who has made a special study in Russia of secret and curious sects, were, first, "I am God;" second, "There is no other God;" and third, "There is nothing new." He gave nine precepts to his followers, which I quote from Mr. Dixon's text: "Drink no wine. Remain where you are, and what you are. Never marry. Never swear, or name the devil. Attend no wedding, christening, or other feast. Never steal. Keep my doctrine secret. Love each other, and keep my laws. Believe in the Holy Spirit."

Another soldier has recently established a new religion which is so secret that it has no name, even among its disciples. He pretended to be Christ, and chose a woman for Virgin-mother. The accounts given of this sect represent its doctrines and practices to be unlawful and blasphemous. The members are said to insult the church in their meetings, and to treat sacred things with the utmost indignity; and yet when the authorities undertook to punish the heresy the men who were arrested established by abundant evidence their perfectly good behavior, and proved even that they were in all respects especially exemplary citizens and subjects;

that they paid their taxes, obeyed the law, performed all their duties, lived sober lives, attended the services and participated in the rites and ceremonies of the Orthodox Church, went to confession regularly, partook of the sacraments, and conformed strictly to the requirements of the church. Enough was proved, however, to make it certain that these men have a secret religion of their own; and an emissary of the police, who had attended their meetings, testified that they mocked the sacraments, spat upon icons, and gave other expression of their contempt for the church, which in public they treated with ostentatious respect and veneration. This sect also has a Virgin as well as a living Christ.

Mr. Dixon tells us of another sect in Moscow who regard Napoleon as the Messiah, and worship his image. They believe that the French emperor is still alive, somewhere in Asia, and that in due time he will return and conquer the forces of the czar.

I have mentioned here only a few of the many sects which have been described in Russian official records. The list might be extended almost indefinitely if there were space at command. One sect, whose practices are not proper matters to be described in this place, boast that even the Emperor Alexander I. was a member of their communion. This is extremely unlikely; but it is certain that that czar was deeply interested in studying the doctrines of the order, and for that purpose went among them in person, and questioned them of their belief and practice.

Besides dissent and heresy, there are some queer forms of religion in some parts of the empire, which have grown out of peculiar circumstances. The population is a composite one. There are Tartars, Poles, Finns, Kirghiz, and men of other races, living in villages or provinces of their own, in some cases, while in others they form parts of regular Russian neighborhoods. In either case they are in more or less constant contact with their Russian neighbors, and this sort of intercourse, continued as it has been through generations, has, of course, produced some strange admixtures of mutually modified religious notions and practices, varying in their character as the intercourse between different races has been greater or less.

Mr. Wallace saw some examples of this in certain Finnish villages whose people he studied with considerable care. These Finns, he believes, are aboriginal Russians, and their religion, their semi-civilization, and their agricultural methods, have much in them which has not been borrowed from the Russians; but the measure in which they have preserved their own ways differs in different villages. In some the people are still Finns, preserving their language and their customs, with no perceptible admixture of Russian ideas. In others the Russian influence is only slightly perceptible, and in others intercourse and intermarriage have done their work so thoroughly that scarcely a trace of Finnish traditions survives.

These Finns are technically members of the Orthodox Church, but they retain much of their pagan religion, having modified rather than abandoned it in becoming Christians. The change for them was an easy one, inasmuch as the Christianity which their Russian neighbors accept does not differ in its essential characteristics from their own paganism, and the two religions have blended, the Russians borrowing something from the Finns in return for what they gave them. The pagan religion of the Finns was not a creed, but a set of magic rites designed to propitiate the deities and secure personal welfare; and, as we have seen in a former article, the Russian notion of Christianity is scarcely higher than this. The Finns, being without special prejudice in favor of their own charms and incantations, were ready enough to borrow those of their neighbors. When their prayers were not answered, or their magic rites failed, they tried to secure their ends by practising the rites of the Russians. They could do this, too, without abandoning their own religion; they had never believed it to be the only true faith, and from their point of view it was at best a very imperfect means of accomplishing the practical purposes for which alone they understood that religions exist. There was, in their eyes, no impropriety in accepting two religions at once, and hence they simply added the Russian ceremonies to their own as so much gained in the way of luck-giving magic. They practise a sort of eclecticism in religion, trying both pagan and Christian rites, and adopting whatever of either seems best to answer their purposes. In many cases they make assurance doubly sure by using both, praying first to their own deities, and then, with crossings after the Russian manner, invoking the aid of St. Nicholas or the Virgin.

Their prayers, whether Christian or pagan, are for material good, and are couched in the most direct and familiar terms. Mr. Wallace gives a specimen prayer, recorded by M. Zolonitski, a Russian scholar who has made a special study of the Finns. Here it is:

"Look here, O Nicholas-God! Perhaps my neighbor, little Michael, has been slandering me to you, or perhaps he will do so. If he does, don't believe him. I have done him no ill, and wish him none. He is a worthless boaster and a babbler. He does not really honor you, and merely plays the hypocrite. But I honor you from my heart, and behold, I place a taper before you!"

Sometimes the Finns carry their religious eclecticism so far as to offer pagan sacrifices to Christian saints.

The Finns were easily converted to the sort of Christianity which they have accepted, partly because they were willing to add to their list of magic rites any others that promised to be of advantage, and partly because very little was required of them in the way of change. They were asked to surrender nothing, to abandon nothing, and to accept almost nothing, except baptism by immersion; and this they readily consented to do on condition that the baptizing should be done in summer. In some instances the zeal of the priests to make proselytes led them to offer a small reward for each person who

should become a convert, and the Finns at once manifested a willingness to submit to baptism, not once, but several times each.

There is one other fact which must be mentioned before we leave the subject of religious differences among Russian subjects—namely, that the Russian habit of regarding religion as a matter of race serves to prevent intolerance, and enables even Mohammedans and Orthodox Russians to live together amicably. The Tartars, unlike the Finns, cling to their religion tenaciously; and intermarriage, which quickly effaces social lines, is unknown between the Tartars and the Russians, even where the two races have lived together for long periods of time, and where the Tartars have adopted the Russian language. In the eastern provinces, where Asia and Europe meet, there are villages each of which is composed in part of Russians and in part of Tartars, united in a single commune, working together, and living in the utmost harmony, but never intermarrying, and never showing the slightest disposition to adopt each other's religion, or to seek proselytes to their own. They regard it as a matter of course that the Tartar shall continue to be a Mohammedan and the Russian a Christian, and in some cases they have carried their spirit of friendly tolerance so far as to aid each other in repairing their houses of worship.

THE STORY OF A BUSY WOMAN'S LIFE.[1]

THE most salient traits of Miss Martineau's autobiography, perhaps, consist in its minute, vivid, and fearless detail, the stoical courage and fortitude with which it reveals the weaknesses, faults, and misfortunes, of a remarkable character, and the frankness and boldness with which, indifferent to the prepossessions or prejudices of the world, it criticises the events and men of the period embraced by the narrative. The story is very notable for its self-analysis and self-dissection; intensely subjective from first to last, as an autobiography should be, it is a very graphic picture of the growth and progress of a mind, and of the inner as well as outer life of a woman whose career and works amply justified its production. Some one has justly said that even the life of a commonplace person, in the course of which there were no striking or dramatic incidents, could it be written out in minutest detail, conveying a truthful history of the subject's real thoughts, motives, and springs of action, would make a most interesting book. Such a history Miss Martineau has given us, as nearly as it is possible for a perfectly honest, outspoken, fearless writer of her own life to do; while the work has the added interest of being the record of a celebrity whose public career extended over something like half a century, who was keenly alive to the political events and philosophical discussions of her time, and whose marked individuality and earnestness of purpose impressed themselves very deeply on the age in which she lived; besides that of presenting, in many cases in a new light, rapid and vivid portraits of the famous men and women with whom the author came in contact.

The picture presented by Miss Martineau, both of herself and her career, and of her contemporaries, is not altogether a bright and pleasant one. Indeed, the narrative of her progress from infancy to womanhood, and from womanhood to old age, is far more often colored by sombre than by cheerful tints. Especially in her earlier years, Miss Martineau's existence was a sad, even a pitiable, one. Yet so resolved was she to omit no detail which memory supplied, and which could throw light upon the formation of her character, so natural and piquant are the host of incidents related of her childhood and girlhood, so freely did she describe her shortcomings, as well as those even of her family, that the history of this part of her life is as absorbing as a spirited novel, with the added attraction that its reality imparts.

Her earliest recollections were of miseries, due partly to her wretched state of health, and her singularly shy, nervous, excitable temperament, and partly to the austerity of her parents, and their utter inability to comprehend the causes and motives of her strange and fitful conduct. Obstinate illnesses, and a painfully-delicate organization, rendered her, when a mere child, a victim to horrible dreams, to morbid fancies, and to agonizing terrors of things that had no existence. When she looked out at the scarlet sky, she imagined that it was coming down "to stifle and crush me." She could not cross her father's yard, in broad daylight, without "flying and panting, and fearing to look behind, because a wild beast was after me." Standing at the head of a staircase, she would be seized with a terrible feeling that she could never get down. She was morbidly afraid of everybody—of her father and mother, her sisters, even of her gentle eldest brother; and she was sixteen years old before she found, in one of her aunts, a person who did not inspire her with dread, one to whom she could open her heart, and upon whom she could freely lavish the wealth of affection which had been so long pent up in her young heart. With all this, she was almost devoid of the sense of smell, and only had that of taste in a small degree; and the deafness which was to be a life-affliction began to creep upon her when she was twelve years old.

A more discouraging and promiseless beginning of a life could scarcely be conceived; and to the misfortunes thus organic in or incident to her organization were added the miseries of her home—harshness and want of comprehension on the part of her parents, and the reaction of their treatment upon her temper, making it simply a source of constant torture to the whole household as well as to herself.

[1] Harriet Martineau's Autobiography. Edited by Marie Weston Chapman. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co., 1877.

She seems, at this period, to have had but a single consolation amid all her troubles, and that was religion. The piety of her parents, far from driving her away in dread from religious teachings and services, which might not unnaturally have occurred, had the good influence of making Harriet fond of going to church, and of awakening in her mind, when she was a very young child, an eager curiosity in the momentous problems which relate to a future life. When she was five years old she preached infantile sermons to her brother James, then a baby who could not walk alone.

Miss Martineau's father was a manufacturer at Norwich, and she was the sixth in a family of eight children. Her parents were Unitarians, and her first religious impressions were received from the teachings of that sect. The decline of her father's business during the long Napoleonic wars made it imperative that Harriet not only should be taught at home, but that she should have practical household duties as well as lessons from her schoolbooks. So she was brought up to "make shirts and puddings, and iron and mend, and get my bread by my needle, if necessary." Her eldest sister and two of her brothers, meanwhile, directed her studies, which comprised Latin, French, writing, and arithmetic; but her progress under these home-tutors does not seem to have been rapid or thorough. Her sister required too much; her brother Henry made a joke of his share in the teaching; and her own nervousness, timidity, and bodily ills, made her a far from apt scholar. There was one talent, however, which, but for her deafness, might have developed into a rich accomplishment. "Nature," she says, "made me a musician in every sense." But, even in the study of this art, she was unfortunate, for her music-master was irritable and a scold, and told her that she had "no more heart than the chimney-piece;" and her heart gave a bound of wicked joy when, one day, she heard of his sudden death.

Her minute account of her subsequent school-days are full of interest. At eleven she and her sister Rachel were sent to a day-school, opened at Norwich by Mr. Perry, an Orthodox minister who had turned Unitarian, and so lost his pulpit. It was a happy selection, for in this school Harriet seems for the first time to have taken pleasure in study and in the companionship of children of her own age; while Mr. Perry "was made to be a girl's schoolmaster." After this came another period of home-schooling, which was wretched enough, for her health was bad, and her mind continually troubled, and "it was a depressed and wrangling life." Her deafness came on; she grew jealous of her sister Rachel; and she became a prey to three griefs, two of which are singular enough—her bad handwriting, her deafness, and "the state of my hair!" She afterward found out that the latter was caused by over-combing, a difficulty easily remedied.

Her life at home was so full of discomfort both to her family and herself that she was sent to Bristol to a relative of her mother's, where she pursued her studies in school. There she remained about a year, and then returned to Norwich, in her seventeenth year, to remain at home thirteen years. She had outgrown some of her early infirmities, and her strong character and keen mind were developing into an early maturity. She now found happiness in the companionship and confidence of her mother, a really sympathetic though reserved and sedate woman; and in the loving friendship of her eldest and her youngest brother. She continued her studies with the zeal born of genuine love of knowledge; translated Tacitus, read philosophy, pondered many a rapt hour over the Bible, became familiar with Hartley, Locke, and the metaphysicians, and engaged in meditations the most earnest over the theological problems relating to free-will, necessity, prayer, and revelation.

It was at the age of nineteen that Harriet Martineau felt the sensation, that is so delightful to most authors, of seeing her first contribution to literature in print. The account of her entrance upon the vocation of an authoress is full of interest. For some years, it seems, she had aspired to this vocation. It happened that her brother James, who was going to leave home for college, perceiving that she was far from happy, advised her to turn her attention to some fresh pursuit which would distract and engage her mind, and suggested writing for the press. The very next morning, before six o'clock, she was at her desk composing an article on "Female Writers on Practical Divinity"—a ponderous theme for a girl of nineteen—which, when finished, she sent to a small Unitarian periodical called the *Monthly Repository*. Keeping her design a secret from the family, she carried the article to the post-office, and awaited with palpitating heart the arrival of the next number of the *Repository*. It came just before service on Sunday morning; and when she turned the sheet her heart "thumped prodigiously" on seeing her article on the page. In the evening her elder brother, by chance, read the article aloud in his family circle, where Harriet was taking tea, praising it as he read. When he had ended it, he turned to her and said:

"'Harriet, what is the matter with you? I never knew you so slow to praise anything before.'"

"I replied, in utter confusion:

"'I never could baffle anybody. The truth is, that paper is mine.'

"He made no reply, read on in silence, and spoke no more till I was on my feet to come away. He then laid his hand on my shoulder, and said, gravely:

"'Now, dear, leave it to other women to make shirts and darn stockings; and do you devote yourself to this.'

"I went home," she adds, "in a sort of dream, so that the squares of the pavement seemed to float before my eyes. That evening made me an authoress!"

She was now inspired with a new purpose and ambition, and the article in the *Repository* was the beginning of a long, industrious, brilliant, and famous literary career. That her literary progress was not all a smooth ascent of Parnassus, and that

she had to encounter many a rebuff and obstacle before winning the applause and admiration of the world, were circumstances to which she looked bravely forward, and which she met as they arose with a courage and determination all her own. Her days of distress and misfortune were, indeed, far from over when she made her first essay in letters. Her eldest brother died soon after at sea; then her father pined gradually, and also passed away; and, finally, the manufactory failed, and left the family almost penniless. Another sorrow, perhaps the keenest of all, overtook her before she had launched fairly forth on her new pursuit. A young man had formed an attachment to her, which she seems to have fully reciprocated. Supposing her family to be well-to-do, and he himself being poor, he had refrained from making a proposal. But when their property disappeared in the maelstrom of the failure, he sought her hand, and they became engaged. Miss Martineau, however, was rather distressed than happy at this event. Her deafness, her feebleness of constitution, her "entangled state of mind," made her fear that she might fail in securing his happiness. As she was deliberating this, her affianced suddenly became insane, and, after a long illness, he, too, died.

Miss Martineau says of this, her only love-episode, that "it was happiest for both of us that our union was prevented by any means. . . . The beauty of his goodness remains to me," she adds, "clear of all painful regrets. I am, in truth, thankful for not having married at all. If I had had a husband dependent on me for his happiness, the responsibility would have made me wretched. I had not faith in myself to endure avoidable responsibility. If my husband had not depended on me for his happiness, I should have been jealous."

Happily, she had already acquired skill and experience in writing for the press before poverty suddenly overtook the family. She had written "Devotional Exercises" and a number of tales, despite the ails and illnesses which had not ceased torturing her; had continued her contributions to the *Repository*, writing for it fifty-two articles in a year for fifteen pounds; and had completed a longer story, called "Principle and Practice;" working with prodigious industry, and meanwhile learning somewhat of the business aspects and mishaps of literature. She was now thrown upon the resources of her pen for subsistence; but, though sick and ill at ease with the world, she set about her work with renewed zeal. Her first triumph was her success in competing for the three prizes offered by the Unitarian Association for essays addressed to Catholics, Jews, and Mohammedans. The amount thus gained, forty-five pounds, was small, but the reputation won was well worth having. She began to sketch out the plan of what was to be her "Political-Economy Series," and, when she had matured it, went to London to secure a publisher. Now began a bitter experience of the trials of a young and almost unknown author. She went from publisher to publisher, only to meet everywhere polite excuses and mortifying rebuffs. The publishers were afraid of the project. At last she secured terms that were hard enough, indeed, but were at least better than nothing; and the "Political-Economy Series," which consisted of tales designed to illustrate the principles of that science, was issued, and then she reaped the reward of all her trials, discouragements, and seemingly fruitless labor. The series proved an unequivocal success; publishers and societies vied with each other to obtain the aid of her pen; the reviews and papers sang pæans in praise of the books; they were translated on the Continent, and spread broadcast through Europe and America; and she was famous.

We have not space to follow in detail her remarkable career as a writer, or to enumerate the many productions which she gave to the world, and some of which seem likely to endure as standard works. Only a glimpse here and there of her literary career and personal life and character can be given. "My life," she says, "began with winter, burst suddenly into summer, and is now ending with autumn, mild and sunny. I have had no spring, but that cannot be helped now." The celebrity attained by the "Political-Economy Series" was the sudden bursting of summer; and she now found it necessary to settle herself to work in London, the centre and focus of English letters, as of English politics and commerce. She went into lodgings "up two pair of stairs" in Conduit Street; and when, on summer mornings, she made her coffee at seven o'clock, "and sat down to my work, with the large windows open, the sun-blinds down, the street fresh-watered, and the flower-girls' baskets visible from my seat," she was probably as happy as ever during her long and checkered life. Excepting for the necessity of earning a subsistence, Harriet Martineau had, if we may believe her own words, no pecuniary or even ambitious purpose in entering upon a literary career. "Authorship," she says, "has never been with me a matter of choice. I have not done it for amusement, or for money, or for fame, or for any reason but because I could not help it. Things were pressing to be said; and there was more or less evidence that I was the person to say them." Neither was she ambitious to be lionized and flattered, and made the object of social distinction. The first two she avoided; and the brilliant society which sought her out, when her reputation had become established, was by no means warmly encouraged in its advances, though she appreciated the opportunity she now had of communion with many of the best minds of the age. Her custom was to work steadily from breakfast, which she took at seven, till two; she staid at home from two to four, to receive any one who called; and, after this reception was over, she went out for an hour's stroll, "returning in time to dress and read the newspaper before the carriage came — somebody's carriage being always sent—to take me out to dinner. An evening visit or two closed the day's engagements."

It is always interesting to learn the ways in which different authors do their work; and a word or two may be said of Miss Martineau's method of composition. After her earliest efforts, she never copied

her writings, and rarely revised or corrected them. She believed in Cobbett's maxim, that an author should first know what he wants to say, and then say it in the first words that occur to him. "It seemed clear to me," she says, "that distinctness and precision must be lost if alterations were made in a different state of mind from that which suggested the first utterance." Miss Martineau never waited for inspiration and congenial moods in which to write. Her view of the literary vocation was eminently practical and business-like. "I am confident," she declares, "that intellectual industry and punctuality are as practicable as industry and punctuality in any other direction. I have suffered, like other writers, from indolence, irresolution, distaste for my work, absence of 'inspiration,' and all that; but I have also found that, sitting down, however reluctantly, with the pen in my hand, I have never worked for a quarter of an hour without finding myself in full trim." She never passed a day without writing, and this was almost always done in the morning.

It was in 1834, when her fame was at its meridian height, that, accepting the advice of Lord Henley, Miss Martineau came to the United States. Of her adventurous travels in this country, which took place amid the feverish excitements of the early abolition agitation, there is not space to speak; suffice it to say that her own antislavery views, expressed in her works before she came, rendered her an object of interest and attention in both sections of the Union, and gave rise to peril and disturbance, which she braved with a masculine indifference in more than one locality.

It remains to snatch here and there an etching of the famous men and women whom she met and knew during her long career, and all of whom she depicts with a free candor and piquancy seldom found in books of this sort. Her judgments of her contemporaries were oftener severe than flattering, sometimes harsh and palpably unjust. They are uttered with a plainness of speech and a calm dogmatism which respect no person, and do not even distinguish between the living and the dead. Greville himself was not more free with his uncomplimentary epithets applied to kings and princes than Miss Martineau in dealing with her famous acquaintances. Not seldom her personal prejudices and pique evidently color the portrait with darker tinges. Because she had been "cut up" by the *Quarterly*, she refused to meet Croker; because a sarcastic poem had appeared in the *Times*, she refused an introduction to Tom Moore. In her estimate of eminent Americans, her praises are mostly confined to the small group of leading abolitionists with whom she sympathized in opinion. Edward Everett had "neither courage nor conscience," and was "a man of powers without principle, and of knowledge without wisdom;" vain, scorned by the many, pitied by the few. Clay was insincere, though warm and enthusiastic. Webster was dishonest and affected; Willis was a prig. But her chapters on America are the least satisfactory portion of her book. When here, although a guest in the country, she thought it proper to take open part in the political contests, by identifying herself with the abolition cause; and it is obvious how her prejudices and convictions lend asperity to her criticisms and censures of the men opposed to this movement.

Despite her tendency to harshly unfavorable criticism, perhaps because of it, her descriptions of celebrities have not been excelled in vividness of portraiture by any recent autobiographer. Her reputation gained, she speedily made a very wide circle of eminent acquaintances. Among them were statesmen like Brougham, Canning, Durham, Lansdowne, and Russell; poets like Coleridge, Rogers, Campbell, Wordsworth, Southey, the Brownings, and Milnes; novelists like Dickens, Thackeray, Bulwer, Miss Edgeworth, and the Howitts; historians like Macaulay, Hallam, Knight, and Milman; philosophers and essayists like Carlyle, Malthus, Mill, Leigh Hunt, Mrs. Somerville, Sydney Smith, and Jeffrey; actors like Macready and the Kembles; and artists like Turner, Landseer, Chantrey, and Eastlake.

One of her first acquaintances of note was Lord Brougham, then chancellor, with whom she came in contact on a subject mutually congenial—that of the poor-laws. She very soon found much to dislike and very little to like in the highest judicial dignitary of the crown. She observed that Brougham was nervous and thin-skinned; dressed in black from top to toe, and with no brightness of color to relieve "the combined gloom of his dress and complexion." He talked and ate fast, "stretching out his long arm for any dish he had a mind to, and getting hold of the largest spoons, which would dispatch the most work in the shortest time." His manners toward women were awkward and bad, and he seemed ill at ease with them; and Miss Martineau's general impression of him, on meeting him for the first time at table, was that "no man who conducted himself as he did that day could be sane and sober." Her first and only experience of Tom Moore was an amusing one. "A ribald song, addressed to me," had appeared in the *Times*, and was generally attributed to the tuneful little Hibernian. Soon after Miss Martineau was at a party where Moore also was. He asked the host to present him to her, and "stood within ear-shot waiting for his introduction." She plainly told the host that if Moore was the author of the "ribald song," as was generally supposed, she must refuse the honor. The host took Moore out of the room for a few moments. When they returned, Moore, instead of coming up to be introduced, slipped off to the piano, and began to play and sing some of his songs; then "he screened his little person behind a lady's harp, and all the time she was playing he was studying me through his eye-glass." She afterward learned that he went off the same evening to another party, where he excused himself for being late on the ground that "he had been singing songs to Harriet Martineau." He added that Miss Martineau had asked to be introduced to him, and had then declined. For Coleridge, whom she met in her old age, Miss Martineau has many strictures; she evidently did not believe in the rhapsodical sage of

High Gate. She thought he must be laughing in his sleeve when writing some of his sounding treatises, and judged him to be irreverent and vain. "If Coleridge is remembered," she remarks, oracularly, "it will be as a warning." When she first saw him he was "a remarkable-looking personage as he slowly approached and greeted me. He looked very old, with his rounded shoulders and drooping head, and excessively thin limbs. His eyes were as wonderful as they were ever represented to be; light gray, exceedingly prominent, and actually glittering. His onset amused me not a little;" for he began with her a long metaphysical argument, which, as usual, he monopolized. Miss Martineau compares him to Babbage's talking-machine, for, while he lacked will or conscientiousness, he had "prodigious word-power."

Her acquaintance with Sydney Smith must have been one of the most charming of her social experiences in London; for, though she devoted her thoughts and labors to subjects the most serious, she had an ample appreciation of the hearty prebend's overflowing wit. He called on Miss Martineau at her lodgings; "he came and sat down, broad and comfortable, in the middle of my sofa, with his hands on his stick, as if to support himself in a vast development of voice; and then he began like the great bell of St. Paul's, making me start at the first stroke." Of his wit, Miss Martineau agrees with almost every writer who has left records of him—that "it was too innocent to raise an uneasy feeling." He quizzed everybody, and wounded nobody. His exclamation of Whewell, that "science is his fate, and omniscience is his foible;" and his description of Hallam, "with his mouth full of cabbage and contradiction," were very characteristic, full of the best wit, yet harmless and unpoisoned shafts.

She often met Hallam, the historian, and her account of him differs somewhat from our preconceived notions of so sober a writer. He was very social, though fond of solitary study. He was fond of good living, and one of the most inveterate gossips of the day; and gossip "he poured out with a childlike glee and innocence, which were very droll in a man who had done such things." He was rash and heedless in his talk, and once, in presence of Miss Martineau and other literary ladies, exclaimed that Mrs. ——, who was not present, was the only handsome authoress living! Hallam was fond of titled people, which was a trait very repugnant to Miss Martineau; otherwise she regarded him highly.

Of the three great novelists of her time—Thackeray, Dickens, and Bulwer—she says but little, though she had met and knew them all. The first two she met on the same day, in 1851, at a dinner-party at the Bullers'. Thackeray she criticises freely. "He never can have known a good and sensible woman," she says. "He has said more, and effectually, about snobs and snobbism, than any other man; and yet his frittered life, and his obedience to the call of the great, are the observed of all observers." But she does not stint her praise of some of his works, and she calls "Henry Esmond" the book of the century in its department. Of Dickens, too, she is critical, although she evidently regards him more highly than Thackeray. She misses the "pure, plain daylight" in his scenery, and wishes that his personages were less unreal; but his peculiar humor is "delightful," his capacity for progress is gratifying, he has a "glowing and generous heart," and is a "virtuous and happy family man." This was in 1851, before the separation from his wife. Miss Martineau seems to have esteemed Bulwer yet more highly; yet she is very free to point out his weaknesses and shortcomings. "He seems to me," she says, "to be a woman of genius inclosed by misadventure in a man's form." But "he had insight, experience, sympathy, letters, power and grace of expression, and an irrepressible impulse to utterance and industry;" he possessed also a "friendly temper, a generous heart, excellent conversation, and (when he forgot himself) simple manners." Bulwer, when he was growing deaf, could not bear to acknowledge the infirmity; and "his ignoring of it occasioned scenes which, painful to others, must have been excessively so to a vain man like himself." She speaks of Bulwer as "on a sofa, sparkling and languishing among a set of female votaries—he and they dizened out and perfumed."

One of her chief and most admired friends for many years was Thomas Carlyle; and the sage of Chelsea, now over eighty, as he sits in his den at No. 5 Cheyne Row, may read the free analysis which the dead authoress has left of his character, and smile or frown at the anecdotes she has related of him. He may learn that he has "a rugged face, steeped in genius;" that his moods pass suddenly "from the deepest gloom to the most reckless and genial mirth;" that "his excess of sympathy has been the master-pain of his life." Miss Martineau regards the savageness of his manner, to which all who have known him bear witness, as due to "his intolerable sympathy with the suffering." His affections are too much for him, and are "the real cause of the ferocity with which he charges himself, and astonishes others." He had, when she first knew him, a shy manner, a rapidly-changing color; slept rarely, was "wofully dyspeptic," variable in mood, and "usually miserable." She relates an anecdote which lets us still further into this, one of the strangest and most enigmatical characters in the history of letters. "I remember," she says, "being puzzled for a long while as to whether Carlyle did or did not care for fame. One day I was dining there alone. I had brought over from America twenty-five copies of his 'Sartor Resartus,' as reprinted there; and having sold them at the English price, I had some money to put into his hand. I did put it into his hand the first time; but it made him uncomfortable, and he spent it in a pair of signet-rings, for his wife and me. This would never do; so, having imported and sold a second parcel, the difficulty was what to do with the money. My friend and I found that Carlyle was ordered by his doctor weak brandy-and-water instead of wine; and we spent our few sovereigns in French brandy of the best quality, which

we carried over one evening, when going to tea. Carlyle's amusement and delight at first, and all the evening after, whenever he turned his eyes toward the long-necked bottles, showed us that we had made a good choice. He declared that he had got a reward for his labors at last; and his wife asked me to dinner, all by myself, to taste the brandy. We three sat around the fire after dinner. . . . Then Carlyle mixed a toddy, and held out a glass of his mixture to me, with 'Here—take this. It is worth all the fame in England.'" But Allan Cunningham protested to Miss Martineau that all that was needed to restore Carlyle's health was "a little more fame;" and Miss Martineau observed afterward that, as his reputation increased, he grew better and better.

Her portrait of Macaulay is a graphic, though, as we might expect, a by no means monotonously flattering one. She was disgusted with his speech on the copyright bill, which she calls "nonsense." He was not a man to be relied upon; he was a brilliant speaker, but hopelessly unsound; he wanted "heart;" was a failure as a politician, and an unsurpassable failure as a legislator; his reviews ought to have abolished all confidence in his honesty, and his history is an historical romance — a "brilliant fancy-piece." In society, Macaulay appeared with "strange eyes, which seemed to look nowhere, and his full cheeks and stooping shoulders, which told of dreamy indolence; and then the torrent of words that poured out when he did speak! It did not do to invite him and Sydney Smith together."

One remarkable man, of whose personal life and character the world has been told but little, was an object of Harriet Martineau's profound admiration. This was Malthus, the author of the population doctrine which bears his name, and has made it so obnoxious to many people. "A more simple-minded, virtuous man, full of domestic affections, than Mr. Malthus, could not be found in all England." One day she asked him if the abuse with which his writings were assailed troubled his spirits. "Only just at first," he replied. "I wonder whether it ever kept you awake a minute?" "Never after the first fortnight." He was a very serene and cheerful Church-of-England clergyman, a professor in Haileybury College; he was very gentle in manner, and had an imperfect speech, owing to a defect in the palate.

Poor Tom Campbell does not appear to very good advantage in these pages. One day he came in and sat down, before a room full of people, in a rickety chair from which he had been warned. Over he toppled, against the wall, at which there was general laughter; but the poet was so mortified that he went away hastily, and never called again. "I was not very sorry," says Miss Martineau, "for his sentimentality was too soft, and his craving for praise too morbid, to let him be an agreeable companion." Moreover, he was deteriorating when she became acquainted with him; and she dreaded his calls, "because I was never quite sure whether he was sober—his irritable brain being at the mercy of a single glass of sherry, or of a paroxysm of enthusiasm about the Poles." Far more pleasant is her description of Jeffrey, her first interview with whom was had under amusing circumstances. Jeffrey called at her lodgings with a lady friend, Mrs. Marcet. "Almost before we had well begun to talk, in burst Mrs. A——, a literary woman whose ways were well known to my mother and me. The moment she saw Lord Jeffrey, she forgot to speak to us, but so thrust herself between Lord Jeffrey and me as actually to push me backward and sit on my knee. I extricated myself as soon as possible, and left my seat." Jeffrey could not help flattering this lady, but at the same time managed to show that he wanted to talk with Miss Martineau. Jeffrey's flattery and encouragement of the weakness of vain women, she pronounces his "most conspicuous and very worst fault." His manners were somewhat artificial, of a set "company state of mind," but he had a warm heart, was frank, generous, and charitable, prone to moralizing, and thoroughly wedded by love to literature. Miss Martineau finds it difficult to forget his devotion to the fair sex, which was lavished alike on the talented and the insipid.

Macready, the actor, she seems to have greatly admired; his "sensitiveness shrouded itself within an artificial manner; but a more delightful companion could not be—not only on account of his learning and accomplishments, but of his uncompromising liberality of opinion, and his noble strain of meditative thought . . . but there was, besides the moralizing tendency, a chivalrous spirit of rare vigilance, and an unsleeping domestic tenderness and sweet beneficence, which accounted for and justified the idolatry with which he was regarded, through all trials occasioned by the irritable temper with which he manfully struggled." Miss Martineau had a less favorable idea of Charles and Fanny Kemble, whom she describes as "full of knowledge and accomplishments, of course, and experienced in all manner of social intercourse; but there seemed to be an incurable vulgarity clinging to them among all the charm of their genius, their cultivation, and their social privileges."

One of the most interesting features of the book is the descriptions and estimates by Miss Martineau of her sister authoresses. And what a host of them she knew! Mrs. Barbauld and Joanna Baillie, Mrs. Somerville and Miss Mitford, Miss Edgeworth (at least by correspondence) and Lady Mary Shepherd, Mrs. Browning and Letitia Landon, Miss Bremer and Margaret Fuller, Mrs. Opie and Mrs. Howitt, Charlotte Brontë and Mrs. Marsh—these were some of the feminine talents with whom, at some time or other in her career, she came in contact. Her acquaintance with poor L. E. L. began late in the latter's career; shortly, indeed, before she sailed away with her new husband to the distant Cape Coast Castle, there speedily to meet with a sudden and mysterious death. Of her, Miss Martineau says that at first she was agreeably surprised with the charm of her voice, face, and manners. "I thought her very pretty, kind, simple, and agreeable." But the next

time she saw her, Miss Landon was "listless, absent, melancholy to a striking degree." Her account of Mrs. Barbauld, who used to drop in upon her mother and herself at Norwich, "an elderly lady in her black-silk cloak and bonnet," who insisted on holding Mrs. Martineau's skeins, and "settled herself for a long morning chat," is very pleasing. She had a "gentle, lively voice," and there was "the stamp of superiority on all she said." She was learned, and graceful, playful, kindly, womanly; and a heroine in her martyrdom, after her husband became insane, in exposing herself to his violence. "I still think her," adds Miss Martineau, "one of the first writers in our language, and the best example we have of the benefits of a sound classical education to a woman."

In 1849 she received a call from that strange and brilliant genius, Charlotte Brontë. When her visitor came in, "I thought her the smallest creature I had ever seen, and her eyes blazed, as it seemed to me. She glanced quickly round, and my (ear) trumpet pointing me out, she held out her hand frankly and pleasantly." But the unhappy young authoress, in an unfortunate moment, begged Miss Martineau to criticise her forthcoming book, "Villette;" which she did by letter in so severe a manner, that the timid and crushed Charlotte could not summon courage to go and see her again for a long time. Miss Martineau thought her upright, conscientious, humble, candid, and self-reliant, but surrounded by circumstances unfortunate both for her physical and mental health, and thence morbid. "She was not only unspoiled by her sudden and prodigious fame, but ob viously unspoilable. She was somewhat amused by her fame, but oftener annoyed; at least, when obliged to come out in the world to meet it, instead of its reaching her in her secluded home in the wilds of Yorkshire."

In Mrs. Mary Somerville, who died a year or two ago at over ninety, Miss Martineau naturally found a congenial friend; for, like herself, Mrs. Somerville was engaged on profound and serious literary work. Despite her proclivity to deep mathematics, however, Mrs. Somerville was "always well dressed, and thoroughly womanly in her conversation and manners." Her erudite pursuits did not prevent her from being entirely feminine in her skill in and care for domestic matters. "It was delightful to go to tea at her house in Chelsea, and find everything in order and beauty; the walls hung with her fine drawings; her music in the corner, and her tea-table spread with good things. In the midst of these household elegancies, Dr. Somerville one evening pulled open a series of drawers, to find something he wanted to show me. As he shut one after another, I ventured to ask what those strange things were which filled every drawer. 'Oh, they are only Mrs. Somerville's diplomas,' said he, with a droll look of pride and amusement."

Miss Martineau's descriptions of Joanna Baillie, Miss Mitford, and Miss Edgeworth, are equally pleasant; and we rise from the book with the feeling that she was disposed to criticise the celebrities of her own sex more gently than those of the other.

We have only been able to catch here and there a glimpse of the famous people with whom Miss Martineau was so long familiar, and among whom she was so freely admitted as an equal and an ornament. It must suffice to say that, in all her long list of works, for the most part works of learning and disputation and didactics, she has produced nothing, either in substance or literary manner, which will be so generally read, or so long read, as her autobiography.

HANS AND FRITZ.

HANS and Fritz were two Deutschers who lived side by side,
Remote from the world, its deceit and its pride;
With their pretzels and beer the spare moments were spent,
And the fruits of their labor were peace and content.

Hans purchased a horse of a neighbor one day,
And, lacking a part of the *Geld*—as they say—
Made a call upon Fritz to solicit a loan,
To help him to pay for his beautiful roan.

Fritz kindly consented the money to lend,
And gave the required amount to his friend;
Remarking—his own simple language to quote—
"Berhaps it vas bedder ve make us a note."

The note was drawn up in their primitive way—
"I, Hans, gets from Fritz feefty tollars to-day"—
When the question arose, the note being made,
"Vich von holds dot baper until it vas baid?"

"You geeps dot," says Fritz, "und den you vill know
You owes me dot money." Says Hans: "Dot ish so;
Dot makes me remempers I haf dot to bay,
Und I prings you der note und der money some day."

A month had expired when Hans, as agreed,
Paid back the amount, and from debt he was freed.
Says Fritz, "Now dot settles us." Hans replies, "Yaw;
Now who dakes dot baper accordings by law?"

"I geeps dot, now, aind't it?" says Fritz; "den, you see,
I alvays remempers you baid dot to me."
Says Hans, "Dot ish so, it vos now shust so blain
Dot I knows vot to do ven I porrows again."

EDITOR'S TABLE.

ON all sides now we hear of household and decorative art. It is one of the forms in which color has revived—in which a long-dormant passion for art and beauty has awakened and taken possession of us. Why a cloud came over the race and for so many decades obscured its sense of color and of splendor, we cannot now inquire; but it is certain that the old mediæval delight in form, and light and shadow, and pomp, has come back to us—with many modifications, of course, but with much of its old sense of beauty for beauty's sake. It is curious to watch and see the manifestations of this latest renaissance. A whole new literature has grown out of it; new armies of artisans have been marshaled as its servants; and even new, or rather revived, sets of rules have been formulated. "It is against my principles," replied an artisan, upon being asked by one not within the radius of the new light to make for him a certain ornament for a bookcase. "Your principles!" exclaimed the astonished applicant; "why, have you principles?" "Assuredly," replied the disciple of Eastlake and Morris; "it is my rule never to construct ornament—I only ornament construction." And in this way the artisans, mastered by the new passion, deeply read in Owen Jones, disciples at the feet of Eastlake, Clarence Cook, and Elliott, filled, no doubt, with Matthew Arnold's "sweetness and light," are banishing from our apartments ugly forms and bare walls, overthrowing white paint and colorless washes of all sorts, and overwhelming us with the charm of their studies of colors, their *ensemble* of sumptuous effects, their transformation of dull rooms into paradises of beauty.

It must be remembered that we are speaking of the true artists in the new passion for interior decoration. Bad art and bad taste have come forward, as well as good art and good taste: we see everywhere frescoes that have no excuse for their being, wall-papers and carpets that outrage every known æsthetic principle, and furniture that is written down from top to foot as the product of vulgar souls. But there is improvement, nevertheless, even with the mob of workers. Better designs in furniture appear in the shops; there are really good wall-papers to be found—and perhaps carpets, too, but here one must search far for good artistic design. Here and there one finds a truly exquisitely furnished and decorated room; and everywhere there are attempts made to wed Art and Beauty to the places where we abide.

One noticeable outcome of this new passion is the attention given it by some of the very best of our artists. This, we all know, is only a revival, for the greatest of mediæval artists adorned the ceilings of chapels and public buildings; but what more healthful sign could there be than that the artists of to-day accept the example of the great masters, and recognize the spaces of our churches and houses as a fit field for the employment of their skill? Mr. La Farge has decorated the new Trinity Church of Boston, and after this example we may be sure that churches elsewhere will not hereafter fall exclusively into the hands of plasterers and daubers. Knowledge, culture, and thought, rather than the mere stereotyped examples of the workshops, will assert their supremacy here as well as in other directions of art-expression.

We observe that in England noted artists undertake even the decoration of parlors and dining-rooms. Recent accounts have been published of a London dining-room decorated by Whistler, the artist, which give a striking picture of a design that is at least original, whatever else may be thought of it—having for colors only blue and gold, and the design being drawn solely from the eye and plumage of the peacock. The description of this remarkable room has appeared in the newspapers, so we will not fully repeat it here; suffice it to say that there are but two patterns in the design, which, however, are so varied that they seem like a dozen; that the groundwork of the ceiling is gold, upon which the eye of the bird is reproduced in different arrangements in blue alternating with patterns from the breast-feathers; that the cove and dado are similarly treated, while the wall-surface is lined with leather, colored deep blue, where the eye and plumage of the bird reappear in gold; then the surface of the walls is broken by brackets and shelves for the display of china. This oppresses one somewhat with an excess of gorgeous effect, and suggests the wonder whether all this splendor would be quite the thing when the room is filled with gay dinner-parties, the ladies resplendent in many-colored silks. Should not, we may ask, Mr. Whistler have made his walls the background for this display, rather than a competing display on its own part? If it is accepted that the decoration of a room is to be a beauty in itself, and not a foil for other beauties, then his "harmony in blue and gold" is of course all right; but if pictures are to hang on the wall, if objects of art are to be gathered there, if beautiful women are to assemble within the radiant inclosure, then the blue and the gold will cease to be a "harmony." Our artists are right enough in bringing fresh designs into their decorative work; but they must recollect that they are not when decorating a room painting a picture, but rather the background for one. They may at first be unwilling to subordinate their skill to the practical purposes of an apartment; and yet, after all, will not their skill in the end seem the higher when it shows that all the conditions have been foreseen and comprehended?

HARRIET MARTINEAU declares, in her autobiography, that the creating of plot in fiction is a task beyond human faculty. This power, she thinks, is the same as that of prophecy: "that is, if all human action is" (as we know it to be) "the inevitable result of antecedents, all the antecedents must be thoroughly comprehended in order to discern the inevitable catastrophe. A mind

which can do this must be in the nature of things a prophetic mind, in the strictest sense; and no human mind is that." She goes on to assert that the only thing to be done is to derive plot from actual life, as everybody knows the best plots have been. Shakespeare's were; Scott's best plot ("The Bride of Lammermoor") was; Boccaccio's stories were undoubtedly derived from old narratives or from life before his eyes; and plot-making, such as it is, is often the gift of inferior writers. Dickens, she affirms, could not invent a plot—nor Bulwer—nor Douglas Jerrold—nor perhaps Thackeray—"while Fanny Kemble's forgotten 'Francis I.,' written in her teens, contains mines of plot, sufficient to furnish a groundwork for a score of fine fictions." She describes how, in preparing one of her early economic tales, "Berkley the Banker," she sat over her materials for two days from seven in the morning until two the next morning, with an interval of only twenty minutes for dinner, and after all was obliged to have recourse to some facts of the financial crisis of 1825, and to those facts the story mainly owed its success.

Writers ambitious for success in fiction will be apt to derive a vast deal of comfort from these utterances. The difficulty of plot-making has doubtless kept many persons of brilliant imagination from the field of novel-writing: it was always a weight upon Washington Irving; it has kept writers like Ik Marvel and Warner hovering on the verge of story-writing in the form of the dramatic essay; it is peculiarly the deficiency of American novelists. But it must not be hastily assumed that, because original plots are impossible, it only remains for a writer to bring together facts and characters in real life in order to execute a novel. Somebody has said that to combine in Nature is to produce in art. A novel-writer, however much he may depend upon actual facts for his groundwork, must in one sense, after all, invent his plot—that is, he must create the grouping and the arrangement; he must, by means of his imaginative power, give a freshness and vitality to the picture. A novel is not really original by the mere facts of the story, but by the treatment of them—by the atmosphere, so to speak, in which they are enveloped, by the manner in which the characters are depicted and grouped, by the artistic coloring, by the light and shade—just as one painter may make the Crucifixion conventional and commonplace, and another give to the familiar incident original force and expression. These results are the highest tax upon the mental powers of a writer; and the reason why inferior writers are often good at mere plot-making is because it is purely a mechanical talent, a sort of puzzle-making, the faculty for which may be rare, but which is none the less far from being a high one. Mere plot, moreover, is never a satisfying quality in romance; none of the works that endure are famous for the story they have to tell, but rather for the character-painting and the manner in which the story is told. In almost every instance an intricate story holds the attention of the reader only so long as the puzzle is unsolved; the moment the mystery is known, the novel is as empty of interest as an old riddle. It is thus obvious that writers are not going to produce successful books by adopting the idea that as original plot is impossible it is not therefore to be attempted, and that all one has to do is to borrow from history or experience a group of facts in order to construct an acceptable romance.

We doubt if there could be a better test of a writer's real inventive power than for him to take a plot already existing and re-place it—holding to the mere story, but transferring it to a different period, a different *locale*, and giving different characteristics to the persons of the story. If a writer could do this, and produce an impression of freshness—if he could give to the work a different atmosphere, a fresh tone, an individuality of its own—he would really show a high order of imagination and even invention, because he would have to perform the difficult feat of banishing from his mind old impressions, of forgetting what had been done, and clearing his mental tablet of hues and colors which we all know are apt to be so tenacious. It would be a curious and interesting experiment, and perhaps some of our ingenious writers may be prompted to make it.

Mr. George Odger, who died several weeks ago in London, was a rare example of a working-man who rose to be a political leader of working-men. A shoemaker by trade, he continued to work at his bench to the last, and went from it, with hands red and big with labor, to assemblages where he was welcomed as a chief and guide, and his influence over which made him a power throughout England. Yet, strange to say, his leadership brought to himself no personal advancement. Other champions of laboring-men pushed forward, were elected to Parliament, and got judgeships. Odger stood for Parliament three times—once in Southwark, where the working-men are in a large majority—and each time came out at the bottom of the poll. The truth is, the lower classes almost invariably prefer, and in places where they have power lend their aid in advancing, men of a higher social rank than themselves. The most successful advocates and tribunes of "the people" are noblemen like Lafayette, Mirabeau, and Rochefort; men of wealth like Grote, Bright, and Raspail; men of learning like Lamartine, Victor Hugo, Sir Charles Dilke, John Morley, Professor Fawcett, and Sir Francis Burdett. Popular parties in this country have almost always chosen such men for leadership; and in England, as is pointed out by a recent English writer, "Mr. Gladstone might be called the first commoner who led the popular party." Perhaps the reason why Odger was not supported more heartily by his own class was a feeling of jealousy, the want of that respect which, in a country with ancient social institutions like those of England, that class feels for social superiors. Radicalism has always been a pet hobby with young English nobles just out of the university, as well as with titled Frenchmen of an older growth. Once, at least, the latter found it a fatal hobby when they encouraged the propagation of "the gospel according to Jean Jacques," honored the encyclopedists, and

paid dangerous homage to Voltaire. In this country, working-men, rising to the rank of what is called "self-made men," have often attained the highest honors and dignities of the republic; but it has been after they have long left their benches, ploughs, and anvils far behind them, and have grown out of the stress of manual labor. It is very rare that a man is taken directly from such occupations to be put into important posts; and we can scarcely wonder, perhaps, that, even after the concession of household suffrage, such men do not succeed in becoming mayors, or getting into Parliament, in custom-bound England.

THE reader who has perused the article elsewhere in the JOURNAL discussing and explaining the laws of social ceremonial in Paris may be pleased to know that these rigid rules of fashionable intercourse have been published in a "Code Cérémonial" by the Countess de Bassanville, an elderly lady of fashion who has been regarded in Paris for many years as an unquestioned authority in the somewhat complicated art of *savoir vivre*. No *grande dame* is without the daintily-printed volume, which is as familiar a *vade mecum* in the aristocratic boudoir of Paris as Burke's "Peerage" is in the drawing-rooms of the West End at London. But, unhappily, despite the wide circulation and general acceptance of the "Code Cérémonial," Madame de Bassanville has to complain in her old age of what she regards as a serious decline of good manners. The French, she avers, are becoming Anglicized; and the French ladies in particular are betraying deplorable symptoms of falling away from the graces of the old school. They are too often guilty of "a want of common politeness toward the male sex." How rare it is, the countess mourns, in these degenerate days, to see even well-bred ladies "respond by a slight inclination of the head to the politeness of a man who makes way for them either on the street or on a crowded staircase!" How quickly their courtesy vanishes when a man unluckily treads on their trailing folds! The countess is persuaded that only a revival or crusade to preserve good manners can save the delicate and complicated fabric of French society; and that this revival should begin with the gentler sex. Perhaps there is some justice in her feeling lament; yet, it is possible that, disciple as she is of the old school, she may mistake the decline of ceremony and elaborate etiquette for that of good manners.

Social forms, like political and theological ones, seem in these days to be tending to simplicity. There are less stately courtesy, less bowing and scraping, less formality of posture and address; yet that kindness which is the basis of true outward courtesy has probably become more rather than less general with the advance of civilization. A hundred years ago boys at school wrote to their fathers as "My respected parent," or "Respected sir;" now they write "My dear papa." There are more familiarity and freedom of social intercourse; but with the pomposity of the old-time ceremonial we do not believe its consideration for the feelings and comforts of others is altogether vanishing. That old-time pomposity had its ridiculous as well as its useful side; often it defeated its own proper purpose; and we certainly cannot blame the Frenchman of to-day if he is less painfully polite than those ancestors of his who, at one of Marlborough's battles, went to the chivalrous length of begging "Messieurs les Anglais" to fire first. The fact is, that true politeness, which is born of consideration and kindness, is as intuitive in intelligent people as the sense of right and wrong; and it is, perhaps, none the less politeness because unaccompanied by the code-imposed flourish which the old-school ceremonial was wont stringently to enjoin upon the frequenters of the French *haut monde*.

A WORTHY and somewhat sanguine legislator has introduced into the French Senate a measure intended to abolish dueling; not heeding, or perhaps forgetting, the fact that the same attempt has been made under every *régime* in France during the present century. The first Napoleon, in all his glory and power, could not abolish dueling even in the army, ruled as it was with an iron hand; not though he threatened to reduce to the ranks every officer who practised the code of honor. The philosophers and *savants* who were the statesmen of Louis Philippe's reign in vain racked their subtle brains for an adequate remedy for this evil; and Napoleon III. tried the experiment with no better success than his uncle. Dueling, with duelists, is a sort of higher law; and the prosaic laws which send injured honor to courts of justice in pursuit of a pecuniary retribution are ignored by these gentlemen of the code with a chivalrous contempt. At the very time that the hopeful senator of whom we speak was haranguing in favor of his remedy, an eminent member of the other Chamber of the French Parliament, an eloquent orator and a marquis, was sending a challenge to a journalist who had affronted him with a too stinging satire; and another Frenchman and marquis, a young man of learning, and distinguished as an explorer—the Marquis de Compiègne—was being shot dead in a duel at Cairo, on account of a petty quarrel over the action of a geographical society. In the first case, surprising to say, the challenged journalist had the courage to decline to fight, and that on the proper ground that his criticism had been on "a recorded fact concerning a public man," and that to accept the challenge would be to fetter the right of comment on the part of the press. This journalist condemns himself to be out of fashion, and probably to incur the contempt of his fellow-journalists; but he has set an example which ought to go further than any statute toward putting an end to murder by duel. The young Marquis de Castellane, whom he criticised, is one of the finest speakers and most zealous Legitimists in France; but, by a strange freak of Nature, he who can aid in shaping the destinies of the nation, and hold assemblies rapt by the eloquence of his tongue, is quite incompetent—so has decided one of the highest courts—to manage his own property, or to control his expenditures; and so the court has appointed trustees, or guardians, to gather his revenue, and dole it out

to him as they see fit. The journalist's offense was, that he asked whether a man who could not take care of his own affairs was fit to have charge of those of France. This, if an impertinent, seems a pertinent question also; and the marquis only added one more proof of folly by asking the privilege of running the critic through the body. Dueling is probably destined to die out gradually in France and the other Latin countries with increasing intelligence, as it has already done in England and America, and to a large extent in Germany and Russia.

THE blue-glass mania has scarcely shown signs of subsidence ere another claimant as a cure-all is waiting its turn for the suffrages of the thousands who indulge in an excess of faith and credulity. No doubt a little industrious advertising will make as many converts to its marvelous powers as a health-restorer as has been done with blue glass, provided those interested are as shrewd as the glaziers. This new health-restorer is—heed it, O incredulous reader!—the delightful vegetable that garnishes our winter dinner-table under the name of *celery*. That men of good appetites and good digestion delight in this sweet, crisp, and juicy stalk—the tender white heart of the plant being the portion that the true epicure craves, and munches with infinite pleasure—all the world knows; and that would-be wiseacres shake their heads at the inviting dish, and in strange delusion pronounce it indigestible, all of us have painfully witnessed; but few have supposed, we imagine, that the much-prized plant has wonderful curative properties. Many readers will be surprised to learn that persons affected by nervousness, even when so seriously afflicted that "their hands shake like aspen-leaves," have, by a moderate daily use of the blanched foot-stalks of celery as a salad, become as strong and as steady in the limbs as other people—so a writer on the subject affirms; and not only extreme nervousness has been thus cured, we are gravely told, but palpitation of the heart has been effectually arrested by its use. Now let the gardeners emulate the glaziers, and hire some ingenious newspaper-men to set stories afloat as to all the wonders of the celery-cure. Nervousness is so wide-spread an affliction in our modern high-pressure civilization that the patients will count by tens of thousands. Celery as a "relish" before soup; celery as a salad after meat; celery and cheese as dessert; celery-luncheons; celery-salad as a light late supper; celery plain or dressed for gentlemen whose nerves are ante-breakfast cocktails; celery-chewing parties by young ladies and gentlemen; celery in a hundred ways, and on every possible occasion, is now sure to be the fashion. We hear, indeed, of a druggist who draws from a soda-fountain a hot extract of celery, mixed with meat-extract, and serves the compound to waiting scores, who partake, and depart with nerves steadied and hearts fortified thereby. When the full wave of the mania rises, there will assuredly be "a corner" in celery. We shall soon hear of enormous consumption, and the struggles of the gardeners to meet the new demand; celery-beds will be widened and extended; town amateurs will be for converting back-yards into space for the growth of the plant, and breathlessly studying gardener's handbooks as to method and manner of cultivation; so that by the time of the next autumn harvest-season all the world will be either raising or consuming the delectable plant, or else waiting and yearning for the next cure-all.

MR. RICHARD GRANT WHITE, who has recently been abroad, and who has set down certain of the experiences purchased by his "penny of observation" in an article entitled "English Traits," makes a few affirmations which, while contrary to general opinion, accurately accord with the facts as we have seen them. They refer to the comparative physical condition of the English and American people. Mr. White asserts that he has watched crowds of English people at theatres, festivals, churches, and railway-stations; that he knows the human physiognomy of all quarters of London, and has walked through country villages and cathedral-towns; and, as the result of this wide observation, he declares that "the men and women are generally smaller and less robust than ours, and, above all, that the women are, on the whole, sparer and less blooming than ours." He thinks there are more very ruddy people in England, but that delicately-graduated bloom is not very common, while the proportion of people without color in their cheeks is nearly the same as here. Now, we also, unwilling to let a vague impression go for truth in this matter, have stood and purposely watched crowds of people at English railway-stations—wherever, indeed, there were gatherings of men and women—and could but feel that, compared with similar assemblages here, the physical difference was but slight. But Mr. White dwells upon another point that we also noted, although the descriptive phrase he uses is his own. He speaks of the superior "set-up" of the men—meaning, of course, their carriage and bearing. This, he tells us, "appears in a marked degree in all military persons, rank and file as well as officers, and in the police force, which are, on the whole, inferior in stature and bulk to ours, but far superior in appearance, owing to the 'set-up' of the men, and the way in which they carry themselves." This "set-up" is not alone, according to our observation, confined to drilled bodies of men. Mr. White must have noticed what a superior body, in appearance and carriage, the omnibus-drivers and hackmen are to ours. The London omnibus-drivers are no such ragged and slovenly vagabonds as those who make unsightly the Broadway stage (by way of compensation, the New York vehicle is much superior). They are generally well clothed, often wearing a "high hat," that stamp of respectability in England, and they sit on their boxes with the dignity and upright carriage that here we never see, except on the box of a private carriage. Whether omnibus-drivers there are subject to any form of drill or discipline, we cannot say; if not, then they must be animated by greater pride and self-respect than ours are. Similar facts may be observed with English railway-officials, especially with the guards and porters, who are

always trim, neat, cleanly "set-up" men, prompt to serve, but always commanding respect. This is not a slight matter. If the habits of American life tend to make men slothful and negligent, if they encourage the spirit of the loafer and the vagabond (and the recent rapid multiplication of tramps would seem to confirm it), it behooves us to look well and see whence may come the remedy, and how to apply it. The good effect of uniforms in dress upon the *morale* of men has often been observed. We see, therefore, one way in which, in large bodies of men, the evil mentioned can be partly remedied. Conductors on city cars, for instance, just as they are now on the steam lines, might be put in uniform: in all other cases where it is practicable this should be done, as one step toward counteracting an evil tendency of a very serious nature.

New Books.

IT is not surprising that the announcement that the late William Henry Seward had left an autobiography behind him awakened a profound and wide-spread interest. Few of our public men who grew up, so to speak, with the issues that culminated in the civil war, and who acted an influential part in that soul-stirring tragedy, could have done more than he to vivify and vitalize the record of that most eventful period in American history; and it was universally felt that if he should fairly meet the demands of autobiography for frankness and candor he would reveal many things essential to a thorough understanding of that history, and which would otherwise probably remain forever obscure. That Mr. Seward would have practised this frankness and sincerity in dealing with his own career is sufficiently indicated by the fragment of autobiography which fills the first hundred and fifty pages of Mr. Frederick W. Seward's life of his father,[1] but unfortunately it is only a fragment, and carries the record no farther than the opening of his political career in 1834. This is unquestionably a great misfortune, and the sense of loss is increased by reading what was actually written; but it is mitigated as far as possible by the system upon which the biographer has prepared his memoir, which consists to a very great extent of extracts from Seward's public and private correspondence. These letters (written chiefly to his wife and Thurlow Weed) are so numerous and consecutive as to partake largely of the character of a journal, and the copiousness of the materials which they furnish may be inferred from the fact that a closely-printed octavo volume of more than eight hundred pages completes the narrative only to the year 1846.

As to the import of the work, there can be no doubt that it will do much to clarify and extend the fame of one whose name is already inseparably linked with the history of his country. While he was yet living, and especially during his later years, the current impression of Seward was that, if not exactly a time-server, he was prone to subordinate principles to policy, and to take his cue from what he regarded as the *vox populi* of the moment; but the one surprising feature of the autobiography is the conclusiveness with which it proves that at an age when most young men have hardly begun to reflect upon politics at all he had already formulated and adopted those principles which it is now easy to see guided and characterized his entire career, and no one can read impartially the autobiography, memoir, and letters, as here presented, without being convinced that that career was one of exceptional consistency and fidelity. Looking back now, it is not difficult to comprehend how, in a period of unprecedented turmoil and fluctuation of opinion, this very consistency of principle and purpose would make him appear a weathercock to men whose own standpoint was incessantly shifting. Many who were his bitterest opponents at one time found themselves in complete accord with him at another, and they naturally inferred that it was *he* that had changed, and not they; but we who have survived the political maelstrom can now realize that Seward was one of the few American statesmen who were not engulfed in its swirling eddies, and that the same convictions of public duty which divided him from the abolitionists before the war alienated him after it from the extreme Republicans, whose temporary dominance in political affairs made it appear as if in his closing years he had forfeited the confidence of the country, and lost recognition as one of its leaders.

It is not merely in his capacity of statesman, however, that this biography will enhance the popular estimate of Seward. It is always agreeable to find that the private life of a man who has played a great part on the stage of national affairs is in harmony with his public character, and his letters (written without the faintest idea of publication, and singularly free from all disguises and affectations) show that Seward's lofty ideal of public duty was but the reflection and counterpart of what he exhibited in all the relations of private life. Of perfect integrity both in speech and action, and scrupulously exact in the discharge of all obligations expressed or implied, he was generous to a fault in all that concerned his own interests, impulsive in affection but temperate in anger, warm and faithful in his friendships, inflexibly firm where he believed himself right but never aggressive or truculent, entirely exempt from the petty susceptibilities and animosities which so often mar and imbitter political life, lavish in hospitality, and if not, strictly speaking, a "domestic" man—he was far too busy for that—yet an affectionate husband and kind father. Such is the character portrayed by the letters, and if such free use of private correspondence is sometimes to be deprecated, in Seward's case it can be productive of nothing but good, and in fact is but the closest possible approach to the autobiography which he had hardly begun before death put an end to his labors.

[1] Autobiography of William H. Seward from 1801 to 1834. With a Memoir of his Life, and Selections from his Letters from 1831 to 1846. By Frederick W. Seward. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 8vo, pp. 822.

THE growing popular interest in what is called household art, and the consequent demand for instruction on the subject, are sure to evoke numerous attempts to "educate the public taste;" and the "Art-at-Home Series" is doubtless but the precursor of a prolific species of literature of which Eastlake's "Hints on Household Taste" furnished the prototype and model. The object of the series is professedly to provide persons of moderate means with such information and suggestions as will enable them to furnish and adorn their homes in accordance with sound artistic principles; and the first two volumes enable us to discover in what spirit and to what extent

this aim will be carried out. The first volume, "A Plea for Art in the House,"[1] by Mr. W. J. Loftie, editor of the series, is of a hortatory and argumentative character, and undertakes to prove by precept and example that "collecting" not only exercises a civilizing effect upon taste, and affords valuable training to the individual, the family, and the nation, but that it *pays*—pays simply as a business occupation or money investment. This certainly is an eminently practical argument, and it is emphasized and illustrated by anecdotes of persons who have bought pictures, or prints, or books, or china, and sold them at a profit amounting to two hundred, five hundred, eight hundred, and in one case to two thousand per cent. on the investment. These anecdotes are highly appetizing, and are, no doubt, perfectly true; yet Mr. Loftie would have much pecuniary loss and consequent heart-burning to answer for if his book should obtain a wide circulation. Great "finds" are now and then secured—sometimes by accident, as it were—but none the less certain is it that profitable collecting implies either exceptional luck (which cannot be relied on), or special taste and trained knowledge (the latter of which can only be acquired by experience as well as study). Mr. Loftie is doubtless aware that vastly more money has been wasted on "collections" than has ever been made by them—that where one collector has succeeded, a hundred have lost; and to present a score of such anecdotes as we have mentioned as fairly representative of the results of collecting is about as disingenuous as it would be to cite Brassey, and Meigs, and Vanderbilt, as examples of the profitableness of railroad speculation, while ignoring the multitudes who have been ruined by it. True, what the author has in mind is *intelligent* collecting, and he imparts such principles and practical hints as should save his readers from the more obvious errors of inexperience; but he does not discriminate sufficiently, and the "average person," already too prone to confide in his own judgment on æsthetic matters, will be very apt to be carried away by Mr. Loftie's idea, while forgetting its conditions and qualifications.

The second number of the series, "Suggestions for House-Decoration in Painting, Woodwork, and Furniture,"[2] is a much more valuable and trustworthy book. It shows too decided a partiality for one style of decoration, and descends too seldom to particulars; but it is sound and practical, and helpful as far as it goes; and, if the authors could only have convinced themselves that the public was really desirous of any information they had to impart without being argued or persuaded into it, they would probably have produced a work which would have exactly met what we have already said is a great and growing popular demand. As it is, most of their space is consumed with what, if the series has any *raison d'être* at all, is entirely superfluous matter.

Another serious defect, common to both books, is that they are adapted and written for a market wholly different from our own. The principles propounded are or should be universal, but the exemplary references are nearly always to collections, or buildings, or articles, which can only be seen in England. This is extremely confusing, for very few persons can comprehend a general principle, especially in art, without seeing its concrete application. The few illustrations in the volumes are very good.

[1] A Plea for Art in the House, with Special Reference to the Economy of collecting Works of Art, and the Importance of Taste in Education and Morals. By W. J. Loftie, B. A., F. S. A. Philadelphia: Porter & Coates. 16mo, pp. 100.

[2] Suggestions for House-Decoration in Painting, Woodwork, and Furniture. By Rhoda and Agnes Garrett. Philadelphia: Porter & Coates. 16mo, pp. 90.

In his earlier and best-known works—the "Origin of Species" and the "Descent of Man"—Mr. Darwin may be said, in legal phrase, to have formulated the brief which in his subsequent works he has been supporting by detailed evidence drawn from the animal and vegetable kingdoms. As we remarked in our notice of the second edition of the "Variation of Plants and Animals under Domestication," that voluminous work is a huge collection of material in support of the main proposition of the "Origin of Species," namely, that "individuals known to be descended from a common ancestor may be made to differ to an indefinite, or at all events to an unknown, extent;" and his newly-published work on "The Effects of Cross and Self Fertilization in the Vegetable Kingdom"[1] fortifies the same argument with a vastly increased range of phenomena and observations. Mr. Darwin himself explains that the present work is a complement to the previously-published "Fertilization of Orchids," and aims to show that while the adaptations for cross-fertilization are perhaps more obvious in the *Orchideæ* than in any other group of plants, it is an error to speak of them, as some authors have done, as an exceptional case, but that there are immense families of plants that show as perfect or nearly as perfect a structure as can be found in any orchid. Indeed, the outcome of the long series of investigations described in the work is the general law, applicable to the whole vegetable kingdom, that "cross-fertilization is generally beneficial, and self-fertilization injurious; and that this is shown by the difference in height, weight, and constitutional vigor, and fertility of offspring, from crossed as compared with that from self-fertilized flowers, and in the number of seeds produced." About three-fourths of the volume is devoted to a record of the experiments and observations, extending over eleven years, and embracing many varieties of plants, on which the author's conclusions are based, and this provides some tough work for non-scientific readers; but the concluding chapters, giving the general results, are eminently striking and attractive, and Mr. Darwin himself suggests a way by which those who are not naturalists can master the principles and methods of the work without reading its entire contents. The bearing of the facts upon the general question of evolution by descent is rather implied than insisted upon; but it is easily made out, and may be stated as follows: If all plants were self-fertilized, or if the advantages lay with self-fertilization as against cross-fertilization, species would remain absolutely fixed. With the introduction of cross-fertilization, accompanied by the fact of greater vigor and fertility in its offspring, a new and vital element is brought in, which, in fact, involves and explains the origin of species. As long as external conditions are uniform, there is no reason why a species should ever vary; but as soon as these conditions are changed, the self-fertilized plants, being the less vigorous, die out or give place to the more vigorous cross-fertilized plants, while at the same time the cross-fertilization takes place between individual plants becoming more and more variable, thus giving rise to new varieties and ultimately to new species.

How far and in what way an author should "dip down" in order to reach the level of the youthful mind,

[1] The Effects of Cross and Self Fertilization in the Vegetable Kingdom. By Charles Darwin, M. A., F. R. S. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo, pp. 482.

is a question which confronts the maker of text-books no less than the writer of juvenile history and fiction; and as in the one case so in the other, some solve it by adopting a sort of baby-language, carefully ignoring all the difficulties of a subject, and avoiding everything that involves sustained and consecutive thinking, while others adopt the better plan of reducing a complex subject to its simplest elements, stripping it of all side-issues and superfluous argumentation, and then requiring the child to master it in the same way that it must master all other subjects whose difficulties can neither be evaded nor ignored. In his "Introduction to Political Economy," [1] Professor Perry has followed the latter method. "It is believed both by author and publishers," he says, "that young persons of ordinary intelligence and training, who have reached the age of fourteen years, will find no difficulty in mastering every point in these pages;" but he has not even attempted to shirk the very real perplexities and complexities with which political economy confronts young or inexperienced students, and, above all, he does not delude them with the idea that a few so-called general principles and phrases exhaust the phenomena of the science. The book, in short, offers no easy highway for beginners, but then it has the immense advantage that it lays the foundations of political economy in their whole circuit in such a way that they will never need to be disturbed afterward by persons resorting to it for their early instruction, however long and however far these persons may pursue their studies. Viewed from this standpoint, the only objection to Professor Perry's exposition is that he now and then introduces controversial and controverted topics, which are not essential, and which if they must needs be discussed should be discussed elsewhere than in an elementary text-book. The language throughout is singularly clear and simple, the practical application of the general principles is shown step by step, and the illustrations of the principles are drawn largely from recent facts and events in this country and in Europe, so that the exposition really utilizes whatever collateral knowledge is floating at the time in the minds of either readers or students. It should be added that the "Introduction" is in no sense a compendium or abridgment of the author's larger treatise, but an entirely independent work, propounding the same scientific doctrine, of course, but in simpler language and with fresh illustrations.

By many competent judges who knew him intimately, and who had watched his career from the start, the late Chauncey Wright, of Cambridge, was regarded as one of the ablest, if not the very ablest, philosophical thinker that America has produced. He obtained no wide popular recognition in his lifetime, and he died without having achieved any single work to which his friends could point as a vindication of their favorable judgment; but he discussed many of the most important problems of modern scientific research in the *North American Review* and the *Nation*, in papers which attracted the attention of scholars, both at home and abroad, by reason of the wide reach of thought, the penetrating analysis, and the large store of acquirement, which they exhibited. His best-known essay, on the "Evolution of Self-Consciousness," in which a natural explanation is given of the chief phenomena of human consciousness, is considered a real and very valuable contribution to the theory of Natural Selection; and his defense of that theory against Mr. St. George Mivart's attack upon it in the "Genesis of Species" elicited the warm approbation of Mr. Darwin himself, at whose instance the article was republished in England. His principal writings, including the two above-mentioned papers and several fragments now published for the first time, have been collected and reissued in a volume entitled "Philosophical Discussions," [1] which is prefaced with a biographical sketch of the author by Mr. Charles Eliot Norton. The papers, as a rule, are too compact of thought and too terse and exact, not to say technical, in style to attract any very wide audience; but the few who can enjoy the treatment of philosophical problems in a purely philosophical spirit and manner will get ample stimulus from the book, and will, moreover, find in it, as Mr. Norton says, "abundant evidence not only of a mind of rare power and unusual balance, but also of wide acquisitions and thorough intellectual discipline." The biographical sketch is brief, but discriminating and sufficient, and imparts a lively impression of one whose private character was as lovable as his intelligence was exalted.

The successive issues of the "No-Name Series" crowd upon each other so rapidly that the monthly reviewer can no longer cope with them singly, but is compelled to take them in groups. "Kismet," [2] the fourth volume of the series, is evidently the outcome of a voyage up the Nile, and the author has undertaken the difficult task of combining a somewhat detailed record of travel with a love-story of the orthodox and conventional type. The plan is a plausible one, but in practice it is seldom found to work well, for the interest of the story, if it be interesting at all, is apt to render the reader impatient of the constant interpolation of descriptive interludes, even when they are good, while if the story be bad it is apt to distribute its burden over the entire book. It must be acknowledged, however, that the author of "Kismet" has managed the combination with noteworthy skill. The descriptive portions of her work are particularly striking, and one can hardly help wondering at the affluence of imagery and epithet which seems to flow from the author's pen with such apparent ease and inexhaustible copiousness. The vividness and felicitousness of the word-painting often call to mind the similar passages in "Shirley," and the only drawback to the enjoyment of it is that the monotony of the Nile scenery and experiences inevitably imparts to the most varied description an air of sameness and repetition. The people for whom this elaborate background is constructed hardly come up to its requirements, though in externals, at least, they fit very well into the general picturesqueness. The difficulty is that, in spite of a good deal of painstaking analysis on the part of the author, no one of the characters attains to any real distinctness or individuality. The "parts" in the little drama are well distributed, if only the actors could catch the cue; but the man in whom it is essential to the success of the story that the reader should feel a sympathetic interest impresses us as a thoroughly artificial and inexplicable personage, while the heroine, if more natural, is even less intelligible. Part of the pervading indistinctness comes from the prodigiously tall talk which does duty for conversation, and in which it is impossible to discover from internal evidence whether the speaker is the cultivated Arthur, the emotional Bell, the frivolous

[1] An Introduction to Political Economy. By Arthur Latham Perry, LL. D. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co. 16mo, pp. 348.

[1] Philosophical Discussions. By Chauncey Wright. With a Biographical Sketch of the Author by Charles Eliot Norton. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 8vo, pp. 434.

[2] No-Name Series. Kismet. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 16mo, pp. 338.

Gerty, or the commonplace Kate. "Kismet" is decidedly above the ordinary run of novels, its chief fault being that the author is either deficient in dramatic faculty or has allowed herself to be seduced from her duty to the creatures of her imagination by her delight in describing the incidents of what must have been a most impressive and suggestive voyage.

If "Kismet" rises above the average level of current fiction, the next volume of the series, "The Great Match,"[1] falls as decidedly below it. It would be inappropriate to apply any very strong epithets to such thoroughly trivial, inartistic, and feeble work, and yet it is difficult to characterize it without the use of emphatic language. Perhaps it can be least offensively described as the kind of story produced by many a bright boarding-school miss in hours of effervescing sentimentality, exhibited clandestinely to sympathetic and admiring schoolmates, and, after a time, when taste has slightly matured, consigned to the flames which kindly obliterate so many records of youthful folly. That the present specimen has found place in a series of novels announced as "by eminent authors" would seem to indicate that such self-sacrificing modesty is too exaggerated for current standards. There is just one good thing in the book, and that is the opening picture of the external contrast and social antagonism between the manufacturing town of Milltown and the agricultural village of Dornfield; it is hard to decide whether the insignificance of the plot or the crudeness of the character-sketches is its most conspicuous demerit.

Only a practised versifier should venture to pronounce absolutely upon the merits of the Rev. Samuel W. Barnum's "Vocabulary of English Rhymes,"[2] but even a layman who never wooes the Muses can easily see that it is a great improvement upon Walker's antiquated "Rhyming Dictionary," which it is designed to supersede. For one thing it is far more comprehensive, containing more than double, or, in one sense, quadruple the number of words; and, while an immense number of obsolete words have been dropped from the list, a still larger number of those which have come into use during the past century have been inserted. Another feature of the "Vocabulary"—which, indeed, constitutes its distinctive merit—is its new method of classification and arrangement. In Walker the words follow each other in the order of the letters they *end* with—a system manifestly misleading and inadequate, since rhymes are based not on orthography but on pronunciation, and since, in the English language, at least, pronunciation and orthography bear a very eccentric relation to each other. Mr. Barnum's plan discriminates and groups the words according to their terminal *sounds*, the groups being classified under, first, single or male rhymes, as b*ay*, del*ay*; second, double or female rhymes, as v*ary*, can*ary*; third, triple rhymes, as v*arious*, multif*arious*; fourth, quadruple rhymes, as v*ariously*, multif*ariously*; and fifth, quintuple rhymes, as *eligibleness*, in*telligibleness*. The several words under these groups are arranged, in general, according to the sounds of the rhyming vowels and the letters or syllables following (or preceding) them, taken in their alphabetical order; and the word is easily traced by the rhyming vowel and the following consonant or vowel (if any) placed at the beginning of each division and subdivision, and in the running title at the top of each page. The "Vocabulary" is unquestionably a work of great ingenuity and laborious research; and poets and versifiers will doubtless concur in Dr. Barnum's opinion that it "will aid them to do their work better and more easily, and thus assist in the cultivation of good taste and feeling, the improvement of literature, the promotion of human welfare, and the glory of Him who is Lord of all."

In his "Fleets of the World"[1] Commodore Parker undertakes to "give some account of the fleets which from time to time have made their appearance upon the deep, together with a sketch of the gallant men who organized and fought them"—in other words, to do for the naval annals of mankind what has been so often done for its military annals. The task is, of course, a somewhat comprehensive one, and the first volume deals only with "The Galley Period," though this brings us up to the time of the Spanish Armada, and includes some of the largest fleets and greatest sea-fights of which we have any record. The author's method is very unsystematic, and his arrangement chaotic in the extreme; yet he follows, on the whole, a chronological order, and, beginning with Chinese vessels and their navigation, surveys successively the Egyptian and Phœnician vessels, the war-galleys of the Greeks and Persians, the fleets of the Romans and Carthaginians, those of the Venetians, Genoese, and Saracens, the naval exploits of the Norsemen, the rise of the British navy, and the abortive performances of the Invincible Armada. Included in this survey are the great battles of Salamis, Heraclæa, Actium, and Lepanto, besides a multitude of minor engagements, of all of which detailed and animated descriptions are given. Should the author be encouraged to persevere in his undertaking, he promises in future volumes to take his readers over more certain ground. "Together," he says, "they will visit Van Tromp and De Ruyter in the British Channel, Blake at Santa Cruz, Rodney in the Antilles, and Suffren off Trincomalee; and later, from the quarter-deck of the Victory, behold the magnificent fleet led by Nelson as it 'sweeps through the deep' on its way to Trafalgar, where the mighty hero fell. Finally, leaving the Eastern Hemisphere, they will see passing before them in regular succession those famous sea-captains whose deeds of daring have emblazoned the naval annals of the United States." It is to be hoped that he will receive such encouragement; for there can be no doubt that he will bring together much valuable material, while his practical knowledge of seamanship gives his comments on construction and manœuvres a value entirely apart from the usefulness of his work as history.

[1] No-Name Series. The Great Match. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 16mo, pp. 293.

[2] A Vocabulary of English Rhymes, arranged on a New Plan. By Rev. Samuel W. Barnum. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 18mo, pp. 767.

[1] Fleets of the World. The Galley Period. By Foxhall A. Parker, Commodore U. S. Navy. Illustrated. New York: D. Van Nostrand. 8vo, pp. 235.

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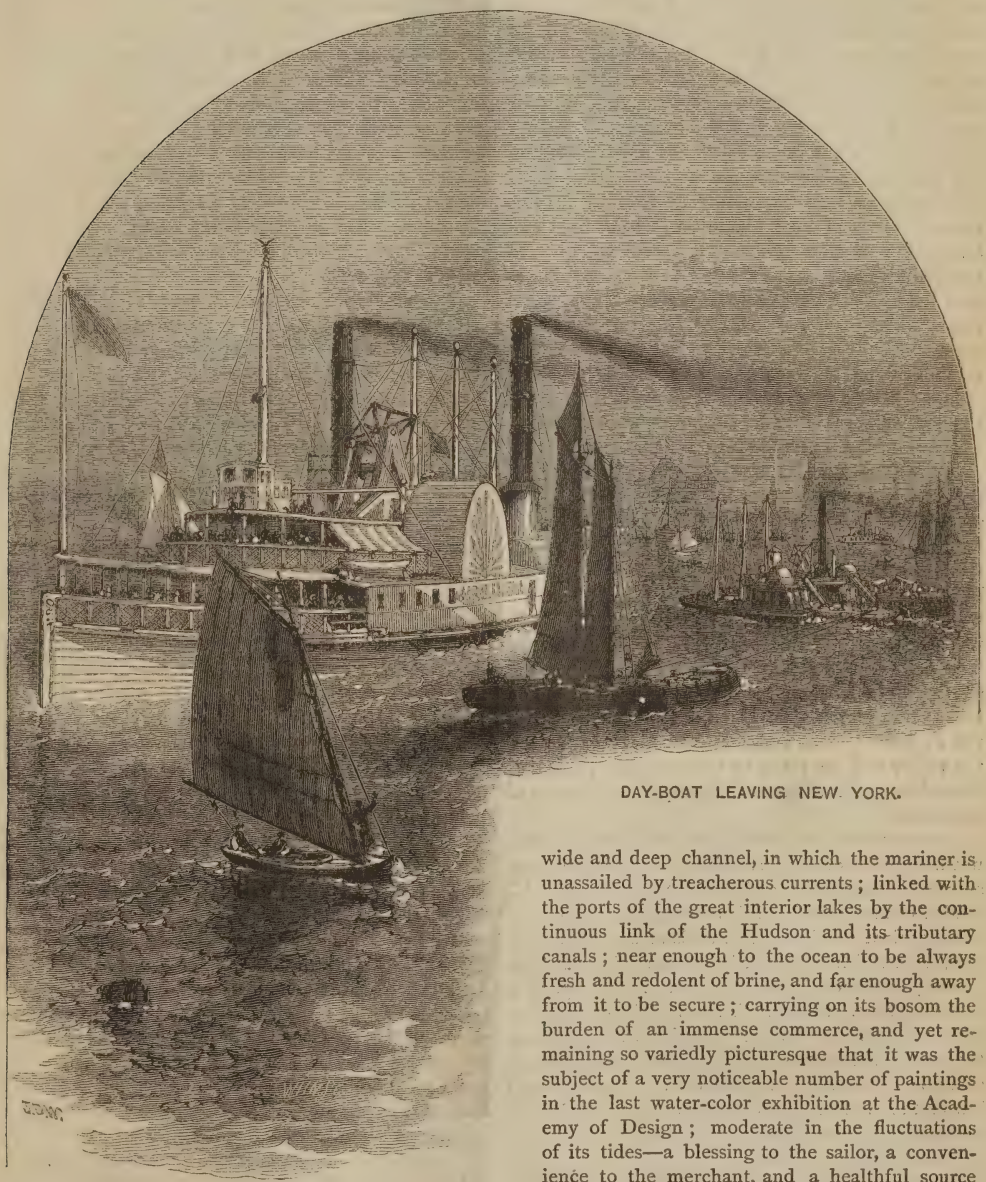
"Put up her slender hands to smooth her hair and fasten her hat."

"Cherry Ripe!" Chap. XX.

APPLETONS' JOURNAL.

THE HARBOR AND COMMERCE OF NEW YORK.

FIRST PAPER.



DAY-BOAT LEAVING NEW YORK.

WHAT a splendid harbor it is! Capacious enough to hold a large part of the shipping of the world; approachable from the Atlantic through a wide and deep channel, in which the mariner is unassailed by treacherous currents; linked with the ports of the great interior lakes by the continuous link of the Hudson and its tributary canals; near enough to the ocean to be always fresh and redolent of brine, and far enough away from it to be secure; carrying on its bosom the burden of an immense commerce, and yet remaining so variedly picturesque that it was the subject of a very noticeable number of paintings in the last water-color exhibition at the Academy of Design; moderate in the fluctuations of its tides—a blessing to the sailor, a convenience to the merchant, and a healthful source of recreation to heated dwellers in the city. Whoever knows it intimately cannot speak of it to a stranger without pride and enthusiasm; the mention of it recalls to mind the many pleasures that

have been, and may be, enjoyed on its rippling surface, and in its exhilarating breeze.

It encircles the city with its broad, strong arm on the east and west sides, and at the southern end by two rivers; at the northern boundary by a smaller stream, which is navigable for some distance, and which could be made navigable from end to end. Then, from the southern extremity of the city, it extends outward into a spacious bay, the New Jersey shore curving southwestward, and making room for Staten Island on one side, and the Long Island shore, with many indentures, inclining similarly on the other side. Near the city it is dotted with several smaller islands, which are green in summer, and, as it edges upon the Staten Island shore, a reef projects, upon which a lighthouse is built.

Seven or eight miles below the city the land on one side almost clasps that on the other, forming the Narrows, a passage imposingly fortified by the low embattlements of Fort Hamilton and the high embankments of Fort Richmond. Here we observe another advantage which the harbor possesses. However defective and inadequate the defenses may be, the situation itself is good, and might be made impregnable. From the Narrows outward a channel extends about eighteen miles to the ocean, and, should a hostile fleet ever attempt an entrance, this channel, we are told by the engineers, could be effectively protected by torpedoes.

It is from Fort Richmond that the best view of the harbor can be obtained. A favorite recreation of city people is the trip by ferry-boat to the last landing on Staten Island, and thence along a wide road, overarched with verdure, and cross-cut by delightful little lanes, through which glimpses of the water are revealed, to the fort, whose grassy earthworks attain an altitude of several hundred feet. The air is cool and stimulating even when the city is sweltering in midsummer heat; and, seated on one of the knolls, with a pipe and a book, or, better, with the eyes wide open, and attentive to the prospect, the visitor will be ready to corroborate all that can be said in praise of the multiform picturesqueness of the harbor.

Down below him are the successive terraces and winding paths of the fort, with the peeping embrasures of white granite, and the black mouths of half-hidden cannon; farther below is the sea, which murmurs against the formidable walls of a granite battery, from which a hundred guns are pointed. The lapping of the water, and the short breathings of a little tug-boat, are softly distinct. The cries of the whirling gulls are like the rush of the wind. From the battery below to Fort Hamilton on the opposite shore is apparently not more than a stone's-throw; but in the intermediate distance is dismantled Fort Lafayette, whose frayed, red-sandstone walls are completely insular.

The Long Island shore is low, and wooded to the water's edge, and in this density of verdure a villa here and there has put a flake of whiteness. But the Staten Island swells into prominent highlands, sprinkled with tasteful dwellings to the summit, and beclouded by the blue smoke that rises from the ragged line of cottages near the narrow beach. The busy city at the head of the bay lies under an amber cloud, which changes to a pink as it reaches toward the zenith, and the massive towers of the Brooklyn Bridge are the only projections distinctly visible.

What a splendid harbor it is! we repeat. But so far we have only seen a part of it—that part called the Upper Bay. Outside the Narrows another curve in the shore forms what is known as the Lower Bay, which, though it is part and parcel of the boisterous Atlantic, is so sheltered that it gives safe moorings in the most violent gale. The great ship-channel winds through it in a southerly course, and then turns eastward by the spit of land called Sandy Hook, upon which there are a fort, a signal-station, and a lighthouse. Another lighthouse, with two towers, crowns the purple Highlands of the Nevisink, which bound the southern end of the bay, and on a clear night its strong beams are visible to the mariner twenty-seven miles at sea.

Let us stand where we are, on this knoll of Fort Richmond, at daybreak, and a few minutes before, as the sun mounts the eastern sky and brushes the little world in view with rose-color and gold, making a ruby wine of the dark waters, and lighting up the heavily-shadowed hills; then let us follow the dawn to the city, and observe the awakening of commerce after its short night's rest. The waves are crisp, glassy, and fringed with foam: as they leap into peaks the light flashes through them, and shows how green they are; but a surface-glow lies upon them, and shifts about, appearing and disappearing, and losing heat as the sun rises higher. No one who has not lived on the sea, and made a study of it, knows what marvelous variations of color are secreted in its depths, nor what healing and aroma there are in its morning exhalations. It may be sad for the rest of the day, but when the gloom of night is lifted from it on a fair morning it is *laughing*.

A bight in the Staten Island shore, just north of our standpoint, with lawns and groves of shade-trees rising from it, makes room for the Quarantine establishment, and the vessels that have arrived during the night are found in the cove, awaiting the health-officer's passport before they proceed to the city. When the transatlantic trade has been brisk, the writer has seen eight ocean-steamers, each of two or more thousand tons' burden, gathered together in a morning on the Quarantine-grounds, to say nothing of a fleet of large sailing-ships; and business is very dull indeed when the health-officer, or his deputy, whose working-hours begin with the sun, does not find more than five or six vessels lying off for him, with the ensign displayed in the mizzen rigging.

The objects of quarantine are the same wherever it is established, though its operation varies in nearly every port. The stringent laws enacted and the extensive hospitals built in the United States are unnecessary in Great Britain, as all the ports in the latter country are more than thirty days' sail from

what are known as "quarantinable" ports, i. e., those in which infectious diseases are common. But, on account of the vastness of its commerce, and the pecularities of its situation, New York requires, and has, a well-planned and carefully-supported system.

For instance, a ship arrives off Sandy Hook with the yellow fever on board; such an extreme case is not allowed to pass within the Narrows, but is detained in the Lower Bay, where she is boarded by one of the health-officer's deputies. The sick persons among the crew and passengers are transferred to the hospital on Dix Island, where they receive medical treatment, and whence, should death ensue, they are buried in a lonely tract of land near Seguin's Point on the edge of the bay. The well persons are transferred to Hoffman Island, where there are quarters and cooking-appliances for a whole ship's crew. These two islands are of artificial construction; each is about three acres in area, and they were built at a cost of one million dollars, in deference to the riotous opposition of the Staten-Islanders to a building for fever-stricken patients on their mainland. Dix Island is the site of a spacious hospital, with eight separate wards, connected by corridors, a kitchen, a superintendent's house, and a telegraph-office. On Hoffman's Island there are two large brick buildings, two stories high, for healthy persons who have associated with the victims of an infectious disease, and a third building for the use of the officers of quarantine-vessels.

When the crew and passengers have been removed from the ship in which the fever has appeared, the cargo is disinfected; the hatches are raised, and the hold is opened to fresh air and light for two or three days, after which the cargo is transferred and conveyed to the city in lighters—a "lighter" being a broad-beamed, blunt-prowed sloop of a most positive Dutch model. The only persons allowed on board are the men attached to the lighters, and they are required to sleep and take their meals on a boat at Upper Quarantine.

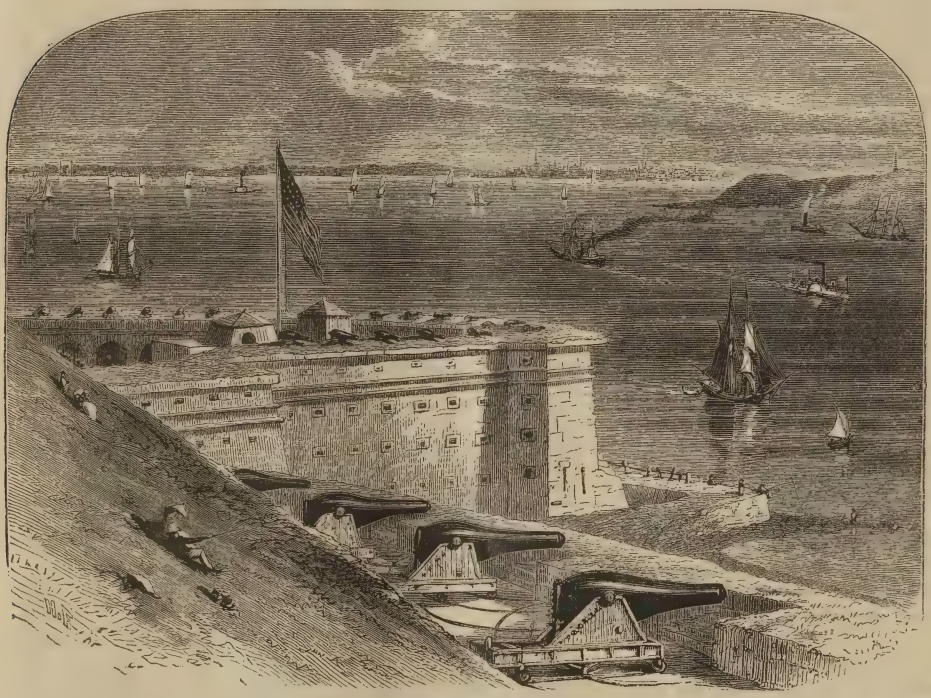
After a few days the men on Hoffman's Island are released, should they escape disease, and those in the hospital are sent to the city as soon as they recover.



THE LOWER BAY, FROM STATEN ISLAND.

The elaborate methods above described are not applied to all cases, however—only to fever-ships arriving between May and November; from November till May, all vessels are allowed to pass into the Upper Bay, where the steamers and other craft incoming from healthy ports are invariably examined. The passenger arriving from Liverpool or Hamburg can have no other objection to quarantine than this: He has passed the Narrows half an hour after sundown, we will suppose; ever so many hearts are beating expectantly for him in the vast city yonder, which casts a yellow reflection in the sky, but the steamer drops anchor, and must wait for morning before communicating with the shore. In the morning a steam-yacht brings the health-officer on board, who quietly inspects the steerages, signs a certificate, and retires. The news-gatherers of the Associated Press, and the custom-house officers, then come alongside, and the steamer glides toward the city; but an opposition craft which she has gloriously overtaken on the voyage appears at the Narrows in the mean time, and the twelve hours by which she has beaten the latter practically count for nothing. Under such circumstances, quarantine becomes a mortification; more than that, an outright nuisance.

How lovely the land looks, though! What a sweet sense of satisfaction thrills the resident of the city as he recognizes the familiar points of the scene, and how cheerfully he directs the attention of the foreign passengers to them! The hills of Staten Island are veiled in a mellow infusion of mist and sunshine; the wreaths and strata of smoke lie in suspense over the villages, as though unwilling to leave the delicious dreaminess of the earth; a pale vapor tempers the effulgence of the water, and makes mysterious phantoms of the distant objects; the low woodlands of the Long Island shore are cool and moist; then, as the mist lifts or disperses, the city projects itself in the gray, the fillets of gilt on its spires starting into flame, and the noble bay quivers with a hundred different forms of maritime life. Everything is so soft that we cannot believe that we are in a port of the windy, chilly North, and we are almost persuaded that we are at the portals of Venice, or in some other golden clime.



NEW YORK FROM FORT RICHMOND.

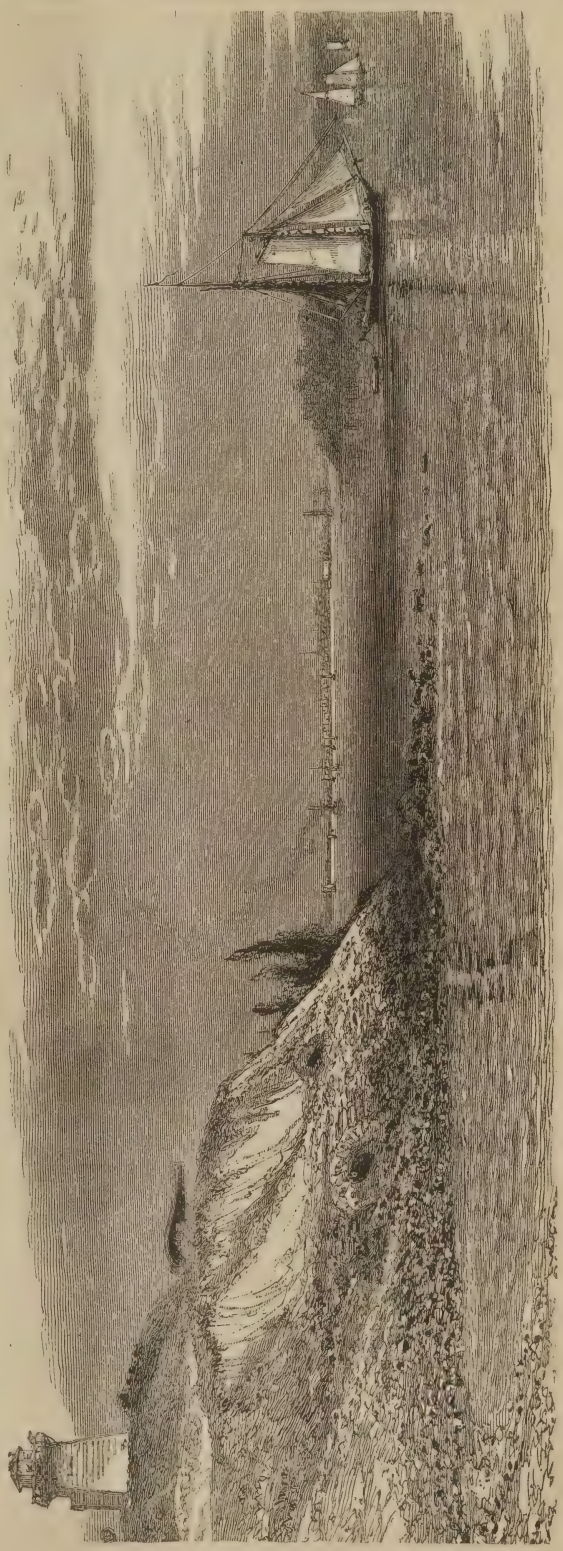
Did it ever occur to the reader how human shipping is—what an amount of individuality and feeling there is in ships? Look, even, at the small tugboats: what an embodiment of consequentialness and self-sufficiency they are, and what an amount of vitality is pent up in their dwarf-like frames! They are the Panckses of the water, the stuck-up little men of the marine—with a good deal of real grit in them despite their demonstrativeness. They are equal to almost anything in the way of strength. The ease with which they take charge of ships twenty times their own size, pulling them hither and thither, with and against the tide, is astonishing; and it is not uncommon to see one between four sloops or schooners, two on each arm, as it were—escorting them toward their destination with an exquisitely

human air of gallantry—while, perhaps, a canal-boat is in tow astern.

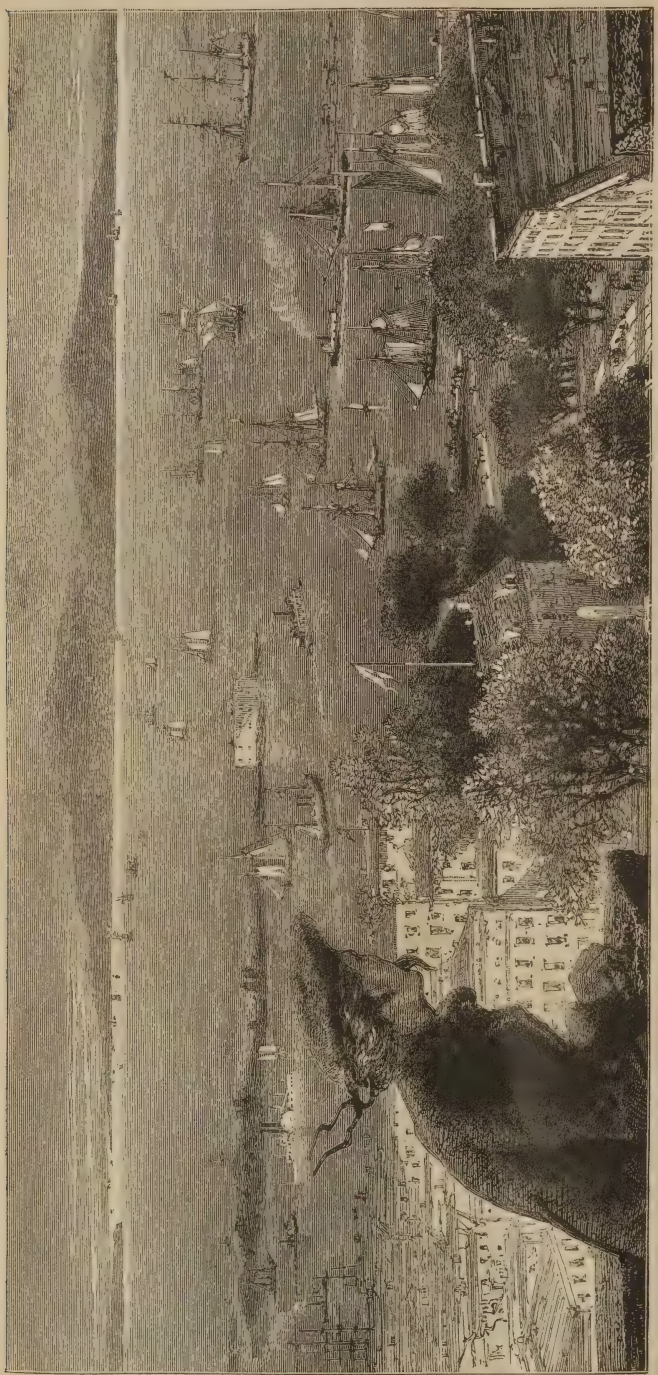
The yacht is the fine lady of fashion—polished, symmetrical, dainty, and ethereal. The house of the New York Yacht-Club is situated a little to the north of the Quarantine-grounds, and several vessels of the fleet are usually anchored in the neighboring water. What supercilious refinement, what suggestions of the air, and sky, and sea, there are in these slender pleasure-boats! The three most graceful things that I can think of at this moment are the Venus of Milo, the gloved hand of a pretty woman, and an American yacht. The last, in particular, it cannot be a sin to covet, because it is properly an agency of the freedom of sea and sky, which is every man's heritage—properly, but not practically. Practically, indeed, it is a very different thing. When the season ashore becomes intolerable, the rich man takes to his yacht, and perpetuates the sumptuous extravagance of life on land—the dinner-parties, the receptions, and the other frivolities, which must remind him of what an essentially earthly thing he is. The writer once asked the owner of a celebrated yacht what it cost him. "Well, you see I am economical," he replied; "some men spend much more, but I limit the expenses to about twenty-seven thousand dollars a year."

Yachting, as it is carried on in New York, costs a very pretty penny. Twelve clubs have their headquarters in the bay, the most important being the New York, which has about sixty vessels, with a total tonnage of some five thousand tons. The estimated value of all the New York yachts is nearly three million dollars.

Very similar in appearance to the yachts are the pilot-boats, which are distinguished by the large numbers worked in black on their white sails; in fact, the famous America, which beat all the English yachts at Cowes in 1850, was modeled after the pilot-boats, and the latter sometimes participate successfully in the annual regattas. There are about twenty-seven of them—one half the number cruising southward in search of vessels from the tropics, and the other half taking an easterly course in search of vessels from Europe. Each boat has on board, exclusive of her crew, seven pilots, when she leaves the harbor;



GLIMPSE OF NEW YORK FROM THE NARROWS.



THE BAY, FROM TRINITY CHURCH STEEPLE.

she puts one upon each inward-bound vessel that she meets, and when all are distributed she returns to the city. Her cruise may take two or three days, and it may take as many weeks. The English steamers are occasionally boarded far to the eastward of Nantucket, and in other instances the Highland lights are visible sooner than the wing-like sails with the black number impressed upon them.

If we call the yacht the fine lady of fashion, it is fair to continue the analogy by comparing the pilot-boat to a more robust sister, whose grace is the grace of strength, and not of over-refinement—strength without coarseness—for a pilot-boat is as airy and graceful in her motions as a bird. Her affinity with the winged creation is emphasized when she is seen in the distance from the deck of a homeward-bound steamer, careening before the wind, and scarcely seeming to touch the water at all. But, light and swift as she is, few tempests are so violent that she cannot outride them, and she is safe in seas upon which stouter and less wieldy vessels are worsted. She goes through her cruise in winter as well as in summer, and when the yachts are carefully wrapped up in their winter-quarters she is afloat in the stiff westerly gales of the Atlantic.

The frigate embodies in its massive, solid-looking hull, notched with the mouths of cannon, the judicial element, and is surrounded by a forbidding hedge of dignity; the stubby schooners and brigantines are the useful men-of-all-work, and the large ocean steamers are the grandiose merchants, who will have some veneer even in a castle of granite. But, of all floating things, the stateliest and the most sympathetic are the clipper-ships, which, lying at their wharves or in the stream, are instinct with a tenderness of sentiment that any one with a touch of poetry in him must perceive. They are nerve-centres with ligatures reaching across variable seas and antipodal zones. Looking at one of them, the mind sees a dreamy panorama of dark nights, gray days, and troubled waters; hears the rustle of the waves and the sough of the wind, and wanders into fascinating visions of beau-

tiful, far-off lands. I don't know why, but I am sure that these associations are stronger with sailing-ships than with other vessels. The steamer is much more prosaic—just as a locomotive is much more prosaic, and convenient at the same time, than the old stage-coach; her engines give her some superiority, but the superiority is mechanical, and the living thing is the clipper, whose impulse is derived from the strong, fresh wind.

As we proceed up the bay toward the city, the conformation of Staten Island is further elucidated. Near the little white lighthouse on Robbins's Reef, the verdurous shore turns to the southwestward, and forms, with a fenny strip of the Jersey shore on the other side, a narrow passage called the Kill Van Kull, a name reminiscent of Hendrick Hudson and his valiant followers. The Kill Van Kull ends in the dead expanse of Newark Bay, into which two rivers, the Hackensack and the Passaic, wander from a desolate stretch of salt-meadows, and an irregular stream puts an arm around the island in the direction of Perth Amboy.

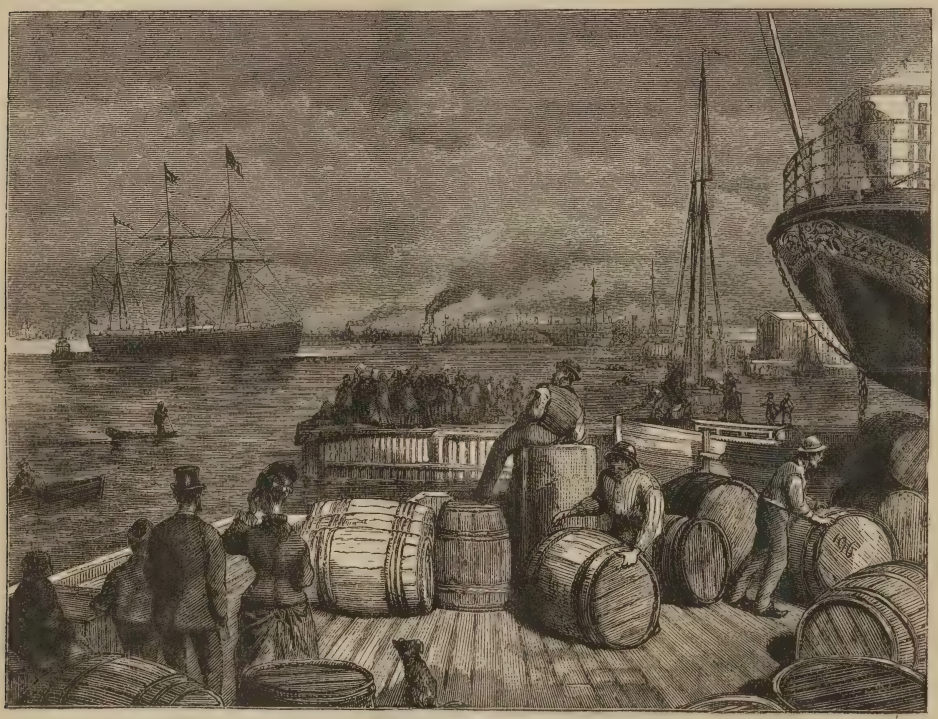
A woody road, bordered by many pretty gardens, in which are many more pretty villas, follows the curve of the island into the Kill, and here we may pause to take another view of the city and the bay. Among the woods behind us, reachable by English-like lanes, such as Birket Foster paints, is one of those ideal charities which do not treat their beneficiaries as paupers—a refuge for way-worn mariners, on the plan of the old Greenwich Hospital, where disabled sailors are comfortably provided for, even in the sinful matters of grog and tobacco. Its name is also good—Sailors' Snug Harbor—and the stray pensioners we meet on the road are ideal old tars, whose ruddy faces are drawn into cobwebs of wrinkles, and whose hoarse voices are suggestive of the boatswain's whistle and rough northeasters. On the grassy slopes, between the road and the water's edge, groups of these veterans are sometimes seen watching the ships go out to sea and making weather-wise comments on their appearance. The scene is entrancingly calm on a summer's afternoon: a few yachts are anchored along the shore; some noisy young Tritons are splashing at the end of a tumble-down pier, but their soprano voices only emphasize the quiet; vessels are flitting on the bay, the schooners and sloops lying over as the wind strikes them on the quarter; the steamers gliding, like phantoms, unswervingly through their course, and the smaller boats literally dancing over the silvery waves. That broken line of blue in the west is the Orange Mountains; under that cloud of dusky rose and yellow in the north the city is breathing; and, though all is so tranquil in the shade of these elms and willows, Broadway is not more than six miles away.



GLIMPSE OF THE HARBOR FROM A RIVER STEAMBOAT.

The animation of the harbor is not fully apparent until we are at the head of the bay and off the wharves. There the water is ploughed in every direction by every kind of vessels, and the air is resonant with the vehement whistling of the steamers. Squat, turtle-like ferry-boats, black with passengers; "palatial" river-steamers, with tier upon tier of state-rooms; capacious barges; cockle-shell row-boats;

square, solid-looking dredging-machines; coasting-steamers, and full-rigged barks — not only these, which are common to nearly all harbors, but many varieties of a less familiar appearance besides, churn the water into foam, and dodge each other so dexterously that the collision which constantly seems inevitable is as constantly averted.



AN OCEAN-STEAMER OUTWARD BOUND.

The stranger strains his eyes and his understanding in a vain endeavor to discover the nature of two heavy barges, with one of the vigorous little tug-boats between, which are crossing from the city to New Jersey. The load is a train of freight-cars. Only one of the great trunk railway-lines has its terminus in the city; the others end on the western side of the Hudson, and send their freight-cars over in these oblong barges, which are fitted with railway-tracks, and from which the cars are transferred to another track in the city. A further illustration of this characteristically American expedient may be seen in a massive steamer that travels the North and East Rivers at certain hours of the day and night.

The stranger is impressed with an inconsistency in the names of these two rivers, by-the-way. The North River, which is the Hudson, bordering the city on the western side, appears to be so named after the point of the compass to which it leads; but the East River appears to derive its name from the fact that it borders the city on its eastern side, and the point of the compass to which *it* leads seems never to have been taken into consideration in its nomenclature. The fact is, however, that the North River was so named by the early Dutch and other explorers (*North* River, or river of the North) to distinguish it from the *Delaware*, which was called *Zuyd* (or *South*) River.

The steamer above mentioned is the Maryland, and is similar in appearance to the ferry-boats, except that she is much larger. She forges her way once or twice a day from the New Haven Railway station on the Harlem River, down the East River, and across the North River to the Pennsylvania Railway depot in Jersey City, bearing a whole train of passenger-cars, drawing-rooms included, a distance of over eight miles, and forming an "all-rail route" from Boston and the East to Philadelphia and the South.

Another strange-looking craft is the floating derrick of the Dock Department; and stranger still are the floating grain-elevators, which look like houses afloat, and about which we shall have something to say hereafter.

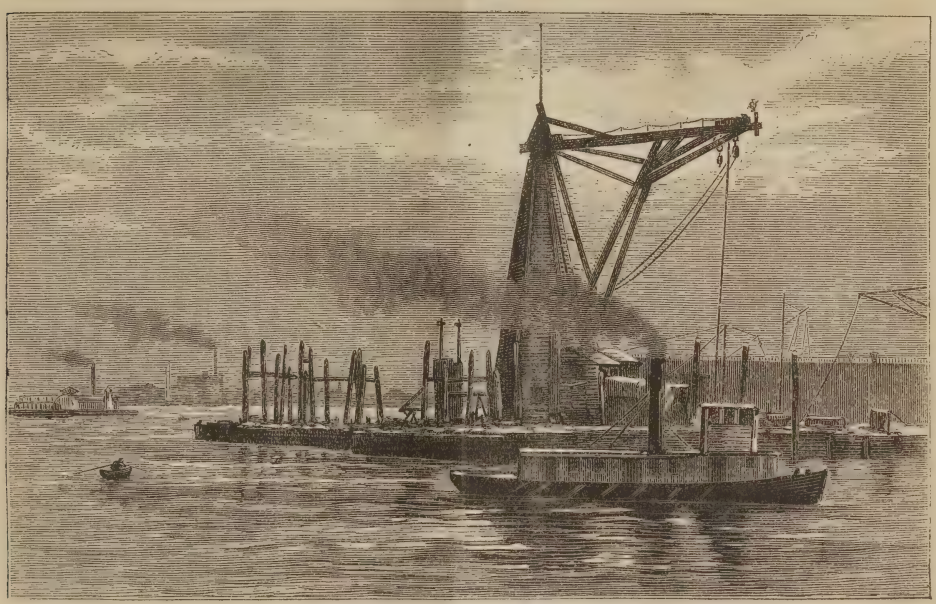
The roofs and the straggling water-front, with its embattlements of sail-lofts and stores; the long fringe of shipping, with its forests of masts and black network of cordage, are all that we can see of the city from the bay and the rivers; but the reverberations of its noisy heart-beatings come to the ear in low surges, and mingle with the lapping and splash of the water. The cloud that lay over the city as we looked from the Narrows disappears, and the

cerulean overhead is not perceptibly dimmed by the filmy smoke of the anthracite coal, which is the common fuel. The lucidity of the atmosphere is wonderful, and the water, too, though it is no longer the rich deep green and blue of the sea, is still green compared with the water of Liverpool, London, Philadelphia, or Baltimore.

Sunset, again, lends splendor to the scene. Standing off the lower extremity of the island in the evening, the people on the river sometimes see all the western windows burst into glaring sheets of flame, so vivid that they scarcely seem to be reflections, and the tip of every weather-vane is similarly transformed into a point of flame. The surface of the water is lacquered with a peculiar, metallic yellow; the brick buildings glow crimson, and wherever a bit of marble is visible it blushes to a delicate pink. The sun goes down in London, and in other cities where life is thick, with a sullen, threatening blood-redness; but in New York it loses nothing of the brilliancy that belongs to it in the freer, purer air of the country.

Roughly described, Manhattan Island, upon which the city is built, imitates the shape of the letter U, and its southern extremity, which forms the lower part of the letter, is emerald with the lawns and foliage of Battery Park. On one side are the broad Hudson and the flat Jersey shore, and on the other side is the East River, which, for the first two or three miles in its length, is less than a mile wide. This footstool of verdure, with its neat embankment of granite, its squares of grass—"the febrifuge of the imagination," as poor Fitzhugh Ludlow called it—and its level asphalt paths, is one of the most delightful promenades in the world. It was a favorite resort of Washington Irving and the sedate "fashionables" of his day, and it was not nearly so pretty then as it is now. Out of a frame of interlaced and leafy branches, we look upon the shifting, glinting water as it stretches out to the Narrows, the warm, red-brick houses of Brooklyn Heights, the granite-locked docks of the Atlantic Basin, the green disks of the smaller islands, and the multitudinous shipping at anchor and on the wing—upon a prospect which combines in picturesque completeness some of the elements of sea, city, and country.

At the edge of Battery Park, facing the water, stands Castle Garden, a rotunda in which all newly-arrived immigrants are landed and cared for. The poor alien is not cast adrift in our municipality. He is taken from the ship into the vast rotunda, where all of his reasonable wants are supplied. His biography is tabulated in a voluminous register; should he become sick within a certain time after his arrival, the Commissioners of Emigration are bound to admit him to their hospital; should his destination lie beyond the city, the responsible agents of the railway companies are on hand to supply him with tickets at the lowest rates; his thalers, sovereigns, or napoleons, are exchanged for United States currency; means of communication with absent friends are opened to him; and, in brief, everything possible is done to protect him from swindlers and to help him on his way.



THE FLOATING DERRICK

When the ocean-steamer has discharged her immigrants at Castle Garden, she proceeds up the river to her pier, upon which a crowd has gathered to meet her cabin-passengers. As she comes within hailing-distance, affectionate cries of recognition pass be-

tween the throng on the wharf and the throng on the saloon-deck. The operation of docking the great craft is slow and tedious, and, while the 'longshoremen and the sailors are hauling the ropes, an animated conversation is kept up. Inquiries are heard for friends, comments are made on the appearance of the voyagers, and questions are asked about the character of the passage. By-and-by the gangway is opened, and then there are tender meetings, warm embraces, and equally tender partings, as the passengers separate. A week or so later a similar scene is enacted as the steamer sails again—the passengers have their acquaintances to see them off, and the tears and the laughter of farewells make a dramatic episode of the departure.

Although my space is almost filled, I have not yet included a single paragraph of statistics; and, for the benefit of those readers who may wish to skip them, I will put them here in a compact form, with



NORTH RIVER FLOTILLA.

an assurance that they are not as uninteresting as they may possibly look:

Over two-thirds of all the duties on imports paid in the United States are paid in New York; thus, while $108,227,466 were collected in this city, the total receipts at Boston, which stands second, were $14,540,826; at Philadelphia, $8,285,903; at San Francisco, $8,213,584; at Baltimore, $5,953,200; at New Orleans, $2,217,049; and at all other ports in the United States aggregately, $8,690,026. The total of the United States inclusive of all ports was about $156,128,057. The total value of the imports throughout the country was, in 1875, $553,906,153, of which $368,637,580 came to New York, and the remainder was distributed among the other ports above mentioned in the same proportion as the duties. The total value of exports, domestic and foreign, from all ports in the United States, was $681,124,915, and from New York alone went $344,703,969 of this amount.

Nineteen steam and sailing vessels entered the latter port from the Argentine Republic in 1875; 23 from Austria; 105 from Belgium; 269 from Brazil; 2 from Chili; 29 from China; 2 from Costa Rica on the Caribbean Sea; 3 from Costa Rica on the Pacific; 28 from the Danish West Indies; 144 from France on the Atlantic; 58 from France on the Mediterranean; 101 from the French West Indies; 3 from French possessions in Africa; 285 from Germany; 685 from England; 114 from Scotland; 184 from Ireland, and 1,130 from other British possessions; 12 from Greece; 31 from Hayti; 22 from Honduras; 127 from Italy; 149 from Sicily and Sardinia; 10 from Japan; 84 from Mexico; 180 from Netherlands and Dutch Indies; 27 from Portugal; 10 from Russia; 1,393 from Spain and Spanish possessions, including Cuba; 37 from Sweden and Norway; 26 from Turkey; 88 from the United States of Colombia; 24 from Uruguay; 50 from Venezuela; and 69 from all other ports. The total number of vessels which arrived at New York was 5,541, with a tonnage of 4,421,074 tons; and the total number arriving at all other ports in the United States was 22,420, with a tonnage of 7,271,736.

The established lines of steamers include five lines to Liverpool, each sailing weekly steamers; two lines to Glasgow, weekly; one line to Hamburg and one to Bremen, both weekly; one to Rotterdam and one to Antwerp, both fortnightly; one to Havre, weekly; and one to Hull, fortnightly. In size, speed, and equipment, the British, French, and German steamers plying between New York and Europe are absolutely unsurpassed.

We have yet to take into account the coastwise trade of the harbor, which is of very considerable proportions. In 1875, 1,431 steamers, with a tonnage of 1,523,797 tons, and crews of 34,292 men, and 888 sailing-vessels, with a tonnage of 223,247 tons, and crews of 5,225 men, were engaged. The total number of all vessels belonging to the port of New York was 6,388, with a tonnage of 1,287,040 tons, 2,792 being sailing-vessels, 796 steamers, 587 barges, and 2,213 canal-boats.

"Life along the Wharves" will form the subject of another article.

THE WAR WITH THE TURKOMANS.

A PICTURE OF PERSIAN LIFE AND WARFARE.*

MY name is Ghoulam-Houssein. But, as it was my grandfather's name, and my parents, in speaking of him, naturally always said "Aga," that is to say, my lord, they called me Aga only out of respect to the head of the family, whose name may not be lightly pronounced; and thus I have the same name as the innumerable compatriots whom I have in the world, and who respond to this name of Aga, for the reason that their grandfathers were named like them Aly, Hassan, Mohammed, or something else. Thus I am Aga. In course of time, and when Fortune has smiled on me—that is to say, when I have possessed a moderately clean coat, and a few *shahys* in my pocket, I have seen fit to give myself the title of "Beg." Aga Beg is not bad. Unfortunately, I have generally been so unlucky that my title of Beg has disappeared before the melancholy aspect of my outfit. Under these circumstances, I have become Baba-Aga—Uncle Aga. I made up my mind to it. Since the occurrence of circumstances, in which, I confess, my own desire went for nothing, which permitted me to visit, in the holy city of Meshed, the tomb of the holy imams, and to partake of the soup of the mosque as often as I could, it has appeared at least natural to me to decorate myself with the title of Meshedy—pilgrim to Meshed. It gives the air of being a religious, grave, sedate man. Thus I have the happiness of seeing myself generally known, sometimes under the name of Baba-Meshedy-Aga, or under that which I prefer, Meshedy-Aga-Beg. But Allah disposes of all things as he sees fit!

I was born in a little village of Khamsèh, a province which borders on Azerbeydjân. A. Monstofy, a councilor of state of Teheran, a rich and respected man, named Abdoulhamyd-Khan, received the rents of the village. He protected us carefully, so that we had nothing to fear, either from the Governor of Khamsèh or from any one else. We were perfectly happy.

As for me, I confess that field-labor did not suit me, and I infinitely preferred to taste the grapes, the watermelons, and the apricots, to occupying myself in their cultivation. Thus I was hardly fifteen when I embraced a profession which pleased me much better than a peasant's life. I became a hunter. I should have been extremely contented with my destiny, amusing myself with my business, and gaining a good amount of money, a fact which I naturally did not mention to either my father or my mother, had I not suddenly fallen in love, which spoiled everything. Allah is the master!

I had a little cousin, aged fourteen, named Leïla. I was very fond of meeting her, and I met her very often. As we had a multitude of things to say to each other, and did not like to be interrupted, we had chosen a precious retreat under the willows which bordered the principal brook, at the thickest spot, and we remained there for hours without observing the lapse of time. At first, I was very happy, but I thought so much of Leïla that when I did not see her I felt impatient and uneasy, and I ran from side to side to find her. It was by this means that I discovered a secret which precipitated me into an abyss of grief: I perceived that I was not the only one with whom she made appointments.

She was so candid, so gentle, so good, so tender, that I did not suspect her for a single instant of disloyalty. This thought would have killed me. Nevertheless I was deeply grieved to find that others could occupy her attention, amuse her, at least divert her, and, after having asked myself many times whether I ought to confide my vexation to her, which humiliated me, and having decided that I must not complain, I told her all.

"Seest thou, daughter of my uncle," I cried one day, shedding burning tears, "my life is leaving me, and in a few days they will carry me to the cemetery! Thou dost converse with Hassan, thou dost speak with Kérym, thou dost laugh with Suleyman, and I am almost sure that thou didst pat Abdoullah! I know well that it is no harm, and that they are all thy cousins, like myself, and that thou art incapable of forgetting the oaths which thou hast sworn to me, to love me only, and that thou dost not desire to give me pain! Nevertheless, I suffer, I expire, I die, I am dead, they have buried me, thou wilt see me no more! O Leïla! my friend! my heart! my treasure! have pity on thy slave, he is extremely unhappy!"

And, in pronouncing these words, I redoubled my tears, I burst into cries, I threw off my cap, I beat my head with my fists, and I rolled on the earth.

Leïla was very much affected at the sight of my despair. She threw herself on my neck, kissed my eyes, and replied:

"Pardon me, my light! I have been in the wrong; but I swear by all that is most sacred! by Aly! by the imams! by the Prophet! by Allah! by thy head! that I will do so no more! and the proof that I will keep my word is, that thou shalt go immediately to ask me in marriage from my father! I will have no master but thee, and I will be thine all the days of my life!"

And she began to kiss me more violently than before. As for me, I became very uneasy and troubled. No doubt I loved her, but I had never told her that I had any money, because I was afraid she would wish to have it, and would succeed in getting it away from me. To ask her in marriage from my uncle, was to be forced inevitably to confess to my

* This humorous satire on Oriental manners and the military organization of Persia is from the French of Comte de Gobineau.

father, to my mother, and to all my relations, as well as to her, the existence of my little treasure. Then what would become of me? I was a ruined, lost, assassinated man! On the other hand, I had a great desire to marry Leïla, which would crown me with the greatest happiness which can be imagined in this world or in the other. Moreover, I should have nothing more to fear from the attentions of Hassan, Kérym, Suleyman, and Abdoullah, who were torturing me by a slow fire. Nevertheless, I did not wish to surrender my money yet, and I found myself in so great a perplexity that my sobs redoubled, and I pressed Leïla in my arms, preyed upon by an inexpressible anguish.

She thought that it was she alone who caused these transports, and she said to me:

"My soul, why so much sorrow at the moment when thou knowest that thou wilt possess me?"

Her voice penetrated so sweetly to the bottom of my heart as she uttered these words that I began to lose my head, and I replied:

"It is because I am so poor that I am in debt for the very dress which I wear! I swear on thy head that I have not been in a condition to pay for it, although it is certainly not worth five *sahabgrâns*. How, then, could I pay my uncle the dowry which he will demand of me? If he would be satisfied with a promise! Dost thou believe it would be impossible?"

"Oh, impossible! utterly impossible!" replied Leïla, shaking her head. "How canst thou expect that my father will give so pretty a girl as I for nothing? One must be reasonable."

As she said this she began to look at the water, and to gather with a heedless hand some small flowers growing in the grass along the bank; at the same time she made such a pretty little face that I felt beside myself. However, I replied, wisely:

"It is a very great misfortune! Alas! I possess nothing in the world."

"Truly?" said she, and she threw her arms around my neck, looking at me with such an air, and leaning her head on one side, that, without knowing how, and losing my mind completely, I murmured:

"I have thirty *tomans* in gold buried two paces from here."

And I showed her with my finger the trunk of a tree, at the foot of which I had buried my treasure.

She began to laugh, while a cold perspiration ran from my forehead.

"Liar!" cried she, giving me a kiss on the eyes. "How little thou lovest me! It is only by dint of prayers that I force the truth from thee! Now go and find my father, and ask me of him. Thou wilt promise him seven *tomans*, and thou wilt give him five, swearing that those will bring him the other two later. He will never see them. As for me, I shall know how to get back two, which I will bring to thee, and in that way I shall only have cost thee three *tomans*. Dost thou not see how much I love thee?"

I was charmed by this conclusion, and hastened to find my uncle. After two days of debates, which were mingled with many supplications, oaths, and tears, on my part, I ended by succeeding, and married my well-beloved Leïla. She was so charming, she had such a perfect art of accomplishing her wishes (I understood later how she went to work, and where she obtained such an irresistible power), that when, a few days after the wedding, Leïla persuaded me to establish myself with her at Zendjân, the capital of the province, she found the means of causing her father to present her with a superb ass, and moreover she carried away a fine carpet without asking his permission. The truth is, she was the pearl of women.

We were scarcely installed in our new dwelling —where, thanks to the twenty-five *tomans* which remained to me, we began to live joyously, because Leïla wished to amuse herself, and I was very willing —when we saw Kérym arrive, one of her cousins of whom I had been jealous. At the first moment I had a feeble inclination to be so still, but my wife ridiculed me so that she made me laugh myself, and moreover Kérym was such a nice fellow! I struck up a great friendship with him, and, to tell the truth, he deserved it, for I have never seen so hearty a laugher. He always had stories to relate to us, which made me ready to die with laughing. We passed a good part of the nights together, drinking *raky*, and he ended by living in the house at my request.

Things went very well for three months. Then I became cross. There were things which displeased me—what I cannot say; but Leïla bored me, and I began to wonder why I had been so eager for her. I one day discovered the reason while mending my cap, which had become ripped in the lining. There I found with amazement a little packet composed of silk threads of various colors, with which was mingled a mesh of hair of precisely the color of my wife's, and it was not difficult to recognize the talisman which held me enchanted. I hastened to remove these fatal objects, and when I replaced my cap on my head my thoughts had taken a totally different course: I cared no more for Leïla than for any one else. In return, I bitterly regretted my thirty *tomans*, of which nothing remained, and that made me pensive and morose. Leïla preceived it. She put on fascinating ways, to which I remained perfectly indifferent, as was natural, since her charms no longer acted on me; then she became angry; Kérym interfered; a quarrel followed. I do not know just what I said, or my cousin replied; but, drawing my *gama*, I tried to give him a good blow across the body. He forestalled me, and with his, which he had elevated, he made a cut in my head, from which the blood began to flow. The neighbors rushed in at Leïla's terrible cries, and with them the police, and they had already seized the unfortunate Kérym to take him to prison, when I cried:

"In Allah! for Allah! and by Allah! do not touch him! He is my cousin, he is my aunt's son! He is my friend, and the light of my eyes! My blood is permitted to him."

I loved Kérym extremely, and infinitely more than I did Leïla, and I should have been in despair if any injury had happened to him on account of a wretched affair which we were at liberty, I think, to settle among ourselves. I spoke with so much eloquence that, though the blood streamed down my face, every one ended by becoming calm. They left us alone; Kérym bandaged my wound as well as Leïla; we all three embraced; I went to bed, and fell asleep.

The next day I was summoned by the *petkhoda*, or magistrate, of the quarter, who informed me that I had been registered among the men destined for soldiers. I might have expected that, or something of the sort. No one knew me at Zendjân, where I was a stranger. I had no protector there. How was it possible for me not to fall into such a pit, into which all naturally exerted themselves to thrust me, in order to exempt themselves or their friends? I tried to cry and protest; but, without being otherwise affected, the *petkhoda* had me fastened to the *fèlekeh*. They threw me on my back; two *ferrashs*, seizing the ends of the pole, elevated my feet in the air; two executioners brandished each a handful of rods with a ferocious air, and they administered a succession of blows to the stick to which I was attached, for I had slipped a *sahabgrân* into the palm of each as I fell.

It is none the less true that I understood very well from that moment what I had to expect if I endeavored to make any further opposition to my fate. Then I considered that I had not a penny; that I did not know to which saint to turn; that it was, perhaps, tiresome to turn to the right and to the left, and make those ridiculous movements which foot-soldiers are forced to execute; but that, on the whole, there might also be consolations and perquisites which I did not yet know of. Moreover, I reflected that I could not escape my destiny; and, as my destiny was to be a soldier, I must resign myself and put a good face on the matter.

When Leïla learned what had happened to me she uttered frightful cries, beat her face, and pulled something from her head. I comforted her to the best of my ability, and Kérym did not spare himself. She ended by allowing herself to be persuaded, and, perceiving her to be in a calmer frame of mind, I addressed the following discourse to her:

"Light of my eyes! all the prophets, the imams, the saints, the angels, and Allah himself, are my witnesses that I cannot live except beside thee; and, if I did not have thee, I swear on thy head that I should be as though I were dead, and much worse! In this sad state of affairs I have occupied myself only with thy happiness; and, since I must go, what will become of thee? The wisest thing will be for thee to take back thy liberty, and to find a less unfortunate husband than myself!"

"Dear Aga," she replied, embracing me, "the infinite love which thou feelest for me I feel in my heart toward the dear and adored husband who belongs to me; and as women, by nature, are more devoted than men to what they cherish, I am much more disposed than thou canst be to sacrifice myself; I think, therefore, whatever it may cost me, that it will be better to give thee back thy liberty. As for me, my fate is fixed; I shall remain here to weep until not a single tear remains in my poor body, and then I shall expire!"

At these sad words Leïla, Kérym, and I, began to groan in concert. We might have been seen, all three, seated on the carpet facing each other, with a *baggaly* of *raky* between us and our three cups, wagging our heads, and uttering lamentable cries, interspersed with exclamations: "Ya Aly! Ya Hassan! Ya Houssein! Oh, my eyes! Oh, my life! I am dead!"

Then we embraced each other, and began to sob more violently than before. The truth is, that Leïla and I adored each other, and the all-powerful Allah has never created, and never can create, a more attached and faithful wife. Ah, yes! ah, yes! It is quite true, and I cannot refrain from weeping again when I think of it.

The next morning my dear wife and I betook ourselves betimes to the *moulla*, and had the act of divorce prepared; then she returned home, after having taken a tender farewell of me. As for me, I went directly to the bazaar, to the shop of an Armenian, a dealer in *raky*, where I was sure to meet Kérym. I had had an idea for three days, which even in the midst of my troubles did not cease to occupy my mind strongly.

"Kérym," said I to him, "I intend to present myself to-day to my *sultan*—that is to say, my captain. They tell me he is a punctilious man, who prides himself on neatness. If I go to make my salute to him, in the torn and spotted coat which I wear, he will receive me very badly, and this disagreeable beginning may influence my military future disadvantageously. I beg thee, then, to lend me thy new *koulydjêh* for this important occasion."

"My poor Aga," replied Kérym, "I absolutely cannot grant what thou desirest. I have an important piece of business to-day; I am to be married, and it is absolutely necessary, for the sake of my standing in the eyes of my friends, that I shall be freshly dressed. Moreover, I think a great deal of my *koulydjêh*; it is made of yellow fulled-cloth from Hamadan, edged with a fine galloon of silk from Kandahar; it is the work of Baba-Taher, the tailor who works for the greatest lords of the province, and he has assured me himself that he has never made anything so perfect. Therefore I have decided to pawn my *koulydjêh* after the marriage-ceremony, for, as I have no money to-day, I shall have many debts to-morrow, and therefore thou must perceive that I cannot deprive myself of my only resource, even to do thee a favor."

"Then," I replied, abandoning myself to the most profound despair (for, truly, this *koulydjêh* charmed me, and I thought only of that), "I am a lost, ruined man, abandoned by the entire universe, and without any one who takes the least interest in my sorrows."

These cruel words moved my friend. He com-

menced to reason with me ; he said every consoling thing he could imagine, continued to excuse himself on account of his marriage, his well-known poverty, and a thousand things besides ; and, at last, seeing me in such despair, he was moved to pity, and uttered these consoling words :

"If I were sure that thou wouldst return my *koulydjêh* in an hour—"

"By what dost thou wish me to swear it?" I replied, with fire.

"Thou wilt return it?"

"Immediately! In less than an hour! Just the time to go and return! By thy head! by my eyes! by the life of Leïla! by my saint! May I be burned like an accursed dog through all eternity, if thou dost not receive thy coat even before thou hast wished for it!"

"Come, then."

He conducted me to his room, and I saw the magnificent garment. It was yellow! It was superb! I was charmed! I put it on quickly ; Kérym exclaimed that such another coat was not to be seen, that the tailor was an admirable man, and that he would surely pay him some day out of gratitude.

"But," he added, "it is not possible without dishonor to wear such a coat with torn trousers of blue cloth. Come! Here are my new red-silk *shalvars*."

I drew them on quickly. I had the air of a prince, and I rushed out of the house. I promenaded for two hours through all the bazaars. The women all looked at me. I was at the height of bliss. Then I met two young fellows connected with the regiment like myself. We went together to a Jew's to refresh ourselves. They were to leave the same evening for Teheran to rejoin their company. I decided to go with them, and having borrowed some garments from one, and the rest from the other, I carefully folded my magnificent costume, and, while the Jew's back was turned, regained the door, then the street, then the entrance of the city, and, laughing heartily over all kinds of nonsense which we talked, we entered the desert and marched half the night.

Our journey was very gay, and I began to discover that a soldier's life suited me perfectly. One of my companions, Roustem-Beg, was *vékyl*, sergeant of a company. He proposed that I should place myself under his orders, and I accepted eagerly.

"Seest thou, brother," he said to me, "fools imagine that it is very wretched to be a soldier. Do not fall into that error. No one is unhappy in the world but dolts. Thou art not one, nor am I, nor is Khourshyd there. Dost thou know a trade?"

"I am a hunter."

"That is not a resource at Teheran. Become a mason. Our friend Khourshyd is a blacksmith. I am a wool-carder. Thou wilt give me a quarter of thy pay ; the *sultan* will have half, in his quality of captain ; thou wilt make a little present from time to time to the *nayb*, or lieutenant, who is not very sharp, though he is not malicious either ; the colonel naturally takes the rest ; and thou wilt live like a king on thy earnings."

"Then the masons earn a great deal at Teheran?"

"They earn something. But there are, besides, numerous ways of rendering life agreeable, and I will teach them to thee."

He taught me one on the journey, and it was very amusing. As he had his commission of *vékyl* with him, we presented ourselves in villages as tax-collectors. The peasants were completely duped, and, after many discussions, they made us a little present, that we might consent not to raise the tax, and to give them a reprieve of fifteen days, which we willingly accorded, and parted covered with blessings. After some other pleasantries of the same sort, which added to our profit, our amusement, or our glory, we at last entered the capital, by the gate of Shimiran, and one fine morning we presented ourselves to our *serheng*, Colonel Mehdy-Khan.

We saluted this great person profoundly, as he was traversing the court-yard of his house. The *vékyl*, who was already acquainted with him, presented us, Khourshyd and me, and in fine terms praised our valor, our submission, and our devotion to our chief. The colonel appeared charmed with us, and sent us to the barracks with some pleasant words. From that time I found myself incorporated with the Second Regiment of Khamsèh.

It must be confessed, however, that certain phases of military life are not at all pleasing. It is nothing to lose one's pay, and, really, since the viziers despoil the generals, I confess that it seems natural to me that the latter should despoil the colonels, who in their turn live on the majors, these on the captains, and the captains on their lieutenants and, the soldiers. It is the place of the latter to set their wits to work to find means of existence elsewhere, and, thank Allah, nobody prevents their doing so. But the difficulty is, that there are European instructors, and every one knows that there is nothing so brutal and awkward as these *Ferynghys*. They always have words of honesty and probity on their lips, and pretend to desire that the soldier's pay should be regularly disbursed. That, in itself, is not bad ; but, in return, they wish to make beasts of burden of us, which would be detestable ; and, to speak frankly, if they should succeed in their projects, we should be in such a pitiable condition that life would not be worth having. They would have us, for example, remain strictly in barracks, sleep there every night, and enter and go out at precisely the hours indicated by their watches. So that a man would become exactly like a machine, and could no longer breathe except in time, which Allah did not intend. Then they would have us all, without distinction, go on the parade-ground, under the sun of summer and the rain of winter—for what purpose? To raise and lower our legs, agitate our arms, turn our heads to the right or the left. Vallah! Billah! Tallah! There is not one of them who is capable of explaining what purpose these absurdities serve! I confess that, for myself, when I see one of those

people pass, I keep out of the way, for one never knows what fit of madness is going to seize them. Happily, Heaven, in making them very brutal, also made them at least as stupid, so that generally one can persuade them of anything one desires. Glory to Allah, who has given this means of defense to the Mussulmans!

As for me, I saw directly what the European instructors were, and kept as far from them as possible; as the *vékyl*, my friend, had taken care to recommend me to the *sultan*, I never went to what they call drill, and my existence was very endurable. Our regiment had replaced that of Souleymanyèh, which had been sent to Shiraz; so that I belonged to a detachment which occupied a post in the bazaar. These dogs of Europeans, whom Allah curse, maintained that the guards ought to be relieved every day, and the men sent back to the barracks. They can do nothing but invent modes of tormenting the poor soldier. Happily, the colonel did not care to be annoyed and disturbed constantly, so that, once in a guard-house, a soldier establishes himself there, makes himself at home, and lives there, not for four-and-twenty hours, but for two or three years sometimes—in short, during the whole time that the regiment is quartered in the city.

Our post was sufficiently agreeable. It was at the corner of two avenues of the bazaar. It was a building consisting of a chamber for the *nayb*, and a vast hall for the soldiers. There were no windows, but only a door, which opened on a wooden gallery skirting the street, and the whole raised three feet above the ground. Many shops offered their attractions in the vicinity of our edifice.

In short, it is quite true that life in a guard-house is charming. Our *nayb*, a handsome fellow, never appeared. He not only relinquished his entire pay to his superiors, but he also made them handsome presents, so that he was allowed to serve as a *valet de chambre* in a grand house, which was more profitable than his lieutenancy.

The rest of us who did not know where to sleep generally returned to the house between midnight and two o'clock in the morning; but we were generally all gone by eight or nine o'clock, except one or two, who consented to stay at home for one reason or another. It is well known that soldiers on guard serve no purpose whatever, except to present arms to the great persons who pass. This is what we did very regularly. As soon as a gentleman on horseback, surrounded by servants, made his appearance in the distance on one of the avenues which met at our guard-house, all the shopkeepers gave us notice by loud cries. Our detachment, composed of a score of men, never had more than four or five representatives, who naturally employed themselves in conversation or sleep; often, indeed, there was no one at all. Then auxiliaries flew from all the shops, seized our guns from the corners where we had thrown them, ranged themselves in superb order; one of them played the *vékyl*, another the *nayb*, and all presented arms with the martial gravity of the most ferocious Europeans. The great person bowed condescendingly, and all was as it should be. I recall with pleasure this excellent guard, these good neighbors. I devoutly hope I may find a similar situation in my old age. Inshallah! Inshallah! I was not much more domestic than my comrades. In accordance with my *vékyl's* advice, I had become a mason, and I really earned some money; but what I succeeded better in was lending it. Kérym's magnificent coat, which I had sold immediately to a dealer in second-hand clothes, had furnished me with funds, and I began to make loans to my comrades or acquaintances, whom I shortly saw flock around me. I never granted any but very small loans, and I insisted on very prompt repayment. This prudence was absolutely necessary, and I succeeded moderately well. Nevertheless, it sometimes happened that I had to deal with debtors from whom I could obtain nothing. To counterbalance these inconveniences, I borrowed myself, and did not always repay; so that, after all, I do not think I ever suffered any great losses. In the mean time, I took care to render myself agreeable to my superiors. I sometimes presented myself to the colonel; I was very attentive to the major; I may venture to say that I was the *sultan's* friend; the *nayb* confided in me; I cultivated constantly the good-will of the *vékyl*, to whom I often made small presents; all this gave me the right never to put my foot inside the barracks; neither was I ever seen at drill, and I employed the rest of my time in business or pleasure, without any one finding fault. I confess that I liked to frequent the public houses kept by Armenians and Jews; but one day, as I was passing by the king's college, I took a fancy to enter, and I was present at a lesson given in the garden by Moulla Aga Téhérany. I was charmed with it. From this day forth I acquired a taste for metaphysics, and I was often seen among the auditors of this sublime professor.

One evening, after having been absent three days, I entered the guard-house about ten o'clock, and I was extremely astonished to find there nearly all my comrades and the *nayb* himself. They were seated in a circle on the ground; a blue lamp illuminated them partially, and they all burst into tears. But the one who wept the most violently was the *nayb*.

"Health be on your excellency!" said I to him; "what is the matter?"

"Misfortune has fallen on the regiment," replied the officer, with a sob. "The august government has resolved to exterminate the Turkoman nation, and we have received orders to leave to-morrow for Meshed."

I felt my heart oppressed by this news, and I did like the rest: I sat down and wept.

The Turkomans are terrible people, as every one knows. They constantly make incursions, which they call *tjapaó*, in the provinces of Well-Guarded Iran which are near their frontiers, and they carry away the poor peasants by the hundred. They sell them to the Uzbecks of Khiva and Bokhara. I consider it natural that the government should have decided to destroy these robbers to the last man, but it was extremely perverse to send our regiment there.

We passed part of the night in lamentations; however, as all this despair did no good, we ended by laughing, and we were in a very good humor when the men of the regiment of Damghan came to replace us at daybreak. We took our guns, and, after spending a good hour in saying farewell to our friends of the quarter, we left the city and rejoined the rest of the regiment, which was arranged in line of battle outside the Dooulèt gate. I then learned that the king himself was going to review us. There were four regiments there: each one ought to consist of a thousand men, but, in reality, none had more than three or four hundred. They were: our regiment, the Second of Khamsèh, a regiment from Ispahan, another from Goum, and the First from Ardébyl; two batteries of artillery and about a thousand cavalry from the Sylsoupours, the Kakevends, and the Alavends. The sight was magnificent. Our red-and-white uniforms had a superb effect beside the white-and-blue ones of the other corps; our officers had narrow trousers with gold bands, and orange, sky-blue, or pink *koulydjéhs*. Then arrived successively the *myspendj*, general of division, with his retinue; *emir touman*, who commands twice as many, with a large troop of horsemen; *sypèh-salar*, still more numerously attended; and, at last, the King of kings himself, the ministers, all the pillars of the empire, and a crowd of servants—it was magnificent. The European music played in time, the drums rolled with a frightful noise, while the men, provided with extraordinary instruments, beat time, in order to keep together; the fifes and timbrels of the camel-artillery whistled and roared; the crowd of men, women, and children, who surrounded us on all sides, were mad with joy, and we shared with pride the universal satisfaction.

The king having placed himself on an eminence, with his great lords, the order was suddenly given for the officers of the *tamasha* to run from one side to the other. It is singular enough that the Europeans, whose languages are as absurd as their minds, should have the advantage of borrowing from us this word, which perfectly expresses the thing. Only, through their inability to pronounce well, these imbeciles say "*état-major*" (staff). "*Tamasha*" is, as every one knows, anything which makes a fine show, and it is the only useful thing which I have ever observed in European tactics. But it must be confessed that it is charming. Very handsome young men, dressed as finely as possible, mounted on beautiful horses, ride at full speed from all sides: they go, they come, they return; it is charming to behold. They are not allowed to go slowly, for that would destroy the pleasure. It is a very pretty invention —Allah be praised for it! When the king had amused himself for a while by observing this *tamasha*, they wished to show him how they were going to treat the Turkomans, and, for that purpose, a mine had been prepared which they sprung. Only, they did not wait until the soldiers in the vicinity had been warned to retire, so that three or four were killed; with the exception of this accident, everything went off very well, and they were much entertained. Then they sent away three battalions which caused great applause; and at last the infantry, cavalry, and artillery, defiled before the king; and in the evening the order was received to set out on the march immediately, which was done two days afterward.

The first week of our journey passed off well. The regiment advanced toward the northeast, keeping close to the foot of the mountains. We were to find our general, our colonel, the major, and the greater number of the captains, after a march of two months, at Meshed, or elsewhere. We were all common soldiers, with three or four *sultans*, the *nayb*, and our *vékyls*. We marched valiantly. We set out each morning about two o'clock, arrived toward noon at some place where there was water, and installed ourselves. The column advanced in small groups, each one joining his friends, according to his pleasure. If one was tired, one stopped on the road, slept as long as one pleased, then rejoined the others. According to the custom of all regiments, we had with us a long file of asses, carrying our baggage, the provisions of those who owned any, and our guns and cartridge-boxes, for no one was so foolish as to trouble himself with his arms on the road—what was the use? Some officers had ten or twelve asses to themselves, but two soldiers of our company possessed a score, which they had bought at Teheran at the instant of departure, and I joined them because they had had a fortunate idea.

These twenty asses were loaded with rice and butter. When we arrived at the *menzil*—that is to say, at the halting-place—we unpacked our rice, our butter, and even *tombéky*, and we sold them at quite a high price. But men bought, and our speculation turned out well, for they were obliged to have recourse to us, otherwise they would have found themselves in great distress from the first days. Every one knows that there are very few villages in the large valleys of Iran—just the ones which the roads traverse; the peasants are not such fools as to establish themselves exactly on the route of soldiers. They would have no peace nor rest, and would end by dying of hunger, not to mention the unpleasant occurrences of every sort which would not fail to fall to their lot. On the contrary, they place themselves far from the roads, so that it is not always easy to get at them. But the soldiers are not unskillful either; on arriving at the *menzil*, those of us who were acquainted with the country gave information; those who were least fatigued by the march went on a searching-expedition.

It would be wrong to conceal that the august government had announced to us that we should be very well nourished during the entire campaign. But no one had believed it. Those are things which all august governments say, but which they are unable to carry out. The general-in-chief never amuses himself by spending money for provisions for the soldiers which he can keep in his pocket. The truth is, that at the end of a fortnight, having no longer any rice to sell, my two comrades and myself closed our shop; two bad loaves could not have

[illegible]en found in the regiment, and we began to eat the asses. They were exhausted with fatigue. I know well that we began to unload them quite early, and to throw our guns and equipments away in the desert; but we had made a point of retaining our baggage as long as possible. The terrible point was the want of water. We had to pass half the day in making holes in the ground to obtain a little. When we were most favored we succeeded in bringing to light a brackish mud, which we strained as well as we could through rags. Many of our comrades did like the asses—they died. That did not prevent our singing; for, if it were necessary to deplore the evils inseparable from life, it would be better not to be in the world; and, moreover, with patience everything comes right, and the proof of this is that the rest of the regiment succeeded in reaching Meshed.

In truth, we did not present a very fine appearance when we entered the holy city. The major came to meet us with some captains and a certain number of merchants of all kinds of provisions. We paid dear enough for what they gave us; we were so hungry that we did not take the trouble to beat them down much. No one who has not undergone such experiences knows what it is to suddenly see before one's eyes a boiled sheep's head which is offered to one. The good meal which we made restored joy to our hearts. The major called us sons of dogs because we had lost our guns; but he caused a certain number of others to be distributed among us, which had been borrowed from the regiment of Khosrova for this occasion; and, being assessed to make him a little present, harmony was restored between him and us. It was agreed that he should make a favorable report of our conduct to the colonel, for whom we also prepared a present, which amounted to ten *tomans*. These arrangements being made, our entrance into Meshed was fixed for the next day.

At the appointed hour the drums of the other regiments already arrived in the city came to place themselves at our head. This was indispensable, for we had thrown away our drums as well as our guns. A great troop of officers, mounted on any horses they had been able to find, placed themselves behind the drums; and then we advanced in as good order as possible. We might have been two or three hundred strong. The inhabitants of the city received us with a good deal of indifference, for within the last month they had been frequently regaled with similar spectacles, which possessed no very great attraction for them. Then we were assigned a place for camping; but, as the ground was swampy, we dispersed, each one hoping to find a shelter in the city and some means of support.

As for me, I went directly to the mosque of the Holy Imams. Devotion attracted me thither, but also the idea that I might be able to get possession of one of the doles of soup which are generally distributed to unfortunate people there; and I certainly had some right to pretend to be unfortunate. I advanced with respect and emotion through the groups, and, as I was discreetly inquiring of one of the door-keepers, whose head was covered with a vast and scientific white turban, where I ought to go to obtain my share in the distribution, this worthy and respectable turban—or rather the head which was charged with it—showed me a surprised face, then a joyous one, and a large mouth opening in the midst of a vast black beard, while two eyes of jet shone with joy, and began to utter cries of satisfaction:

"Blessed be the holy imams! It is thou, it is thou thyself, Baba-Aga!"

"Myself!" I replied, looking fixedly at my interlocutor; and, after a moment of hesitation, I recognized him perfectly. "Vallah! Billah! Tallah!" I cried, "it is thou, Cousin Suleyman!"

"Myself, my friend, my relative, light of my eyes! What hast thou done with our Leïla?"

"Alas!" said I, "she is dead."

"O Allah, what a misfortune!"

"She is dead," I continued, with an air of despair; "otherwise, should I be here? I am captain in the Second Regiment of Khamsèh, and very happy to see thee again."

It had occurred to me to tell Suleyman that Leïla was dead, because I did not care to talk to him about her, and I wished to pass to another subject of conversation as quickly as possible; but he would not do it.

"Pitiful Allah!" he cried, "dead, Leïla is dead! And thou hast allowed her to die, wretch that thou art! Dost thou not know that I love her only in all the world, and that she has never loved any one but me?"

"Oh, only thee!" I replied, angrily, "only thee! What thou sayst is rather bold! Why, in this case, didst thou not marry her?"

"Because I possessed absolutely nothing; but the very day of thy marriage she swore to me that she would get divorced from thee and come to me as soon as I could give her a suitable house! That is why I left, came here, and became one of the door-keepers of the mosque; and I was on the point of informing her of my present good-fortune, when, behold! thou overwhelmest me with this unexpected blow!"

Thereupon he began to cry and weep, rolling his head. I had a great mind to give him a good blow with my fist in the face, for I was not at all pleased with what he had just revealed to me; fortunately, I all at once remembered that henceforth it concerned Kérym much more than it did me, and I contented myself by exclaiming:

"Poor Leïla! She loved us both well. Ah, what a misfortune that she is dead!"

Upon this Suleyman fell into my arms, and said:

"My friend, my cousin, we shall neither of us ever be consoled! Come to my house; I wish that thou shouldst be my guest, and, as long as thou art in Meshed, all that I possess is thine!"

I was profoundly touched by this kindness of the dear Suleyman, whom I had always loved from the bottom of my heart; and, perceiving him to be so afflicted, I shared his sorrow most sincerely, and mingled my tears with his. We went away across the

court-yard, and on the way he introduced me to two *moullas* whom we met.

"Behold!" said he to them, "my cousin Aga-Khan, major in the regiment of Khamsèh, a hero of the ancient times! Neither Roustem nor Afrasyâb equaled him in valor! If you will come and take a cup of tea with us, you will confer a great honor on my poor house."

I passed a fortnight with Moulla-Suleyman. It was a moment, a very brief moment, of delight. During this time the remains of the regiments were got together, the majority of which were in no better condition than ours, which is easily conceivable after a long journey. They gave us—some of us, at least—shoes; they furnished us with guns—at least with instruments resembling guns. I shall speak of them hereafter. When we were nearly equipped, we learned one fine morning that the order for departure had been given, and that the regiment was to set off for Merw. I was not greatly pleased. This time it meant going into the midst of Turkoman hordes, and Allah knows what might happen! I passed a very sad evening with Moulla-Suleyman. He tried his best to comfort me, the good man; and he poured out for me a great deal of well-sugared tea. We also drank a little *raky*. He returned to the story of Leïla, and made me relate the particulars of the death of the poor child, for the tenth time, perhaps. I had some idea of undeceiving him; but, after having taken so much pains to narrate the circumstances always in one way, it seemed more natural to continue, and not throw him into fresh perplexities. My poor friend! He had been so good to me that I took a melancholy pleasure in recalling numerous details, with which, on this occasion, I intermingled facts which I had forgotten until that moment; and the result was, that, before expiring, the dear child, whom we both regretted, had spoken of him with much affection. I cannot affirm that my tales were utterly untruthful; for I so strongly felt the need of becoming affected over myself and others that it was very easy for me to speak of sad and touching things; and, truly, I may say that I did it from fullness of heart. Suleyman and I mingled our tears, and, when I left him toward morning, I swore from the depths of my heart never to forget him; and it can be seen that I have kept my word. He embraced me with true affection. Then I rejoined my comrades; the regiment set out on the march, and I with it, in the ranks, beside my *vékyl*.

We were very numerous. I saw the cavalry pass; it was composed of men from the tribes of the south and west. They presented a very good appearance, better than we did; but their badly-fed horses were not good for much. The generals remained at Meshed. It seems to be absolutely necessary that it should be so, because they can direct better from a distance. The colonels imitated the generals—probably for the same reason. In short, we had very few officers above the rank of captain, and it was just as well, for officers are not made to fight, but to receive the soldiers' pay. Almost all the chiefs were nomadic horsemen; these had come with us; but it is well known that this kind of man is but little cultivated, gross, and thinks only of battle. The artillery had set out in advance.

We had been marching three days. It rained in torrents, and was very cold. We were marching with much difficulty over muddy ground, where those who did not slip sometimes sank to the middle of the leg; every instant we had to cross trenches filled with slimy water; it was no small undertaking. I had already lost my shoes, and, like my companions, in consequence of falling in the mud, of going into the water up to my waist, and of climbing abrupt banks on all-fours, I was covered with mire, and so wet that I shivered. I had eaten nothing since the previous evening. Suddenly we heard the cannons. Our troops stopped promptly.

We heard the cannons. There were many discharges; then, all at once, we heard nothing more. There was an instant of silence; suddenly a train of cannoneers fell upon us, whipping their horses fiercely, and throwing themselves among us. Some men were crushed; those who could got out of the way. The cannons, jolting, jumping, stopping, fell, some in the mud, some in the water; the cannoneers cut the traces of the harnesses, and fled as swiftly as the wind. There was a hubbub, a whirlwind, a fight, a flash of lightning. We had not time to understand, and almost at the same moment those in the first rank perceived a cloud of cavalry, which was coming in our direction. A universal cry arose: "The Turkomans! The Turkomans! Fire!"

I distinguished absolutely nothing. I saw some men follow the cannoneers instead of lowering their arms. I was about to do the same, when the *vékyl*, detaining me by the arm, cried in my ear, in the midst of the uproar:

"Stand thy ground, Aga-Beg; those who run today are lost men!"

The brave *vékyl* was right, and my eyes immediately convinced me of it. I saw, as I see you, the mass of cavalry, which I have mentioned, divide as by magic into myriads of groups, who traversed the plain like people acquainted with the country, turned, surrounded, seized the fugitives, and overwhelmed them with blows, took away their arms, and made hundreds of prisoners.

"You see, you see, my children!" cried the *vékyl* again; "behold the fate which awaits us if we do not keep together! Come! Courage! Steady! Fire!"

There were about fifty of us there. The frightful spectacle before our eyes lent such force to the sergeant's exhortations that, when a number of these accursed robbers advanced toward us, our troops closed together quickly, and we fired and loaded again, and fired a second time, and a third, and a fourth. By the holy imams! we saw some of these accursed dogs, these heretics, these partisans of Abubekr, of Omar, of Osman, fall; may these monsters burn eternally in hell! I tell you we saw them fall, and this put us in such good spirits that, on the command of the *vékyl*, and without separating, we made a movement in advance to meet the

enemy, who had halted and did not come toward us. After a moment's hesitation they turned and fled. We uttered cries of triumph: "Allah! Allah! ya Aly! ya-Hassan! ya Houssein!" We were at the height of joy; we were delivered, and we feared nothing. In short, we were perfectly happy. Thirty out of our troop of about fifty had found their guns in a condition to use. I do not speak of mine: in the first place, it had no trigger; and, in the next place, the barrel was split. But it was a very good weapon, notwithstanding, as I proved in the end. I had fastened on the bayonet, which had no socket, with a strong cord; this bayonet held wonderfully well, and I only waited for an opportunity to use it. Our different groups came together, and we saw that in all we might perhaps number about seven or eight hundred. It was not many out of six or seven thousand who had set out from Meshed. But, considering what terrible lions we were, we did not for an instant doubt our ability to regain some territory where the Turkomans would not be able to catch us.

We began to sing. The infantry had two commanders—a lieutenant whom I did not know, and our *vékyl*. The brave man exclaimed:

"Now we need provisions and powder!"

He perceived that we were dying of hunger. There was a remedy, however. We began to pull the grass in the plain. A portion was reserved for the horses. With the rest, it was decided to make soup. But the rain continued to fall in torrents, and, as there was no wood, it was still more difficult to light a fire. It could have been done with dry grass. There was plenty of dried grass, only it was swollen with water. So it was decided to eat the grass just as it was. It was not good, but the stomach was filled, and no longer complained. The question of powder was difficult. They had not given us any on our departure from Meshed. The generals had sold it. Now, when it was necessary to procure it, it was hard work. We gathered some horns from the dead bodies. We had about three hundred guns in condition to use, and, all counted, we had three charges for each gun. Kézy-Khan strongly advised each man not to fire until he should give the command. But we were so pleased that some burned their charges that very evening to celebrate the victory. It did not matter; we had good bayonets.

By a lucky accident we discovered, in the vicinity, an intrenched camp, a construction of the old pagans, with four stone ramparts, and in the midst of a sort of pool. We shut ourselves up there, to pass the night. We did well; for at daybreak the Turkomans returned, and, as they were more numerous than we, if they had attacked us again in the open country, we might have had trouble.

We fired on the enemy from behind our walls, and we killed some of them. Enraged, they dismounted, and ascended our accumulated stones like ants. Then we fell on them with bayonets, and with Kézy-Khan at our head. We dealt so hardly with them that, after ten minutes of effort, they yielded and fled. They returned almost immediately, and began to ride around our walls. They had apparently observed that we did not fire much. They easily perceived now that we did not fire at all. There was a good reason: no more powder remained! not a grain! not an atom! Allah knows perfectly what he does! We made a sortie, and killed a dozen. They fled; the cavalry charged on us; we had only time to retreat into our hole; and we saw in the distance the *vékyl's* head on the point of a lance.

Ah! I must not forget to tell you that we were very cold in the night. There was not a dry thread on our poor bodies. The rain fell incessantly. A little wet grass in our stomachs did not support us very well. I suffered much, and sixty men died, without our being able to explain why or how. The great and merciful Allah had ordered it thus!

This night was also very bad. We had no remedy but to press close to each other, in order to faintly recall to our minds what warmth was like. But toward morning the sky became brighter. It was cold. We expected to be attacked. The lieutenant was found to be dead. It was about the hour of the prayer of Asr, and the sun was descending to the horizon, when in the distance we saw the Turkoman troops approaching in greater numbers than on the preceding day. Each man rose as well as he could, and took his gun. But, to our astonishment, the whole multitude halted at a great distance from us, and four or five horsemen only, detaching themselves from the body of their comrades, advanced toward us, making signs of friendship, and indicating as clearly as possible that they desired to speak to us. We went to meet these sons of dogs, and, having saluted them profoundly, we conducted them into the inclosure. All sat down on the ground, so as to form a circle around the new arrivals, whom we invited to place themselves on the horses' coverings. Vallah! Billah! Tallah! there was a great difference between them and us! We had the appearance of phantoms rolled in the mud, and dripping with misery; they wore good clothes and furs, brilliant weapons, and magnificent caps. When they had taken their seats I addressed these accursed men, having been appointed the speaker.

"Health be on you!"

"And on you, health!" they replied.

"We hope," I continued, "that your excellencies' healths leave nothing to be desired, and may all your wishes be granted in this world and in the other!"

"The kindnesses of your excellencies are infinite," replied the oldest of the Turkomans. He was a large old man, with a flat nose, a face as round as a melon, hairs of a beard here and there, and eyes like a reversed crescent.

"What orders do your excellencies desire to transmit to us?" I continued.

"We come," said the old Turkoman, "to present a request to your highnesses. You know that we are the unhappy fathers of families, poor laborers, slaves of the King of kings, and servants of Well-Guarded Iran! For centuries we have endeavored, by every means in our power, to prove to the au-

gust government the excess of our affection. Unfortunately, we are very poor; our wives and children cry with hunger; the fields we till do not produce enough to nourish them, and if we did not have occasional opportunities of succeeding in a little slave-trade, which does no harm to any one, we should expire with misery, we and our families. Why persecute us?"

"All that your excellency has just explained to us is most strictly true," I replied. "As for us, we are very humble soldiers; we do not know why they sent us here; and now, overwhelmed with the goodness of your excellencies, we venture to pray you to allow us to return to the holy city of Meshed, whence we came."

The Turkoman bowed in the most amiable manner, and answered:

"Would to Heaven that it were possible! My companions and myself are ready to offer you our horses, and to beg you to accept a thousand marks of our friendship. But judge our sad position for yourselves. The august government has attacked us without cause; we did no ill to any one, and, moreover, provisions are scarce. You have nothing to eat; we have hardly eaten for a week. Come with us. You shall be well treated. We will not sell you at Bokhara nor at Khiva. We will keep you with us, and if your friends desire to buy you back, we shall be ready to accept the most reasonable ransoms. Is it not better to await your deliverance peaceably under our tents, beside a good fire, than to die of misery on the road?"

The old Turkoman had the appearance of a good man. His companions began to talk to us of fresh bread, curds, and roast-mutton. There was great emotion among us. All at once every man threw away his gun, the embassadors rose, and we followed them willingly.

When we arrived near the horsemen, we were well received; they placed us in the middle of the band, and as we walked, we conversed with our masters, who seemed to us to be fine men; from time to time, it is true, one of us received a good blow from a whip, but it was because he did not walk fast enough; otherwise, everything went well, except that, for people who were as fatigued as we were, it was a little hard to be forced to make a journey of eight hours' duration over heavy ground before reaching the encampment to which they led us. When we were all collected on the square, they counted us, and warned us that any one who should attempt to escape would be instantly killed. After this they distributed us among the different horsemen who had captured us, and we became their slaves. I was given to a very young fellow, who led me directly to his hut. In this charming habitation I perceived a young woman; she was nursing a child. I saluted her with respect; she was certainly my mistress, but she did not raise her eyes to me, and she scarcely glanced at her husband. She was a nice woman. She often beat me; she was particular, and wished everything done her own way, but she fed me well, and when she got more accustomed to me, she spoke more, and I succeeded in deceiving her more than once without her ever having perceived it. When she was in a good humor, she said with bursts of laughter:

"Are not you people of Iran more stupid than our horses?"

"Yes, mistress," I replied, with humility; "it is very true; Allah has ordered it so!"

"The Turkomans," she continued, "rob you, steal you, carry you off and sell you to whom they will, and you can find no means of preventing them."

"It is true, mistress," I replied, again; "but it is because the Turkomans are brilliant people, and we are asses!"

Then she began again to laugh, and never observed that her milk and butter diminished to my profit. I have always noticed that the strongest people are the least intelligent. Just observe the Europeans! One can deceive them as often as one pleases, and, wherever they go, they imagine that they are superior to us because they are the masters; they do not know, and never will appreciate, this truth, that mind is superior to matter. The Turkomans are just like them. They are brutes like them.

I had been living there peacefully for three months, when, one morning as I was walking idly about the camp, I was accosted by two other slaves—Persians like myself—who told me that they knew for certain, and swore it on their heads, that we were to be delivered in the course of the day and sent back to Meshed. This rumor had circulated so often, and had so often turned out false, that I laughed, and advised my comrades not to trust too implicitly to what had been announced to them. I returned to my master's tent. He had just dismounted from his horse, and I saw him talking to his wife.

"Aga," he said to me, "thou art no longer my slave; thou hast been bought back; thou art my guest, and art about to depart to Meshed!"

"Is it true?" I cried.

"How stupid these Iranians are!" said his wife, laughing. "What is there extraordinary about it? Thy government has redeemed its soldiers at ten *tomans* a head; they might have been sold less cheaply, but since the folly is committed, and we have received our money, go to thy home, and do not be a fool!"

I scarcely heard this creature. I was free! I rushed out of the tent, and directed my hasty steps to the large square in the midst of the camp. My poor comrades, as exultant as myself, poured out of all the houses. We embraced each other, and we did not fail to thank Allah and the imams; we exclaimed with all our hearts, "Iran! dear Iran! light of my eyes!" And then I learned, little by little, how it happened that we suddenly emerged from darkness into so beautiful a light.

It seems that many things had happened since the loss of our army and the beginning of our captivity. The King of kings, on learning what had

occurred, had fallen into a great rage against his generals, and had accused them of having left his poor soldiers to march alone against the enemy without accompanying them; he had also accused them of having sold the provisions, powder, arms, and clothing, which were intended for them; and at last he had announced his determination to have the heads of all the culprits cut off.

He would have done well, perhaps, in carrying out this threat. But, after all, what is the use? After these generals there would have been others just like them—it is the way of the world. Nothing can be changed in it. So that his majesty acted much more wisely in calming his wrath. The only result was that the ministers and pillars of the empire received a great many presents from the accused; they suspended two or three for a few months; the king received magnificent gifts, and it was decided that the chiefs should buy back the soldiers imprisoned by the Turkomans, and should buy them back at their own expense, since they were the cause of the misfortune which had happened to the poor fellows.

The question being thus settled, the generals naturally took the colonels and majors aside who had done precisely like themselves. They threatened to have them bastinadoed, to cashier them, and even to cut off their heads, and managed so well that at last they arrived at an understanding. The colonels and majors made presents to their superiors, and the latter got back in this manner a portion of the expense which care for their safety had just cost them at Teheran.

In the mean time they had sent emissaries among the Turkoman tribes, to treat of the purchase of the captives. There had been some difficulty in coming to an agreement. However, they had arranged it; and in this way, after having suffered incredible agitation, a sort of ecstasy of happiness, and after having taken leave of our old masters and old Turkoman friends, we set out for Meshed, marching, I can assure you, like a bird about to fly away.

We marched cheerfully, and sang with joyous throats, and thus we arrived at two hours' journey from Meshed. We saw clearly outlined before us on the blue sky the domes, the minarets, and the enameled walls of the holy mosque, and the innumerable lines of houses of the city; and, as we were thinking of the good which we were about to find in the bosom of this celestial apparition, we found ourselves suddenly arrested by two regiments ranged across the road, and before whom was a troop of officers. We halted, and made profound salutations.

A *moulla* stepped out from the group of officers, and advanced toward our troop. When he was within speaking-distance, he elevated his two hands in the air, and addressed the following discourse to us:

"My children! Glory to Allah, the powerful and merciful Lord of the worlds, who liberated the prophet Younès from the belly of the whale, and you from the hands of the ferocious Turkomans!"

"Amen!" cried our whole troop.

"You must render thanks to him by entering humbly into Meshed—humbly, I tell you, and as becomes unhappy prisoners!"

"We are ready!—we are ready!"

"Then, my children, you will put chains on your hands, like pious men and faithful Mussulmans, and the whole population, touched by this proof of your misfortunes, will overwhelm you with benedictions and alms."

We considered this an excellent idea, and were charmed with it. Then soldiers left the ranks of the two regiments, and approached us. They put iron collars on our necks, and manacles on our hands, and thus they formed bands of eight or ten of us chained together. We laughed excessively at this, and were very well satisfied, though the weight of the metal was rather overpowering; but the question was only of carrying it a few hours, and it was a trifle.

When our toilet was completed, the drums, music, officers, and one regiment, set out in advance; we came next, in our lamentable outfit, very happily, and on our heels marched the other regiment. We soon perceived the crowd of Meshedys coming to meet us. We saluted them, and had the pleasure of hearing ourselves covered with benedictions. Meanwhile, the drums rattled, the music played, and several pieces of ordnance fired salvos in our honor.

Once arrived in the city, they separated us; some took one street, some another, and the soldiers escorted us. They conducted me and the seven comrades chained together in the same band, with fetters on our wrists and collars on our necks, to a guard-house, and permitted us to seat ourselves on the platform. There the sergeant who commanded our escort ordered us to solicit charity of the passers-by. This was an excellent idea; we instantly put it into execution, with marvelous success. Then women and children brought us our fill of rice, meat, and even of delicacies; they gave us but little money. I think the good people who succored us did not have a great deal themselves.

In the evening an officer arrived. We begged him to have us set at liberty, and to allow us each to attend to our business. My only thought was to pass a good night, which I greatly needed, with my friend and relative, Moulla-Suleyman. The officer said to us:

"My children, you must be reasonable. You have been delivered by the incomparable and superhuman generosity of my uncle, General Aly-Khan. He paid ten *tomans* for each of you to your masters. Would it be just for him to lose so large a sum? No! it would not be just, you acknowledge it. On the other hand, if he were to let you go, although you are all very honest, and incapable of repudiating your debts, still, unfortunately, you have no means. Where would poor soldiers find money? For this reason my uncle, who is goodness itself, is going to make you find some. By leaving the chain on your necks, until each one of you shall have collected fifteen *tomans*, which you will transmit faithfully to him, he furnishes you with the means of touching the Mussulmans' hearts, and exercising the charity of the

public. Do not despair. Relate your misfortunes; continue to beg of those who approach you ; call all these good people who pass by ! They will come. You see that they feed you very well. Gradually pity will affect them still further, and their purses will open. I do not deceive you. In the course of a few days, when no hope remains of collecting anything more here, you will be sent away. Thus you will return to Teheran, thence to Ispahan, to Shiraz, to Kermanshah, to all the cities of Well-Guarded Iran, and you will end by paying this debt."

The officer became silent, but we became angry : despair seized us ; we began to call him "son of a dog ;" and we were in a fair way to spare neither his uncle, nor the wives, nor the mother, nor the daughters of his uncle (perhaps he had none), when, at a sign from our executioner, our keepers fell upon us, beat us, threw us on the ground, and trod on us. One of my sides was nearly crushed in, and my head was all swollen with two great lumps. So we had to make the best of it. Each one submitted ; and, after having wept in a corner for a good half-hour, I became resigned, and began, in a lamentable voice, to solicit alms again of the passers-by.

Charitable people were not wanting, and every one knows that, thanks be rendered to Almighty God ! the people of Islam are very willing to help the unfortunate. The women, particularly, crowded around us in great numbers : they gazed at us, they wept, they asked the story of our misfortunes. They were great, and, as can readily be believed, we did not try to underrate them ; on the contrary, we never failed to add to our stories—that our wives, our five, six, seven, eight little children of tender years, were waiting for us at home and dying of hunger. Thus we collected a great deal of small money, and sometimes a few pieces of silver. Moreover, some of us were more lucky than the others.

It is well known that our regiments are recruited among the poor, who, having neither friends nor protectors, cannot escape a military life. When soldiers are wanted, they pick up, in the streets and wine-shops of the cities, and in the houses of the villages, all those who cannot offer resistance. Thus, on one chain there were grown men, children of fifteen, and old men of seventy ; for, when a man once becomes a soldier, it is for life, unless he can find some means of getting exempted or escaping.

The youngest were those who received the most alms. One handsome boy of sixteen, born at Zendjân, was delivered at the end of a fortnight, to such an extent was he favored on all sides. It is true that he had the face of an angel. I succeeded in informing Moulla-Suleyman of my sad fate. The good man hastened to me, threw himself on my neck, and, in the name of our dear Leïla, gave me a *toman*. I thanked him heartily. Perhaps I should have obtained more from him ; but the next day they sent us off from Meshed to Teheran.

My comrades and I composed a song, which recounted our misfortunes, and we regaled the peasants on our road with it. This always brought us in something. Moreover, the charity of the Mussulmans fed us better than it had ever fed the king's soldiers in former days, and our keepers profited by it as well as we. But each of us was obliged to take great care of his small gains, for, either by a natural or a soldier's instinct, we thought only of obtaining possession of what did not belong to us. I kept my money tied up in a piece of blue cotton ; I showed it to no one, and had it fastened by a cord under my clothes. When we arrived in the capital, I may confess that I possessed, counting the gold *toman* given me by my cousin, some *sahabgrâns* of silver, and a good many copper *shahys*, about three *tomans* and a half. I was sure that some of my comrades were richer than I, but others were poorer ; for an old cannoneer, called Ibrahim, my neighbor on the chain, never got anything, he was so very ugly.

On arriving in Teheran, they led us to my old guard-house, and put us on exhibition on the platform. The people of the quarter, recognizing me, thronged around ; I related our misfortunes, and they were in a fair way to give us a great deal, when a veritable miracle took place. Allah be praised ! May the holy imams be blessed, and their sacred names be exalted ! Amen ! amen ! Glory to Allah, the Lord of the worlds ! Glory to Allah ! glory to Allah !

A miracle happened, I say, and it was this : As usual, a great many women were assembled around us. They crowded each other, and pushed forward to the best of their ability to get a good view of us, so that I, while relating our misfortunes, had before me a wall of white and blue veils. I had reached this phrase, which I frequently repeated, with unction and despair :

"O Mussulmans ! O Mussulmans ! Islam no longer exists ! Religion is lost ! I am from Khamsèh ! Alas ! alas ! I am from the vicinity of Zendjân ! I have a poor blind mother, my father's two sisters are lame, my wife is paralytic, and my eight children are dying in misery ! Alas, Mussulmans ! if your charity does not make haste to deliver me, they will all die of hunger, and I—I shall die of despair !"

At this moment I heard a piercing cry beside me ; and a voice which I instantly recognized, and which penetrated my heart like a fiery dart, exclaimed :

"In Allah ! by Allah ! for Allah ! It is Aga !"

I did not hesitate a second.

"Leïla !" I cried.

Although she was covered by her thick veil, her face shone before my eyes ! I was transported by joy to the height of the seventh heaven.

"Be at ease," said she. "Thou shalt be delivered to-day, or to-morrow at the latest."

Thereupon she turned away and disappeared, with two other women who accompanied her, and in the evening, as I was dying with impatience, an officer arrived with a *vékyl*. They broke my chain, and the officer said to me :

"Go where thou wilt ; thou art free !"

As he pronounced these words I found myself pressed—yes, pressed—in whose arms ? My cousin Abdoullah's !

Allah! I was charmed to see him.

"Ah, my friend, my brother, my well-beloved," said he to me, "what happiness! what a reunion! When I learned from our cousin Kérym that thou hadst been carried off by the troops, I know not to what excess of grief I was on the point of abandoning myself!"

"Good Kérym!" I exclaimed, "we have always loved each other tenderly! Although I confess that I sometimes preferred Suleyman to him—and, by-the-way, dost thou know that Suleyman—"

Thereupon I told him what had become of our worthy cousin, and that he was in a fair way to become a very learned *moulla*, and a great personage at Meshed. This tale charmed Abdoullah.

"I regret," said he, "that our other relative, Kérym, has not earned so fair a destiny. It is his own fault. Thou knowest that he had the deplorable habit of loving cold tea to excess."

This expression, "cold tea," indicates, as every one knows, among people who respect themselves, the horrible liquor called *raky*. I shook my head with an air of despair and indignation at the same time.

"Kérym," I replied, "did drink cold tea, I know it only too well; for a long time I made extraordinary efforts to break him of this shameful habit; I never succeeded."

"Nevertheless," continued Abdoullah, "his situation might be worse. I employ him as a muleteer, and he conducts my merchandise on the road from Tabreez to Trebizond. He earns his living well."

"What do I hear? Hast thou become a merchant?"

"Yes, my brother," replied Abdoullah, with a modest air. "I have acquired some property, which enabled me to-day to come to thy assistance when my wife revealed to me thy unhappy situation."

"Thy wife!"

I was at the height of amazement.

"Without doubt; Kérym, not possessing the means of supporting that adorable creature as she deserved, consented to a divorce, and I married her."

I was not too well pleased. But what could I do? Submit to my destiny. One never escapes it.

I have often had occasion to recognize this truth. It struck me once more, and, I confess, in a manner which touched me nearly. I did not utter a word. But I followed Abdoullah. When we had arrived near the New Gate, he led me into a very pretty house, and conducted me to the *enderoun*.

There I found Leïla seated on the carpet. She received me very well. To my sorrow, I found her prettier than ever, and more charming, and my heart swelled with tears. She perceived it, and when Abdoullah left us, on business, after tea, she said:

"My poor Aga, I see that thou art rather unhappy."

"I am very unhappy," I replied, bowing my head.

"Thou must be reasonable," she continued, "and I will conceal nothing from thee. I confess that I loved thee extremely, and that I still love thee; but I have not been insensible to the good qualities of Suleyman; the gayety and animation of Kérym charmed me; and I have great esteem and affection for Abdoullah's merits. If I were asked to say which of my four cousins I prefer, I should ask to have all four made into a single man, and I am sure that I should love that man passionately and forever. But is this possible? I ask thee. Do not weep. Be persuaded that thou wilt always live in my heart. I could not marry Suleyman, for he had nothing. Thou hast been rather flighty, but I forgive thee; I know that thou hast loved me tenderly. Kérym was reducing me to misery; Abdoullah has made me rich. I must be wise in my turn, and I shall remain faithful to him until death, always thinking of you three, however, as men In short, I have said enough to thee. Abdoullah is thy cousin; love him; serve him; all will be possible to thee. Thou canst imagine that I shall not interfere."

She said many more affectionate words, which, for the first moment, caused me double sadness. However, as there was no remedy, and I knew it but too well, I became resigned to being nothing more to Leïla than her uncle's son.

Abdoullah, in his character of merchant, often had to do with great people. He rendered them services, and had influence with them. Thanks to him, I was made *sultan* in the regiment of Khamsèh, or the Private one, which always remains at Teheran, in the palace; mounts guard, carries water, splits wood, and works on the masonry. Behold me captain; and I began to devour the soldiers, as I had been devoured, which gave me a very honorable position, of which I do not complain.

We are the king's guards: they have often talked of giving us a magnificent uniform, and they still talk of it, continually. I believe they will talk of it to the end of the world. Sometimes they propose to dress us like the men who watch over the Emperor of Russia, who are, it appears, green, with gold lace and embroideries. At other times they want to dress us in red, with lace, embroideries, and fringes of gold. But if soldiers were dressed in this way, how could they make themselves useful? And who would pay for the fine costumes? Until they have found the means, our people will have only torn trousers, and, frequently, no hats.

When I became an officer I wished to live with my equals, and made many acquaintances. But among them I attached myself particularly to one *sultan*, a fellow of an excellent character. He lived a long time among the Ferynghys, where he had been sent to be educated. He has told me very curious things. One evening when we had drunk a little more cold tea than usual, he expressed opinions which I considered perfectly reasonable.

"Seest thou, my brother," he said to me, "all the Iranians are brutes, and the Europeans are fools. But I was educated among them. At first I was sent to college, and then as I had learned what was necessary to pass the examination as well as those

accursed ones, I entered their military school, which they call Saint-Cyr. I staid there two years, as they all do; then, having become an officer, I returned here. They wished to employ me: they asked me what ought to be done. I told them; they ridiculed me; they took a dislike to me; they have treated me as an infidel and an impertinent fellow; they have had me bastinadoed. At the first moment I wished to die, because the Europeans regard such an accident as a dishonor!"

"The fools!" I exclaimed, emptying my glass.

"Yes, they are fools; they do not understand that everything—our habits, manners, interests, climate, air, earth, our past, our future—renders that radically impossible to us which is perfectly simple to them. When I saw that my death would do no good at all, I made my education over again. I ceased to entertain opinions, to desire to reform, to blame, to contradict, and I became like all the rest of you! I kissed the hands of the Pillars of Power, and I said, 'Yes! yes, certainly!' to the greatest absurdities. Then they gradually ceased to persecute me, but, as they still distrust me, I shall never be anything more than a captain. We both know generals of fifteen, and marshals who are eighteen years old. We also are acquainted with brave warriors who do not know how to load a gun: I am over fifty, and I shall die in poverty, and under the weight of an incurable suspicion, because I know how to lead troops, and to make an end of the Turkomans on the frontier in three months. Cursed be those wretches of Europeans, who are the cause of all my misfortunes! Pass me the *raky!*"

We drank so much that night that I could not rise from the carpet on which I had fallen, until the evening of the next day, and I left my comrade there.

Thanks to the protection of Abdoullah, I think I shall become a major this year, unless they make me a colonel. Inshallah! Inshallah!

MY GRAPE-VINE.

SIGHING, I said, when warm west winds were blowing,
"The gracious Summer has no gifts for me;
I shall not see her wild-wood blossoms growing
On vine or tree;

"I shall not wander where her purple clover
And where her daisies make the meadows gay,
Nor be aware of sweet airs wafted over
Her new-mown hay.

"I shall not hear, albeit my soul rejoices
In every cadence of the tender strain,
The mingled music of her many voices—
Its low refrain

"Of droning bees and locusts sharply shrilling,
And brooks that murmur to their tuneful fall;
Nor yet the rapture of her bird-songs thrilling
High over all.

"I, that delight in shadowy woodland places,
The stony pavements of the town must tread,
And see the blue of heaven in measured spaces
Above my head.

"While all the summer's bloom and lavish beauty
Are spread afar for other eyes to see,
Shut in by city-walls the path of duty
Is marked for me."

I did not know—faint heart and unbelieving!—
The while I murmured at a needful thing,
What dear delight to shame me for such grieving
My vine would bring.

Betwixt the stones it had to grow and flourish—
The stubborn stones that barely let it pass,
Nor left enough of garden-mould to nourish
A blade of grass.

Yet how it grew! so tall, and fair, and greenly,
And all its liberal leaves and clusters spread
In such profusion, one forgot how meanly
Its roots were fed.

Each wandering wind that made the young leaves shiver
Stirred tender odors, delicately sweet;
And when the July air was all a-quiver
With fervent heat,

Such coolness lingered in the vine's embraces,
Such lovely shadows wavered to and fro,
It brought to mind all greenest forest-places
Where wild-flowers blow.

So day by day, until the lamentation
Of sad November stripped the branches bare,
It gave me sweet and subtile compensation
For secret care.

"Behold," it mutely said, "my green profusion,
Behold my purple clusters where they hang,
And recollect the prison-house seclusion
From whence we sprang!

"Life may be cruel, heart and hand restricted,
Till effort baffled makes the spirit quail;
But noble aims, though often contradicted,
At last prevail."

I took to heart suggestion and assurance,
And vowed to learn the lesson of the vine—
Its growth, its aspiration, its endurance,
Should all be mine!

And though resolve fall short of its completeness,
And though to-day the wintry winds complain,
I know the losing of that summer's sweetness
Was wholly gain!

HONOR'S SLAVE.

I.

"I HAVE come for a man's character," said old Mr. Curry to Lady Armide Stoneham.

"For a cook or a butler?" said she.

"Neither, thank you. I want an Admirable Crichton, if you happen to have one about you; a sort of chivalrous 'had-not-loved-thee-dear-so-much-loved-I-not-honor-more' sort of person, you know; a man to send on a delicate mission (one of the side-issues of diplomacy), where the family matters of one of our chiefs come in, and we do a little personal favor under the cover of the red seal of state. I want a man who shall take general instructions, and interpret them more delicately than general instructions are generally interpreted; in fact, who shall understand more than is said, act with more honor than sense, and with more sense than the average diplomate."

"Oh! I understand. You want the fool of the nineteenth century; a man who could fight windmills, and beat them; a Don Quixote in a cut-a-way and a high collar; Sir Philip Sidney in a crushed billy-cock hat?"

"Exactly," said Mr. Curry. "Your woman's wit has mastered the situation. To tell you the truth, Lady Armide, romance resides at the Foreign Office! I want a romantic envoy quite as often as I want a practical one. You may see no reason for the secrecy and mystery with which I must environ my case, but were I to tell you how the fate of nations have been precipitated by the love-affairs of a foreign minister, how the peace of Europe has hung on the smile of a dancing-girl, how the gravest deliberations have been disturbed by the ill conduct of a prince who has given away some diamonds imprudently, you would say that diplomacy is but another name for novel-writing; you would shut up your Charles Reade, and Wilkie Collins, and George Eliot, and read my correspondence!"

"I do not doubt it," said Lady Armide; "but state your case."

"Now, there is Russia," said Mr. Curry, "a nation with whom we are ever on the most delicate terms. For my part I hate to see a Russian gun exhibited as one of our trophies; bury it, say I—a foe who fought us so bravely was beaten so hardly! Now, with Russia, we must ever deal gracefully, delicately, and here there is a Russian princess mixed up."

"So you are to send a young man to a Russian princess—dangerous ground!"

"No; I have already sent one, who has been gobbled up by the Russian princess. I want one for another nationality." Mr. Curry took snuff impatiently. "Lady Armide, there is a young lady, at this present moment, who is just where she ought not to be."

"Is that possible?" said Lady Armide.

"A young lady, delicate, ill, unhappy; noble, of great importance; and where should she get caught but in a country-house, near Saarbrück, between the French and Prussian armies! Now a certain personage in high place happens to be this young lady's relative, wishes to befriend her without appearing in the matter; therefore we are instructed to protect her as far as Berlin, and to get her there speedily. It will not do to send an envoy extraordinary, it will not do to be *seen* in the matter. England must work, as she often does, in the dark; she must oblige the noble lord by protecting his niece, and yet she must not be seen doing it."

"Oh! I know the business well," said Lady Armide. "Have we not known a great king to send a lady to a foreign country, with instructions to his minister to see her well launched socially, simply because he wanted to get rid of her? I know more of the history of diplomacy than you think."

"Yes; no doubt. Now, Lady Armide, have you a Hotspur with the regulation virtues? Not too cool, for he must take his life in his hands; not too ardent, for the service requires prudence; not too old, for age is sleepy; not too young, for youth is impetuous. Have you a hero?"

"No; they all fell in the Crimea," said Lady Armide, laughing.

"How would Stanhope Rosse answer my purpose?" said Mr. Curry, carelessly.

For the first time in a long acquaintance, Mr. Curry saw Lady Armide blush. She was of the pale kind; she did not blush easily.

He watched her curiously, and then dropped his pocket-handkerchief, and picked it up. As the wily old man supposed, Lady Armide had regained her calm before he had captured the handkerchief.

"Tell me exactly what you wish him to do?" said Lady Armide.

Mr. Curry told a long and improbable story. True stories are apt to be improbable, as he and Lady Armide knew well. She knew how to listen; it was her greatest gift.

When he had finished she walked to her conservatory window, and surveyed her geraniums and roses. She opened the door, and there came in a rich fragrance of heliotrope—that odor of luxury—and she even walked to the extreme end of the flowery apartment; returning, she brought Mr. Curry a rose-bud for his button-hole.

"Stanhope Rosse has every qualification for the post, except one—he is too handsome."

"That will not be a disqualification in this case," said Mr. Curry, smiling, as he remembered that he had not told Lady Armide the whole truth. Diplomatists and women never do tell the whole truth.

"Can I see Stanhope Rosse at once, do you think?" he asked.

"I think so; and I think he will go: he is pining

for a career. Here is his address. By-the-way, when you have done with him send him to me!"

"But when? Your ladyship is never at home!"

"At seven this evening. We dine at eight, you know. I can have an hour's conversation before dinner; you are to be here, to meet the Prussian embassador, you know. I will see Stanhope Rosse before, and give you his answer then."

When Mr. Curry received the young expectant Hotspur, in his confidential inner office, familiarly known to all budding diplomates as the "spider's-web," he began to fear that Lady Armide was right—Stanhope Rosse was almost too ornamental to be useful. It was a haughty, well-set-up English blond beauty, with a healthy tan over the skin, and a frame of masculine strength, height, and breadth. A pair of blue eyes met Mr. Curry's twinkling gray ones with clear and unflinching steadiness, and as Rosse spoke and smiled, some dazzling white teeth added their attraction to the picture.

"Too handsome by half," said Mr. Curry to himself. He had seen Stanhope Rosse often enough before, but had noticed him not at all; now he had particular reason for noticing him.

"Mr. Rosse," said the old gentleman, confused in spite of himself, "I am about to offer you a curious, almost a foolish mission, but one of my confidential agents has played me false—a young man named Paterson—"

"My cousin and bitterest enemy," said Rosse, hastily.

"Indeed!" said Mr. Curry, his eye twinkling—"more romance! Your cousin and enemy, eh? Well, so much the better. You will have a reason for doing well what he did so ill (the spider-web of circumstance—that I should have the good-luck to hit on Paterson's cousin!). We sent your cousin, Mr. Rosse, to Saarbrück, to conduct a young lady and her governess to Berlin; but he has left us—left the service for a love-affair, I understand, with a very discreditable notability! But no matter about Paterson. Let me give you your work. The province of Naples, you know, Mr. Rosse, is very poor in everything else, but very rich in nobility. Now, a young lady, belonging to a very important family there, has become the ward of the Foreign Office, so to speak, and, through her connections here, we hope to protect her. Never, since the middle ages, was such a beleaguered damsel! A Russian cousin claims her emeralds, an English cousin claims her mother's fortune, a Neapolitan prince wants her palace, and, I dare say, an Austrian cousin claims her back-hair, which, I hear, is very fine; and, strange to say, through all her cosmopolitan connections, not one, but an English uncle, steps forward to help her! She is very rich, very highly connected, with some remote chance of becoming more important than she is. She is very ill, poor girl! unfortunately placed, too, at Saarbrück, between the two contending armies. And did the rival commanders know of her importance, they would stop to capture her before they sacked a town."

"We don't sack towns now, nor carry off young ladies—in modern warfare they carry us off," said Rosse.

"I don't know about that. I want to get her, and her ducats, and her emeralds, to Berlin, and I want you to take her there," said Mr. Curry. "You must besiege commanders-in-chief and commanders-in-little. Here are your instructions. Every facility is offered you in these letters from Count Bernstoff. But much must be left to yourself—your own intelligence and discretion. Get the young lady safely to Berlin. Will you attempt it?"

"May I ask, Mr. Curry, why you offer so important a post to me?" said Rosse.

"You owe this compliment, Mr. Rosse, and it is a very great one, to Lady Armide Stoneham," and he looked straight at the young man.

It was now Mr. Curry's turn to see another change of color. Lady Armide had blushed, but Stanhope Rosse turned pale.

"Then, may I defer my answer until I have seen her?" said Rosse, feeling for his voice, and finding it with difficulty.

"Certainly. She asks that you will come to her at seven this evening, and she shall give me your answer at dinner."

II.

When Stanhope Rosse reached the wide portals of Stoneham House the sun was just setting. He was shown into the picture-gallery—one of those noble rooms, the apotheosis of family pride, never seen to such advantage as in England: Vandyck and Lely, Reynolds and Gainsborough, Lawrence and Landseer, had left their handwriting on the wall—a sort of *mene, mene, tekel, upharsin*, which might be interpreted, "You, too, who come after us, must be noble, handsome, brave, and virtuous, as we were!"

Stanhope Rosse was thinking little of the pictures; he was waiting for a door to open, which, presently, did open, and through it came Lady Armide.

As she swept along the hall into the dying sunlight, in full dress, tall beyond the usual stature of woman, she was a better picture than any on the wall: her diamond coronet glittered in the blackest of hair; her eyes, great un-English eyes, of Spanish lustre and size, with their heavy lashes, would alone have made her beautiful, but Nature had moulded her in an hour of lavish generosity, and her features, complexion, and figure, were alike perfect.

"So you are sending me away, Armide?" said Rosse, as their hands met.

"Yes, Stanhope, yes; you are impatient for work, for a career; and I, oh! where have I been drifting? I thought that an unloved wife could trust herself with such a heart as yours! I thought that this friendship of ours could go on forever! You have never spoken the word 'love' to me; you have never paid me a compliment, except with your eyes; if I have escaped from the *banalité* of society to the charms of your companionship as I have sought the fresh air and the summer morning, it was because of this sense of your pure friendship and your manly reticence, and respect—"

"But you have not misunderstood me or doubted

me, Armide? You have known always that you were the dearest treasure of my heart, as far off as a star, but still my one thought by day and by night—tell me that you have known this, Armide."

"I am afraid I have known it but too well," said she, hurriedly. "Come with me to the end of the gallery. Stanhope, let us look at poor Edgecumbe's picture. Read me the legend printed on the frame, what is it?"

"Why, your family motto, 'Honor's Slave!'—why do you ask?"

"He fell in obedience to it—he was one of the six hundred! my brother, my dear boy, whom I scarcely remember, but whose memory I worship, and whose face haunts me. Stanhope, we will part under this picture. Take this ring; it is a clumsy piece of jewelry—nay, it will not go on your big, masculine finger: let me attach it to your watch-chain. Read what it says, 'Honor's Slave!' and think sometimes of the woman who gave it to you, and who gave you up to life and work and action and another love, and who staid behind to take what life left to her—external splendor and daily unhappiness, neglect instead of love, want of sympathy, where she has a right to expect tenderness—all, all—that she, too, may be 'Honor's Slave!'"

Her beautiful black eyes were swimming in tears as she finished. Stanhope took her hands, and looked for a moment into those eyes. He would have given all his possessions for the privilege of kissing away those tears, but an angel with a flaming sword seemed to stand between them, and, without another word, she left him.

III.

THE season lingered late in London in the great war summer. Paris was untenable. All the Americans who were Continental travelers came to London. Mysterious agents of the French emperor were busily at work. Prussia was presenting her armed and bristling front even there. Lady Armide had come down from Scotland at the bidding of her not too devoted lord to preside at some festivities which had a political significance.

For Lord Stoneham was of the not unusual type of husband who, while systematically neglecting his wife, still used her talents. In fact, Lady Armide would have had great attractions for her gay and dissolute lord if she had not been his wife; but, being so, she lost all claims upon him, except so far as he needed her quick wit in his correspondence, her noble beauty at the head of his table.

Mr. Curry took his place at the table next to a very pretty young Prussian lady of high rank, who was amazed at Lady Armide's beauty.

"I never saw anything so brilliant," said she.

"Lady Armide is a power in London," said Mr. Curry.

"And they say," said the foreigner, to whom such reticence was the height of folly, "that her husband neglects her, and yet she does not flirt."

"Lady Armide is as dignified as the statue of Diana," said Mr. Curry.

"How foolish of her!" whispered the fair Prussian, looking nervously at Lady Armide's white shoulders. "Who is the pale young man to whom she is talking so earnestly?"

"Oh, that is Hubert Haliburton, whom we call the 'American correspondent,' a very interesting man, and a great favorite here."

"He is not handsome," said the lady.

"No; he is pale, thin, cadaverous, like many of his countrymen—a pair of fine, dark eyes, though, and a gentlemanly manner. See how he listens to Lady Armide!"

"Ah! he well may—he is in love with her; I see it! What a pity she is so cold! It is the vice of your Englishwomen. What opportunities she throws away! Ah! I have no patience with her!"

But never had Lady Armide talked so much or so well. Those wonderful eyes shone with a brilliancy which left the Stoneham diamonds far, far in the background; and yet Hubert Haliburton, sitting on her left hand, and observing her closely, could only remember and quote the last stanza of Browning's "Incident of the French Camp:"

> "The chief's eye flashed; but presently
> Softened itself, as sheathes
> A film the mother-eagle's eye
> When her bruised eaglet breathes.
> 'You're wounded?' 'Nay,' his soldier's pride
> Touched to the quick, he said,
> 'I'm killed, sire!' And his chief beside,
> Smiling, the boy lay dead."

And Haliburton wondered why these heroic lines came into his head. He, too, was going to the seat of war, and perhaps the lesser Napoleon, who was about to run away, brought into his mind that greater one of whom Browning wrote; or did some unspoken sympathy tell him of a deadly wound, bravely borne, in the breast of the fair woman who was smiling beside him?

"You go to Saarbrück, do you, Mr. Haliburton?" said Lady Armide, in the drawing-room.

"Yes, in three days, your ladyship."

"And can you and will you do me a service there?"

"A service to your ladyship?" said the American correspondent, astonished.

"Yes; if you will come to me to-morrow at twelve I will give you a mission to perform. You do not know how much I may ask of you!"

"Lady Armide Stoneham can ask nothing of me that I shall not try to accomplish," said Hubert, simply, as he kissed her hand and bade her adieu.

"The young lady is very pretty," said Mr. Curry, smiling, as he bade adieu to Rosse. "Now, caution! No falling in love—that will be a breach of duty. Her destiny is a high one. Her husband has been chosen for her. If you fall in love with *her*, guard your secret; if she falls in love with you (she is *very* young, Mr. Rosse), protect her against herself!"

"I will, Mr. Curry—I will be on guard against Cupid as if he were an Uhlan. If it will reassure you, know that I love another woman!"

"Admirable—the best of safeguards! Carry her photograph in your pocket, the image of her in your heart; but no love-making to the Lady Geraldine—the only name by which you are to know your mysterious beauty. Call the governess Madame Louise. Here are your letters. If you work well and fail, the intention of success will be put down to your credit, for none of us can conquer events. If you work well and *succeed*, Fortune opens her arms to you, she takes you to her breast. If you do *not* work well, then you are not worthy of Lady Armide's parting words. She tells me that you are 'Honor's Slave.'"

Stanhope Rosse was a man who had not measured himself—he was always a little surprised that people thought so well of him. He had floated upward on the wings of patronage, lived the gay life of a well-born, handsome Englishman, until he came to know Lady Armide Stoneham.

Her friendship had come to him just as the higher ideal of womanhood was fast fading. It had redeemed, encouraged, inspired him. It brought back the bright illusions of youth. At first dazzled by the honor of being the friend of the most splendid woman in London, he thought but of her beauty and charm; but the real worth of her character, the purity and dignity and sweetness which revealed themselves as a rose expands its petals, had in the end commanded the best worship of his heart.

This was the woman who was sending him away!

He had no idea that he could be so exquisitely miserable. He saw the end of a happiness whose completeness was so great that he had never attempted to measure it.

As he crossed the Channel and sped through Paris, and made what headway he could through beleaguered towns and interrupted routes, this thought burned and stamped itself on his brain, "She has sent me away!"

IV.

When Stanhope Rosse and his soldier-servant arrived at Saarbrück it was to see ruin and confusion—the dreadful confusion of war. Several hours elapsed before he could meet the Prussian officer to whom Mr. Curry had sent him. From him he learned that the hope of proceeding to Berlin was not to be indulged in for several days, but that he could go at once to the country-house "La Belle Gabrielle," to which he was directed, the occupants of whom, as the Prussian general told him, were ladies, and under the protection of the Prussian flag.

As with one solitary horse attached to a broken-down cabriolet Stanhope drove toward La Belle Gabrielle, he had, for the first moment since he left London, directed his thoughts toward the woman he *was* to meet, instead of the one whom he had left behind him. With all a man's experience and philosophy, with a romantic and hopeful incident in his career before him, he could not stifle the sense of injury which mingled in his recollection of Lady Armide. It struck him that there was something sudden, unnecessarily severe, in thus rupturing ties which had as yet, to his mind, only drawn their hearts together in an honorable friendship, deepened by an unspoken love, which made it infinitely dear and tender, to be sure, but which he felt would have ever been purified, ennobled, and controlled, by the high tone of Lady Armide. She was a woman with an atmosphere of purity about her; soft and thrilling words trembled on the lip of the man who approached her, but died unspoken. Memory brought her nearer than reality had done, and Stanhope Rosse struggled with a pain at his heart which he vainly strove to soften, as he looked at the ring she had attached to his chain, and read on it "Honor's Slave."

Now, time was pressing, for with even a broken-down horse he would soon be in the presence of the lady to whose service he was to devote himself. He read again Mr. Curry's instructions:

"You will call her Lady Geraldine, and her governess Madame Louise. Remember that she is of high rank, of much importance. Conduct her to Berlin with what speed and safety you can command, and remember that England has promised her protection."

The country-house called La Belle Gabrielle was secluded, and pretty, and enjoyed the semi-protection of a high wall, more English than Continental. As Rosse alighted from his crazy vehicle he was received by a grave major-domo, who conducted him to a shady parlor where sat an elderly lady, whom Rosse immediately divined to be Madame Louise; she spoke English, with an Italian accent, however, and sometimes, like most foreigners, failed to say exactly what she meant. This always led to complications and mistakes, in her intercourse with Rosse, but still she was determined to speak English.

"Before I present you to Lady Geraldine," said she, "I must tell you that she is peculiar, and a great invalid. Sometimes she cannot walk; indeed, she has nervous seizures which make her seem, perhaps, a little mad; she is not mad, however. I ask you to notice as little as possible what is singular in her conduct."

She led the way, through a long *salon*, to an apartment at the extreme end of the house, where, in a light scarcely more than *demi-jour*, under a vine-clad window, lay a long, slender figure, in white, on a sofa.

"Lady Geraldine, this is Mr. Rosse, whom Mr. Curry has sent to conduct us to Berlin."

The girl raised herself, and pushing back a veil of abundant light hair, which fell over her robe like a curtain, extended a slender, childish hand.

"A sick child," thought Stanhope Rosse, as he took the hand, "sallow, lean, and uninteresting," and he said to himself, with bitterness, that they had overrated his danger at the Foreign Office. Then there came back to him the noble picture-gallery, the sunset in another window—the vision of that tall, superb woman, her black eyes swimming in unaccustomed tears, her coronet of diamonds that sparkled in the light.

"Love another woman than Armide!" said he to himself; "and this sick girl—impossible!"

At the end of two or three days, however, Stanhope Rosse would have spoken to himself of the sick girl with more respect. Occasionally she had the smile, the speech, the manners, of a woman. She played on the harp in a pretty, old-fashioned manner, which made Rosse think of a picture of his mother taken in her girlhood. Sometimes, from the way Madame Louise watched her, he thought she might be a little out of her mind; but then would come gleams of learning, clear expressions, original views, which seemed more like genius than insanity. A young girl is always a mystery, even to herself. This one, with her tears, her smiles, her headaches, her ill health, and her occasional brilliant outbursts, was ten times a mystery. Rosse solved it all with two words: first, the word "woman," talismanic utterance for all mystery; secondly, "Italian," which to the straightforward Englishman meant also mystery. Yes; the young Italian girl, with her unknown story—what might she not be? Mr. Curry had told enough of her story to account for much, but not for all—that he must find out himself. Rosse's simply truthful and rather unsuspecting, guileless nature soon won Madame Louise. She asked him to read to Lady Geraldine, and to take her to walk in the garden.

"Let her take your arm, poor child; she is very ill. She faints away at the least pain; take care of her, as if she were just beginning to walk."

And so Stanhope, stalwart man, found himself acting as nurse to an unknown invalid. Except that his curiosity was strongly excited, he would have hated this life of enforced leisure and fatiguing monotony. He was able to vary it by a visit a day to the Prussian camp, where the higher officers gave him all the attention they could spare, which was not much. One of them, to whom he had been especially commended by Count Bernstoff, then Prussian embassador to London, was one whom it may be more convenient to call General Hugo, especially as that was not his name. This man struck him as being a model of a bluff soldier. Everything about General Hugo was rectangular and warlike. Even the expression of his eye was regulated by the tap of the drum. He was the incarnation of the military idea—Mars in a Prussian shako.

General Hugo had promised that Rosse should be forwarded at the earliest safe moment for the ladies under his charge to Berlin; but that moment did not seem to arrive. Government trains held the railroads; private marauders assaulted carriages; confusion, that terrible confusion of carnage, reigned. Even the victorious Prussian could not command safety at such a moment. The great battle of Forbach had been fought; the wounded must be transported; all was confusion; the ladies must wait. When he returned to La Belle Gabrielle with this intelligence, Stanhope Rosse was not received with much favor. Lady Geraldine bore the news of delay but sadly. Headaches and tears followed each fresh delay; here again she was a sick child.

But Stanhope Rosse found that music was a balm and a medicine. Especially did she like him to sing to her his old English ballads, she with ready ear soon improvising an accompaniment.

She was one day tuning her harp, to amuse herself with its wild throbbings—its imperfections—which add so infinitely to its pathos, when the splendid arrogance of a military band burst upon the ear, sweeping away the feeble echoes of the harp, as an audacious and commanding nature often extinguishes a more lovable and a weaker one.

Rosse drew her to the window, which commanded the view of an immense plain. A body of cavalry was sweeping across; brilliant bands of officers, and troops assembling in masses; a military review—a compliment to some distinguished person. "To whom?" was the question.

"See, Lady Geraldine!" said Rosse, as he drew her to the window, "what a magnificent spectacle! I wonder what serene highness can have arrived to cause all this turn-out? I declare it is a woman! There go all the hats off; and see what a glorious Amazon it is, in green-velvet habit, with golden hair like yours! She must be a princess at the very least by the numbers and magnificence of her suite. What can she be doing here? General Hugo himself in close attendance—ah! he turns, and rides with her up and down the field."

Lady Geraldine spake not a word. Often as they had looked at a view, or a flower, or a bird, he had noticed her want of interest; now he could scarcely forgive the blank expression of indifference, her almost sullen inattention.

He turned rather hastily away, saying he would ride to headquarters and inquire the reason for this change in the tactics of the great army, this brilliant gala-reception at such a moment, when Lady Geraldine clutched at his arm, staggered, and fell to the floor.

He raised her tenderly enough, and, regretting his emotion of impatience toward one so weak and ailing, he summoned Madame Louise and left the house.

On his way to the field he met a young Prussian officer who, like himself, was riding quickly toward the scene of brilliant display.

He learned from him that the distinguished visitor was the Russian Princess Nadége, famous all over Europe for her beauty, her power, and her great wealth, for her gambling, her love-affairs, and her political intrigues. She was, indeed, a "serene highness," therefore entitled to all honors. She brought important intelligence, no doubt, for she had unusual facilities for learning the "inner mind of governments;" and the fact was (and perhaps as important as all these put together) that General Hugo was wildly in love with her; hence, no doubt, these splendid strains of music, these brilliant groups of officers. How could an ardent lover have a more splendid opportunity? We know how well lovers dress themselves; it is an instinct implanted by Nature. Could a lover do better for himself than General Hugo was doing—to show the lady who commanded his forces the forces which he commanded?

All the pomp and circumstance of the Prussian

army, not at that moment engaged in killing or being killed, were at work receiving a Russian princess, and there is much doubt if the latter were not the post of danger!

Stanhope Rosse watched the review for an hour, and then turned his horse's head homeward. He was a little disappointed, for he had hoped to see the famous woman nearer. Her very audacity in visiting the camp at such a moment struck him. She must be a Maid of Saragossa, a Joan of Arc. He thought he should like to see that fair face which covered so brave a heart. Woman on a battle-field has always been an angel. "Just so far as men are removed from women is the perspective becoming to the latter," says a scornful misogynist. As if in answer to his outspoken thought, an officer rode rapidly toward him, bringing a message from General Hugo. It was an invitation to an impromptu banquet, a soldierly breakfast in the general's tent, to her serene highness the Princess Nadége.

When Rosse entered, he saw several ladies talking to the delighted officers. He had eyes for but one, the tall, slender, youthful figure, with the golden hair falling to the waist—hair which he observed was artfully constrained in a golden net, so that it was kept in place, and, while showing its luxuriance, did not interfere with the Amazonian costume.

She might have been a girl of twenty, so pure, innocent, and lovely were her face and attitude. It was the perfection of blond and tender beauty. Her large, gray eyes looked almost green under their dark lashes, and her dark brows gave her beauty immense distinction, as does the contradiction always of blond hair and darker lashes. It is as if Venus had come back again, after finishing her darling, and had added one shade more of color about the eyes, which can never have too much.

Her mouth was as fresh as a cherry, and the lips opened over an arch of pearly teeth. "No wonder," thought Rosse, "that the Princess Nadége is the admiration of Europe." She stood laughing and talking with Hugo, who, seeing Rosse approach, instantly presented him. A *naïve* pleasure in her face, an unspoken compliment to his beauty in her grayish-green, brilliant eyes, an uncontinental offering of her hand to be shaken—all impressed Rosse immediately, yet what most struck him was a haunting likeness. She looked like somebody. Who was it? Could it be—? Yes, it was Lady Geraldine!

Rosse knew well the reputation of the Princess Nadége; he knew that she was the greatest gambler, the most dissipated woman in Europe. He knew she had no right to this look of sweet, healthy, unspotted girlhood. How, he asked, did this haunter of midnight gaming-tables keep that look of strawberry freshness which was her perpetual charm? Yet, no Clara Vere de Vere, in her healthy, English home, even in her early teens or twenties, looked more serenely young and innocent than did this famous disturber of men's peace.

The absence of a heart or a soul, or whatever philosophers call our immortal essence, the presence of good health, plenty of horseback exercise and money (that purchaser of health, among other things), all conspire to keep a woman young. Then there are immortal women, exempt from fatigue, illness, decay. The princess was one of them. Rosse sat next her at breakfast, and watched her beautiful hands, with their filbert nails and pink finger-tips. There seemed to be no charm known to fresh, young womanhood which had been omitted. She was gay and spirited, and laughed softly and much; spoke English as if it were her mother-tongue, and dropped from that pretty mouth nothing but purest pearls and clearest diamonds. It pleased the Princess Nadége to measure every man who came near her by the unfailing barometer of her feminine instinct, and she knew well that in this camp of fighting-men nothing could be so fresh, unexpected, and thrilling, as girlish innocence. The *double entendre* would do for a Parisian *salon;* the scandal and gossip of Baden-Baden budded and blossomed in the heavily-heated Kursaal; but *here*, in the presence of bearded warriors, she was simply woman—woman fresh as a morning in June, woman refined, gentle, pure, exquisite, the opposite of man. And not a soldier who looked at her that day, in that crowded tent, but would have been willing to die for her—ay, and many of them did!

But, like all great artists, she sometimes made a mistake. To-day she made one. She found in Stanhope Rosse something new, something unusual. She had come on an errand of her own, perhaps to meet Prussians, perhaps for something else. She had not expected to meet this Englishman, and, to the great reproach of the princess be it spoken—for she believed herself invulnerable—she fell in love immediately with Stanhope Rosse, and lost the cool head and the invincible will which were hidden under her delicate exterior. And General Hugo saw it—General Hugo, who loved her—saw it with those lenses which jealousy lends to love, and he hated Rosse accordingly.

The princess had taken a villa, not unlike that of La Belle Gabrielle, called Château Marne, in a quiet valley two leagues away. She asked several of the Prussian officers, the princes, and Rosse, to sup with her that evening. The suppers of the Princess Nadége! How often had Rosse heard of them! How often had this name fallen from the lips of men with many a not doubtful epithet! Could he believe that this fresh, delicious creature before him, who rather timidly took his hand at parting, could be the woman of whom such a history was told? He was no neophyte; he had seen good acting before, but nothing like this. He accepted her invitation. She was a problem to be solved, a lesson to be learned. Why was she here? What did she want? Why so polite to him?

He was curiously interested. He thought of the Princess Nadége for many an hour. Once, in her presence, his hand fell on Lady Armide's ring, and the motto stung him—"Honor's Slave." Was *he* Honor's slave? He looked in the beautiful face of the princess. She seemed transformed. There was a wicked malachite greenness in her Russian eyes.

She looked older and less beautiful, but the impression was as rapid and fleeting as lightning. The Tartar breadth of the cheek-bones disappeared. The eyes turned from green to gray as she looked at him with a sudden smile, a word of farewell, and vanished. Was her instinct informed by some subtile fluid that he saw her as she really was?

But to go back to his first evening at Château Marne. Even on his way thither he heard the guns of a not distant skirmish, and he wondered anew at the caprice which should have brought to this dangerous spot the wild, beautiful, lawless, luxurious woman whom he was about to adore, for he felt in his heart that adoration or hatred would be the only two sentiments possible. The Princess Nadége accepted no shadowy offerings. Flowers of deepest hue, gems of intense fire, emotions that had little if any hyperborean ice in them—these were the appropriate surroundings of the Russian beauty.

If she had been lovely in the morning, she was superb in the evening, in a robe of lighter-green velvet, which, in its *décolleté* arrangements, showed her beautiful neck and arms. Splendid pearls delicately heightened the white gleam of her satin skin.

The smile with which the princess greeted Rosse in the evening was not so girlish as the one she had used in the morning, but it was perhaps more dangerous. She was now the witty, *insouciante*, yet hospitable hostess, as different from her morning's self as is gaslight from sunlight. The *roulette* and *rouge-et-noir* tables were set out. The prince royal and the Prince Charles were playing, several of the higher officers and the *dames d'honneur* were already at work, but the princess drew Rosse to her own little group.

"I recall to you an old friend," said she, as she pointed to Hubert Haliburton.

The American was playing and winning. Stanhope Rosse began to win heavily. General Hugo played and lost. The princess lost, as became a wily hostess.

"To-morrow night you will give me my revenge," said Hugo to Rosse.

"And to-morrow you will accompany me to the camp of Prince Charles," said the princess, as she laid a soft palm on Rosse's strong hand.

> "Ah! when a woman smiled,
> Old Adam was beguiled—"

During the days which followed, Rosse saw, in the fascinator of Europe, not one woman, but a dozen women. She had Cleopatra's charm of infinite variety. Always young, always beautiful, always powerful, the princess knew how to besiege a man's heart on its weakest side, and, wherever the weak spot was, there her instinct sent her. She made Rosse talk better than he had ever done before; she lightened his days, which were somewhat tiresome; his evenings she made exciting and amusing; she presented him to all sorts of dignitaries. From the excess of quiet, from that *ennui* which is perhaps the most insufferable of guests to a man, the princess rescued him.

It was the voice of the siren. Fine weather, horseback-rides, military displays, martial music, are all good things—they stir a man's blood; but far sweeter than all is that voice of the siren: it adds a thrilling cadence to the swelling strain of the warlike march; it underlies and intensifies the monotone of the summer wind, and to all things beautiful it adds another beauty:

> "A brighter emerald twinkles in the grass,
> A lovelier sapphire dies across the sea."

V.

THE difficulties of reaching Berlin seemed to increase—Hugo promised escorts, and then failed to keep his promises. Hubert Haliburton, of whom Rosse saw much—for the imperturbable and mysterious American went everywhere and knew every one, including the two secluded ladies at La Belle Gabrielle—shook his head when the project was discussed. It did indeed seem impossible. Stanhope Rosse did not neglect his business, or his ladies; in spite of this infatuation for the princess, he thought, he worked unweariedly, but was there as much heart in it as at first? Since the day of the review, Lady Geraldine had not been so well, and her faithful nurse, Madame Louise, of course watched by her bedside. So, unless Haliburton would come over to dine with him, he often dined alone, in the silent and formal companionship of the old steward.

It was late at night, on the 30th of August, that Rosse drove from Château Marne to La Belle Gabrielle. The night was unusually quiet; but he noticed, as he approached the high wall and was about to ring, that the great gate was swinging open. He entered astonished, for this was a point on which Luigi was especially careful—an old, well-trained, efficient Italian servant. Rosse had often admired his faithful and ceaseless watchfulness.

As his horse entered the avenue, he reared and shied at some object lying before him. Rosse was off his back in a moment, and trod on—what?—something horribly suggestive of the neighboring battle-fields. His groom, an English servant, struck a light, and revealed a dead body. Poor old Luigi lay there in his blood.

"Hold these horses," said Rosse to his servant, "while I go to the house."

There he found nothing. Ladies, servants, all were gone. Furniture in confusion—every evidence of a sudden alarm, a sudden flight. The back-window, with its vines torn, and its descent to the garden showing evident traces of having been recently used, told the story of a surprise and of treachery. Poor, old, faithful Luigi had died for his unhappy young mistress, while Rosse had been gambling with a handsome Russian princess!

At that moment of bitter self-reproach, the voice of the American rang in Rosse's ears; he heard a horse galloping up the avenue, and seized his pistols, but, fortunately, before he could use them, Hubert Haliburton said in his high, clear tones:

"The ladies are carried off toward the French camp! We shall get no help from Hugo. We must

follow on. Odds are desperately against us, but arm yourself and come with me; we may save them yet!"

In an incredibly short time Stanhope Rosse found himself fighting with a shadowy force, which in the extreme darkness seemed like a hundred men; he saw a carriage overturned in the road, he heard a woman shriek: it was the voice of Lady Geraldine, and it pierced his soul; then came the dull thud of a bullet; he fell, and knew nothing more.

When he opened his eyes upon life again, it was to look at the humble roof of a peasant's house; he was weak and confused, but he knew that bending over him was Lady Geraldine, her hand on his heart. She was listening rather than watching; he soon, too, made out the figure of Hubert Haliburton, who was the first to speak.

"You were struck down by a ball which would have finished you but for this," said he, holding up a watch-chain, on which was fastened a ring. "As it was, the shock of the ball has made you insensible for some hours, striking you as it did in the waist. You have some bad sabre-cuts about you, too, but we intend to bring you round!"

Rosse, with dull eyes, looked at the ring flattened and bent; the legend stood out clearly still, "Honor's Slave;" frail interposition between death and life, it had served its purpose, and after the healing of his cuts, and the more dangerous results of concussion were passed, Rosse was destined to live for many years yet in this troublous world.

"You fought like a lion," said Haliburton, "and my American revolver and war-experience did me some good. My friends got to the ground just as you fell, and here are the ladies safe and sound—Lady Geraldine none the worse for her precious cousin, the Princess Nadége, who wants her emeralds! That is what she came to Saarbrück for! She would have had them long before this, but that she was foolish enough to fall in love with you; so she temporized, and would not let Hugo send you away. They did not dare, of course, to lay a violent hand on an Englishman, but they might have manœuvred, and you—well, you—temporized a little—we will call it temporizing—so you again threw the game into her hands. I am willing to wager a great deal that, after sending you home, she joined the party of her friends who were carrying off Lady Geraldine. I think she fired the shot which bent this ring, but that is a speculation. What I know, generally, I know; and what I find out, I find out; but *how* I know it, or *how* I find it out—that is my own secret."

The American had never talked so much or so continuously before, for he was of that rare class of our countrymen who say little; he was talking, the good fellow, to give Rosse time to rally and compose himself.

But Rosse could not speak; he could only press Lady Geraldine's hand to his lips and stretch out another hand to the brave fellow who had saved all their lives. By what subtile intelligence, what curious, unusual means of getting information, Haliburton had learned of this plot, by what influence he had brought men to defend the little party, he, and perhaps Lady Armide Stoneham, alone knew. It was his secret, and he kept it.

Madame Louise proved the kindest of nurses, and in a week Rosse was able to leave his bed, to plan for the future, and to think over the past. It was not a pleasing retrospect. The present, with Geraldine sitting by his side, reversing the order of their earlier acquaintance, was far more agreeable. For, now that he was up, she would let no one nurse him but herself; and, with the peculiar halting and half-invalid movement which he had always noticed, she walked about him like a delicate and well-trained nurse. Lady Geraldine had the royal instinct of serving others. She would sit by his knee, and hold his hand in hers against her cheek, or sing for him, as he liked. "You fought for me, you fought for me," she would say, in her childish manner, as if to excuse her fond care.

She had grown very beautiful in these few weeks; there was a fresh color in her cheeks; the air of the mountains gave her strength; the sense of calm and peace, and a greater medicine than all these, were making of the sick child a well woman.

One day Madame Louise and Haliburton left them—they were very rarely alone; but, as the door shut behind the watchful governess, Stanhope Rosse laid his hand on the golden head, which leaned dangerously near him.

"Geraldine, dear Lady Geraldine," said he, "do not be so kind, so sweet; I have been miserably untrue to your best interests—those interests which I have been sent to protect; your gentleness is killing me: reproach me, say you despise me, say that I am a craven, a fool, anything but this lovely forbearance, this angelic kindness. I ought to have died for you!"

The girl got up from her low seat, and leaned her hands on his shoulder. "Dearest friend, kindest friend," said she, softly, and as she spoke her long, fair hair fell about him like a curtain.

Then, in that moment, came to him Mr. Curry's warning: "Now, caution! No falling in love—that will be a breach of duty. Her destiny is a high one. Her husband has been chosen for her. If you fall in love with her, guard your secret; if she falls in love with you (she is very young, Mr. Rosse), protect her against herself!"

These words came to Rosse as if suddenly written in letters of fire on his brain.

He took her hands from his shoulder gently, and made her sit down beside him.

He disengaged the bent ring from his chain and showed it to her—the ring which had saved his life.

"Lady Geraldine, read that," said he.

The girl blushed deeply.

"I—I cannot read it," said she, and her eyes were full of tears. "But I can read what you mean—you do not love me!"

"No," said he, gently wiping her tears away, as he would those of a child; "I did not say so. I only can say this: I am forbidden to seek your love—I am forbidden to receive it; forget that this hour has found us alone and unguarded; my ring says, 'Hon-

or's Slave!' and that, indeed, I must be, let the chains of slavery gall as they may."

When the travelers arrived at Berlin, which they did by slow and troublesome stages, Rosse had almost recovered his health; but Lady Geraldine looked less well, the rose had faded from her cheek; but when Rosse bade her farewell, and ventured to whisper to her that perhaps the Foreign Office would permit him to see her again, without forbidding him to explain, it came back with a sudden blush. When they reached Berlin, Madame Louise bade him adieu kindly and quietly, saying:

"You could not have known that the Princess Nadége was my Lady Geraldine's cousin, and that she wants the family emeralds; there is no doubt but that she would have obtained them the night of our capture, for they were in my pocket;" and Madame Louise, smiling, took from her capacious garments a long box, and, opening it, displayed to Rosse a splendid parure of those choice stones.

"They would be very becoming to the princess," said Rosse, smiling oddly, as he remembered the green velvet.

"You and the American gentleman have saved them to their rightful owner," said Madame Louise.

When Rosse reached London, he found Lady Armide Stoneham gone, and his own fortunes somewhat changed. Mr. Curry was well satisfied with the result of his work, and promoted him immediately.

"I suppose you know that you came very near falling into the net which entrapped Paterson?" said the old man, with twinkling eyes—"the Princess Nadége, the terror of diplomatists! However, thanks to Hubert Haliburton, you are saved; for *that* interposition, thank Lady Armide!"

VI.

"Now you will go to Washington for a year, Mr. Rosse; after that the best places in Europe will be open to you," said Mr. Curry, blandly.

Rosse was not overcome with gratitude: to be expatriated to Washington for a year, with Lady Armide and the Princess Nadége in Europe, and that younger, brighter, purer star, which had risen on his mental horizon, Lady Geraldine—no, this was not very good pay for getting a sabre-cut across his forehead, and one on his leg, not to speak of a spent ball, or an intercepted ball, whose dull thud had shaken his nerves considerably. However, he was too good a soldier to complain; perhaps it would give him time to settle a vexed question, which of the three did he love the best? He wrote a long letter to Lady Armide; he *thought* often of the bewitching princess, with a mixture of abhorrence and admiration; but the last thought at night was of a girlish figure, with long, fair hair, which fell around him, as she said, "Dearest friend, kindest friend."

He constantly heard of the two great ladies, Princess Nadége and Lady Armide. They were cities set on a hill, and could not be hid; Lady Armide was at Rome, conquering the south of Europe. Every one of his letters spoke of her beauty and grace; no Englishwoman spoke Italian so well, no one had such dinners given her by the Roman princesses, no one received so many courtly attentions, no one had the privileges of both papal and liberal parties so showered upon her, as Lady Armide. Even Cardinal Antonelli had been heard to speak of her with the greatest respect. And of the Princess Nadége every traveler had some story to tell: how she had played at Wiesbaden, and broken the bank; how she had given a supper to the Prince of Wales, of extraordinary magnificence, at Baden-Baden; how she had ruined a young American at Monaco. But of dear Lady Geraldine he heard nothing. He had written to Madame Louise several times, but she had not answered his letters. Everything, however, comes to an end, and so did the year in America. It would have been a great expatriation, but for the companionship of Hubert Haliburton, who, in his quiet way, was an important man, and who had helped Rosse to read the riddle of American society—a riddle to the average Englishman which is never read.

He had scarcely reached England when the great news of his life came to him, always expected, always disbelieved in, not to be counted on. A peerage had been hanging over his head, like the bunch of grapes in the fable. There were "two poor lives" between him and the coveted place, and, if one went before the other, Paterson would be the heir, so the chances were complicated. "Poor lives" often outlast good ones; Stanhope Rosse had not counted very much on his half of a chance. But that half-chance came. Lord Carew Vaughan should have survived his idiot nephew and heir, for he was the stronger of the two; but the idiot nephew and heir survived him just eight hours. This kindly longevity was of very little service to him, poor creature, but it was of great matter to Stanhope Rosse, for it gave him a title and forty thousand a year.

So the new peer had no further need for the patronage of Mr. Curry; in fact, Mr. Curry bowed lower than was quite becoming to his figure when Lord Carew Vaughan, late Stanhope Rosse, paid him a farewell visit.

"What news of Lady Geraldine?" said the noble lord.

"I—I—think she is better," said the old man, smiling, but shutting his lips very tight.

"It is a great thing to be a peer of England," said Haliburton, who had come over to see his friend.

"Yes," said the new Lord Vaughan. "The position has its privileges; but for you, Hubert, I should not be here to enjoy them. Now promise to go on the Continent with me: I need your help still further. I must go in pursuit of three women—to one I owe an apology; to the other I owe a revenge; to the third I owe—I don't know what I owe her."

The friends traveled together most amicably, and did some mountaineering in Switzerland; and, as the autumn drew on, found themselves at Bellagio, on the shores of the fairest of Italian lakes. They had had a sort of courier acquaintance with a party which just preceded them everywhere; and Angelo,

Lord Vaughan's courier, was very anxious to overtake this party, to whose rooms he always succeeded.

"I hear it is the party of a young Italian lady, very rich, very beautiful, from my country," said Angelo, who was a Neapolitan.

So, when Hubert Haliburton looked over the books at Bellagio, he read out the name, "The Princess Marispino and suite."

"She must be your Evangeline, Vaughan, by the way she eludes you," said Hubert, laughing.

"I have had enough of princesses," said Lord Vaughan, thinking of the *roulette* at Château Marne. The noble English traveling public had gotten hold of the handsome young possessor of forty thousand a year, and he was going out on the lake with two very pretty young girls and their titled mamma as Hubert spoke to him. Lord Vaughan was not insensible to flattery—what man is?—nor to the companionship of two charming girls. In fact, he had wandered a little from even the "three great originals," as he got to call the women of whom he thought so much, as he watched the *svelte* figures and sweet faces of these English girls.

However, on landing, Angelo met him and said, "Letters, my lord." As he spoke these words Lord Vaughan recognized the handwriting of Lady Armide on one of the envelopes.

"I will go to my rooms at once," said he, anxious to be alone, and to read his letters.

"Your rooms are not quite ready. The parlor has not been arranged; your lordship will wait a half-hour?" said Angelo, respectfully.

"No; I will go immediately."

Lady Armide's beautiful handwriting, so well known, so clear, so firm, swam before his eyes, and he longed to be alone with it. She wrote as follows:

"My dear Lord Vaughan: Let your oldest and best friend congratulate you on your good fortune. I know everything of your history, your success, your patience, from Mr. Curry. The silence I have maintained has not been the silence of forgetfulness or distrust. Perhaps you know why it has been firmly maintained; have I not always before me a motto which you have not forgotten—'Honor's Slave?'

"Now you are coming to Rome, and we shall meet as dear friends, I trust, who can look each other full in the eye, and say that neither is unworthy of the other! Come to Rome at once. You will see here our Neapolitan wonder, the beautiful Princess Marispino. She has a very romantic history. I am sure you will be charmed with her. I have never seen such beauty. It is unusual, almost quaint in its simplicity and perfection. She affects me like a strain of music.

"However, I will wait until you and she arrive here before I present you. She is expected next month—and when are you coming? You will find us in the Via delle Quattro Fontane, where I shall hope to see you at dinner every Monday. And I hear that Hubert Haliburton is with you. Admirable creature! tell him that he is invited twice as often as you are! Believe me

"Ever truly your friend,

"Armide Stoneham."

This was a queer letter for her to write. Very *external!* nothing, except the allusion to the ring, to show that they had ever been more than acquaintances.

Lord Vaughan began pacing up and down his room; he looked out of the window at the beautiful calm lake and at the mountains opposite, and felt anew the sense of wrong which had come across him when Lady Armide had sent him away. Acts of virtue and self-renunciation performed by those we love which shut us out are not highly appreciated by us in our present low development of virtue. Bulwer said a good thing once when he put into the mouth of Constance these words: "A woman never so dangerously loves as when he who loves her for her sake denies himself."

Perhaps men share in this dangerous regret. Certain it is, for an hour all Stanhope Rosse's early worship for Lady Armide came back, and he forgot that by turns two women had occupied her place in that not impregnable castle—his heart. He turned to the table, where pen and paper awaited him, and essayed to write her a letter.

But his eye fell on certain lady-like belongings—a half-faded bouquet, a glove, some pens, ink, and paper, a letter or two, in a torn envelope. This was not like Angelo's usual neat arrangements. Then he remembered his haste, and that he had come in on the lately-left rooms of the Princess Marispino.

He carelessly turned over a sheet of paper, and saw some lines written on it. As he was throwing it down, with a gentleman's abhorrence of reading what was not addressed to himself, he saw his own name.

It was addressed to himself, to the name he had done with, to the old name, Stanhope Rosse, which was written again and again, and under it the words, "Dearest friend, kindest friend."

Then came a new revulsion of feeling—a new diagram of his emotions. Dreams became realities, and chimeras vanished. "Geraldine!" said he to himself.

With Lady Armide's letter in his pocket and this paper in his hand, which said only what one woman would say, Lord Vaughan recognized what had been borne in upon him by many facts before—the beautiful Italian Princess Marispino could be no other than Lady Geraldine! Her troubles were over; she was going back to her state and magnificence. What would she say to him? what would he say to her? Out of this long absence from her came the little scrap of paper, on which she had unconsciously repeated the phrase that she had once uttered so softly in the peasant-hut amid the confusions of war:

"Dearest friend, kindest friend."

VII.

A splendid ball at the Quirinal the evening of their arrival brought Lord Vaughan and Haliburton

into the presence of the beautiful Princess Marguerite and all that was worthy to be seen at Rome.

Cards from their two legations awaited them on their arrival, and they were at the proper hour in the distinguished presence of the Princess Royal of Italy.

By the side of the princess, in a group of young and noble women, stood the Lady Geraldine. Vaughan found her taller, more full. Her face had lost the troubled expression of ill-health. She was a smiling Hebe—she whom he had known as a feeble child.

Yet it was she. One attraction had simply changed its fashion—her sunny, abundant hair was now wound round her pretty little head in ever-recurring waves of luxuriance. He approached her when his time came, and held out his hand without speaking. A gentleman near him said:

"Lord Vaughan."

The princess bowed courteously, but with perfect coolness, and turned away to speak to the gentleman near her.

If Vaughan lives to be a thousand years old he never will forget the horror of that moment. Not recognized by Lady Geraldine!

His cousin Paterson, who always appeared at all disagreeable crises of his life, came to him at the moment, and, taking his arm, said to him:

"Don't you see, Vaughan, it is of no use? She has heard of your acquaintance with the Princess Nadége, her mortal enemy. Why, she never will receive even me! I know all about it—it is of no use!"

But he wandered on rather blindly through the room until his eyes met the splendid black orbs of Lady Armide. She gave him both her hands and a smile of the rarest welcome.

She was paler and thinner than when he had left her in London, but she was still charming. Something had changed her since he left her in the picture-gallery in London.

"You look pale, Lord Vaughan," said she. "Perhaps you have traveled too fast, or is it our Roman air affecting you so soon? Come and walk through the rooms with me."

In an hour he had told her all—the story of Lady Geraldine, of the Princess Nadége, of the rescue of the ring.

"See, Armide," said he, returning to the familiarity of the past, and showing her the bent and crushed bit of gold hanging to his watch-chain, "here is the safeguard you gave me! It has saved me physically if not morally."

For a moment the brave woman winced, and her eyes filled with tears as they had done in the picture-gallery; but she recovered herself, and read aloud, "*Honor's Slave.*"

"It is a good motto," said she. "Stanhope, I can explain everything to you; but you must do me one favor: come to my *matinée musicale* to-morrow, and when I ask you to sing obey me."

The next day everybody came and sang for Lady Armide Stoneham. The Princess Marispino played the harp. Lord Vaughan stood near her, and looked her full in the face, trying to recall the intimacy of La Belle Gabrielle; but she threw her fine blue eyes upon him without apparent recognition.

"Can anything be so cold as a woman?" thought he. "Why, I could not look in her blue eyes without blenching, even if I hated her; and she, who has almost told me that she loves me, who has hung on my arm—she, whose every look and movement I know, she can look at me in this perfectly cool and natural manner, unmoved! Women, you are great actresses, from the Princess Nadége down!"

Lady Armide now approached to ask Lord Vaughan to sing. He felt very much like refusing, but was bound by his promise. And another great wave of emotion struck his heart as he remembered the songs at La Belle Gabrielle, when Geraldine, with her delicate, trembling fingers, struck the chords of her harp.

"Can she resist the memory of those moments?" thought he.

His voice and method were good enough to command attention even in the music-laden atmosphere of Rome. He sang better than he knew. Stout English heart that he had, he felt that the old story of the nightingale was not so absurd, after all.

Whispering then to his young Italian accompanyist, who approached Lady Armide's harp and struck a few chords, he began one of those old English ballads which had been such favorites at La Belle Gabrielle.

But, after it was finished, those who were near the Princess Marispino found that she had fainted in the deep *fauteuil* where she was seated.

The rooms were cleared by Lady Armide, who, with ready tact, threw the blame upon the heat.

When Lady Geraldine recovered herself, Lady Armide was holding the fair head against her own kind and true heart, while Vaughan knelt at her feet.

"Dearest friend, kindest friend!" said she, throwing her arms around his neck, without one word of explanation.

When the time came for explanation Lady Geraldine made all things plain with a word:

"So you never suspected that I was *blind*, and that you were to take me to Dr. von Moltke, at Berlin? Ah, that was my secret! I was very sensitive about my misfortune, and it has led to all my troubles. It was the business of Madame Louise to help me to *pretend* to *see*—you know how well she did it. I had, too, a sort of indistinct vision left, which enabled me to walk about; but twice you came very near finding me out — once when we were looking from La Belle Gabrielle at the review, which I did not *see* at all. Your description of my enemy and cousin Nadége made me faint away, for I knew her coming there boded me no good. The second time when, in the peasant-hut, you lay wounded, you asked me to read something on a ring. What was it—'Honor's Slave?'"

Lady Armide kissed the girl's forehead, and would have left them, but Vaughan held her by both hands.

"Geraldine, dearest, best beloved," said he, "let me tell you, before I accept your dearest confidence, that to Lady Armide I owe everything. I owe her *you*—I owe her *my life!* It is she who has saved us. She is 'Honor's Slave,' and not I!"

"It is a long story, and can be deferred," said Lady Armide, in answer to the girl's inquiring eyes. "Forgive me, dear princess, if I have been guilty of a little plot. Mr. Curry told me your whole story, and, when my friend Stanhope Rosse went to your rescue, perhaps, with a woman's romance, I thought that the little blind Cinderella might marry the prince whom I sent. My friend Hubert Haliburton helped me to help *you* in what was a most perilous crisis of your changeful fortunes. There remained the *dénoûment*—always hard to manage. How did I know that you loved *him?* I saw well by *his* face that he loved you. Forgive me if I asked Music to come and help me. Hubert had told me of the songs at La Belle Gabrielle. I arranged that you should hear that voice again. I determined that you should see him with your *ears*."

"Yes, but I *see* him now for the first time with these eyes!" said the Princess Marispino.

"And how do you like his looks?" said Lady Armide, as, smilingly, she closed the door behind her, and left them.

VIII.

LORD and Lady Vaughan were going through the entertainments of the London season, the most admired and most dined-out couple possible. The rather unusual story of their wooing had been faithfully told at every party, with many exaggerations; but their high rank, personal beauty, and agreeable manners, threw the exaggeration over on the right side.

Mr. Curry and Hubert Haliburton were looking at them one evening as they entered the great picture-gallery at Stoneham House; for, of course, Lady Armide's ball in their honor was the grandest entertainment of all.

"There is some of my work," said Mr. Curry, smirking and taking snuff gayly; "and I think you had something to do with it."

"Who? I? Oh, no, I was simply Lady Armide's lieutenant. How much that woman found out! how wise and energetic she was! She was the *Deus ex machina* all through; and, Mr. Curry, she did it all, because she is 'Honor's Slave,' the wisest, noblest, and best of women."

"So all three have been in love with Lord Vaughan after their different fashions, hey?—Lady Armide, the Princess Nadége, and the little Geraldine, who has blossomed out so well?"

"Yes, hard luck on us less handsome fellows," said Haliburton. "I should have been satisfied with one of them, but there are these magnetic people, who get all the affection."

"By Jove! there comes the Russian embassador, and on his arm—who?" said Mr. Curry.

"The Princess Nadége," said Haliburton.

"You don't say so," said the old servant of the Foreign Office, who would have greeted Circe with enthusiasm if she had leaned on the arm of an embassador; "undeniably beautiful, and very like Lady Vaughan."

"Yes, a family resemblance; such as Lucifer may bear to the angel Gabriel, possibly."

"This is a great thing, this society of yours," said Haliburton, laughing, as he stood by the side of Lady Armide. "There is a great deal of varnish on it, but it is pretty savage after all. I have seen that small hand fire a pistol as gracefully as it now waves a fan."

"No doubt," said Lady Armide; "but we are in a masquerade, and must keep up our characters. Sometimes I call it 'The Masquerade of Hate.' You and I have helped rescue one couple, have we not?"

"Lady Armide, you women of fashion work very hard. Tell me, does it pay?"

"We are simply standing at our posts, Mr. Haliburton; we are doing what is ordained for us to do. Here, as elsewhere, must we be—'Honor's Slave.'"

IN EXTREMIS.

O MY loveling, to shield you and cover you
From all the bleak winds that riot and rave,
To have and to hold you, to love and watch over you—
This is the boon of all others I crave.

Ah! is it God or blind Fate that denies me
This boon that alone can give value to life?
Ah! is it God or blind Fate that defies me
To turn all your innocent days into strife?

O innocent days, with never a blight there,
O innocent heart of my innocent dove,
God give me the grace if he gives me no right there,
To show her the best, not the worst, of my love!

God give me the grace to give her, if need be,
Only passionless peace, only tenderest care,
Through year after year, though agonies lead me
Still year after year to the gates of despair.

Let me suffer alone the pangs of repression;
Let me conquer and die, if need be, for my love,
Or conquer and live through the "clefts of confession,"
While unconquered, unharmed, rests my innocent dove.

STRAGGLERS IN OUR STREAM.

BELOW the pond—I should like to call it a lake, but we must put on no airs in this our land of equality and unsentiment, and so my beautiful sheet of water of fifteen to twenty acres in extent becomes, or rather remains, a pond, and below it flows down to the brackish waters of the Great South Bay of Long Island, and thence to the sea, a sparkling stream, that is twenty feet wide and some six inches deep. That pond was a trout-pond beyond the memory of the oldest inhabitant. Away back in the ancient days, when King Wyandance ruled over the Setaukets and Patchogues and Montauks and Nissiquogues and Mattahoes and Mattowax, and all the other wild tribes of Long Island, and exacted tribute from the peaceful Secatokets, who made money of clam-shells—better currency than our greenback foliage, too, and tending to the same result—tribute to the more honest and less mercenary; before Mechanicsville was even Penataquit, and before its most fastidious inhabitant dreamed that it would one day aspire to the meaningless appellation of Bay Shore; before mosquito-nets were invented, and when the sharp-billed enemy of human kind had his own glorifications and over-indulgences in the "rosy" drawn from the veins of weary and defenseless men and women—when he buzzed relentless in every ear from morning till night, and louder still from night till morning; before old Governor Stuyvesant persecuted the Newtown Quakers, forbidding them to "quake" in company at their conventicles, but making them sorely to quake individually in their own homes; before the Revolutionary War brought enthusiasm to the hearts of the sturdy Long-Islanders and Cow-boys, and such other interesting and exciting incidents to their homes; before the pinnated grouse, then called "heath-hens," had disappeared from the plains and barrens of the sandy island, or the golden plover diminished to a memory on Montauk Point; before Western "bottoms" and Southern suns had skimmed the cream from the milk of the productions of the famous "Long Island farms," which once sent early pease and wonderful strawberries to New York, but which now can only manage to get in Oyster Bay "grass" and a few seedy cauliflowers — before all these things, when Governor Nicoll reigned under his English majesty king somebody or other—a rascal and a debauchee and a spendthrift, whatever his name was—and by permission of the peaceable Mattowax, who only asked to "be let alone" with their darling clams and oysters—in those periods of antiquity the "Willow Pond" was built. Then the sinewy pioneer of civilization selected this beautiful spot for the necessary but unromantic work of sawing logs and grinding grist, and swung his heavy axe —no puny, four-pound steel of the modern days of degeneracy, but a woodsman's weapon that made the giants of the forest tremble at its every stroke—and with it he laid low the lofty heads of such as stood where he wished to place his dam. These he used to strengthen the breastwork and hold together the shifting sand with which mainly the rampart had to be made. The others he left standing, such as were on the bank for future consumption in the way of boards—they were the bank where he stored up prospective profits, a sort of sawing in place of savings bank — and such as were in the bed of his future water-power, to their untimely fate. The brave pines stood there dauntless as the water rose, first over their roots—their toes, as it were—then up to their knees, then reaching their waists; but the exposure was too much for them: damp feet are unhealthy, and they caught cold, perhaps. So they died and rotted off between "wind and water," and their tops tumbled prone into the waves and sank from sight; but the stumps remained, suggestive of human fate—for so long as man lives he is always dying, but, once dead, he lives forever. Their stumps and branches, water-logged and hard as iron, endure today sound as ever, forming a weird network of black and gnarled boughs and roots beneath the surface, and bidding fair to last as long as the island's sands shall remain unwashed away by winter's storms.

But the pioneer who built Willow Pond died, and the willows he must have planted, and which gave name to the sheet of water, died after him, for there is not one left to justify the appellation. The forest-logs gave out, and no more grist came to his mill, being ground instead in Iowa and Nebraska and Colorado and California, and other places he never heard of, and never could have supposed would compete with his near-by Long Island home. Then the railroad was built, and burned up yearly whatever timber the saw had left or which might try to grow in its place; and so the mill, finding its fate hard and unprofitable, gave up the unequal contest, went to decay, fell down and floated off. It has disappeared, all but a few stubborn locust-logs, that would neither die nor surrender, and the frame of the "apron," which, being under water, was protected, so that "the wind of heaven could not visit its cheek too roughly." But the pond remains, and the dam and the "shining river," which flows dancing and sparkling, laughing and gabbling, over the old apron and away among the bushes, forming a thread of gems through the clean, smooth pebbles and yellow sand; a beautiful stream, not too large so as to be dangerous or threatening, nowhere much more than knee-deep; a plaything, a toy of a stream, like the woman a man loves to put his arms around and call "darling;" not a tremendous creature, who awes and represses him with her grandeur, nor a little "mite," insignificant in her diminutiveness, but just the right size and tapered to match.

There is something beautiful in running water. The liquid is diamonds melted; the dew-drop being little less brilliant than the ear-drop which is named after it; the river is a mass of dew-drops in active motion, and indulging in a thousand fantastic vaga-

ries. Stand on the dam at the waste-way, and watch Willow Brook. Up to the very edge of the gate it is a staid, placid pond, unruffled perhaps by a breath of air, calm and blue as the heavens above, or dimpled by the breeze into a smiling ripple, which laps the shore with impatient kisses. Over the gate it throws itself in a reckless way, and instantly is transformed from the tranquil lake into the stirring stream. Falling but a few inches, it strikes the raceway—a fish-pass for trout to ascend, and inclined at a moderate angle; over the smooth-boarded bottom of this it glides evenly and noiselessly, but at the lower end it finds some objection or cause of complaint, and dances up in a foaming wave, and curls back upon itself in petulant dissatisfaction. Then, in long, smooth ripples, which bend and deflect like shadows of swaying boughs, it spreads out over the old mill-tail, and beyond that plunges off among the gravel. Next it darts under a bush, digging out a deep hole, where big trout still occasionally linger and await a favorable chance to ascend into the pond. Having bored its way in there, as though going straight through, regardless of consequences, it suddenly changes its mind, and swirls around to the other bank, where it washes out the gravel vigorously, and makes a long, deep, straight reach for some yards. Next it ripples along gayly over a pebbly shallow with a hum of happiness, flashing and gleaming in the broken sun-rays, which pierce through the overhanging foliage, and then it stops in a sluggish pool, as though it hardly cared, after all, to be in such vain hurry, and remembered that at the best the ocean was but a few miles off. Anon it swings to the left and then to the right; and, finally, it steals slyly away under the intertwining bushes and leaves and amid the plants and grass, till it is wholly lost to sight.

There were trout in Willow Brook once—not the scarcity we now call abundance, not hundreds but thousands, and not only thousands but tens of thousands. The sportsman of modern days can hardly conceive the quantities of game which Long Island formerly produced. Before the days of horse-hair snares and black-silk poaching-nets, trout gamboled in every pond and crowded every rivulet. Bob White whistled his merry note from every hedge-row and piped his infant brood to free lunches in every thicket; ruffed-grouse drummed on every old dead log, and prairie-chickens hurtled up from the plains where Stewart's new city now stands; while ducks, bay-snipe, and plover, poured in countless myriads in their seasons along the southern shore. We "unfortunate" who are "madly importunate" enough to own fowling-pieces and fly-rods can only sigh as we peer back into the dim past and vainly strive to recall the glories of those days. We, thankful for a dozen half-pound trout, a half-dozen quail, or a score of bay-snipe, to secure which we have to resort to breech-loaders, six-ounce fly-rods, and stained-gut casting-lines, try to summon into fancied reality the sportman's paradise which once existed in this region.

Willow Brook should be full of trout still; it is adapted to that purpose better than for sawing logs. Long Island was made expressly to be the playground and garden of New York. It was not intended for the humdrum industries of farming or working; oats, and wheat, and rye, and the staple grain-crops of the world, vulgar vegetables, carrots, turnips, and cabbages, will not grow on its fastidious soil till the soul of that soil is crushed out under a mass of vile manure. But the elegancies of epicurean life, cauliflowers, Lima beans, egg-plants, green pease, and asparagus, luxuriate in their favorite home. It was made for the gentleman's country-seat; it is the Baiæ of the metropolis, the resort of the man of wealth, who crowns his accumulated millions with wise relaxation; or of the successful brain-distiller, who has sublimated the dew of his intellect into the literature of the day. For these sport is a necessity; exercise that exhilarates the mind while it strengthens the muscles, a requisite of health. A summer's residence on Long Island does not imply farewell to civilization, and the time will come when its every point on sound and bay, when its every pond, lake, and stream, will be utilized by the refined and wealthy of our city. The reader may imagine that Willow Pond is so used now.

But for the reason that it is near the markets of the metropolis poachers abound on Long Island. Fruit and quail, no matter how well protected, are not safe. The inhabitants may not be more dishonest in ordinary matters than the residents of other regions, but the American progenitor brought with him to the New World a vehement hatred of game-laws, and his children have inherited not only a restiveness under legislation intended for the protection of game but a disinclination even to recognize property in game when confined on private grounds. So far is this carried that a sort of common law justifies shooting and fishing anywhere and everywhere, regardless of the rights or wishes of the owners of the land. The meaner classes of the community take advantage of this sentiment, and not only rob trout-ponds and snare quail, but they rob the one and snare the other at prohibited periods when neither fish nor bird can be legitimately taken. The implements they use for the purpose are ingenious. For catching trout they use a fine net of black silk stretching about ten feet, and have a bag or trap in the centre. They plant this at a convenient place across a narrow part of the stream, and then, by beating upon the water above with sticks, drive the trout into it. These they then often transfer alive to small preserves of their own, and feed them till ready to send them to market. They also place gill-nets in the ponds, and all fish which are killed by either process are sent direct to the city, purchased by dishonest fish-dealers, and sold to ignorant shoddyites, who think it "stylish" to have trout on their tables out of season. To catch quail they make a number of small nooses of twisted horse-hair. These they fasten on a strong twine, often as many as a dozen together, across a pathway frequented by quail or ruffed-grouse. They sometimes scatter seed about, to attract the birds, which run their heads through

the nooses, and are strangled. The most ingenious device, however, is that used for taking trout-fry after they are hatched, and as they are settling downstream toward the ponds. A tin can is floated by being attached to a stick, so that its upper edge will be just under water, while its lower edge is above. The fry, which have not yet acquired strength or activity, are carried by the current into this, and cannot escape.

Willow Pond suffers from these poaching devices for stealing trout and their young; the deep holes in the stream above and below do not contain one trout where there should be a hundred, and the numbers in the pond which is supplied from the stream are far less than what they ought to be. In early fall it is the habit of trout to leave the ponds, and resort to the spring-brooks, for the purpose of spawning; they will ascend even into rivulets which are but an inch deep and a few inches wide. This is the time when they are peculiarly exposed to the arts of the poacher. After fulfilling the laws of Nature, and depositing their eggs in the places which instinct teaches them are adapted for hatching, they return to the pond, and, settling into the deepest water, wait till the cold weather is over. When Spring first pushes its way through stubborn Winter, when the crocuses alone adorn the earth and the scarlet maple-buds appear upon the trees, when the fly-fisher is allowed to enjoy the opening days of his sport, the trout are found along the dam, or in the deep water of the pond. Then are the large ones, the lords of the watery realm, drawn to the landing-net by the skillful fisherman. As the season advances, more are taken toward the upper waters, but usually they are of smaller size, and before it is over they are found at the very inlet itself.

Willow Pond yearly yields its good half-dozen of two-pound trout, amid a regiment of smaller ones, and would do better were it not that even poachers are not all that it has to contend against. The ponds of Long Island are inhabited by pickerel—fortunately, not the monsters of the North, which in their own homes, the St. Lawrence River, or the lakes of Canada, attain a weight of fifty pounds; nor even the common pickerel of our ponds, named by science, from their net-like skin, *Esox reticulatus*. They are a still smaller variety, never attaining much more than a foot in length, or a pound in weight; but they are the traditional enemy of trout. Nor of trout alone, but of all the finny creatures which dwell in the water, and whose young are small enough for them to swallow. In appearance they are true pickerel, with the long, hungry, lean, snake-like shape, the big mouth, the projecting teeth-armed jaws, the fierce, merciless eye—different at all points from the beautiful, soft, graceful, gentle trout, with its glossy coat, bedizened with yellow and gold, and spangled with blue and crimson spots, its mild eye and its plump, sleek body. Fat and good-humor are connected somehow; but from the lank, spare, cadaverous creatures neither gentleness nor kindness is expected. The sly, evil-minded pickerel, after fattening among the reeds and wild-oats of the lower part of Willow Brook, sneaks silently and cautiously along up toward the pond. Tired of commoner food, he forsooth would dine on game-fish and speckled beauties. From pool to pool he glides, lurking in each for his prey. The innocent troutlings, fresh from the egg, and unacquainted with the cruelty of their kind, dance gayly in the noisy brook; keeping together for the sake of sociability, they form schools in the current, and flash about from side to side, and here and there, in very gayety of heart—frolicsome and merry, thoughtless of harm, and fearless of danger. But the pickerel is watching them from below. He lies in his watery den far under the bank in the gloom of shadow and his own dark thoughts. Invisible to them, he watches their merry play with no feeling of merriment; unmoved by their gentleness and beauty, he bides his time. Suddenly there is a rush, his ugly form darts across the bright waters, there is a swirl in the current, the trout fly affrighted, but one, a bud of the stream's garland, is borne away between the rapacious jaws. One less trout will there be in Willow Pond for every dash of that aggressive and worthless pickerel.

It has been supposed that pickerel could be extirpated from Long Island ponds by opening the gates and drawing down the water to the natural bed, but I have learned that they will live contentedly in running water, although they cannot breed there advantageously. Willow Pond has been drawn down several times for that purpose, but with no very marked effect, and all efforts at eradicating them with spear and net are but a partial alleviation. Moral: Evil (pickerel) will increase under adverse circumstances, while Good (trout) requires constant care and protection for its preservation.

Trout-fishermen invariably descant on the homeliness of pickerel personal appearance, but they are influenced by their prejudices and by the contrast with that thing of beauty, the trout. The Long Island pickerel (the *Esox fasciatus*) has his own claims to attractiveness, and, except for his long snout and teeth-armed jaws, would pass creditably enough among the ordinary race of fish. His back is of a strong, bright green, and his sides are banded with black bands and shaded down with reddish-gray into the white of his abdomen. He is not valuable for the table, although he regularly makes his appearance among so many other worthless things in the New York markets. Bad as are his habits, however, he is not the only nor the worst enemy of the poor, pestered trout. The great turtle, the *taurup* or *torper* of the aborigines, the snapping-turtle of more refined dialects, is a deadlier foe, for he takes the mature fish, not the mere fingerlings which satisfy the pickerel.

The *taurup* is a horrible creature, one of the antediluvians, cruelty in its eye, strength in its muscles, imperviousness in its shell, and neither mercy nor gentleness in its heart or bowels. With equal independence it lives on land or in water, with equal courage it defends itself from man or beast. One of forty, fifty, or even sixty pounds, to which weight

they often attain, is no mean antagonist; when captured and drawn into the boat, or cornered, it turns, and rising on its black and wrinkled legs, not crawling prone like an ordinary turtle, but with head extended, little yellow eyes glittering, and sharp beak ready for the contest, it advances defiant of all created things. Then it is no pleasant object, nor agreeable companion within the narrow limits of an ordinary boat, and the captor at such a moment wishes he had done something else, and been a good way off instead of being just in that particular spot at that moment of time. I remember one I captured, of quite sixty pounds' weight—dragging him ashore by the tail, and then chopping his head half off with an axe — which cleared the kitchen quicker than the "Ole folks, young folks," when we undertook to put him into the wash-boiler of boiling water, with a view to turtle-soup; and another which moved its legs twenty-four hours after it was not only decapitated, but disemboweled. What an appealing spectatle for the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and the other weak sentimentalists in general! These fellows are dangerous to deal with, and must be approached with care; their bite is terrible, their jaws never relaxing till the piece seized upon comes out, and they are possessed of a quickness of motion which no one would expect from their heavy, awkward shape. They lay their eggs in the sand during the warm days of early June, depositing about thirty or forty, and scratching out a hole about half the depth of their bodies for the purpose. The eggs are round, nearly an inch in diameter, and of a delicate orange-color, the shell being exceedingly thin like transparent paper, and they are left to hatch of themselves under the heat of the summer's sun. Snapping-turtles destroy and devour some of our finest trout, approaching them for that purpose from below, rising slowly from the bottom, and looking more like some black, rough-barked log than a living creature, till they are near enough to dart out their long neck and big head. The trout sometimes escapes, but carries with him thereafter the clear imprint of the two horny jaws on either side of his abdomen.

There are other species of turtles, harmless ones, however, so far as trout are concerned — the little mud-turtles which climb out on logs to sun themselves, and which plunge in and scuttle off at a tremendous rate when a boat approaches, and which poke their heads above water in mid-channel as much as to say they had just come up for a moment to see how the world of air and sunshine was getting along and if all was well, and to cast a glance of pity on the poor, sweltering mortals condemned to a thermometer of over a hundred in summer's shade, with no chance for a "cold plunge." The mud-turtle is an independent fellow; his normal condition is in the bath, but he goes ashore for a walk whenever he feels like it, and is often found exploring some out-of-the-way nook or trying a new promenade. There are two kinds—one marked with bright-yellow spots on shell and head, and the other with shell laid out in squares, somewhat like the diamond-backed terrapin of the South, and with reddish marks on the skin. They both lay their eggs in the dry sand ashore, and both when large enough, and especially when filled with eggs, make soup of fair quality, but not so good as that of the *taurup*. Willow Brook and Pond abound with them, and they climb on every log; they poke their heads at every moment above the water; they wander about the entire neighborhood; they are seen hurrying off in every direction before the prow of the advancing boat. The only comfort one can take in looking at them is to remember they only eat water-plants and are good to eat themselves.

Plentiful as they are, however, still more plentiful are the eels—those troublesome visitors who are hatched in salt-water, and seek the fresh ponds for food and recreation, and take trout-food as readily as any other. They are "slippery customers," and have an indirection of motion which is discreditable to what is really so good a fish, although unfortunately it does eat trout. They are "monstrous sly," too, and do a deal of thinking—they are altogether more uncertain than "white man" in his most uncertain moods. What is to be said of an eel which gets into the pipe of the hydraulic ram and stops the water-supply of the house, nearly causing the boiler of the range to blow up, and the laundry-maid to have an attack of sporadic insanity; and then, when the pipes have all been dug up, and the joints uncoupled, and a "plumber and helper" have run up a fabulous bill for soldering and holding candles, wriggles away triumphantly when his place of retreat is at last invaded? Or how are we to treat a creature that goes up the perpendicular side of a water-gate five feet high, and thus, scaleless as he is, scales his way into a pond where he is not wanted, and where his room is regarded as far more valuable than his company? Eels are too much for me. I have given up contending with them, and just let them work their own sweet will. In May they appear from the Great South Bay in countless millions, making the pure water inky with their diminutive, squirming bodies; they infest every portion of the stream, and fill every little rivulet that feeds it. Nothing deters them, no flood injures them, and no drought annoys them. There they grow beneath my eyes. Some thousands climb my flood-gates into the pond, other thousands watch a chance to squirm into the ram, other thousands explore incidental water-courses, and other thousands remain below the gates, and appropriate whatever comes their way; while a few hundred enthusiasts select a damp night and creep directly over the dam itself—at least I think so, for I believe them capable of any enormity. I submit to them as one does to fate and fleas, and all that sort of thing—not without a struggle, but a vain one, and accompanied with the expenditure of much useless rage. I have used alternately nets and spears and eel-pots. I appreciate eels *en matelote* for a table-dish, and hate to be outwitted and defied by any wriggling thing; still I have been defeated, and the gratification of my stomach has not made up for the mortification of my heart. The eels have squirmed all around me, and

were I to stand upon my rights and die in their defense, the eels would complacently devour my dead body! With such creatures moderation is the better part of valor. I eat all of them I can possibly catch, and take good care they do not eat me.

One day when using the net in our mortal conflict, I caught a fellow of different species, and, as it was a rare visitor, placed it in a floating car for study. It had a queer mouth, with exuberance of lip, and holes behind the head along its neck. If any one took hold of its body, it instantly attached its lips with more than a lover's kiss to the bottom of the car, from which the hardest pull would not disengage it. It wriggled and twisted, but held on. Released, it swam at once about the box unconcernedly, ready, however, if again grasped, to renew its attachment. The conduct of this strange creature suggested a new metaphor. We have heard of "kissing close," of lovers clinging to their mistresses' lips, and of kisses which seemed to suck away life itself. These are rather strong expressions and exemplify passion's intensity, but, after all, they are mild in comparison with the expression "kissing as close as a lamprey-eel." It was a lamprey; rather a rare production of Long Island waters; worthless anywhere, but curious as exhibiting the freaks to which Nature occasionally resorts—not a good, honest eel which, although erratic, is useful; nor a fish, although provided with the breathing-apparatus used by certain members of the finny tribe; more like a snake, and yet not openly that low, crawling enemy of mankind. Its appearance would suggest that possibly it was a lamprey-eel, and no mere serpent, which beguiled Mother Eve, and by its wonderful osculatory capacities touched the weakness of her resolution, and induced her to surrender all that was most worth having in life for a bite out of an apple. Surely a woman who will go so far for so little ought at least to have been well kissed for it.

After the eels appeared the minnows, full of spawn, ready to perpetuate their species to any extent. I stripped a few in scientific fashion, though on a miniature scale, just to see what the eggs were from a fish-cultural point of view, and whether they could be treated in the same way as trout, salmon, whitefish, and shad, and raised artificially to supply an exacting and unseasonable market. Among the minnows was an odd little fish, with absurd little ways. It had a very dark, square body, and the country boys called it "blackfish," but it was neither the tautog, the black-bass, nor the sea-bass, all of which are more or less "black" fish in popular estimation, and might come under that generic title. It was a little man all to itself, very gentle, so that any number of them could be netted without difficulty—not cunning like a pickerel, nor eccentric like an eel, but unsuspicious, slow of motion, and, when captured and placed in a globe of water, persistently standing on its head, with its tail pointed in the air, like Quilp's boy. A dozen of them in that remarkable attitude, with their heads close together at the bottom and their tails diverging at the surface, the entire party motionless for hours, made a peculiar if not an exhilarating spectacle. By nature this was a small fish, never exceeding under any advantages four inches in length, and consequently scientifically it was entitled to a compensation, and received it in the way of name. Its person is short, but its appellation is extensive. That little blackfish, with his quiet manners and mild individualities, is denominated an *Aphredoderus sayanus!* Who would have thought it?

These are some of our visitors at Willow Brook, our piscatory callers, but they do not include the whole by any means. There is the endless family of water-bugs, which in summer rise from the waves like winged "things of beauty," but which during winter and spring crawl about like hideous deformities, ofttimes carrying their houses, made of sticks and shells, upon their backs, and occasionally, in mid-winter, seen creeping conspicuously along the underside of the ice which covers the pond; frogs, too, making the night resonant with their hoarse tones, or sitting in their emerald beauty calmly by the water-side during the hot day, ready to show a pair of clean heels to any unwelcome intruder; and pollywogs, big-headed fellows, of the brainy sort, no body to speak of, but immense around the occiput. Some of these are food for fish, and some are or could be made nourishment for man. Fish-culturists have not yet raised frogs for the table, that master of the art, Mr. Seth Green, only having got as far as growing pollywogs—a step in advance, it is true, but with no immediate public benefit. But trout can be grown for market like sheep; eels in Europe are rotated with crops of wheat by alternately flooding and draining lands; even pickerel, by the misdirected enthusiasm of farmers, have been acclimated in new waters; while turtles, in the shape of the "diamond-backs" of Maryland, have been "ponded," fed, and fattened, though still costing two dollars apiece in Fulton Market for little fellows that scarcely weigh two pounds each. These very same "diamond-backs" once were abundant on Long Island, but have all departed, gone to meet the heath-hens in the beautiful hereafter. So that, full as Willow Pond is of animal life, it is not half full enough; it has been, like the soil around it, overcropped, and not sufficiently renewed. A better future awaits it, and all similar ponds everywhere in this country—ponds which once abounded with fish according to their characteristics; some with trout, the belles of the brook, others with black-bass, the larger ones with lake-trout, the sluggish with pickerel, and all those communicating to the sea with eels. Under the care of the fish-culturist, with proper management and wise laws, they will be replenished, and once more will yield their old abundance, and gladden the hearts of their owners. May Willow Pond lead the van!

"CHERRY RIPE!"

BY THE AUTHOR OF "COMIN' THRO' THE RYE," "AS HE COMES UP THE STAIR," ETC.

CHAPTER XX.

". . . . Whoso encamps
To take a fancied city of delight—
Oh, what a wretch is he! and, when 'tis his
After long toil and suffering, to miss
The kernel of his hopes, how more than vile!"

"FOR what we are going to receive," said Mignon, distinctly, with folded hands, "the Lord make us truly thankful. Amen."

The waiter, who stood by Adam's side in the act of uncovering the soup, all used to English people and English ways as he was, turned his head another way to hide a smile. One or two pretty, frail Americans, dining at adjacent tables with their husbands, looked quickly up, interested and amused. A young mademoiselle, who dined alone, with perfect unconcern and serious gravity (for to the true Parisienne her dinner is every whit as solemn and exacts quite as much discrimination as does her toilet), shrugged the shoulders that are to a Frenchwoman what a fan is to a Spaniard, the gesture saying, as plain as it could speak, "What can you expect from *une Anglaise?*" Monsieur, eating slowly and heedfully—for to dine at Bignon's every day comes not to the average Parisian—regarded the English girl firstly with grave deliberation; at last, and by successive stages, with warm and candid approval. Probably no man on earth is a better judge of a woman's looks than he; his judgment is never given until he has carefully and conscientiously surveyed the object of his criticism from head to foot. Led away by no fascination of glance or fugitive richness of coloring, he will permit no detail of either face, figure, or style, to escape him; and when he has noted all, from the fashion of her hair to the set of her gown and the shape of her foot, he will be in a position to tell you whether by one hair's-breadth she falls short of excellence, or is perfect at all points. In the latter case he is capable of appreciating her more thoroughly than would any man of any other nationality under the sun.

Adam, his soup finished, looked across at Mignon, who, in her white gown with its black ribbons, had nothing whatever in face, figure, or manner, to lead one to suppose she was married, save the plain gold-ring and keeper on her little hand.

To his surprise she was looking at him. It was but rarely, indeed, that he was able to win her full regard. The old fearless gaze had died out of her eyes since her marriage; her glance ever turned aside from meeting his, as though she were frightened or ashamed; but now he was quick to note how a tinge of color had stolen into those snow-white cheeks, how a ripple of laughter trembled upon her lips, and how for the first time in all the past fortnight she seemed for the moment at least so exhilarated by the novelty and gayety of the scene about her as absolutely to have *forgotten*.

"You like it?" he said. "You are glad that we came, Mignon?"

"Yes, indeed!" she said. "It is delightful—ever so much pleasanter than dining in our own rooms, with nobody in the world to look at but one another and Alphonse."

"He is, at any rate, more merciful to our nerves than are these *garçons*," said Adam, calmly. "If the equanimity with which every one endures the noises made by himself were not an established fact, what terrible lives these fellows would lead!"

"No doubt if we were their waiters they would suffer as much from us as we do from *them*," said Mignon, gayly; "but I am quite willing to put up with all their crashes if you will bring me here again to-morrow."

"Of course we will come again," he said, "if you wish it."

"We will dine at quite a fashionable hour," cried Mignon, "eight o'clock, exactly the time that I used to go to bed at Rosemary until I was sixteen, and I will order the dinner, and the wines, and the liqueurs, and everything! And just you see," she added, triumphantly, "if I don't manage to spend just as much money on it as *you* would!"

"Only I am afraid you would come to grief over the *menu*," said Adam, laughing; "for you know, Mignon, that, though Mademoiselle Lacroix reckoned you her best French scholar, you do not always call things and persons by their right names, and it was only this afternoon that you wounded the feelings of our driver by addressing him as '*cochon!*'"

"*Anybody* might make such a mistake as that!" said Mignon, with dignity; "it is perfectly ridiculous that any language should have two words so wonderfully alike—and I shall always think that I know as much *real* French as you do—only you have got all the accent, while I have none."

"Have you not?" said Adam, gravely. "Now, do you know, Mignon, that I should have said you had a great deal! For instance, when you went into that shop this afternoon and asked for a box of *a pangles*—"

"At any rate," said Mignon, with red cheeks, "I got what I wanted; they understood me perfectly. Whereas, if you had gone in, you would have put so much fine accent and so little sense into the request that very likely you would not have got them at all!"

"In short," said Adam, seriously, "we make one excellent French scholar between us; but, like the two-headed nightingale, it would be death to separate us."

"If it came to translating a page of 'Telemachus,'" said Mignon, nodding wisely, "I know which would get the best of it; some day we'll try."

"Telemachus!" How the familiar name sent his thoughts traveling backward! Mignon must have been a baby in arms when he was studying his.

"Adam," she said, dropping her voice to a discreet whisper, "have I got a large black spot on my face?"

"No!"

"Nor a crooked parting" (she had removed her hat), "nor—nor anything remarkable; nothing one way or the other to make a person keep on staring at me?"

Adam looked across at the winsome English face that in the streets, the public promenades, the theatres (wherever, indeed, it appeared), drew all eyes after it as the sun does the flowers, and wondered in his heart how much longer she would retain that rarest and most priceless crown of beauty—unconsciousness.

"No," he said, "I don't see anything wrong with you. Why?"

"Would you mind very much if I were to *make a face* at somebody?" she said, still disregarding his question.

"I should mind it very much, indeed!" he said, hastily. "What on earth can make you wish to do that, Mignon?"

"Because there is a rude man who has done nothing but stare at me since he came in—and a moment ago he deliberately *smiled* at me!"

"Did he, indeed?" said Adam, smiling himself; "never mind, dear, don't look at him."

"But he is sitting just behind you," she said, frowning, "and every time I look at you I can't help seeing *him!*"

"Then you must not look at me!" he said, leaning forward as though the direction taken by his own looks formed no part of the agreement.

She was holding a rich, red strawberry to the still riper, sweeter fruit of her pouting lips, and, as he looked, a dimple in one cheek peeped suddenly out like a truant schoolboy; then, seeming to repent of its sally, went in again.

"But supposing I like to look at you?" she said. In her fresh, clear young voice was neither falter nor sign of hesitation, the tone might have been that of a sister to brother, or *bon camarade;* nevertheless it set her husband's heart beating and his pulses bounding madly.

"*L'amour!*" sighed a fat Frenchman, who sat *en famille* with his wife and two daughters at a table close by. Armed with the inevitable toothpick, and thoroughly well satisfied with the dinner he had eaten, he was regarding the spectacle of two young people, who had apparently paused in the business of dessert to stare at one another, with the profoundest amazement.

"Bah!" said his wife, sallow, stout, and greedy, the mother of his children, the object of his parent's choice, but by no means the ideal of his heart. "They are brother and sister—she can be no older than our Fifine—one does not marry a child like that!"

Madame has not half the sentiment of her lord, or a hundredth part of his imagination. She regulates her kitchen and household admirably; attends to the cutting-out, making, and mending, of the family clothes; amasses a *dot* for Marie, chooses a calling or profession for Jean, and rarely or never develops a soul.

Should she be a childless lady, she flirts after a practical, systematic fashion until she is forty-five, after which she seeks in religion the excitement that in one shape or another she finds it impossible to do without.

Mignon's eyes strayed past Adam to the gay boulevards beyond, and he saw, by the sudden contraction of the pupils, that they were intently regarding something or somebody in the distance.

He did not turn his head, although every moment he expected to hear a hasty step, a loud voice—and then wild words, perhaps blows, a scene—

"What are you looking at, Mignon?" he said, quietly.

"At a young man," she said, "and oh! such a wonderful one! I am sure Count d'Orsay in his palmiest days could not have beaten him. Did you not tell me the other day that these men are called *Gommeux?*"

"So they are," he said, a weight lifted from his mind; "and, after all," he thought, "I am not to have this, the happiest evening I have ever known with her, destroyed by him. And under Henri III. they were called—what do you think?"

"The *Incroyables?*"

"No! they had your very name—they were called *Mignons!* while Louis Philippe christened them *roués*, because he said they, every one of them, deserved to be broken on the wheel!"

"What is a *roué?*" said Mignon, tracing out a fanciful pattern on her dessert-plate with her strawberry-pods.

Adam, looking up, and encountering the eyes of a man who was at that moment passing him, felt it to be one of those odd coincidences of which life is full, that, at the very moment when he was hesitating as to what reply he should give her, a sufficiently striking illustration in the flesh should instantaneously appear before him.

"A bad man, Mignon," he said.

And, even as he spoke, he was looking at Philip La Mert, who had seated himself at a table placed against the wall immediately behind Mignon, as calmly in the face as though he were a perfect stranger, whose appearance at Bignon's called for no more surprise on his own part than that of any other person present.

"After all," thought Adam, "he does not intend to make a scene, he knows that it would do no good, his plot is something deeper; nevertheless—courage!"

Mignon had left off trifling with her strawberry-pods, and was now drinking coffee.

The brightness of her mood had suddenly passed away, the anxious look had crept back to her eyes, the color had faded out of her cheeks, leaving her, like Christabel—

"Fair, not pale."

It seemed to Adam — and the time came when what then seemed like an unreasonable fancy recurred to him with all the force of a fulfilled prophecy—that the mere shadow of this man falling upon the girl had power to dim her brightness, and check the timid, gentle growth of those slender, lovely tendrils of regard that she was with hesitation beginning to put forth to himself.

"You think there will be a letter from Prue to-morrow?" she said, looking at him anxiously. "I have not heard for two whole days, you know, and perhaps something may have happened—"

"You are sure to hear from her to-morrow," he said, hastily, for just now the one object of his life was to keep her from *thinking*, and, though it is usually no such difficult matter to woo the very young from thought, he had never until to-night discovered, for even one brief hour, this girl to see the sunlight of to-day save through the dark shadows of yesterday.

"And perhaps you will get a letter, too," she said, wistfully, "with the good news in it for which you are hoping and waiting, and then we will go straight home, will we not? For, oh!" she added, shaking her head, "although we have seen and done so much, it seems a very long, long time since the day we were married!"

Her clear voice, distinct and pure as that of a child—and we all know how much farther a child's voice will travel than that of a grown person — reached to Mr. La Mert's ears, and, his eyes meeting those of Adam, he smiled.

Such a smile, on such a face!

One would have said that this man must, by sheer force of will, have raised himself from a bed of sickness, to which he was bound to return so soon as the fictitious strength that now supported him should be exhausted. One would have said, too, that behind those burning eyes of his raged a devil of recklessness and daring that boded mischief to somebody, unless, indeed, it was to have its recoil violently upon himself.

"I am sorry you have found the time so long, Mignon," said Adam, quietly, "but cheer up—it is very nearly over now."

"And this day week," she said, her face one big smile, "we shall very likely be back again at the old place, and I shall have got my Prue again; and if you were to wake up in your own house, and *I* in Rosemary, we should both rub our eyes and think we had been dreaming, and that we had never been married at all!"

"Should we?" he said, smilingly; ay, he could even smile under the eyes of the man who sat and watched him yonder. "And now, if you are quite ready, Mignon" (he had paid the bill some time since), "shall we go now?"

"I am quite ready," she said, putting out her hand for her hat. And then he fell to wondering whether she would put it on without looking in the glass, or turn to the mirror behind her, and so come face to face with Philip La Mert.

Now, when a woman puts on either hat, cloak, or bonnet, without once looking in the glass to see if it is straight or awry, one may be perfectly certain that there is something radically wrong with that woman, either in heart, mind, or body, or that in her character there is some queer twist, that has placed her womanliness in abeyance, and spoiled her for those useful and lovely purposes for which she was created. Without being coquette, it is natural for every woman to do the best she can for herself; it is, moreover, as disrespectful to society as to herself to appear in the guise of a sloven.

And so it was that Mignon, rising from her seat, *did* turn round, and looking neither to the right nor left, but at the mirror before her, put up her slender hands to smooth her hair and fasten her hat, and, still regarding herself, saw Adam come from behind and put her black-silk cloak over her shoulders. Then she tied her ribbons, tucked up a stray love-lock that had escaped from the rest, the while her dress actually brushed Philip La Mert's arm; the while she must, had she given one glance downward, have met the gaze of the man upon whose unconscious face she had shed such bitter tears on her wedding-morning, fourteen days ago.

Then she began to draw on her gloves, turned quietly away, and passed down through the brilliant room with her husband.

Their disappearance seemed to break the spell that had held Mr. La Mert inert, as though dead, through the foregoing performance, and, dashing down a gold-piece upon the table where he had been making a pretense of dining, he rose up and followed them. He was trembling, as though with an ague-fit; his senses were reeling with passion and despair; the mere sound of her voice, the sight of her face, had affected his brain as may strong wine the man whose body is enfeebled by privation and abstinence; the overwhelming loss that he had sustained engendered in him a yet more deadly, concentrated fury than he had known even in the first awful frustration of his hopes, and, if on all the earth that night there was a man ripe for crime, it was Philip La Mert.

In the faces of those who passed him he read some reflection of the horror of his own; for as that haggard face, lit by those flaming eyes, went by, all shrank from him as though he brought misfortune in his track.

As he stood without, his brain somewhat steadied by the cool night air, he saw, in a *voiture* moving rapidly away, a bit of white gown and a black-silk cloak, and inside that white gown and black cloak was, he well knew, Mignon.

In another moment he, too, was in a carriage following them. "Thank God," he cried, aloud, and lifting his eyes, impious as his words, to heaven, "that she does not love him! No, nor ever shall!" he added, with clinched hand. "He stole her from me—ay! let him look to it that I do not take my own back again, a something better than the loveless girl who gave her vows—no more—who shall yield up to me her heart, her soul—all!"

"I wonder," said Mignon, as they drove along

the gay boulevards and streets that had at first so bewildered her with their brilliance and noise, but to which she had now grown accustomed, "what London would say if one fine evening it discovered the outside of every shop in Regent Street garnished with plentiful chairs and little tables, while the owners sat at their ease drinking something cool, and discussing the affairs of the nation with their neighbors?"

"John Bull would set his face against it," said Adam. "If our working countrymen had as many inducements to idleness and ease as Paris affords, they would not be the fine fellows they are. While the Parisian is enjoying and talking, the Englishman is learning and doing, and there is more sound grit and stuff in one of the latter than in fifty of these absinthe-drinking, chattering, fervid, emotional creatures."

"You are too hard upon them!" cried Mignon. "Can you deny that a Frenchman is the soul of politeness, and that he is as brave as a lion?"

"I wonder," said Adam, less to Mignon than to himself, "whence this same politeness springs? not from the heart, assuredly, else would not these charmingly courteous, smiling gentlemen be transformed by circumstances into Pétroleurs and Communists; while the bravery of which so much is said is oftener than not the instinctive, headlong ferocity of a wild beast? When I regard monsieur," he added, "I behold him less as what *he is* than as what he has been, and will be again."

"Hush!" said Mignon; "I do not wish to think of any of those bad and cruel things; to me, Paris is just an enchanted city."

Ay, in truth, this city, at once the most beautiful and terrible in the world, is as enchanted a one as any of which we read with bated breath in our nursery-days, and loved and believed in with so unswerving a faith and devotion, that not until we were growing up did we relinquish our fond and foolish belief that *somewhere* in the world—a little different maybe, with its heroes and heroines disguised as every-day folk — there existed some such place as that of which we read; and sooner or later, when we got out into the world, we should find it, and wander up and down its shining streets; and I venture to think that up to twenty-five years of age we should none of us be very much astonished if we did discover with our real eyes the Happy Land, that with the eyes of our fancy we have looked upon so many, many times. Well, there is one city that all who seek may easily find; and if we would taste somewhat of those joys of which we dreamed in that far-distant time of credulous hope and passionate faith, let us go to Paris in the days of our youth, in the freshness of the spring-tide of our lives, when our consciences are pure and our souls unsoiled by the smirch and the shame of sin and sorrow; when our steps move to the very rhythm and tune of the song of gladness that bubbles up from the well-spring of joy that dwells in our hearts.

Above all, let us cast our memory behind us, and, if we have studied history well, recall that which we have read concerning this city, less as a living, breathing record of facts, than as a brilliant and terrifying fable that does but entice and fascinate us the more—then, and then only, can we draw her into our very blood as a thing of beauty that

> "....will never
> Pass into nothingness, but still will keep
> A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
> Full of sweet dreams, and health and quiet breathing.
> Yea, in spite of all,
> Some shape of beauty moves away the pall
> From our dark spirits."

And even if we are no longer very young and very happy, as we pass the portals of this magic kingdom does not dull care step down from the pillion behind us, knowing that to him all entrance is denied? No sooner do we breathe her air than we are infected by that *gaîté de cœur* that is the distinguishing characteristic of the Parisian, and our torpid hearts quicken into vivid, healthy enjoyment. "See Naples and die," runs the proverb; let us rather say, "See Paris and live!" For there is an intoxication of life in her very air, and she is emphatically a city of neither yesterday nor to-morrow, but — to-day. All she asks of us is to take the present between our lips and suck its sweetness slowly out, as oblivious of her past, as careless of the future, as she. For she remembers not her reverses and her humiliations; only in her heart live fresh and green her glories, her victories, and the crowns of her heroes. Emerging with radiant smile from the darkest abysm of shame and degradation, she dashes the blood from her beautiful brow, the foam from her lips, and, crowning herself with lilies, calls upon her children to arise and rejoice with her.

Such a one, though stricken oft and violently by fate, outraged and rent in twain by the passions evoked from her own strength and weakness, can never die; though her glory be dimmed, yet can it never be utterly quenched, for the life that she bears is a charmed one, and no more to be destroyed than the rainbow, whose colors fade indeed, but only to return again in all their splendor.

And so it is that her children, though oftentimes in their mad and senseless fury they turn upon and rend the bosom that warmed and nourished them, yet love her with a deep and exceeding love, that is stronger than the love of wife, and home, and children; that she is the idol of their youth, maturity, and old age; and that she is the very core of their heart; so do they die with her name upon their lips.

"Mignon," said Adam, arousing himself as the carriage stopped at the place where they usually descended for the Champs-Elysées, "I beg your pardon for being such a dull companion, but I have been—thinking—"

"Hark!" she said, lifting her hand as they stood together on the veritable Elysian Fields, where thousands of lamps glittered, and thousands of people went to and fro; "do you hear that girl's voice yonder? Let us go and listen!"

A few steps, and they passed into one of those strange, poetic, open-air concerts, "Unter den Lin-

den," with the blue sky for a spangled canopy, the grass for a carpet, through the sea of upturned faces, all directed toward the gayly-dressed, sweet-voiced Italian who faced them, smiling from the centre of the brilliantly-lit, gaudy stage before them.

Mignon, glancing up at the low screen of delicate leaves that alone came betwixt her brow and heaven, met the eyes of a man who was passing by to his place.

"Adam," she said, pulling gently at his hand with a certain hurry and dismay in her soft voice, "did you see that? Is it possible? Could it have been—*He?*"

CHAPTER XXI.

". . . . 'Tis the pest
Of love, that fairest joys give most unrest;
That things of delicate and tenderest worth
Are swallowed all, and made a second dearth
By one consuming flame
Half happy by comparison of bliss
Is miserable."

Somebody was leaning out of one of the windows of the Hôtel Bristol, engaged in dropping pieces of bread-and-butter on to something or somebody below. She was such a long, long way up, and the object of her attention such a long, long way beneath, that her missiles seemed to fall quite slowly, and were every one wide of the mark. At last, however, by dint of most careful perseverance and practice, she succeeded in hitting the exact centre of that feature of a face which is perhaps more provocative of blows, as it is more prone to resent them, than any other, viz., the nose. The particular nose that was just then the target at which Mignon shot her unskillful arrows belonged to the driver of a *voiture de remise* that was drawn up, apparently waiting for some person or persons to come out of the hotel and take their seats in it.

Disgracefully awakened from the doze into which he had fallen, and looking all about him, and finally upward, he discovered far above him a charming head thrust out through an open window, that nodded with much energy, saying, as plainly as it could speak, and with the broadest emphasis, "Attendez!"

The man, recognizing her, touched his hat, and made a gesture to show her that he understood, then sat immovable as before.

Adam, entering the *salon* just as Mignon's most energetic nods and becks were going forward, stopped short with a sudden and most disagreeable sensation of surprise, then, advancing to her side, put out his head and looked down also.

"It was so lucky I saw him," said Mignon, drawing in her head, and blinking both her sun-dazzled eyes. "I do believe he was on the point of going away, quite out of patience, when I made him look up, and I would not have had him do that for anything!"

Mr. Montrose, looking abroad and about with keen, quick scrutiny, could discover nothing, or at any rate nothing that he had expected or feared to see. Then a thought struck him.

"He is coming up," he said, calmly. "It was to him, then, that you were beckoning?"

"Coming up?" she said, staring at him; "why should he do that? and how can he leave his horse and the carriage?"

Adam broke into sudden relieved laughter as he looked out again, and discovered below the conveyance, that, from the height whence he regarded it, reminded him irresistibly of the chariot horsed and driven by the industrious fleas.

"I do believe," he said, "that it is your *cochon*, Mignon! But what is he doing there?"

"Have you forgotten," said Mignon, popping her head out again, to make sure that he had not gone, "that we told him to come for us at ten o'clock this morning punctually? And now," she added, reproachfully, as she drew her flushed face in again, "it is nearly half-past!"

"And whose fault is that, Mignon?" said Adam, laughing; "did you not persist in sacrificing comfort to a fine view?—and when people live in the clouds must you not make allowance for the time it takes to descend and reascend again?"

"There is always the lift!" said Mignon, putting on her hat, and taking her cloak from a chair hard by; "and it does seem such a pity to waste the morning hours, the best of all the day."

The July sun was pouring his flood of light full upon the gay, bright *salon*, upon the man who leaned his shoulders against the window-frame, and looked at his wife, upon the girl who stood thoughtfully tying her strings, altogether unconscious of the regard of either.

"Mignon," said Adam, looking at her critically, "I don't know much about those matters—but isn't your cloak a little—a little old-fashioned, dear?"

"How long ago did Red Riding-hood live?" said the girl. "A hundred—five hundred years—a thousand. I can't fancy our grandmothers, however remote, could have been *real* children, without knowing her story by heart! And just as old as she is, so old is my cloak, for, if it were made in red instead of black, it would be the very counterpart of hers!"

"We must buy you a new one," he said; "but I don't think we can afford Worth!" he added, laughing.

"He would show me to the door if I went," said Mignon, with conviction, as she drew a "Marshal Niel" rose from the bouquet that Adam had just brought in and laid upon the table. "Do you not know that from the depths of his soul he despises an insignificant, slender person, while he loves to dress a fine, large woman with a presence?"

"Then," said Adam, glancing at the gracious proportions of a figure that from crown to heel was of Nature's proudest, most fastidious fashioning, "we will wait, Mignon, until you have developed into a fine woman, or at any rate something very different from what you are now!"

"Shall we ever come here again, I wonder?" she said, half to herself, her eyes straying past him

to the goodly city that was stretched at her feet. "I hope not—at least without *her*."

"You have not yet given me a flower for my button-hole," said Adam, quietly.

Every morning, and to him it was the shortest, sweetest minute of the whole day, she was wont to place a flower in his coat, and had it pleased her to place in it a nosegay as big as footmen wear on a drawing-room day, he would have worn it without a murmur until the following day.

"I beg your pardon!" she said, turning at once, and selecting a pale bud from among her brighter sisters, with her eyes still full of thought, put up her little, gloved hands, and fastened the flower in its place.

The stalk was troublesome; she was a little longer than usual over her task, yet he stood perfectly still and silent, scarcely glancing, to all appearance, at the blue violets of her eyes, half seen through the brown fringe that contained them; nor at the sweet, tender mouth, of which he was in truth saying to himself:

> "Her lips were all my own, and—ah, ripe sheaves
> Of happiness! ye on the stubble droop,
> Yet never may be garnered. . . ."

How gentle he had to be with her, how patient, no one would ever know. His love for her must have been pure and great indeed to so enable him to deny himself every privilege of the lover and the husband for fear of frightening her. Not one sweet overt violence of love did he permit himself—in her own good time she would come to him of her own free-will; till then he would put no pressure upon her, nor cast away the rich fruit that he saw ripening to him in the future for the green, unripe one of the present.

He had by now so schooled himself in self-command that she never dreamed how the mere light touch of her hand upon his coat set his pulses throbbing, his heart beating madly, or how the temptation often rose within him like a giant to take her in his arms (for was she not his own?) and pray her for dear God's sake to try and learn to love him a little—only a little, and so give back, for the plenty he poured upon her, some better return than the heart-bareness that was his portion. But Mignon, as I have said, knew nothing of this. To all appearance, he was far more indifferent and at his ease than she. Since her marriage, the girl's eyes had never met his with the old fearless, unshrinking gaze that he remembered: in their depths he thought he discovered something that was not fear, but rather a dumb and piteous reproach, inducing in him some such shame as a man may experience who has taken from a child's ignorant, generous hand a toy, of which it knew not then the exceeding value, but to the loss of which, awakening by-and-by, it regards with helpless condemnation the man that reft it from it.

"There!" said Mignon, stepping back, and looking at the now garnished button-hole, "it is really very pretty indeed! I never made you a better! But indeed that poor old fellow will think we are playing him a trick, and we have such a lot to do to-day!"

"Yes," said Adam, "there is a great deal to do to-day!" but he was thinking of other matters than she was. As they left the *salon* together it suddenly occurred to him how, each time Philip La Mert had spoken with Mignon, she had worn a rose at her neck, and she wore one to-day!

The faithful *cocher* was still at his post—fast asleep.

Why is it so much more easy to come out of all pleasant things than to enter into them? And from that choicest good on earth, sleep, we emerge even more quickly than any of the rest.

So that it took but a moment to make a very happy man a very careworn, troubled one, and away they went through the clear, bright morning, along the cool, freshly-watered streets, while the divine early-summer fruits that seemed to have overflowed the shops to the boulevards beyond were everywhere, as also the countless flowers that, in their gay profusion, seemed to tell how, out yonder beyond the great city, the world was all ablaze with Summer's jocund mirth. And who that has seen Paris in her early morning robe will deny that she is then every whit as fair as in her crowded noonday brightness, and dazzling midnight splendor?

"What a delightful thing it is," said Mignon, with a sigh of relief, "to be for once behind a horse that will go! All the others we have had simply crawled."

"Yes," said Adam, absently, and wishing with all his heart that the animal in question would go faster still; for one backward glance, given immediately after leaving the hotel, had informed him that they were followed.

In the midst of his preoccupation he could not help smiling—this wild-goose chase seemed to him so laughable an affair; and, after all, what did the pursuer promise himself? A scene of storming and raving, after the good old melodramatic fashion? an invitation to fight for the lady somewhere out of sight, yet near enough for her to hear the pistol-shots and rush upon the scene tearing her beautiful fair hair? a forcible abduction in the streets of Paris? But, no; the days of brave Lochinvar were over, though they were very good, bright, wholesome days, and ten thousand times sweeter and purer than any we ever get now!

"Would you mind very much if we went in the Bois first and to the Poste Restante afterward, Mignon?" said Adam.

It was their custom to fetch their letters daily, and afterward read them as they went on their expeditions; but the girl was always restless and anxious until she knew for certain whether there was or was not a letter from Prue, so her face fell, and Adam saw it.

"You will not go very far?" she said. "I have got it in my head that there will be some news to-day."

"We will go no farther than you wish," he said;

then gave some rapid order to the driver that she could not catch.

It was with a feeling of unconquerable distaste and almost fear that Adam shrank from the moment when Mignon should come face to face with her past (nay, was he not her present?) lover again. That wedding morning of his (would he ever forget it?), when he found his young wife sitting, pale and unresisting, clasped in the embrace of Philip La Mert! Not even a life-long happiness with her could ever efface that bitter, galling memory.

They were passing through the Place de la Concorde, where—O mockery of name!—had once been shed some of the purest and noblest, as of the vilest and most infamous, blood of France. Hither came proud, ever-beautiful Marie Antoinette, expiating, by the heroism of her death, the heartlessness and frivolity of her life; and hither, too, brave Charlotte Corday and beautiful Madame Roland, while stepping lightly after (for they knew how to die, those proud and haughty aristocrats, who accepted death with less scorn than life at the hands of the low and brutal *canaille*) came the flower of the French nobility, a gay and winsome array of courtly shapes in ruffled lawn, and silks, for they went not meanly clad to their last great levee in those days!

What manner of looks were those, I wonder, that they cast downward upon the famous *tricoteuses* who circled round the guillotine, knitting quietly between the intervals of the brilliant, ghastly show? Even such as the king of the forest may give in dying to the currish, slinking shapes that gather about him, knowing that he is powerless to scatter or destroy them.

"I wonder," said Mignon, thoughtfully, as they passed swiftly along the famous avenue that, not so long ago, was the vantage-ground for luxury, frivolity, and magnificence, "whether it would be better to begin climbing the Arc de Triomphe overnight, or begin it early in the morning, and so have a reasonable chance of reaching the top before night?"

"Get up early in the morning, by all means," said Adam, "as I wish you to see Paris from it by night, when the lamps are lit; but there are not quite so many stairs as you suppose!"

"It ought to be very good," said Mignon, "considering the trouble it is to get there! As far as I can make out, the Monument was the merest joke to it!"

"And did you ever climb that—really?"

"Yes, indeed, every one of us! But when I got to the top—I don't know how it was—but I could only walk two double! I had a dreadful feeling that if I stood upright it would all topple over! And once—I thought I should have died of fright—it actually *shook*."

"I can faithfully promise you that the Arc de Triomphe will not!" said Adam, gravely; "no, not if it were burdened with ten thousand such thistle-down slips of maidens as you, Mignon!"

They are in the Bois now; Mignon comes to it every day, and always at an unfashionable hour, either quite early or rather late, and she knows every winding way, and nook, and corner, and there is not one dell to which she has not pierced, or one mysterious glade that she has not traversed. When she first beheld it, she was wild with joy and surprise, but now she enjoys it all in that best and most perfect of all ways—silence. And the thorns and woodland flowers that gem its carpet are no whit the less fair and sweet that they have been watered again and again with the blood of man; that hither, as though the world were not wide enough to furnish any other spot on which they could draw their swords, they must come to the place where God and man alike have shown their choicest handiwork.

"But are we not going to get out?" said Mignon, in surprise, as they still went swiftly on.

"Not to-day," said Adam.

"And, after all," she said, "the sooner we leave here, the sooner we shall get the letters!"

Leaving the Bois by a different outlet, they came ere long to a more crowded part of the city, where, as Adam quickly perceived, the traffic would render it difficult for one carriage to closely follow another, provided the first had a good start. Saying some brief words to the driver, he obeyed his instructions so well that in a few moments there intervened between the two carriages a block of conveyances that Mr. La Mert would not find it an easy matter to pass. A few minutes later, to Mignon's astonishment, the driver turned sharply in at the court-yard of the Louvre.

"But the letters!" she cried, "the letters!"

"You shall have them almost immediately," he said, leaping out and looking back. "Meanwhile, come, Mignon, come!"

He held out his hand, the girl put hers into it, wondering and a little afraid, his voice recalled to her so vividly the morning when he had bidden her follow him, and she had willed to stay.

"But I have seen all these things, and the Kauffmann's pictures, before," said Mignon, a little cross, as they passed through the museum of ancient and modern sculpture, where men and women

> ". . . . not yet dead,
> But in old marble ever beautiful,"

looked down upon the perishable atoms of humanity that had been coming and going, going and coming, this thousand years and more.

We call this, our nineteenth century, the age of progress and civilization, and look back with disdainful scorn on the old benighted days, although we admit that here and there might be found in them a great poet, a great sculptor, a great architect. We hug ourselves on our culture, our art, our improvements; we imagine that our feet are set on a path illumined by the searching rays of truth; yet what are our boasts, our mouthings, our vain pretensions, to the accomplished deeds of those mighty men who, living in those splendid and so-called days of darkness, talked not of their works, but accomplished them, content to leave their fame in the hands of posterity? Be sure that they were not forever looking backward to decry the past, or forward

to anticipate the future; they just took their lives and their surroundings as unmurmuringly as their daily present; and, unlike us, they did

> "....act in the living present,
> Heart within, and God o'erhead!"

It would puzzle us, indeed, to find in our midst a Homer, a Phidias, a Socrates, or a Zeuxis, and yet, forsooth, *they* walked in the darkness of ignorance; while we, a puny, struggling throng, holding out sick hands to that which we can never reach, are bathed in the light of truth!

Adam suddenly put out his hand and drew Mignon behind a group of statuary that stood near. Mignon looked at him in amazement, but he was not looking at her, but at Rideout, who had just entered, and was casting his eyes about, plainly in search of Mignon.

He could see neither her nor Adam, and with hasty step sprang up the stairs and vanished.

"We will go now," said Adam.

His voice and manner had suddenly changed; he looked bright and happy; his spirits rose like quicksilver at the thought that he had shaken off his shadow—and now he was free, for an hour or two at least, from the haunting consciousness of being dogged wherever he went.

"But," said Mignon, "as we are here, I should like to see the Kauffmann pictures again."

"To-morrow," said Adam, hurrying on. "Here is the *voiture;* jump in, Mignon, quick!"

Puzzled and bewildered, Mignon took her place, Adam sprang in beside her, the driver cracked his whip, they were off!

"After all," said Adam to himself, with as much glee as though he were a runaway schoolboy, "I do believe I have given him the slip; and for at least a little while longer there will be no one to come between my little sweetheart and me."

CHAPTER XXII.

> "Let the white death sit on her cheek forever;
> We'll ne'er come there again."

MIGNON had received her letter, and, after tearing it open with her usual devouring eagerness, had been rewarded by the usual disappointment. Adam, too, had got a budget; but, after glancing at and frowning over the first of the batch, he had thrust them all into his pocket, resolved to permit nothing to cast a shadow upon the brightness of these hours that he somehow felt to be stolen. And this notion gave to them the zest that uncertainty alone can bestow—for is it not one of the oddest contradictions of contrary human nature that we should only be capable of a full appreciation of our joys when we hold them but on the frailest and most uncertain tenure?

But now, as he stands with her under the roof of Notre-Dame, his mood changes, he grows thoughtful; while something of the feeling of the man who wrote in energetic doggerel anent the glories of Niagara—

> "When standing under the Horseshoe Fall,
> Didn't *it* look great? didn't *I* look small?"

steals into Mignon's mind. She has never consciously measured herself in any way, by any standard, but now it is suddenly borne in upon her what an insignificant, petty *speck* she is.

She has it not in her thoughts that some day she will describe with her weak fingers or paltry tongue her impressions of this vast and superb cathedral; therefore she strikes no attitudes indicative of an enormous amount of appreciation, combined with a totally inadequate power of receptivity; nor does she gaze exhaustively at the roof, the floor, the whole magnificent *coup-d'œil*, then fall to taking notes distractedly, as though these splendors could be transferred to the paper or carried away in her pocket by a mere violent effort of will. An old-young lady standing near, who is attired with the usual economy of the British female when she goes abroad, is going through all these evolutions, but Mignon just stands hushed and solemn, feeling (as she has never before felt under vault made by human hands) that here one might look up, up, and seem to see the blue heavens shining through the apparently illimitable distance above. Involuntarily she has clutched at Adam's hand, like a frightened child, and holds it fast, while he, who has seen it all before, is seeing it all over again, with the girl's beautiful, startled eyes, in the quiver of her proud, sensitive lips, in the color that comes and goes in her cheeks.

After all, he says to himself, he has not quite sounded the depths or mastered the intricacies of his young wife's heart: it was but a minute ago that, standing in the Sacristie, she had proved herself wholly unimpressed by the gold and silver treasures of the cathedral—nay, in the very midst of an obvious fable recounted by their guide, had remarked, in her clear, English voice, "I *don't* believe that!"

But now she doubted and questioned nothing, she simply saw, and understood.

There are men and women who live and die without understanding, who go through life with unseeing eyes, unhearing ears, who are never even dimly conscious of the ungrasped treasures strewed in their path, whose insensibility to noble influences is so profound, that they are not even aware that they lack the one divine spark that will kindle the soul into life, and turn the commonest things on earth to beauty, the very pebbles of hard experience to jewels of gold and silver.

Therefore Adam rejoiced when he saw how this child, whom no one could reckon wise, and some might count as frivolous and shallow, was so blessed by Heaven as to possess "the seeing eye."

How small the people looked as they went to and fro! They appeared to crawl upon the face of the enormous inclosure like flies, while their puny voices made not so much as one faint echo through the silence. Strange that man, the director and controller of such gigantic forces, should ever appear confounded before the might of his own works! Strange that, after toiling long and successfully at some great undertaking that has brought him fame, he should never

feel his insignificance and evanescence so keenly as when he steps back to behold it in the full majesty of its completion! It requires a bold and even rebellious spirit, the spirit of a Lucifer, not of the archangel Gabriel, to stand his ground firmly before the dumb witness that proclaims how *it* will endure when the subtile brain that conceived, the nervous, cunning hand that formed it, shall have reverted to its native dust. It is to the unenlightened eye the triumph of matter over mind, of dull reality over genius, of the supremacy of the things that remain over those that wither and pass away. And yet there are spirits, bold and brave enough to sweep aside with scorn the mere outward appearance of perpetuity, who, looking with clear eyes to the *beyond*, behold the living fire of the essence that shall outlive the accomplished work, even as the work has in its turn outlived the ephemeral dust, and in that consciousness will dare with unabashed front to contemplate the creation of man's hands.

Loosing her hand from Adam's, Mignon paused before that marvelous piece of sculpture that represents a man half lifting himself from his open coffin, ghastly, trembling, nerveless, yet borrowing in that awful extremity of weakness a strength more terrible in its impotence than had been an utter collapse, with the sweat of exhaustion on his brow, and the foretaste of the tortures of the damned in his blank and awful eyes, and the secrets of the charnel-house locked within those frozen lips—one by one his lineaments imprinted themselves upon her memory, to lie side by side maybe with something exquisite and lovely—the well-remembered rose-garden of Silverhoe, perhaps, or the bridal blossoms of the avenue as she had seen it last, in its splendid livery of white and red.

Wandering still hither and thither, it so chanced that she all at once discovered Adam to be no longer by her side. It is easily accomplished, a separation in a vast and unknown place: one false step to the right or to the left, and each effort to retrace it results in setting the seekers farther and farther from each other.

But Mignon made no very diligent search after her companion, and she was neither lonely nor afraid, for was not Muriel with her in the spirit if not in the body, now and always?

It mattered little, as Adam had one day said to himself, the manner of man by whose side she walked through life, for she heeded no face, hearkened to no voice, as she followed the beckoning will-o'-the-wisp of her sister's unknown fate.

She drifted hither and thither until she found herself once more at the entrance to the cathedral, and—yes—there was the old *cocher* fast asleep on the box as usual, or pretending to be.

How hot the sun was; how burning the pavement underfoot! For the first time that year the sun was making himself actively and tyrannically disagreeable, and Mignon looked about her, seeking some shady place in which to hide herself and wait for Adam's appearance. Not being able to find the desired haven she strolled round the cathedral, to see how it looked from an outside view, and as the last flutter of her dress vanished, the *cocher* opened one of his sleepy old eyes, and recognized her. Somebody else, too, at a considerable distance, and scarcely believing his good fortune, hastened forward in pursuit. Following her fancy, the girl came by-and-by to a promenade planted with trees, and adorned in the centre with a fountain that ought to have been playing, but was not. A few *bonnes* were sitting there, knitting and gossiping while they overlooked certain odd, old-fashioned children, the like of whom one never sees out of France.

Half a dozen soldiers in their ugly red-and-blue coats, and with their impossible waists and fearful and wonderful nether garments, were standing about, shrugging their shoulders, gesticulating, gabbling as only a Parisian knows how; and Mignon looked at them with an amused smile, mentally measuring their proportions with those of the stalwart, broad-shouldered red-coats, of whom she had seen so many in her time at Hounslow.

Market-women were passing by, in their homely, thrifty dress, and clean, close white caps, refreshing spectacles in these days of tawdry, cheap finery and pretension, when every serving-maid makes it her aim to copy her mistress as closely as she can, and the line of demarkation between the higher and lower orders has long been passed. All young women are young ladies nowadays, the milliner's apprentice, the barroom-maid, equally with daughters of an earl; and the good old title of "a young lady of quality" has gone out forever with the departed days, when only gentlewomen and persons of rank wore brocade and lawn, while the middle and lower classes kept to homespun and duffle gray.

Still wandering idly on, Mignon came to an odd-looking, low white building, that attracted her attention in the first place by its extreme ugliness, and in the second by the unceasing stream of men, women, and children, who were pouring in and out of it. They seemed to be for the most part artisans, and quite poor people, although a few carriages waited without. Accustomed to the exhibitions of Paris, that, unlike those of London, are generously thrown open, free to the public, Mignon drew nearer, stepped over the threshold, and entered.

At first she could make out nothing. Whatever show there might be was in some place beyond, she thought, as the outcoming people jostled her in the narrow entrance. And then she began to wonder why all these people looked at her so strangely, why a whisper suddenly passed from lip to lip, while one or two men, as though unconsciously, put up their hands as if to stay her progress.

She was so young, so entirely alone, so innocent of regard; moreover, her beauty was of so gay and debonair a character, that one would have taken her to be on her way to some joyous spectacle, some comely pleasant sight. "Therefore," muttered these poor people beneath the breath, "what does she *here?*"

She was *Anglaise*, it was true; but did those English ladies go in such careless, happy fashion to seek a lost father, brother, or sweetheart?

Another step or two, and, no one hindering her, she found herself in what appeared to be a large and shabby room, a portion of which was shut off from the rest by a high glass partition.

This transparent wall was lined by a row of persons, who all appeared to be gazing in intent silence at some object or objects that lay beyond. Facing her, as she entered, was a whitewashed wall, upon which hung in straight, formal folds, like headless imitations of pinioned bodies, a strange collection of garments, for the most part ragged, but all soiled and discolored by the (apparent) action of water.

Mignon, looking all about her in perplexity, yet with a certain sense of pleasurable excitement and anticipation, for her curiosity was by now thoroughly aroused, stepped lightly toward the glass wall, with its fringe of absorbed human beings.

An old woman, hardened in sin and sorrow, with a heart that had outlived all sympathy with human misery, turning and seeing that unconscious, blooming face behind her, suddenly, and not knowing why, though the instinct was the same as prompts one to rescue a child who wanders blindfold into danger, lifted her hand with a wild and warning gesture, and waved the girl back. But Mignon, understanding nothing, and disregarding that kindly warning, pressed nearer, and looking over the woman's shoulder through the glass beyond, beheld—this:

Upon a black marble slab immediately below her eyes, was stretched the body of a young girl.

Partially covered by a rude board, the limbs were bare, the bosom was shrouded by a veil of rich, wet, brown hair, over which a small stream of water flowed sluggishly.

The face—O Heavens! the face, on which the *rigor mortis* had already set in, whose was it—*whose?*

Could those heavy-lidded eyes lift their glance to Mignon's, would they not be revealed as richly brown as that glorious dripping hair?

Could those silent, beautiful lips utter sound, would they not shriek aloud, "*Gabrielle! Gabrielle!*"

Or had those heavy arms power to uplift themselves, would they not close with breathless, loving gladness upon the girl who stood, an image of stone, gazing downward with eyes more fearful than those shuttered ones of the dead?

Those little feet that lay so still and quiet, had they not trodden the self-same path from early childhood that the living ones yonder had pressed; and being parted by the cruel intervention of Fate, and set upon divergent paths, had they at last met together again thus?

Mignon's dull brain did not turn, her tongue did not cry aloud, her numb heart was pulseless and still as that of the piteous drowned thing yonder, as she withdrew her eyes from it and looked at the only other occupant of the inclosure—a man in the meridian of his strength and early manhood, upon whose brow death had set an untroubled, serene majesty that its comeliness had never known in life, that never comes to any man until he has tasted of the fruit of the immortals, nor is ever seen upon his face in the hour of his greatest happiness, his most unalloyed content.

If one had ever doubted that the joys of heaven are greater than those of earth, need one go farther than the common, every-day sight of a dead man or woman's face? Mignon's eyes traveled slowly backward to the thing that lay before her.

"Muriel—" she said, in a whisper, "Muriel—I have not welcomed you, my darling—because I did not understand just at first that I had really found you—found you—" She paused, looked vacantly about, then back again at the girl she addressed. "Can you not come to me?" she said, still in the same tone, "for I cannot get to you—see, there is all this cruel glass between us, and I can't—I can't—

"Why are you here, my darling?" she went on, monotonously, "with all these people staring in upon you—and you must be cold there—cold—are you asleep? I have waited for you so long, but now I have found you!"

On either side the people had fallen away before her, staring and wondering, as she leaned her brow against the glass, talking, or (as those who listened expressed it) gibbering quietly to herself.

"It is time for you to awake, Muriel," she said; "the sun is shining; how can you sleep so soundly with it full upon your eyes? Do you not know that it is summer-time?—the time that you always loved!"

Then the girl's voice changed, and there fell from her lips, as though unconsciously, a snatch of the old, talismanic song:

> "Cherry ripe, cherry ripe, ripe! I cry;
> Full and fair ones, come and buy.
> Cherry ripe, cherry ripe, ripe—"

She broke off, put up her hand to her head, gazed uncertainly on the faces around her—heard one woman say to another, "Is she mad? To be talking—to be singing—to the dead?"

She caught the word *mort*, and the unknown, nameless fear that had been creeping and shuddering through her mind took shape and substance, and, clothed in words, rose up a living shape to confront her with its hideous existence.

It was suddenly borne in upon her that the something strange upon Muriel's face, that she had vainly tried to understand, was indeed something that by its strangeness was set far beyond her power of comprehension, and to which the rude lips of the woman who spoke had given a name that she could not have found for herself—that not on Death's counterfeit, sleep, she looked, but on Death himself, who had entered into his kingdom and with silent majesty taken the place of that counterfeit for ever and ever.

In that supreme moment, and seeing that all power of expression by word or deed was denied to her, it may be that the poor, overtasked, and already tottering brain would have turned, had not help arrived—help under strange guise, from a strange hand!

Some one grasped her hands suddenly and firmly;

a voice, urgent and alarmed, cried, "Mignon, come away!"

Turning, she saw close to her own a face that seemed familiar to her, yet knew not whose it was, or where, or when, she had last beheld it.

And the new-comer, as he looked into her blue eyes, blank as death, clear as crystal; at her lips, those lovely, *riant* lips, that he so well and passionately remembered, now drawn convulsively back from the small, clinched, white teeth; at the whole face whence every trace of youth and tenderness had departed—well might he believe himself to be in the presence of one who, in the first measureless dread and wonder of an awful and hitherto unimagined sight, had been struck to stone, each feature frozen into the expression it took on the first lightning-stroke of revelation.

"Do you know what is there?" she said, in a whisper, the power of speech returning to her, and pointing with her lifted forefinger at the glass—"do you know *who it is*, I say?"

"Yes, yes," he said, looking only at her, "I know—only come away, Mignon—such sights as these are enough to kill you—come!"

"No," she said, calmly; "you cannot know, or you would not talk of my coming away. I heard some one say she was—dead—" she went on, pressing near to him, and gazing into his with her beautiful, wild eyes, "but it is not possible that it is true; only there is a look upon her face—a look that I never saw on Muriel's face before—" He dropped her hand as though it were an adder that had stung him.

"Muriel—?" he stammered out. "Whom do you know of that name? Why do you use it?—why—"

Of all names under heaven there could not be to him a more terrible one uttered by Mignon's lips than this.

"She is there!" said Mignon, still in that slow, terrible whisper, and pointing again at the glass.

Philip La Mert, with a face that reflected back the horror of her own, stared at her as a man may at some mocking spirit that, having stolen his thoughts, takes human shape, and echoes them in human language.

"Muriel in there!" he said, pale as ashes, and taking a step back. "What are you saying, Mignon—and what is Muriel to you?"

"She was my life!" said Mignon, wildly, "but now she is—see," she cried, and snatched his hand and pulled him forward, for she was now abandoned to a fury of unconsciousness to all, save one overmastering idea. She remembered not that this man had once been her lover; she knew only that she had found her sister, found her—thus!

Instantaneous as had been her gesture, thought with him had been more rapid still. "There are more Muriels than one in the world," had flashed through his mind in that moment's space.

And then he looked—looked, and, recoiling violently as from one who had suddenly leaped out from ambush to smite him his death-blow, covered his face with his hands, as though he would shut out from his eyes, as from his thoughts, the sight that confronted him.

The crowd shrugged its shoulders in contemptuous wonder. What were these English people making such a ridiculous fuss about? First the girl, then the man—bah! One would think they had neither of them ever seen *un cadavre* in their lives before; and what was there to be afraid of, pray, in those two wholesome, pleasant corpses yonder? Sometimes, to be sure, there were to be seen spectacles more calculated to give timid people a turn; but today, why there was absolutely nothing, absolutely nothing!

"You are sorry?" said Mignon, gently, finding it but natural that his agitation should be excessive, his air that of a madman, that his frame should shudder and bow as one under the stroke of an awful and irreversible fate; for, was not Muriel dead—Muriel,

"The sweetest flower of all the field"—

and would it not be strange if all creation did not mourn the loss of its loveliest, brightest favorite, from whose fair body the warm life had fled away for evermore?

All things, animate and inanimate, should surely weep and cry aloud for her—for the girl who had loved them all so well, whose life had indeed been one long lesson of self-sacrificing love from its joyous dawn to this, the inconceivable horror and degradation of its accomplished end!

"I thought she was asleep," said Mignon, "but she is dead, quite dead, and in her hand there is no flower, and she always bade us (when the day of her death should come) rain them down upon her lips, and brow, and breast, and all of white—pure white—"

"Come away!" cried Philip La Mert, hoarsely, lifting his face from the hands that were powerless as the glass before him to shield what lay beyond from his consciousness.

Even as he did so, the dreadful fascination that ever drags our eyes to the sight that is the most heart-rending the whole world can afford to us impelled him to look again at the object before him.

Something—what was it?—suddenly arrested that swift, abhorrent glance, transforming it instantly to a keen and collected scrutiny, that he pursued with indomitable will, inexorable patience; feature by feature, line by line, slowly and carefully as a painter who scans his work ere sending it forth to challenge the criticism of the world, he examined the features and form of the drowned girl before him.

Then, a change, striking and marvelous, slowly crept over him. The color rushed back to his cheeks, the light to his eyes, as throwing back his arms with a gesture of ineffable relief, and expanding his breast as a man who, perishing for lack of air, finds himself once more breathing the bounty of God's air: "It is not Muriel!" he said.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE SUICIDE OF THE OTTOMANS.

FROM the earliest ages of the world—far back in the gloom of tradition—the great wars of mankind have been fought between the Western and the Eastern nations, between democracy and despotism. The struggle began when Agamemnon was elected leader of the Grecian hosts against the despotic King of Troy; it forms the most salient feature of the histories of the Greek and Roman Republics, of the Roman and the Lower Empires, of the rise of the German nations, and of the growth of England and France. To-day it continues with unabated vigor; and the present diplomatic strife in Europe, like the great Crimean War, is not waged by the Western nations for one Asiatic power against another—for Turkey against Russia—but for their own preservation against the inroads of Eastern despotism. It differs in nothing from the strife of the ages, save in the unfortunate necessity of alliance with the Ottoman. Its underlying principles are the same.

This galling necessity—the creator and constant preserver of the Eastern question—would never have existed if Europe, four centuries ago, had been as united against Asia as she is to-day. A few battle-axes from England and France would have turned the scale on that terrible day of Varna, when the horse of the flying sultan was seized by Karadjà, and Amurath was led back to victory. A few years later, the lost opportunity was again offered. Had the Western powers listened to the call of Constantine, in 1452, the Turk would have been hurled back across the Bosporus, and probably forever. But they showed an inexplicable and fatal indifference. Constantine was left to perish in the breach, and over his body the standard of the Prophet was borne into the city of Christ and the Cæsars. This was, doubtless, the greatest mistake—the most far-reaching and destructive in its results—that the Christian world ever made. Its punishment has been fearful. It has cost the world four centuries of war—infinite toil and bloodshed, countless millions of money—and the end is not yet.

But it is the character of Ottoman rule, not the national jealousies of Europe, by which the proud Moslem Empire has been reduced to pitiable imbecility. When the Turks crossed the Bosporus five hundred years ago, they brought with them all the causes of their decay—absolute despotism, the Koran, polygamy, and a natural spirit of intolerance and oppression.

During the enthusiasm of their mighty conquests, they displayed many noble qualities, and were often magnanimous to the vanquished. But when the tide of victory was turned, and everywhere the armies of the Cross made head against the Ottomans, their natural ferocity was aroused by disaster; and when at length their boundaries became settled, and they took up the task of ruling a conquered land, then was seen their utter incapacity for just, enlightened, progressive government. The hands that were so powerful with the sword proved unskilled and feeble with the sceptre; the immemorial customs of Asia have taken no root in the soil of Europe; the Moslem and the Christian, the Asiatic and the European, despotism and freedom, have never flowed in one stream, nor lost their inextinguishable character.

The feature most broadly distinguishing Oriental from Western governments is the absolute authority of the ruler. This system, based upon the government of the family, has descended unimpaired from the age of the patriarchs, and is to-day in full vigor in China, Persia, and Egypt; while in the Ottoman Empire some recent limitations have impaired it more in seeming than in fact. The Turks have always held a tradition that the sultan has a right to put to death seven men each day, without any cause save that it pleases him to do so. Von Hammer gives the number at fifteen; while Rycaut, at the close of the seventeenth century, said the sultan causelessly destroyed nearly a thousand of his subjects every day. But whatever may be the "unwritten law," the actual fact is, that the sultans have ever been absolute masters of their subjects' lives, and have known no limitations but the requirements of their anger and their whims. The wonderful passiveness of the people beneath this practice is explained by their Asiatic descent, by their obedience to "fate," and especially by their belief that whoever thus perishes by the sultan's will is entitled to eternal felicity. Though holding intercourse through five hundred years with the great free nations of Europe, the Turks have never felt one thrill of the democratic spirit, never imbibed one of its principles. The unquestioning submission of the people to the absolute power of their rulers is one of the means by which the Ottoman nation has been gradually committing suicide. Under such a system the welfare of the state turns entirely upon the personal character of the sovereign. While the sultans were brave and strong, men of martial genius and noble powers, the nation was prosperous and full of vigor. The influence of the throne was felt through the viziers and pashas, down to every *spahi* and feudatory chief. A certain rude justice was vigorously enforced; a certain generosity of government, the mastership of great minds, was displayed throughout the empire. But since the time of Solyman the Magnificent, the sword of Othman, with a few brilliant exceptions, has fallen into weaker and weaker hands. The curtains of the harem have had greater charms than the tents of the field; the caprices of favorite women have exercised more influence in the affairs of state than the voice of wisdom.

From this degeneration have risen two serious evils to the Ottoman Empire. The tenure of subordinate authority, always extremely precarious in Oriental nations, has come to depend largely, not on the success of the holders, nor even on the fickle

will of the sultans themselves, but on the whims, the favors, and the spites, of the beauties of the seraglio. The razor is one day taken from the hands of a barber and exchanged for the sword of power; on the next, he stretches his neck to the bowstring, and submits, uncomplaining, to his fate. Men of shining abilities and of large experience in administering their trusts are sacrificed to the caprice of favorites or the fits of jealous anger; the new officers are not only inexperienced, they are poor, and must gain wealth during the brief season of royal sunshine: so the people are oppressed, and the welfare of the country sacrificed to the rapacity of the governors.

The other, and greater, of the two evils is the decline of the central power itself. This first appeared, as always in Oriental countries, in the revolt of distant provinces. The Ottoman territory, comprising the fairest lands of the earth, is not a unit; its empire is not one state, ruled by one power, and subject directly to its commands. It is formed of many states, more or less tributary, and peopled by diverse races, all conquered and held by force of arms. As the grasp of the central power grew weaker, the pashas of these eyalets often revolted, simply to avoid paying tribute, and sometimes to gain complete independence. At the opening of this century, the Turkish power, bereft of Hungary, Transylvania, and the Crimea, was bleeding far more from its internal wounds. The authority of Selim III. was only nominal in many of his fairest provinces. The Wahabites held sway in Arabia; in Egypt the Mamelukes were arrogant and refractory; the hill-tribes of Palestine were independent; the "Butcher" of Acre refused tribute and slew the sultan's messengers; the Pasha of Bagdad poured into his own coffers all the revenues of that rich city; Trebizond sent nothing to the Porte; Widdin defied for years the imperial armies; the Suliotes were in insurrection—the Montenegrins and Herzegovinians; while Moldavia and Wallachia were worth more to Russia than to Turkey. A few years later Mahmoud saw the rebellious Egyptians dismembering his empire, and was fain to call in his bitterest enemy to save the imperial city itself from the armies of the faithful. And at the present day, among the thirty-five eyalets of the empire, there are many whose allegiance is more spiritual than political.

These frequent and wide-spread revolts are extremely disastrous to the Turkish people, and cause the intensest suffering among the *rayahs*, by which term the Christian subjects are known. It is impossible for the sultan to maintain an army sufficient to cover his vast domains. His recent forces, on the peace-footing, were less than one hundred and fifty thousand. It becomes necessary to employ one pasha against another, which can be done only by the offer of some great reward—such as the pashalic of the rebel, and pardon for the past crimes of his conqueror. Thus a great feudal system, unknown in the glorious days of the empire, has recently arisen, and the reforms of Abdul-Medjid and Abdul-Aziz failed to overthrow an aristocracy at utter variance with the traditions and the past history of the Ottomans.

It is not with passive indifference that the sultans have seen their power waning before the infidel without, and undermined by the faithful within. Heroic attempts have been made at reform, but they have all left the empire weaker than before. For five centuries the sword-arm of the empire was the Janizaries, whose name was a terror to Christendom. This fierce and turbulent soldiery, however, became as much dreaded by their masters as by the armies of the Cross. When not seeking paradise in the clash of cimeters, they were overturning their camp-kettles in the Atmeidan, storming the gates of the seraglio, and demanding the heads of obnoxious ministers. They kept a reign of terror in the city; they strove with royalty for the power; they deposed and enthroned sultans at will. At length Mahmoud II. determined to rid the throne forever of its dangerous allies. He gradually built up a new army, forced the old body-guard into revolt, turned his cannon against their swarming barracks, and the last Janizary of Constantinople perished in the merciless storm.

This desperate act, the most memorable of the year 1826, was but one of many steps by Mahmoud for civil and military reform. The new troops were dressed and drilled in European fashion, and a foreign uniform was adopted by the sultan himself. He closed the court of confiscations and abolished the forfeiture of movable estate; took away from the pashas the power of life and death; rigorously restrained the dishonest *cadis* and *mollahs*; suppressed the *dereh-beys*, or "lords of the valleys;" lightened the capitation-tax; and ameliorated the condition of the *rayahs*. But it is one thing to destroy, another to build up; and such of these reforms as did not utterly fail would seem to have undermined what native strength was still left in the empire. The destruction of the Janizaries produced the most disastrous results, and was immediately followed by one of those fierce revolutions to which the Asiatic nature is so liable. The streets of Constantinople were washed in blood; the city was fired, and in a few hours six thousand homes and thirty million dollars' worth of property vanished in the flames. The sultan was publicly insulted, and, instead of the two hundred and fifty thousand recruits whom he had summoned, but fifteen thousand gathered beneath the standard of the Prophet. The new and warlike Emperor of Russia, Nicholas, took advantage of the situation, and, with a hundred thousand troops on the Turkish frontier, wrung from the sultan the humiliating Treaty of Ackerman. This celebrated convention, which has ever since had such influence on the Eastern question, gave Russia the control of the mouth of the Danube, the right of protection over the Greek Church in Turkey, and led the Servians, Wallachians, and Moldavians, to look to Russia rather than to Constantinople for the governing power. In the war that followed two years later the alienation of the innumerable friends of the

Janizaries was keenly felt. When the grand-vizier set out to join the army, the populace was terribly aroused by the absence of the well-known ensigns from the magnificent retinue. Another tumult arose. The following day a myriad bloody heads on the seraglio attested alike the deep and wide-spread wrath of the people and the iron hand of Mahmoud. The destruction of the Janizaries led to the mysterious fall of Varna, to the treachery of the Pasha of Scutari, to the degrading Treaty of Adrianople, to the still more ruinous treaty of Unkiar-Skelessi, to the dismemberment of the empire by the rebellious Mehemet Ali, and to the present practical independence of Egypt. The greatest of Ottoman reformers brought the nation nearest to the brink of ruin. The hand of Nature has moulded the Ottoman character—that character will gradually lead to the destruction of the empire; and any attempt to inoculate its ancient and diseased body with European ideas can but hasten its dissolution.

Among the edicts of Mahmoud was one that showed how far he was from recognizing the greatest evil in the empire, and how hopeless the task of reform. He decreed that the entire non-Moslem population should still retain the ancient dresses, nor dare to imitate the faithful either in the shape or color of their garments. This act, however, was but one exhibition of the invidious distinction between races and religions which for five centuries has borne an important part in the suicidal policy of the Ottomans. It is not needful to quote the frequent unprovoked and frightful massacres of Christians, and the design of Selim I. to slaughter them all throughout his empire at a single blow. The constant and unremitting persecution of the *rayahs* has worked more evil to the state than all the fitful acts of blood. The grinding oppression of the Christians in Georgia first gave to Peter the Great an opportunity to interfere with the domestic economy of the Grand Turk. Thus began that great system of "intervention" which has led to all the subsequent wars between the two powers, gives to Russia her power over Turkey in the present difficulty, and will probably yet raise the cross above the dome of St. Sophia. The same oppression, too, has given to his rival some of the Ottoman's fairest lands, and has led the Christians of the Danubian Principalities to look to Russia for protection and government. So great has been the Christian horror of Turkish rule that, when the inhabitants of Parga learned, in 1819, that their town had been ceded to the sultan, they unanimously resolved "to abandon their country rather than stay in it with dishonor, and to disinter and carry with them the bones of their forefathers." When the day of evacuation had come, every family filed forth from its home, without a sob or a wail, marched with the solemn and thrilling silence of despair to the tombs of their ancestors, brought out the sacred remains, cast them upon a burning pile, and stood speechless and tearless until the last flame had flickered out its life. Then they took sail, and put forth into the deep, choosing to be homeless wanderers in the earth rather than to be polluted by the Turk.

The history of the world does not afford another instance of vast multitudes of vanquished subjects so grievously oppressed for centuries in their own native land by a mere handful of conquerors. It has been a principle of Ottoman government to allow no official survey or census; but it is believed that the total population of the empire does not exceed thirty-two millions, and of these about thirteen millions, are in Europe. Of the latter only three millions are Moslems; the rest belong to the subject races and religions. Turkey is not really a Mohammedan country. The faith of Christ has existed in Constantinople a thousand years longer than the creed of the Prophet, and is to-day held with surprising tenacity by three-fourths of the subjects of the sultan. It is the very diversity of these conquered races and their almost total separation from each other by mountain-ranges, by deep, broad waters, and by lack of roads, as much as the merciless oppression which gives them no chance to revolt, that have kept the Moslem minority in so full and continued power. The Servians and Albanians are different tribes, with different tongues; so with the Greeks and Bulgarians, with the Armenians and Syrians. Between many districts even a similarity of religion does not exist, and companionship in misery forms the only bond of unity in interest. Besides all this, the Moslems alone possess arms. It has always been a fundamental principle that the entire military force shall be drawn exclusively from the ranks of the faithful; and, although recent reforms have set aside this maxim, yet the condition of the Christian seems not to be altered, or altered for the worse. The Turks have the fortresses and the harbors, the arsenals and the treasury, incomparable Constantinople and all the cities. The *rayahs*, poor and crushed by centuries of slavery, are scattered far and wide over the country, and have only their humble homes and little patches of ground covered with taxation.

Even these do not belong to them. No Christian's family is inviolate, nor can he own a foot of the land on which he toils out his days. It should be said, rather, that this latter statement was the law for four centuries, until abolished by the recent *Tanzimat* of Abdul-Medjid in 1856. But we are considering the causes of decay in the Ottoman Empire, and no reforms of recent date can affect the subject, especially as these usually fall dead upon their promulgation. The *Tanzimat* itself, a constitution of which any Christian nation might be proud, has produced pitiably small results, although it promised a perfect Utopia. No Christian, then, however wealthy in money, however powerful in his tribe, could be a landed proprietor. The tilled fields, the boundless pastures, the luxuriant vineyards, all remained in the grasp of the Turks, who are usually poor in money, lacking in enterprise, and unable to do anything with their possessions but to let them out to the despised Christians, from whom they wring the last farthing by taxation. Then, when they come round on their too frequent visits of collection, they invade the sanctity of the home, and make the Christian feel the heaviest yoke that ever galled the neck of

man. No beautiful wife or daughter is safe from the lustful Turk. The victim of his fancy is ruthlessly torn from the weeping and stricken household, and, despite all the fine edicts and promises of recent years, the ruined husband or father is fortunate to come away with his head, if he goes to make complaint. But a few weeks ago an aged father, whose daughters had fallen under the evil eye of the collector, tremblingly declined to lodge him, as is the custom, until the village taxes were gathered. The enraged Turk saddled and bridled the man, and rode him back and forth until he sank with exhaustion. Nor does the foul tyranny cease with the wives and daughters; even the boys are seized and dragged to ruin. It was an infamous proposal made by a Turk to a Christian boy, at the fountain of Belgrade, that led to the horrible bombardment of defenseless Servians in 1862; and, finally, through the indignation aroused in all Europe, to the deliverance of the four walled cities to Servia. But he who would write the deeds of Turks must dip his pen in the springs of Gehenna.

This state of affairs between Turks and Christians, however, cannot always last. The scornful and indolent Turk despises all labor, unless forced to it by iron necessity. The battle-field and the harem alone have charms for him. The merchants are nearly all Greeks and Armenians, the sailors are from the Greek islands, the brokers are Jews, the great mass of laborers in town and country are the despised Christian vassals. Nearly everything, indeed, but the sword is in the hands of the Greeks. To them Turkey owes her civil and financial administration, her arts, letters, commerce, manufactures, and industry of all kinds. The law of Nature holds good in Turkey as elsewhere. The inactive and luxurious race is dying out, the oppressed and energetic workers are increasing. The time must surely come when, by the law of Nature, if not by the law of nations, Turkey will be washed clean from pollution and stand forth once more a Christian nation and a Christian land.

One outgrowth of this strange system, sufficiently ruinous in itself, of agriculture and trade, has formed another suicidal element in the Ottoman state, working just as it did in the old Roman Empire. The interests of production in the country are sacrificed to those of consumption in the towns. Constantinople is the leech of the fair Moslem land. Its turbulent populace must be kept quiet at all hazards, and to do this it is imperatively necessary to keep down the price of provisions. Ubicini is authority for the statement that imported goods of every sort, including grain, pay an *ad-valorem* duty of five per cent., while all exported goods pay a duty of twelve per cent. The government even prohibited at one time exportation from Wallachia and Moldavia to any other place than Constantinople. Agriculture languished in consequence, and the capital was fed from Alexandria and Odessa, not from its surrounding territory.

But agriculture, the chief support of every state, has been ruined in Turkey by other causes than this. The irregular and oppressive system of taxation has made barren and desolate the richest lands of the empire. With true Asiatic, merciless vigor, the government has wrung from the people all it could, when and where it could. It is a proverb in Turkey that "the sword of the sultan does not fall upon the dust, for the sword of the sultan falls upon the vizier, and the sword of the vizier upon the pasha, and the sword of the pasha on the *aga*, and the sword of the *aga* upon the peasant." It is one continued, ruthless extortion, from the throne to the hovel. The personal expenditure of the sultan amounts to nearly ten million pounds sterling, or more than three-fourths of the whole revenue of the empire. Turkey, with five times the extent of *taxed* territory possessed by Great Britain, yields but seventy million dollars of revenue to four hundred million dollars of the latter country. The landed property is taxed by a tithe on agricultural produce and animals, and seventeen per cent. on incomes, twenty-seven per cent. in all—a crushing weight to industry. To this regular tax must be added the irregular oppression of the pashas, who have had to purchase annually their appointments. They were forced to borrow the money of some Greek or Jewish banker at Constantinople, and to meet this liability they have always extorted from their subjects the uttermost piaster. It is a common saying in Turkey that "the pashas are sponges spread over the ground to suck up its wealth, which is then squeezed into the sultan's coffers." This crushing taxation, and the depression of the value of produce by being confined to the market of Constantinople, was one of the chief causes of the Greek Revolution, and sent thousands of peasants flocking to the standard of Theodore Vladinearuko, who would otherwise have preferred servitude with peace. So, when the fertile and wealthy island of Chios had held aloof from the insurrection, it was finally driven to join the mainland by the redoubled exactions of the infuriated Turks. There was one exception, indeed, to the otherwise universal extortion. The numerous islands of the archipelago, which engrossed the entire coasting trade of the Levant, were never polluted by the foot of pasha or tax-collector. Afraid of their high spirit and naval strength, the sultan commuted their right of dominion for a fixed annual tribute, collected by themselves. In Athens, however, the effects of Mohammedan rule were painfully apparent. At the time of the revolution the immortal city contained but 9,040 inhabitants, and the revenue of all Attica was only $10,000. In the days of Pericles it contained 21,000 freemen, 400,000 slaves, and produced a revenue of $2,500,000. After forty years of independence, Athens has to-day 50,000 inhabitants, and its revenue has more than proportionately increased. Such figures are more effective than the most eloquent speech in arraigning Mohammedan government.

The Greek Revolution, indeed, called forth the best summary that can be given of the oppressions beneath which the Ottoman lands have groaned for centuries. It is contained in a letter written by

Odysseus to Mohammed Pasha, stating the reasons that led him to take up arms: "It was the injustice of the viziers, *waywodes*, *cadis*, and *balouk-bashis*, each of whom closed the book of Mohammed, and opened a book of his own. Any virgin that pleased them they took by force; any merchant in Negropont who was making money they beheaded, and seized his goods; any proprietor of a good estate they slew, and occupied his property; and every drunken vagabond in the streets could murder respectable Greeks, and was not punished for it."

One evil inherent in Turkish character must be mentioned, as it holds a large place among the causes of Ottoman downfall, and is an aggravation of all the rest—it is the universal venality of office-holders. The Turks are often described by those who have lived among them as remarkably kind and generous, faithful to promises, and so honest that their word is as good as their bond. We may gladly believe this to be true in private life; but certainly no people have ever had their heads and their hearts turned so quickly and completely by accession to power. Only in the declining days of imperial Rome can we find a parallel to Turkish office-holders. From the grand-vizier down to the aga bribe-money is the "open sesame" to every object of desire. All positions are sold to the highest bidder; even the judges get their places by bribery, and keep them by "hush-money." Until the recent reforms all judges—the *mollahs*, *cadis*, and *naibs*—pronounced sentence in both civil and criminal cases, without appeal. Bribery here was rampant. Whenever, by any means, the victim can get the ear of the grand-vizier, the dishonest judge may be deposed, bastinadoed, and his property seized. But even then the oppressed suitor gets no redress: his wrongs are not rectified, nor his stolen goods returned—for the confiscated wealth goes only to the sultan. It was to counteract these influences that the office of *azam* was created, intended as a bulwark between the people and their officers. And it is true that the *azams* have done the empire great service; and, by breaking the weight of pashalic oppression, and restraining the dishonesty of the courts, they have saved more than one province from utter ruin. But they, too, gradually became venal, and in later years have been almost wholly in league with the oppressors; and wherever one is found honest and unwilling to wink at corruption, a false charge is brought against him, he is tried before the *cadi*—perhaps the very one the *azam* has threatened to expose—and, of course, his ruin comes. Nor is this subtile evil confined to civil office. The army—where it would be least expected — has often proved susceptible to bribery. More than once, in the Russian wars, gold has done more than thundering cannon to open a breach in Turkish walls, especially in Asia Minor. And in 1839, in the decisive battle of Nizeeb, between the rebellious Pasha of Egypt and the forces of the sultan, the Egyptian bribes, previously distributed through the imperial ranks, brought victory to Ibrahim; for, at the very moment when the Turkish army had victory in its grasp, whole battalions rushed over to the enemy, and the battle became a rout. Everything fell into Ibrahim's hands—all the Turkish artillery, twenty thousand muskets, nine thousand prisoners, tents, baggage, and the diamond-set insignia of command of Hafiz Pasha, a recent present from the Grand Turk himself. More than this, a few days after, the sultan's fleet, drawn by a thread of Egyptian gold, sailed into the harbor and anchored lovingly under the guns of Alexandria.

The absolute sovereignty of the sultan, who creates and removes officers at will, and is master of the lives and property of all his subjects; the absolute despotism of the subordinates—for every *aga*, even, is as despotic in his own territory as the sultan in the capital; the weakening of the central power; the great amount of land held in mortmain; the crushing burden of taxation; the false theories of commerce; the indolence of the ruling race; and the wide-spread venality of office-holders—all these have produced their natural effects in the fair lands of the Ottoman—the very garden of the world. The most glaring and ruinous result is the rapid depopulation of the country. Here, again, figures will be found more powerful than words. The three divisions of the Ottoman Empire were calculated, in 1856, to comprise 1,812,048 square miles, with a population of 35,350,000, or 20 inhabitants to the square mile. Compare this with England, which, by the census of 1861, held 347 individuals to the square mile. And yet the lands of the Turk are the finest on the earth, where the genial sun and the winds of heaven give a charming climate and luxuriant soil, yielding to even the Oriental husbandman a hundred for one, and capable of producing four hundred for one; where the rocky mountain-sides are not made waste by the rigor of the skies, but can nourish rich crops of grapes and olives; where the sun, rising beyond the sacred Euphrates, strikes his first beams on the crescent flag, and, sinking at night beyond the Danube, sheds his last glow on the mountain-barriers of Western Turkey. The Ottoman nation is the richest in the world in extent of country, variety of climate, and fertility of soil; it is the poorest in the world in population and productive industry. Nine-tenths of Mesopotamia, the richest soil under heaven, and capable of supporting in itself forty million souls, is a wild and desert waste. Not one-seventh of the alluvial lands in Wallachia and Moldavia was under cultivation a quarter of a century ago; and to-day, from the wasting tyranny of Ottoman rule, the long country inside the Balkan Range stretches away, desolate and deserted, to the very gates of Constantinople, sending up its wild, coarse grass to the horses' girths.

It is in the great plains, both in Europe and Asia, that the most ruinous waste and saddest decay are seen. The cavalry of the tyrannous pashas has swept the country as with a broom. It is a Turkish proverb that "where the hoof of the Turkish horse has trod no grass will grow." But in the rugged mountain-ranges, where the horseman dreads to enter, and where leaden death flashes from every rock, the population is steadily and rapidly increasing. Unable to escape the oppression of the pashas, the

dwellers on the plains have gradually left their rich and sunny fields and fled to the mountains. One may ride for days over the broad levels, meeting with few people of any sort, and with scarcely one Turk. But, if he cares to turn his horse into the wild paths of Servia, Bosnia, Bulgaria, Lebanon, and the Taurus, he will find the mountain-hollows and the vales laughing with the joy of harvests, and every nook merry with the abundant children of freemen.

It is mainly the *rayahs*, however, who take refuge in the hills. The Moslems, who can no longer endure the tyranny of their own rule, flock chiefly to the towns. The country is drained of its most useful class, the producers, and the cities receive a fitful and unhealthy stimulus. It is doubtless this that has deceived so many travelers in Turkey as to the condition of the empire. There is, in truth, an increase of population in many large towns ; but, when its cause is considered, it is seen to be, not a sign of prosperity, but the strongest indication of decay. It is the source of that fearful evil peculiar to Turkey —not in its mere existence, but in its magnitude and ruinous results—the countless multitude of idlers, vagabonds, and useless servants, that overrun the traveler in every Moslem street. There are between two and three millions of these—some of them nominally or actually attached to pashalic establishments or the homes of the wealthy, but all of them requiring to be fed by the crops which they do nothing to raise ; lounging luxuriously in the shade of the mosques, while the husbandman toils in the smiting sun to feed them ; crying "Backshish!" to every passer-by, while the laboring swain is shouting "Kola!" to his ploughing team.

While the fields, thus deserted, are returning to a state of Nature, even the cities themselves are falling to decay. Through all the centuries it has been held that no one, not even Turks, can hold real estate in hereditary right. When a proprietor dies, his immovable property falls to the sultan if he leaves no children, or only daughters ; if he leaves sons, their right of succession is gained only by the payment to the sultan of a tenth of the value—this being estimated by the imperial officers. The reforms of Abdul-Medjid *promised* to abolish this evil, but not until it had eaten deep into the prosperity of the empire. For no one cared to build or to enlarge his borders ; if a tower or an arch fell, if a house was shattered by an earthquake, there they lay ; the owner preferred to keep his wealth in jewels or money, which could be easily concealed by his survivors.

The great extent of lands held in mortmain has been mentioned. These are the *mîri*, or crown-lands, and the *vacouf*, or territory under ecclesiastical control. This latter is attached to the mosques, comprises every kind of immovable estate, and is estimated by some at *three-fourths* the entire surface of the empire. As it is not subject to taxation or confiscation, many land-owners give up their property to the *vacouf* tenure to escape the tyranny of the tax-collectors, and then, by paying money to the mosques, secretly retain it, and hand it down to their heirs. In this way the imperial treasury is defrauded of an immense revenue. The late Sultan Abdul-Aziz, indeed, was contemplating the entire conversion of *vacouf* into *mîri*, or crown-lands, when he was snatched to his death in true Turkish fashion. There is yet another way in which land is made unproductive of revenue to the sultan and of subsistence to the people. The ruthless sacrifice of agricultural prosperity to military interests is an important suicidal element of Ottoman rule, but there is space to mention only one of its manifestations. Thousands of acres of noble forest have been cut down in Servia, Bosnia, and the Herzegovina ; and the work is constantly going on. This has so changed the conditions that in many hitherto fertile tracts agriculture has become impossible.

There remain three other causes of Turkish decline ; and, though two of them are of vast influence, they must receive but brief notice. The natural apathy of the Turks is a constant and irremediable hinderance to the national advancement. While everything is going to ruin around him, and even while the iron hand of tyranny is crushing out his life, the Turk will sit in luxurious stupidity, devoting his enfeebled energies to his scented pipe and his harem. In the first centuries of Ottoman conquest, when everywhere the Cross fell prostrate before the horse-tails, this inherent quality was never exhibited ; the incessant rush of battle roused only the wild blood, which leaped madly through the veins at every flash of the fierce cimeters. But of late years this disastrous apathy has shown itself even in war ; two notable instances being the inactivity of the grand-vizier at Schumla after repulsing with terrible loss the Russian besiegers in 1810, and the inexplicable torpor of the Divan in 1832, while the son of Mehemet Ali was capturing Acre, Tripoli, and Aleppo, and conquering the whole sea-coast of Syria, from Egypt to the foot of the Taurus—both of which instances cost the Ottomans the war.

A greater evil than Turkish apathy is the existence of polygamy in the state. While this does not reach the lower classes because of its expensiveness, and while it is true that the Turkish peasantry compare favorably in purity of domestic life with any people on the earth, yet the foul sore is deep-seated and wide-spread throughout the empire, and is poisoning its blood and rotting its frame. The hardy Moslem conquerors who broke forth from Asia five centuries ago were bred to the saddle and to war ; their days were spent in battle and their nights in hard-earned rest upon the ground, with only their keen, fierce weapons to embrace. But with a life of peace came a life of ease and vicious indulgence. Brought up in the harem, many of the Turkish youth are now ruined before maturity ; their early manhood is destroyed ; their energy of body, honor of heart, and love of arms, are undermined. They become the victims of their own lusts, of jealous, capricious, and tyrannical women. More than all this, polygamy has a disastrous effect on the increase of population. The Christian, hard-laboring and op-

pressed, rears by his one wife a sturdy and numerous brood; the Moslem, wealthy, luxurious, and indolent, finds his hope of posterity vanish among his four wives and unlimited concubines.

But a still greater evil—in many ways the greatest of all—is the Ottoman's religion. The Koran provides at once the spiritual and the political code. It is intolerant in its teachings, and furnishes the ready believer with every pretext for persecuting all who reject its divinity. It is a powerful supporter of the natural apathy of the Turk. Above all, it minutely prescribes all the particulars of government, and all the regulations of society. Thus it leaves no room for the advancement of the state; and every reform that is promised by a sultan must be either the offspring of a foolish aberration or an exhibition of wicked hypocrisy.

Turkish reform is impossible. The provinces that have wholly or partly thrown off the Ottoman yoke—Greece, Servia, the archipelago, Wallachia, and Moldavia—have proved by their noble progress what it is that undermines the foundations of the great empire. The Ottoman state would long since have fallen were it not propped up for selfish purposes by the great powers. The moment their support is withdrawn, the inevitable crash must come.

MIZPAH.

GENESIS xxxi. 49.

THE Lord watch between me and thee,
When we are absent one from another;
Though long miles away thou mayst be,
And a hard fate each from the other
Forever divide, yet still must my prayer
E'er be the same—in hope or despair,
In days of soft peace, in suffering's breath,
In storm or in calm, in life or in death,
In right or in wrong, in good or in ill,
Ever the same, the same prayer still—
The Lord watch between me and thee,
Thee, love, no other,
Through might of the land, through power of the sea,
Where'er thou mayst be,
While we are absent one from another.

THE MARCHIONESS OF MURDER.

WHAT may be called the social art of poisoning is generally connected with Italy. The history of that country is saturated with infernal drugs. Not to refer to the middle ages proper, the seventeenth century was remarkable for its multiplied poisonings. In Rome so many young widows avowed in the confessional to having got rid of their husbands by mysterious, deadly compounds, that the Church, without revealing the names of the penitents, felt moved to arrest the wide-spreading crime. Its agents were not long in discovering that an old hag, Hieronyma Spara, was the chief cause of the mischief. She sold to all wives who came well recommended, and wished to be widowed, a transparent, odorless, tasteless liquor, which, administered according to directions, never failed to secure eternal divorce. All the women implicated were young, most of them handsome and attractive, and not a few were members of the most ancient and illustrious families of the city. The hag and some of her accomplices were hanged; others were whipped naked through the streets; and others, again, protected by their birth and position, were heavily fined and banished the country.

Even such rigorous measures did not prevent the murder, by slow poisons, of obnoxious husbands, who seemed to sicken and die from natural causes, and whose means of removal were not, therefore, suspected. A beldam, Palermitan by birth, Tophania by name (the notorious *aqua Tophania*, or *Tofana*, was called after her), long followed her fatal vocation in Naples, and was as ingenious as enthusiastic in her horrid trade. She did an active business; she sent her subtile preparations in small vials all over Italy, labeled "Manna of St. Nicholas of Barri." A miraculous secretion, believed to flow from the tomb of that saint, and to be a catholicon, had a great reputation among the faithful; and, disguised with the pious title, Tophania's lethal liquid passed through the land, revered by the superstitious, to be swallowed without distrust. What it was, long remained unknown; but it was so much employed for felonious purposes that it was subsequently analyzed. Hahnemann speaks of it as an arsenical neutral salt, which

causes gradual loss of appetite, periodic faintness, stomachic pains, and decay of the pulmonary tissues. Niccolo Garelli says it was arsenic dissolved in water, and infused with several herbs. A few drops in coffee, soup, or wine, served the end; death being hastened or retarded by the quantity given.

Tophania prospered to a ripe old age. She had been suspected for years before she was brought to justice. The authorities could not get hold of her; for she was constantly changing her name, residence, and raiment; and put forward such pretensions of piety that the Church shielded her from the minions of the law. When hot pressed, she found sanctuary in convents, where she remained for months at a time. The ecclesiastic class protected her to the last; but the agents and soldiers of the Viceroy of Naples tracked her into a nunnery, and, defying its supposed sanctity, arrested her, and put her to the torture, when she confessed all her terrible crimes, along with the names of her employers. She seems not to have been wholly mercenary. She had so much sympathy with unhappy wives—she had probably been married herself more than once — that she sought them out, when they were too poor to purchase, and presented them with her blessing and the means of marital deliverance. But it is the fate of the virtuous to suffer. After her confession, and while the priests were still declaring her to be a saint, a number of wicked soldiers secretly strangled her. And to this day, so far as known, the good Tophania has not been canonized.

France, in the latter half of the seventeenth century, gained an infamy for indiscriminate poisoning which even mediæval Italy had not exceeded. It became a habit of the nation; to such a degree, indeed, that Madame de Sévigné writes in one of her letters that she is afraid Frenchman and poisoner may come to have the same meaning. But the French claim that the diabolical art was introduced by Italians. The crime had been rife for years, but had been done so adroitly that the first knowledge of it was conveyed, as in Italy, through the confessional. There, also, wives avowed to the priests that they had put their lieges to endless sleep with cunning drugs, purchased of Italians, two of whom, Glasiri and Exili, were arrested for compounding and selling the poisons, and thrown into the Bastile. The former died in confinement; but the latter, making the acquaintance of another prisoner, Gaudin de Sainte-Croix, initiated him into the mystery of refined murder, and so laid the foundation of one of the strangest, most dramatic, and startling histories of the reign of Louis XIV.

Sainte-Croix was a young army officer, an illegitimate though unacknowledged son of a distinguished nobleman, a handsome and clever fellow, unburdened with principle of any kind. He had been consigned to the Bastile through the influence of Dreux d'Aubray, a civil lieutenant of Paris, with whose daughter, the Marchioness de Brinvilliers, he had been carrying on an intrigue. Having for an associate the marquis, as loose and profligate as himself, he had been introduced to the wife, young, beautiful, and accomplished, and immediately proceeded to fall in love with her, in which fall she actively assisted him. The wife was an extraordinary character. She was as engaging as she was false, as outwardly amiable as she was inwardly corrupt. She had fascinated the nobleman, a colonel of cavalry from Normandy, who had gone to the capital to spend to the best advantage his thirty thousand livres of income; and he had married her in an intoxication of the senses. Rakish by constitution and custom, he soon went in pursuit of new pleasures, leaving her to follow her own. Having made Sainte-Croix acquainted with her, he showed no uneasiness at an intimacy which could hardly have missed his notice. The fair and frail Marguerite became wearier of her husband than he of her; and, after several years, during which she had passed more and more under the domination of her lover, she obtained a legal separation from the marquis on account of vices that he took no pains to conceal. Up to this time she had been very prudent in regard to public appearances; but now she conducted her *liaison* so openly that her father attempted to interrupt it by removing one of the causes.

Sainte-Croix, who had been in Italy, and learned something of its secret poisons, was very glad to increase his knowledge under an adept like Exili. Scoundrels discover and approve one another on instinct. The two became very friendly. The Italian taught the Frenchman how to make liquid poisons of the Spara sort, and also inheritance-powder (*poudre de succession*), ironically so called because it insured inheritances from persons who had lived too long, and afterward so constantly administered throughout the kingdom.

Released from prison after a year, Sainte-Croix had grown expert in the nefarious pharmacy, and had decided to test it on the family of his mistress, from the double motive of revenge and avarice. He wanted to revenge himself on the father for causing his imprisonment, and to get rid of him and his immediate relatives in order that their property, which was large, might fall to Marguerite, who supported him, and could refuse him nothing. She has been represented as sweet and guileless until he had corrupted her mind and heart, seducing her into crime after crime by the passionate love she felt for him. No doubt he made her infinitely worse than she would have been (it is hard for a woman to be extremely bad without liberal help from some man); she would have stopped short of murder, probably, had she never known him. But pure or good she never was, according to her own confession. She was depraved from her earliest years, and grew in sin as she grew in beauty; being at fourteen a pattern of loveliness and vice, a charming creature to be admired and feared. Hypocrisy was an inspiration with her, and Nature had aided her to deceive by giving her a countenance and mien that were capable of imposing on almost anybody. Gayot de Pitaval, in his compilation of "Causes Célèbres," and Madame de Sévigné, in her correspondence, speak of her innocent looks and winning manners;

and the latter says that it was impossible to believe her guilty, judging by her face.

Gaudin and Marguerite were well mated; they were admirably adapted to a partnership in crime. He could be as bland and gracious as she, and his ways were so gentle and captivating that he was generally thought to be one of the kindest and most amiable of men. Equipped with beauty, grace, intelligence, and wit, no wonder this extraordinary pair murdered for years with perfect security, and without the least suspicion.

During her lover's confinement she had affected the greatest benevolence and the deepest devotion. She distributed alms, visited the hospitals, took care of the sick, and performed so many offices of goodness and charity that many regarded her as a living saint. Her father and his family became entirely reconciled to her, so that it was very easy for her to execute the infernal schemes concocted by Sainte-Croix. He profited by his freedom to impart to her whatever he had learned, and she proved to be a very apt pupil. He declared that, after six weeks' tuition, she could manage poisons equal to Exili or himself. She made no objection to his proposal to kill her kinsmen. Falling in with all his views, they set earnestly to work to devise the best method of carrying out the project. He prepared the powders, as he had the greater experience, and she undertook the delicate task of trying their efficacy, which, as the art was new in France, must be determined by actual experiment. She went to the hospitals of Paris with her subtile powders, but not before she had observed their effect on dogs, cats, and rabbits, and found that they accomplished what had been expected of them. The poisons were all slow poisons, some of them proving fatal in five or six weeks, and others in seven or eight months, so that they required the most careful handling. Particular attention needed to be paid to the dose and its repetitions, by which the time of death was regulated. Under the hideous pretense of benevolence, she handed delicacies to the patients, who thanked her with tears in their eyes, and went gradually to the grave. Many persons whom she had not designed to harm were killed by receiving from other patients part of the food she had bestowed, and some who were thought to have resisted the poison perished miserably after two or three years. Voltaire—without any authority, however—denies her experiments at the hospitals; but Madame de Sévigné narrates them in detail, and she was quite as likely as he to know the truth. Besides, there is corroboration from other creditable sources.

Marguerite's hunger for devilish knowledge was still unsated. She made more trials, giving the powder in biscuits to her guests and to her chambermaid. All were very sick, and suffered greatly; but only a few died, the preparation being too weak for general slaughter. One dose was not intended to be fatal; so she could practise her baleful chemistry without necessary assassination. To be absolutely certain of her drugs, she swallowed them herself, and, after feeling their full force and effect, she took an antidote, compounded by her associate in iniquity, and was ready at last to devote her trained talent to her family. Her father was the first victim. She poisoned his chocolate, and the next day he was confined to his bed. She manifested great surprise and solicitude, and took her place beside his pillow, resolved, she said, never to leave him until he was better. The old man blessed her for her goodness, and received all his nourishment from her hands. She daintily poisoned his coffee, his soup, his wine, and he grew worse so gradually that his physicians, with the usual sagacity, made a diagnosis of his case, and determined the exact nature of his disease. Eight months was the time fixed on to finish him; but they dragged so that she got impatient, and by doubling his doses she had him arrayed for his coffin in as many weeks. She caressed him with one hand, and poisoned him with the other. Her filial affection moved him to the soul. He breathed his last on her tender bosom, and his final words were, "My beloved child, I shall wait for you in heaven!"

The funeral of the elder Aubray brought his two sons from Normandy to the capital; but they came to their doom. Obliged to stay until certain formalities respecting the estate were complied with, Sainte-Croix furnished them with a servant, Lachaussée, a willing tool of his, and a proficient in the black art, by whose agency they were buried within eight weeks. The strange mortality among the Aubrays now excited suspicion; but so skillfully had everything been done that there was no person to suspect. The marchioness still had a sister, who would inherit half the property; but, as the greedy paramour wanted it all, he planned the latter's taking-off. Her fears saved her; she seized the earliest opportunity to quit Paris, and his machinations became powerless.

The faithless wife and murderous daughter had slain her nearest kinsmen in behalf of her lover; she was now anxious to slay her husband on her own account. He had not troubled her since their separation; but she wanted to be freed from him wholly that she might marry Sainte-Croix, whom she still loved with intense passionateness. Not knowing how to obtain a divorce, and naturally not wishing to appear in the courts under the circumstances, the easiest way seemed to sprinkle his path to the cemetery with the mystic powder. Her lover shared her secret, but not her passion—he had tired of her—though he pretended to approve her purpose, fearing, if balked in her desire and affection, that she might give him his quietus. It is quite likely, too, that he may have objected to her as a wife on general principles. He was bad enough, without coupling her with him by any legal tie; and it must be acknowledged that her fascinations were not precisely of a moral sort. Men ordinarily, however depraved, are not won by depravity in women; and it is not singular that the pupil of Exili was averse to making his mistress Madame Sainte-Croix. He kept his aversion to himself, however, and outwardly coöperated with her in her enterprise toward widowhood.

She showed a new interest in her liege, whose

fondness for her had revived during their life apart. She invited him to spend the evening with her; she allowed him to caress her—a privilege he had learned to value from its infrequency—and he enjoyed her society so much that she was impelled to moderate his transports with some of her strongest poison. The marquis, who appears to have been an easy, self-indulgent, sensual soul, had never had the least surmise of his wife's homicidal habit. Consequently, when she offered him food, seasoned with the powder, he accepted it with a stately bow, and ate it with particular relish. Before he had been materially hurt by it, Sainte-Croix would stealthily give him an antidote; knowing that to preserve his life was to preserve his own freedom; and of this knowledge earnestness and enthusiasm were born. Marguerite continued to administer her doses, and Gaudin his remedies; the husband never dreaming that death was playing at hide-and-seek in his vitals, and his wife wondering why he did not yield to her potent drugs. This kind of employment, pleasant as it may have been to them, could not have been altogether delightful to its object. He had a very vigorous constitution, despite his abuse of it; but he would have needed a copper stomach and iron lungs, with a physical organization of the toughest brass, to withstand these continuous assaults upon his life. One day he swallowed the bane, next day the antidote; and so it went on for weeks and months, to the serious detriment of the marquis's tissues and to the amazement of the marchioness. Believing her powders had lost their virtues—or vices—she made her potions larger and stronger; and it can hardly be supposed that the unhappy gentleman who was the recipient of her favors was benefited by her renewed determination to extinguish him.

Sainte-Croix was equally energetic on the other side, and between the slayer and the savior, Brinvilliers—so to speak—pushed into the grave in the morning, and dragged out in the evening, only to be pushed in and dragged out again the day following, became little else than a receptacle of poisons and a walking ghost. He was a capital advertisement of the lover's ability to undo what the wife had done; but the advertisement cost him dear. He finally escaped, the marchioness beginning to suspect that Sainte-Croix must have been the means of foiling her actively-prosecuted object, but escaped barely with his life; for the poor man felt that he had dispensed with his viscera, and continued to breathe merely from the force of acquired habit. He, also, had his suspicions at last, and he is said to have suffered in mind, from belief in his wife's monstrous wickedness, fully as much as he had suffered in body from her venomous administerings.

The day of retribution was at hand. An odd mischance brought crimes to light which human vigilance had been unable to detect. Sainte-Croix had a secret laboratory, where he was in the habit of preparing his poisons, which were so deadly that he was compelled to wear a glass mask to prevent his inhaling the fumes. One day his mask slipped off, and the noxious vapors caused his death almost instantly. The next morning his corpse was accidentally discovered in the obscure and dingy place in a remote quarter of the city, amid mysterious packets, jars, vials, blowpipes, furnaces, crucibles, and retorts. No one had known anything of the work-room; no one knew anything of him, as there was nothing on or about his person to identify him. But the place and circumstances were so suspicious that the police took charge of the body and the laboratory. They were not long in finding a casket, accompanied with a letter, earnestly urging that it should be immediately sent, without opening, to Madame de Brinvilliers, giving her address. The letter, dated Paris, May 25, 1672, has this strange wording:

"I entreat that any one into whose hands this casket may fall will have the kindness to deliver it in person to the Marchioness de Brinvilliers, residence in the Rue Neuve de St.-Paul, and to her alone. Everything it contains belongs exclusively to her, and concerns her only; moreover, nothing in it can be of the least use to anybody but her. If she should die before me, it is my most earnest wish that the casket and its contents shall be promptly burned without opening. I solemnly swear, by the God I adore, that I assert nothing but the truth. If my request and prayer be not strictly complied with, I charge the conscience of the non-complier with the responsibility both here and hereafter, that I may fully acquit my own."

This appeal excited curiosity and suspicion, instead of insuring obedience to the appeal. The casket was officially sealed; but, having been duly opened, was found to contain some instruments in writing, with a number of vials and powders carefully wrapped in paper. Among the writings was a promissory note for thirty thousand livres, which Sainte-Croix had exacted of his mistress as a recompense of his crimes; certain inferential implications of the marchioness in the recent murders, and many of her passionate love-letters to her dead gallant. The contents of the vials and papers on analysis proved to be subtile poisons. Some of the papers were labeled, and the labels mentioned the exact effect which the different poisons ought to produce. As soon as the marchioness had heard of her accomplice's death, she tried to get possession of the casket (this was before it had been opened); but when it was refused, she took alarm, and fled at once to England. She was none too quick: the police were already on her track, and only a few hours behind her. Having been apprised of this, she laughed, saying that one woman could outwit a dozen men, and that she had been born to good luck.

Notwithstanding the many circumstances pointing to her guilt, there had been, up to this time, no absolute proof. But, as Fortune would have it, Lachaussée, the servant, who had been employed to make away with her two brothers, protested against the seals placed upon Sainte-Croix's effects, claiming that the deceased owed him a considerable sum for service rendered. The wretch felt so secure that

he believed himself in no danger from this audacious demand. But the attention of Madame de Villarceaux, widow of one of the poisoned Aubray brothers, having been thus drawn to the man she had long suspected of conniving at her husband's death, she caused Lachaussée's arrest on that charge. The moment he was confronted with justice he became terribly frightened, and lost all self-control. He made full confession of having murdered the brothers; that he had been hired to do the deed by Sainte-Croix and Madame de Brinvilliers; and furnished many convincing details. He was condemned to be executed, and he lost his head (March, 1673) on the Place de Grève (now the Place de l'Hôtel-de-Ville). His confession and trial created great excitement in Paris, and a vast concourse of people witnessed the execution. The flight of the marchioness corroborated all the other testimony against her, and she was also sentenced by default (*par contumace*) to be beheaded. This troubled her very little, however, as she was living under an assumed name in London, and, as she remarked, a long axe would be needed to reach from the capital of France to the capital of England!

Until the death of Sainte-Croix and the execution of Lachaussée, their peculiar poisoning had been an occult art in France; but so much was then published of their dreadful secrets and mode of operation, that inheritance-powder was widely made and sold, and persons were killed with it all over the kingdom. Their fate did much more harm than good; for, where they and their escaped accomplice had caused the death of one person, the knowledge of the means they had resorted to probably caused the death of hundreds.

The marchioness remained in England three years, and, as the excitement induced by her flight had subsided, and her poisonings ceased to be talked of, she thought she might venture upon the Continent. She secretly crossed the Channel, therefore, to Flanders, and, proceeding to Liége, entered a convent, where she believed she would be entirely safe. The French authorities had not lost sight of her, however; indeed, they had watched her movements at a distance; and she had not been in Liége a week before they were aware of it. A convent was a sanctuary; no one taking refuge there could be arrested. But arrangements were made with the municipality of the city by which she could be apprehended there. The affair was specially intrusted to one Desgrais, a very shrewd, intelligent, and handsome agent of police, who quitted Paris with several other minions of the law. His object was to get the marchioness beyond the conventual limits, and he spent weeks in forming plans to this end. They all failed. At last, he resolved to disguise himself as a priest, and so procure access to the cloister with the intent to gain an interview with the criminal recluse. He succeeded. Sensible of her amorous disposition and intense womanliness, he told her that he was a Frenchman, a Parisian in fact; that he had seen her a number of times at home without knowing who she might be. He had heard much of her beauty and misfortunes, and had become deeply interested in them, and, accidentally learning that she was in Liége when he happened to be passing through the town, he had been unable to resist the temptation to make an effort to express in person his admiration for and sympathy with her. Now that he had recognized her as the handsome stranger of Paris, he confessed his love for her; he had found that his instincts and his fate were united; would she not bid him hope? He so earnestly and eloquently pleaded his suit that, if she had had any suspicion from the first, it was entirely removed. He flattered her delightfully, and so cunningly appealed to her emotional nature that she acceded at last to a rendezvous beyond the walls, where liberty would be love, and nature law. She kept her appointment faithfully. She advanced toward him eagerly. Stretching out his arms to her, he called her "darling," and, encircling her in his embrace, slipped manacles upon her wrists, forced her into a close carriage ordered for the occasion, and, in company with two other policemen, drove her away in mingled astonishment, dismay, and indignation.

Among her papers was found a general declaration in autograph (many women seem determined to preserve the evidence of their own sins, and the more indubitable it is the firmer their determination appears), in which she admitted that her innocence ended when she was seven years old; that she had burned a house; that she had poisoned her father, her brothers, her maid, one of her children, and herself; that she had, in short, steeped herself in crime. Her declaration was regarded as a confession, though she obstinately maintained that it was merely a literary exercise, part of a romance she had once thought of writing in autobiographic form. It was used, nevertheless, as testimony which, with the circumstances already mentioned, was overwhelming.

After she had been taken to Paris, and her arrest had become generally known, the curiosity, interest, and excitement, attendant upon her flight and the causes that had led to it, three years before, were revived and intensified. The whole capital was burning to see her, to learn anything and everything about her. She was for weeks and months the absorbing topic of gossip and discussion; she was the criminal *lionne* of the town; every bit of rumor and information was snapped up eagerly, and passed from mouth to mouth, growing as it went.

The trial of the marchioness soon took place. Despite the superabundant evidence, she still protested her innocence until, sentenced to the torture, she unbosomed herself at once, avowing so many and such frightful crimes as had never been imagined; some of them too repulsive and hideous to be recounted. She had a long conference with the procurateur-général, the nature of which was not divulged, owing, as was believed, to the direct implication of prominent nobles and officials. Her husband, who had been indifferent to her when he had believed her only disloyal and ordinarily wicked, was fascinated anew, after he had learned what a

monster she really was. Possibly his love returned through his suspicion of her persevering efforts to poison him. May not the heart of man be touched and subdued by the woman who, he knows, is intent upon his murder? Can a certain sense of deserving death infatuate him with her who is anxious to cause it? Whatever the reason, the marquis, after his wife's arrest, moved heaven and earth to prevent her punishment. He was connected with many of the best families of the kingdom, and he strained his influence to the utmost in her behalf. But she was pronounced guilty by the Superior Criminal Court, and sentenced (July 16, 1676) to be drawn on a hurdle, in her chemise, her feet bare, a rope about her neck, a burning torch in her hand, to the church of Notre-Dame, where she must beg for pardon before all the people; then to be taken to the Place de Grève, and there to be beheaded; after which her body was to be given to the flames, and her ashes scattered to the winds.

She received her sentence unmoved, with apparent unconcern. From the day of her seizure she had shown perfect courage, and had resumed her devotion. Still, she shrank, woman-like, from the ghastly display which her execution compelled. Albeit she believed that her sentence would not be carried out, she tried several times to commit suicide in prison, and never surrendered hope until she was mounting the scaffold. Even then the bitter disappointment did not reveal itself. She smiled as she ascended, unaided, and said, "Now this seems to be really in earnest."

It was about six o'clock, of a delightful evening, that the marchioness was taken to the block. She was perfectly calm, self-possesssed, even cheerful. Reduced to a single garment, she had no scope for making a last effective toilet—dear to every Frenchwoman's heart—no opportunity to die with her hair becomingly dressed, in an admirably-fitting gown, exhaling the aroma of the latest fashion. And yet, in spite of these new, negative terrors of death, she was unblanched, and looked lovely. Though about forty, she had not lost her beauty, and the occasion could not fail to render her interesting. Her face, always sweet and innocent in expression, seemed sweeter and more innocent than ever. Her rich hair, fine as floss, fell in ripples of flashing light over her smooth white shoulders, and her eyes shone with a strange and winning lustre. Her bare feet, exquisitely shaped, and the admirable proportions of her diminutive figure, were clearly visible as she was drawn along. She was compared to Correggio's "Reading Magdalen," and thousands of eyes were riveted upon her. "She looks like a beautiful child," said one; "She is an angel!" said another; "She cannot be guilty with that lovely face," cried a third; and so she ran the gantlet of admiration and criticism until the axe closed the harrowing spectacle. Having recognized, on the way, certain ladies of distinction, who were unseemly in their desire to get a glimpse of her, she rebuked them with the words, "This is truly a charming sight to see!" and her ripe lips curled in supreme scorn.

All Paris, rich and poor, the cultured and the ignorant, the great and the vulgar, were gathered along the quays of the Seine to witness the dismal show. Artists were there, Le Brun among the rest, to sketch her features, to judge of the appearance of the human physiognomy before the vision of death. They were all disappointed. They beheld nothing but a very small, graceful, handsome woman, half-nude, serene, stoical, exposed to a vast, curious crowd to which she seemed infinitely superior. Madame de Sévigné, who has described the scene, was on the Notre-Dame bridge. She says she had never seen such a throng of people of all kinds and conditions; she had never known Paris to be so interested and so affected. Hundreds who had cursed the poisoner, who had declared no punishment severe enough for her, were so moved by her looks and deportment, her courage and resignation, that they pitied and praised her; were ready to risk their lives in an attempt to rescue her from the clutches of the law. Popular feeling, always so shifting and incalculable, had totally changed. They who would have torn her to pieces a month before, were ready to fall down and kiss her feet, to worship her as a martyr! Profligate courtiers prayed for her; women of the highest rank gazed at her through blinding tears.

The marchioness, as the hurdle neared the cathedral—the executioner on one side of her, and her confessor on the other—begged the latter to place himself before her, that she might not see that rascal Desgrais (he stood at a little distance in front of her), who had so basely entrapped her. She was a Gaul to her inmost fibre. She could deliberately murder her brothers, her father, her own child; she could poison poor patients in the hospital while they blessed her for her charity; but she would not and could not pardon the man who had betrayed her in the name of love. Not the betrayal, but the means of its accomplishment, rendered the offense unvenial. "That wretch," she had often said, "I shall never forgive in this world or the next; and I am sure that God will not forgive him either." The Parisians also felt incensed against the agent of the police. For a long while after the execution he kept himself concealed. If he had stirred out alone, there is little doubt that he would have been killed by some of the populace, infuriated against him for his treachery.

Having mounted the scaffold, the charming little demon calmly surveyed the mighty concourse; glanced up and down the turbid river, at the towers of Notre-Dame, and at the sun sinking, like her own life, in crimson fullness, but not so fast. It had thirty minutes to burn; she barely fifteen. And these were ignominiously used by the executioner in exhibiting her, in different positions, to the crowd, under pretense of arranging most conveniently for her last moment. A flush in her cheek told that she felt the indignity; but she merely said, "It takes a long while to cut off so small a head as mine." A minute later she laid her head upon the block with a disdainful smile: the axe fell; an involuntary groan

burst from the multitude, and when the head had been picked up, the disdainful smile was still upon the bloody face.

Then her body was burned, and the people hugged the spot far beyond the night, long after the last flame had expired; groping among the embers until morning came and noon, and evening succeeded, to find a fragment of her bones, and gathering up what they thought to be her ashes as sacred relics. They considered her a martyr and a saint; they believed that her ashes had power to cure diseases, prevent sin, and ward off evil. Those who found nothing, and expected to find nothing, went to the Place de Grève day after day, imagining that the spirit of the marchioness was in the air, and that they should be blest by breathing the same atmosphere in which she had perished.

After the death of Sainte-Croix, and the seizure of his casket, the ablest physicians and chemists of Paris, though they knew the packets he had left to contain poison, had not the skill to determine its nature. They spent weeks and months in trying to do so, but were compelled at last to acknowledge their ignorance. They made an elaborate report in which they declared that the Brinvilliers poison, as they termed it, exceeded all tests; that it went beyond the knowledge of medicine and science, and defied discovery. It floated on water; it could not be detected by fire; in the bodies of animals it concealed itself so cunningly that no analysis could disclose its presence. While it sapped the source of life, it left every part of the animal substance natural and healthy in appearance; and yet all poisons known to the faculty could be traced by unmistakable signs.

What an encouragement to evil-doing was the publication of that report! Every person in France, desirous to remove any other person who happened to stand in the way of his pleasure, resentment, or interest, was informed thereby that he could make such removal with impunity. The inheritance-powders were sold in all the leading cities of the kingdom, and it is estimated that, during the ten years following the flight of Madame de Brinvilliers, twenty thousand Frenchmen were poisoned! For a good while the compounders and venders of the deadly drug were almost exclusively Italians, the descendants or followers of those who had come into the country with that precious Jezebel, Catherine de' Medici, whom the French have pronounced the pioneer of poisoning.

The subtile, undetectable venom which Sainte-Croix and his mistress employed with such terrible effect was the *aqua Tofana*, whose chief ingredient, arsenic, is very easily discovered by the more modern chemistry. It must have been a grim satisfaction to Marguerite de Brinvilliers—if she had any knowledge of this world after her decapitation—to be aware of the diabolical seed she had sown, and of the diabolical harvest her imitators had gathered.

WINE.

I.

I am a spirit strong and glad,
In gold or purple proudly clad,
With eyes of fire and fragrant breath,
Lovely, but crueler than death!

II.

Through days my protean soul has hung
In lucid clusters richly strung,
Through many a spacious green expanse
Of beauteous and historic France!

III.

Below blue deeps of laughing skies
My soul has laughed, in soft surprise,
To hear what merry pleasure stirs
The voices of the vintagers!

IV.

But though at many a revel flit
The rapid javelins of my wit,
Though joy obeys me, though regret
May quaff my Lethe and forget—

V.

Still do I love by stealth to wind
My subtile spells o'er heart and mind,
Till sacred secrets, treasured dear,
Are babbled in some greedy ear!

VI.

And I have loved to pluck aside
The mask from malice, envy, pride;
To strip fair flesh from deeds, and show
What bony motives grin below!

VII.

For when I cheer the kindliest him
Who courts me at his goblet's brim,
When I am blandest, warmest, then
Most deadly is my hate of men!

VIII.

Nor is to me that moment sweet
When solemn mourners dumbly meet,
And dying lips are lifted up
To touch my sacramental cup!

IX.

But keenlier does the moment please
If my drugged lover wakes and sees,
Like one who vaguely understands,
The red crime crusted on his hands!

THE REIGN OF POETRY, ART, AND ELOQUENCE, IN FLORENCE.[1]

MRS. OLIPHANT has in this work chosen a field which, while it is very far from being new, has the charm of being fascinating, no matter how often or in whose company—so that the company is appreciative—we wander over it. She gives us few or no historical facts that are unfamiliar: in her three largely-drawn portraits we have the well-known features of men who are, perhaps, as much talked of now, and in countries far from that of their birth and scene of action, as they were there a century after their deaths; and the picture of the beautiful and stately city on the Arno is one which the literary artist has been as fond of delineating as the mediæval masters were of representing the Virgin and the saints. Yet, as the handiwork of Raphael and Correggio, of Carlo Dolce and Murillo, allures by individuality of coloring, treatment, and execution, albeit one and all test their geniuses upon the same subject, so each various view we have of such a history and civilization as Florence had in the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries, marked by the peculiar traits of each able writer, comes to us with almost the freshness of a new and charming revelation. Mrs. Oliphant has hitherto shown that she is something more than an excellent novelist of the second rank; those who have read her memoirs of Montalembert and other historical and biographical studies, will recognize her capacity to undertake, as she has done, one more picture of Florence in its days of political turmoil and artistic glory. Nor does the book disappoint this expectation. It is a very vivid picture; the portraits are not only finished, but graphic; and one rises from the perusal of the volume with renewed admiration for the great creative geniuses who, within the space of two centuries, gave to Florence by their works a perpetual beauty and the right to an undying fame. The golden period of Florentine art may be said to have continued just about three centuries. Dante was born in 1265; Michael Angelo died in 1564; and, while the poet of the "Divine Comedy" stood at the threshold, the sculptor of the "Dawn" and the "Moses" lived and died in the decline of this splendid period. Between these two dates flocked the host of painters, sculptors, workers in bronze, architects, preachers, and poets, who created out of the quarrelsome mediæval city an art-metropolis outrivaling Rome. Giotto was eleven years younger than Dante, Petrarch (born at Arezzo, near Florence, also Michael Angelo's birthplace) was twenty-eight years younger than Giotto, Boccaccio nine years younger than Petrarch, Ghiberti and Brunelleschi were born soon after Boccaccio's death, Donatello was but five years younger than Ghiberti, Fra Angelico was four years younger than Donatello, Savonarola and Leonardo da Vinci were both three years old when Fra Angelico died and Michael Angelo was twenty-two years younger than Savonarola, his great religious guide, and Leonardo, his most redoubtable rival in the arts. Thus the pedigree of Florentine genius is unbroken for three hundred years: master succeeded master, and they often jostled each other on the stage of artistic ambition; art arose after art, or one art flowered out of another. Poesy was the progenitor, as it almost always is; Homer sang before Phidias sculptured his "serene gods," and Chaucer before the masterpieces of English architecture were piled on high. After the poets Dante, Boccaccio, Petrarch, came the tower-builder, Giotto; and then the cathedral-builder, Brunelleschi, and with him Ghiberti, who made the peerless bronze "Gates of Paradise." Painting, through this period, was growing into artistic ripeness more slowly, and did not reach it for a century after the labors of the architects. Cimabue, the father of Florentine painting, was contemporary with Dante; Michael Angelo, its greatest genius, was the youngest of all the illustrious roll.

The mediæval Florence was a very different city from that which now evokes exclamations of delight from the tourist, as he glides through the dream-land valley of the Arno, and catches a first glimpse of it nestled amid the trees and rearing its domes in its graceful hollow. In the early years of Dante it was still unadorned by the noble monuments which now lend it an august and antique grace which no other European city so fully presents. It was small compared with its present extent: narrow streets and high, gloomy houses; tortuous labyrinths of alley and by-way; here and there a quaint old edifice like the Abbey, and the heavy, house-built Ponte Vecchio; the farther bank of the Arno rather a straggling hamlet than, as now, an urban quarter stately with palaces; modest, ancient churches "lying deep down as in a well," in the heart of the tall houses—such was the aspect of Florence in the middle of the thirteenth century. One only of the noble group of buildings which are now grouped in the Square of the Cathedral stood there in Dante's childhood, the quaint octagon of the Baptistery, without as yet its decoration of marbles, as yet "in flint, gray, and homely," surrounded by crumbling tombs, and sarcophagi the carvings of which were worn and broken, looked down upon by the tower of a certain house in the square, which was called "The Watcher of the Dead." The Palazzo Vecchio was only then in process of building; the Cathedral was as yet unimagined; the glorious Campanile had perhaps not been so much as thought of. Florence had only her beautiful site, her tall trees and thick evergreen hedges, her laurels, beeches, and ilex, her glowing azure skies, and soft, golden sunsets, her sparkling little river, and her rounded eminences and hill-sides, with their rich, soft, and luxuriant verdure, to be proud of.

[1] The Makers of Florence: Dante, Giotto, Savonarola; and their City. By Mrs. Oliphant. London: Macmillan & Co. 1877.

Thus the masters found Florence, and we know how they left it. They did more than accomplish the boast of Augustus, that he "had found Rome brick, and left it marble;" for they embellished with every charm of every art. One of the most striking —perhaps the most strange—of all the facts concerning the Florentine age of art, is that stated by Mrs. Oliphant in the opening of her study of Dante. It was the contrast between the din of constant civil war and the peaceful labors of the great artists, both of which went on at the same time within the walls of the Tuscan town. In the midst of the civil struggle, "in every interval, and even through the conflict of arms, the din of internal fighting over a fierce barricade, or the wild clamor with which one party or another was driven *fuori* (without the walls), there still went on, in strange serenity, another life in the very heart of the warlike city. How the chippings of the mason's chisel, and the finer tools of the wood-carver, and the noiseless craft of brush and pigment, could keep going on through all the din, is as curious a problem of Florentine life as any the imagination can grasp. Yet they did so."

Side by side ferocious war and peaceful art: Giotto sitting in his studio, planning the Campanile; Dante at home, penning sadly delicious sonnets to Beatrice, and hearing the detonation of guns on the walls, and looking up for a moment to see a troop of Guelphs or Ghibellines go rushing through the narrow street to the onset! Nor were these ordinary wars. They meant little but family pride and the ambition of kinship. No great principle of government, no religious differences, prompted either side. The rest of mediæval Europe had, as Taine says, "wars of castles;" Florence had "warfare of the streets." Neighborly hatred, family rivalry, made these wars the fiercer. It was a series of struggles between successive groups of Capulets and Montagues, who divided every household in Florence between them. Battles in the streets lasting a generation; banishments of a quarter of the population at a time; constant assaults by the exiles, until they won, and had their turn at banishing; the shops shut up every month on account of an insurrection; the citizen, as he left his house in the evening, dreading "an enemy in ambush at the nearest corner;" endless duels and riots, merely because one man or group was Guelph and another Ghibelline, one a partisan of the Bianchi, another of the Neri—these were the circumstances amid which the poets dreamed, the artificers moulded and carved, and the architect reared Campanile and Cathedral.

Dante is the first, and in many respects the most interesting, figure portrayed by Mrs. Oliphant. The earliest of the great Florentines, he is the possession of the world as a poet, the one preëminent poet who came after Homer and before Shakespeare. Beyond his title to fame on account of his work, he lived and was a personage in a romantic era of the artistic age; and his own life, varied, full of vicissitude, of alternate honor and neglect, of authority and exile, is a romance. More than that, he is the most famous lover of all history—whether his love was the most intense and exalted on record, or whether his capacity to express and embalm it in undying verse was the greatest. And in Mrs. Oliphant's pages we have traced for us in all the detail now possible the beginning, growth, and catastrophe, of this "grand passion." Born in the very midst of the city, between the two stately squares where now stand the Palazzo Vecchio and the Duomo respectively, in a densely-packed neighborhood of tall, grim houses, Dante grew up in that singular society formed by groups of families living cheek by jowl with each other, and on terms of the closest intimacy. "Cheerful, narrow, yet kindly burgher life," says Mrs. Oliphant; "narrow, knowing no friendship out of the *vicinato*, yet broader by the very limits of that *vicinato* than our shut-up evenings in-doors; and here they could hate each other, these neighbors, when occasion served, more passionately still than they could love!"

It was in such close proximity that Dante, even in the earliest years of his childhood, used to meet and see his divine Beatrice; for she was the daughter of Folco Portarini, a gentleman of position, who lived just around the corner from the house of Alighieri, Dante's father. On one memorable May day, when the poet was in his ninth year, there was a May-party at Portarini's. Dante went; and there and then the little Beatrice, eight years old, smote him with the love which is historic, and impressed her image forever on his heart. Thence bloomed his first poem, the "Vita Nuova," written in boyhood, and devoted entirely to singing his passion and exalting Beatrice to angelic rank. The poems are exquisite; yet Mrs. Oliphant points out that one who has read the "Divine Comedy," and regards "the great and serious Florentine" as the "most solemn of all travelers between life and death," can scarcely realize that he wrote these fantastic, elaborate, artificial, dreamy, yet intense rhapsodies of early love. This love, so fruitful in words on paper, was speechless as between the poet and its object. Many a time and oft he met her going to and fro; and, when he did, it was with downcast eyes and painful timidity, as if she were too divine even to be looked at. Nine long years elapsed, and Dante was eighteen, before a single word passed between them. Then it was but a word; and Beatrice had to speak it. Passing along the street, "she turned her eyes," he says, "toward that place where I stood very timidly, and in her ineffable courtesy saluted me so graciously that I seemed then to see the heights of all blessedness." He could only fly to the refuge of his chamber, where he fell into a sweet sleep, and dreamed that Love carried in one arm a sleeping lady, and in the other hand a burning heart—the lady being Beatrice, and the heart himself.

It does not appear that Dante ever knew Beatrice except afar off, in this silent, adoring, speechless way. Kind ladies tried to encourage and comfort him, but Beatrice always appeared too far above and beyond him. He would tremble and almost faint at a sudden sight of her. Why Beatrice married "another," and whether or not for love, we know not; but we may

hazard a guess that, even if she had been favorably inclined to Dante, she probably wearied of his excessive backwardness, and gave him up as too incorrigibly timid. Her marriage does not seem to have abated the ardor of his passion or the eloquence of his verse; it was only when she died—he being then twenty-five—that he was overwhelmed; poesy failed to console him, and his grief was marked by the close of the "Vita Nuova." But even he was not entirely inconsolable; for, three years after Beatrice passed away, he married that Gemma Donati who, Mrs. Oliphant conjectures, may be the "gentil donna" whose looks comforted him from a window where Beatrice died, and of whom neither Dante nor history has anything to say, except that she was a gentle and faithful wife.

We have not space to follow Dante through even the general outline of his struggle through life—his early achievements as a soldier, fighting at Campaldino; his service in high office, from diplomacy to the *Signoria;* his defeat with the other Ghibelline chiefs, his exile, and participation in the plots to conquer the Guelphs and reënter the city; the conception and completion of the "Hell," the "Purgatory," and the "Paradise;" his wanderings in Italy and France; and finally his serene death at Ravenna, after so much turmoil and so many misfortunes. His career is sketched with masterly hand in Mrs. Oliphant's volume, and perhaps this is the most vivid of all the literary portraits of the great Florentine. Although he married into the Guelph family of the Donati, Dante became a Ghibelline, rose with the ascendency of his party, and fell amid its ruin. It is probable that he entered public life as a distraction from his grief at the loss of Beatrice; for we know that he at one time designed becoming a Franciscan monk, and spending his days in the ascetic existence of the cloister. Already famous as a poet, he speedily rose to importance in the state, going as envoy to Venice, to Naples, and to the papal court at Rome. Then he became a member of the *Signoria*, and acted therein with Roman impartiality, but was so haughty, and set so high a value on his services, that on one occasion when it was proposed to send an embassy to the pope, and Dante was suggested, he exclaimed: "If I go, who will stay? If I stay, who will go?" Dante went on the embassy, and never returned to Florence. His influence and authority departed with him; and he may be said to have pronounced his own exile before that sentence was passed against him by his Guelphic foes. Proud, gloomy, austere, haughty, stern, always brooding, and tragic in thought and temperament, Dante could be happy or contented nowhere. For his family he seems to have had little regard or care. He left his Gemma and her seven children in Florence amid the storms of civil conflict, while he himself was in exile. He wandered about from Verona to Bologna, from Bologna to Spezzia, and so from place to place, like one of the restless spirits in the "Inferno;" disgusted with the political plotters, he would retire to convents, and hold learned converse with the bookish monks, and meditate the grand poem which he had begun to fashion in his mind. Thence he fled to Paris, spending there two years, leading the life of a student, conning philosophy and theology, and mingling with the great French scholars of the day. Yet he was poor—in want, indeed—and, as always, miserable. "Ah!" he cries, in the "Paradiso," "if the world but knew the heart of him who goes from trouble to trouble, begging his life!"

To pass from the grim and sad-souled author of the "Inferno" to his joyous friend who built the Campanile is like a transition from a leaden and lowering November twilight to the sunny refulgence of a morning in June. Mrs. Oliphant, under the heading, "The Cathedral-Builders," discourses of Arnolfo, Giotto, Ghiberti, Donatello, and Brunelleschi; and of this band of great imaginers and artificers Giotto is by far the most interesting character. He was the friend of Dante, but as unlike him in temperament and genius as it was possible to be. Painter and architect, the successor of Cimabue in the one art and of Arnolfo in the other, the first Florentine who practised both arts, and by all odds the foremost Italian artist up to his time, Giotto also represents to us the brighter phases of life in Italy in the early years of the fourteenth century. Giotto, wrapped in his art and his fun, little minded the turbulent scenes which were passing around him. He recked not of the din and tumult of civil strife, and appears to have been merrily indifferent whether Guelph or Ghibelline ruled in the city. Nobody thought of exiling Giotto, or disturbing him at his peaceful and beautiful work. Unlike Dante and unlike Michael Angelo, he was of humble birth, and clambered up to fame without any aid save his own bright genius and his blithe and hearty good-nature. He "went about the streets busy and humorous, always some joke upon his lips, always some beautiful thought in his heart." Indeed, the painters were left in peace at Florence by the wrangling factions. No artist, so far as we know, was ever exiled. "The painters," says Mrs. Oliphant, "moved about safely and peacefully when everything was in disorder, and all the rest of the world in free fight around them; and sang at their work when the factions were in fiercest conflict, and studied pigments and flesh-tints while their next-door neighbors were fighting across barricades, coloring the streets with unlovely red. Only thus could such great edifices as the Florentine Duomo have come into being—a marvel not only of majestic construction, but of patient, painful, and tedious labor, to the wonder of all after-time."

This stalwart and big-bodied, cheery-voiced peasant, Giotto, is a most pleasant study among the figures of that time. His high spirits never failed him, his patience at work was fairly indomitable, his genius filled his being with the loveliest artistic fancies. Sometimes we find him hard at work on Cathedral or Campanile close by Dante's youthful home, or gayly hieing him hither and thither with boon companions in the Florentine streets. Then he is far away from Florence, sauntering from place to place "among the feastings and the fighting, here leaving a mild-eyed Madonna, there a group of saints in glory or

sinners in pain, jogging cheerfully along for pleasure and profit, everybody's friend, unarmed, unattended, ever received with honor, pursuing his peaceful way with a merry word and a jest, the ready, homely wit that was country-born; and betraying his course wherever he went by something beautiful, some bit of rude, common wall blossomed into an immortal thing." So the Italian cities, Bologna and Pisa, and Naples and Verona, became fairly studded with the graceful products of Giotto's busy and always happy and contented genius.

Taine rightly says of this charming old master that, living in a mystic age, he was not, like Dante, mystical; that his nature was varied, fertile, facile, and richly creative; and that the amount and variety of the works he produced were almost incredible. "He was very ingenious," Vasari tells us, "and very agreeable in conversation, and highly skilled in sayings of wit, the meaning of which is still preserved to this day." Mrs. Oliphant's portrait of Giotto has every trait of a truthful and speaking likeness. "Burly," she says, "homely, characteristic, he carries our attention always with him, alike on the silent road, or in the king's palace, or his own simple *bottega*. Wherever he is, he is always the same; shrewd, humorous, plain-spoken, seeing through all pretenses, yet never ill-natured in doing so—a character not very lofty or elevated, and to which the racy ugliness of a strong, uncultivated race seems natural; but who, under that homely nature, carried appreciations and conceptions of beauty such as few even of the finest minds possess." His abhorrence of pretense is seen in his vein of satire, which in one of his poems ridicules and rebukes monkish asceticism and hypocrisy. His friends said of Giotto: "He is a great master of the art of painting; he is something more—he is master of seven liberal arts." He was a good deal of a philosopher, certainly; and his philosophy was tinged with a quaint humor all his own. Once the King of Naples visited him, hard at work in his studio, on a blazing summer's day. "If I were you," said his majesty to the artist, "I would not work when the weather is so hot." "Nor would I," returned Giotto, looking at the king with a merry twinkle in his eye, "if I were you!"

Mrs. Oliphant has many other anecdotes illustrative of the painter's cheery humor and disposition. Giotto was standing on a country-road, talking with some friends, when a pig ran between his legs and fairly upset him on the ground. Giotto got up laughing, and declared that the pig was right—he had the best right of way. "Have I not earned thousands of scudi by the help of his bristles? And yet I have never given to one of his family a cup of *minestra*."

Another story of him, told by Sacchetti, is so good that we cannot forbear giving it. A common fellow, who had heard of Giotto's fame as a painter, went to him to have his shield painted, having been made an official. "God save thee, master!" said he; "I want you to paint my arms upon this shield." Giotto looked at him a moment, and then said, "When do you want it?" The man replied such and such a time, and Giotto continued, "Leave it to me." Giotto could not imagine the meaning of the request, and thought a joke was being played upon him. However, he made a design for the shield, and gave it to one of his scholars to paint. The design comprised a helmet, a gorget, a pair of armlets, a pair of gauntlets, two cuirasses, a pair of leg-pieces, a sword, a dagger, and a lance. The man returned at the appointed time, and asked, "Master, is the shield painted?" "Certainly," replied Giotto; and he ordered it to be brought. "Oh! what rubbish is this you have painted on it?" cried his patron, on seeing it. "It seems to you rubbish when you have to pay for it," returned Giotto. "I would not give four farthings for it," replied the man. "What did you tell me to paint on it?" "My arms." "Well, are they not all there? Is any one wanting?" said Giotto. "You must be a fool, indeed! You scarcely know who you are yourself, should any one ask you; yet you come to me, saying, 'Paint my arms.' What arms do you bear? Whence came you? Who were your ancestors? Are you not ashamed of yourself? I have armed you to the teeth on your shield; if there is any other to add, tell me, and I will paint it." "You abuse me," said the other, "and you have spoiled my shield for me." The man took the matter to the courts, when the judges awarded Giotto his price.

Of Giotto's three great successors in adorning Florence — Ghiberti, the artificer of the bronze "Gates of Paradise" on the Baptistery; Donatello, the first of the creative Florentine painters; and Brunelleschi, the "father of the Renaissance," who completed the peerless dome of the Cathedral—there is not space to speak, though all three are most interesting in their characters and careers, as well as in their works; and Mrs. Oliphant presents us with very graphic portraits of them. They came just a century after Giotto, and were contemporaries, all being nearly of the same age. We may at least note that Brunelleschi was "small, puny, and ugly," in suggestive contrast to his mighty achievement, but eloquent, and "full of dauntless and daring energy, as well as genius." Donatello was "a genial, noisy, liberal soul, with a certain simple self-confidence and admiration of his own works, which was combined with the true artist's ready perception of greater excellence." Ghiberti, too, was vain, but patient, industrious, and ambitious, and prevailed over the other two in securing the task of making the splendid bronze gates.

Mrs. Oliphant devotes a chapter to the wise and peace-making Agnolo Pandolfini, a lordly-living yet pious and philanthropic Florentine gentleman, which sheds a pleasant light upon some phases of the mediæval life of the turbulent and elegant city; and proceeds to give a charming account of the monks of San Marco, beginning with Fra Angelico, with whom we would fain linger awhile were there space. An equally vivid sketch is that of the good and gentle Antonino Pierrozo, Archbishop of Florence; a prelate really saintly, full of deeds of charity, setting himself about labors of love and kind-

ness, and leaving behind as sweet a renown as ever lingered about the name of one dead. Indeed, the account of St. Antonino in Mrs. Oliphant's pages perpetually calls up to the mind Victor Hugo's masterly and minute portrait of the Bishop of D——, in the opening of "Les Misérables."

Between the archbishop and the great Florentine —also a monk of San Marco—whose career and character are sketched in the following chapters, the contrast is only less striking than that—already remarked—between the sombre Dante and the joyous Giotto; but it is a contrast of a different character. Antonino was fervidly charitable and beautifully good, but he found it no part of his religion or duty to correct abuses in state or church. He relieved material suffering, and ministered most gently to minds diseased; it was enough for him to find misery and alleviate it, to find sin and softly exorcise it, without trying to set right what was wrong in creeds and constitutions. Of other stuff was that great and bold-minded student of Ferrara, who came to Florence to become an inmate of the monastery where Fra Angelico had been, not many years after that simple, devout, and talented monk and master died at Rome. The story of Girolamo Savonarola's struggles with authority, civil and ecclesiastical, his vehement and fearless eloquence, his ardent advocacy and splendid imagination, his amazing predictions, his championship of democracy against the proud and powerful family of Medici, his exaltation to a sort of prophet-presidency in the city, his excommunication and final martyrdom by strangling, burning, and drowning, have been often told, in admirable fictions like "Romola," and in stirring histories like that of Trollope. It will be of more interest to catch here and there, from Mrs. Oliphant's chapters, glimpses of the great preacher's traits and character; and of illustrations of these her pages fairly abound.

Savonarola was in early youth thoughtful, observant, and singularly unclouded in his mental vision. He saw abuses around him, and grew indignant. No glamour of power or precedent blinded him. On one side, "unbounded luxury, power, and splendor;" on the other, "the deepest misery, helplessness, abandonment;" while Italy was the prey of petty tyrants, popes and princes vied with each other in shameless vices, and "learning was naughty and philosophy vain." The spectacle made him sad, and steeled him to a tremendous task. He feared nothing; the indolence of the cloister he disdained, and the luxury of study he nerved himself to forego. Such was the monk of San Marco who was to plant, under the lowering shadow of papal Rome herself, the seeds of religious reformation, and, in a state long ruled by great families, the now fast-flowering principle of democracy. He broke out into rude and passionate poetry over the world that he found "turned upside down;" verses that are fierce and burning, and that presage the scathing eloquence which was to be poured from his pulpit. We learn that he was sad and silent as a youth; wandering about alone, fond of solitary reverie, and perhaps never smiling. "He took pleasure," says one of the old chroniclers, "in solitary places, in the open fields, or along the green banks of the Po, and there wandering, sometimes singing, sometimes weeping, gave utterance to the strong emotions that boiled in his breast." There came a time in these melancholy musings "when the music and the freshness of existence came back to the boy's soul, and the gates of the earthly paradise opened to him, and all the evil world was for a moment veiled with fictitious glamour, by the light which shone out of the eyes of a young Florentine, the daughter of an exiled Strozzi." But this proud beauty scornfully rejected him, and he returned to his sad reveries, his contemplation of the topsy-turvy world of wickedness and misery. Then he resolved to become a monk. He did not impart his decision to his mother; but one April morning he took up his lute and played upon it an air so melancholy that it gave rise to a presentiment in the fond maternal breast. "My son," said she, turning to him suddenly, "that is a sign we are soon to part." The youth kept his eyes down, not daring to answer her look; and "kept fingering the strings with a faltering touch." His ascetic life in the monastery had the effect of somewhat disciplining and curbing his vague and melancholy reveries; "it forced him to take up his burden and labor at common things in the long interval of waiting before the real mission of his life came to him." Thence he went out, as the monkish custom was, to preach in the villages and towns round about; and, before he knew it, was thundering from the pulpit "a thousand woes against the wicked with intense and alarming effect." When it came to preaching in Florence, he seems to have for once shrunk with hesitation. A genial courtier and friend of the magnificent Lorenzo de' Medici, young Pico de la Mirandola, became attached to him, and at Pico's urgent entreaty Lorenzo invited Savonarola to return to Florence and preach there. Little did he foresee what trouble the young monk was destined to bring upon his haughty house. "God is my witness," says Savonarola, "that the whole of Saturday and the succeeding night I lay awake thinking, but could not turn myself, so completely was my path closed to me, and every idea taken away except this. In the morning (being weary with long watching) I heard this said, 'Fool, dost thou not see that it is God's will that thou shouldst preach thus?' And so that morning I preached a tremendous sermon." The flood broke forth in all its rushing intensity, and soon crowds were waiting all night at the door of the Cathedral, so as to get in and stand spellbound under the raging fire of his eloquence.

A notable instance of Savonarola's courage and contempt of worldly power occurred when, enthusiastic over his preaching, the monks of San Marco elected him their prior. It was the custom for a new prior to pay his respects to the reigning prince. But Savonarola, to the dismay of the monks, shut himself up in his cell and refused to wait upon Lorenzo de' Medici. His brethren came to him and

begged him to go. "Who elected me to be prior?" he asked—"God or Lorenzo?" The trembling monks were forced to reply that it was God. "Then," returned Savonarola, "I will thank my Lord God, not mortal man!" Lorenzo had too much sense, and probably too much appreciation of the preacher's genius, to take this neglect in dudgeon; and contented himself with saying, with a complaint that had a spark of humor in it, "A stranger has come to live in my house, and does not think it worth his while to come and see me!"

At another time, when Lorenzo de' Medici came to walk in the monastery-garden, the monks ran and told Savonarola. "Padre Priore!" they exclaimed, "Lorenzo is in the garden!" "Has he asked for me?" said the prior, deep in his studies. "No." "Then let him take his walk in peace." Still Lorenzo, though perplexed by the man, was not angry, but sent presents and charity-money to San Marco. He sent some noblemen to conciliate Sovonarola, and to beg him to be more moderate in his preaching. "Lorenzo de' Medici has sent you here," replied the stern and fearless monk to their representations. "Well, go and tell him from me, that, though he is a Florentine, the greatest in the city, and I am a stranger, still it is he who must leave Florence, and I who must remain. He shall go away, but I shall stay." This was looked on both as a prophecy and a menace. Lorenzo was genial as well as splendid; and when he lay dying, he sent to Savonarola to absolve and console him. The reply was: "I am not the person he wants; we should not agree; it is not well that I should go to him." A more urgent request brought him to the prince's bedside. Savonarola plainly told the dying potentate that God would have mercy on him if he would do three things. "What are they?" asked Lorenzo. "A great and living faith that God will pardon you; the restoration of everything you have wrongfully acquired; and the restoration of freedom and republican government to Florence." At this Lorenzo turned his back on Savonarola, and said nothing; whereupon the priest went away to fulfill other duties. The subsequent career of Savonarola, his active participation in the stormy politics of the time, his delivery of civil laws to the Florentines from the pulpit, claiming for them the inspiration of Heaven, his conflicts with the papacy, are sketched with great vigor and eloquence in the pages that follow; and his martyrdom at last is most picturesquely and thrillingly described. When the bishop unfrocked him, "trembling and confused by his office," and declared him to be separated from the Church militant and triumphant, Savonarola calmly replied: "From the Church militant, yes; but from the Church triumphant, no; that is not yours to do." Then he went quietly to his death, repeating the Creed as he passed up the ladder. He is called "the most powerful politician, the most distinguished reformer of his time." For years the Florentines kept up a secret memory of Savonarola and his fellow-martyrs, "and strewed flowers in the stony square where he died, and burned lamps before his picture in their houses."

Four hundred years later, by a poetic coincidence, the first Italian Parliament, fulfilling Savonarola's noble idea of constitutional liberty, met in the great hall which was erected for the holding of his own council.

DOCTOR PAJOT.

THE first time that I saw Dr. Pajot was at the other side of a dinner-table—though, to be accurate, I did not see him. There was a mass of fruit and ferns in front of me, and on the other side a voice, a rolling, bass growl. The dinner being long and tedious, the voice naturally attracted more attention than the visible man would have done. Its occasional break into falsetto told me that the speaker was a Virginian; the redundant *r's*, that he came from Henrico County; while the leisurely, rotund roll could belong only to a man used to dogmatize in a small community, and one who was as yet only annoyed by any friction with men who were intellectually his equals.

He introduced Jefferson and Poe presently—that as a matter of course; but he was the only Southerner I ever met who would not crook the knee in reverence to this last Baal.

"Poe," he asserted, "had the ability to be something better than a poet—a scholar. Poetry was the mess of pottage for which he sold his birthright."

A red-cheeked little woman near me listened to him with rapt attention, glancing keenly about to see the effect of every sentence. She was evidently his wife, and accustomed to receive devoutly his oracular utterances without understanding one word in ten.

Somebody, who had known Poe while he was in Philadelphia, remarked that the character and habit of his intellect were those of a New-Englander rather than a Southerner. Dr. Pajot testily objected; and his wife anxiously whispered to her neighbor:

"Oh, it can't be true! Dr. Pajot never has taken that view, I am sure!"—a remark which she repeated more than once before we left the table. She was startled and alarmed at finding there were "views" in the world contrary to those fulminated by her pope, and uneasy to know how much these heresies would disturb him.

This old-fashioned little lady, with her changing color and soft, brown puffs of hair atop of her head, looking like an antique picture, was so attractive that I forgot, as we rose from the table, to look at her husband. I caught only a glimpse of a clumsily-built man in ill-cut and scuffed clothes. I fancied that his gallant little wife challenged every woman's eye which rested on that shabby coat. She had never before been in a world where he had not been given the

first place without waiting to prove his right to it. It was to her the old story of the king *incognito* among the herdsmen. Dr. Pajot, meanwhile, was looking over some rare prints in another room, with an occasional grunting chuckle, which was his only expression of delight, quite as indifferent to the opinions of his new friends as he was to his old coat. His wife was a mere mite of a woman, standing very erect on high-heeled shoes, and endowed with much natural dignity. But to-night she was eager and anxious, managed to let fall allusions to the old Huguenot Pajôts as an offshoot from a royal house, and even stood carelessly under the gas to let the family diamonds be seen flashing on her throat and wrists; and then, no doubt, was heartily ashamed of herself, growing red and nervous as though ready to cry. It was the first time in her life that she had made social standing-ground of money and diamonds.

Dr. Pajot, she told me presently, had been "impoverished by the war, like all Virginians, and had brought the remnant of his fortune to Philadelphia in order to be near the great libraries. It is necessary in writing his book, you know."

I did not dare to hint that I had never heard of the book. She thought the world held its breath and waited for it, as for the transit of Venus, or the new motor.

Afterward, I heard from the doctor himself that his work was to be an exhaustive "History of Civilization in all Ages," to which Guizot's volumes were but hornbooks. It was to be a solid citadel of learning and thought.

"The vice of the age," he said, "is the habit of popularizing research and science in flippant duodecimos and magazine-articles — selling truth in broken bits to the vulgar as cheaply as stale cakes in the market-place: a penny the mouthful!"

He had, too, a savage contempt for all magazine and newspaper writers. "'Disjointed thinkers,' as your Dr. Rush called them. A wise man to forbid their admission into his library!"

His wife used to read a poem of Lowell's, or fragments of Hawthorne or Holmes, to him now and then, and the doctor listened with the calm indifference with which Minerva's owl might have looked down, blinking, at the chirping sparrows.

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After a year or two Dr. Pajot announced his book as finished. There was a buzz of eager expectation among his friends. Undoubtedly he had learning and accuracy, and that certain dramatic insight which ought to give life and color to the dullest narrative. In talking, too, he had the power of fluent and brilliant expression. But the book passed from one publishing-house to another—from Boston to New York and back to Philadelphia—bringing from all only polite notes of refusal. Privately, the critics declared it to be diffuse, dull, and weak. The idea which Dr. Pajot could have expressed verbally to them with epigrammatic terseness, invariably oozed out under his pen into swamps of dreary platitudes.

"He's not the first man of original force I've known paralyzed by a pen," said Gwilt, the publisher. "Too bad! An amazingly clever fellow, and he's wasted years over that rubbish! And do you know, I fancy the wolf's pretty close to the door, eh? They've been living on her diamonds these two years. I ventured advice: 'Boil that book down,' I said—'boil it down! Make it popular, eh? The public is going in for science and philosophy. A neat octavo, now, in red, illustrated? Picture of the cave-man and Caucasian, nose to nose, on the cover? Something taking in that way. Or, the same matter run into a series of articles? I'd try and shove them into some of the magazines.'"

Mr. Gwilt's advice was the sharpest stab, probably, which the doctor had ever received. He never forgave the good-natured publisher, but treated him thereafter with icy civility. The history disappeared from human view; nobody spoke of it to the Pajots any more than if it had been a dead child. They declined all invitations from this time.

"I cannot entertain my friends," said the doctor, bluntly. "As long as I could offer them a mutton-chop, a decent bottle of wine, and cheerfulness at my board, I was satisfied. But there is neither wine nor cheerfulness under this roof, and even the mutton-chop begins to be a luxury."

In fact, the doctor was not fitted to fight with misfortune. When the house grew bare and cold, he fled to the shady nooks of the Franklin Library and refreshed his soul by turning over mouldering old manuscripts or coffee-colored folios. Sometimes his brain began to ferment, or, as his wife said, he was inspired to write. Then he shut himself up in the back-room of the attic, with blankets at the windows and doors to exclude the world, and abandoned himself to the fury of composition, while she and the children crept about like mice down-stairs. After the fever was over, she gathered up divers blotted sheets of paper, and treasured them as though they had been sibylline leaves.

"A short essay exhausts him in both mind and body," she would tell us, with bated breath, "as much as though he had passed through an attack of fever."

Just before the winter began, she called at Gwilt's office.

"Now, what is it?" he said, interrupting the prefacing talk about the weather. "You're in trouble, Mrs. Pajot. What can I do?"

She hesitated and choked, and then told him some long story of a leaky roof and insolent landlord. They had given up their pretty home long before, and taken a house in one of the interminable cheap contract rows in the Northern Liberties.

"Bad enough! But that's not the trouble, eh?"

Again she gathered her courage, and again wandered evasively into a history of her worries with the children. Bob, the oldest boy, was at an expensive academy; the second at the public school.

"And it is the same in both!" she cried. "They are crammed, crammed with facts which are never explained to them: their minds are asleep, they are growing dull and indifferent. I can't teach them, I don't know anything myself. It seems a trifle, but

it's everything to me. If they are not made men of, what is to become of us?"

"Still, we haven't reached the real trouble. What is it, my child?"

The poor little lady broke down, tried to laugh, and cried instead.

"The truth is, there's nothing left to sell, and we have had no money for a month. I tried to get work at the shops, but they require my name, and the doctor would never forgive me if he found that I did it. So I have brought you these," drawing out some rolls of manuscripts, handling them tenderly as priceless treasures. "They are his essays; put them in a magazine," with a look of a royal lady conferring a boon upon lower humanity.

"'Um — yes, yes! So Pajot has consented to hear reason?"

"He was very much averse to it. But the children were really cold. They have no—they are not provided for the winter. But it will be all right now!" glancing at the papers as if they were heaps of yellow gold.

"Oh, certainly!" with an uneasy laugh, as he shuffled them out of sight. "In the mean time—we are old friends now, you know."

Mrs. Pajot's round face grew scarlet.

"No, thank you," rising hastily. "We could not be under pecuniary obligation even to you. The articles will soon bring in a great deal of money. But it is such a pity!" her childish treble rising, and looking up at him as she shook hands. "Dr. Pajot is fitted only to do great, enduring work; and it is hard that he must write—"

"For money?" gruffly. "Don't know that, ma'am. Pegasus can show the stuff that's in him by pulling a cart as well as in any other way."

"Dr. Pajot," said the little woman, standing very stiffly on her high-heeled shoes, "has always said that a man in America can never give the world his best work, because of the sheer necessity that is on him of earning his bread-and-butter. I quite agree with him."

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"Now, what am I to do?" cried Gwilt, a month or two later. "Not a magazine-editor will touch the articles. The ——s and ——s, who know the doctor, would take and pay for them to help the old fellow, but they could not use them, and the Pajots cannot be insulted with alms in that way. There's nothing for it but to tell them the truth, and give the manuscripts back."

The Pajots bore the disappointment, as they had borne every other, in silence.

"The doctor," said Mr. Gwilt, "pities the 'blind, staggering old world' more than he did yesterday, I suppose, and troubles himself no more about the matter. I found them in one of those melancholy little shells of brand-new houses which are warmed by flues from the kitchen-range. There could not have been more than a handful of coal in that range, and I'll swear not a scrap of anything to eat. Air as cold and clean of smell as if it blew from the north-pole! No carpets on the floor. There sat Pajot, his feet in a shawl, poring over a bit of matting which had been found in Missouri under the bones of a mastodon. His face quite glowed as he declared that the civilization of the mound-builders could now be determined. Bob, the oldest boy, left the academy yesterday, and got a place at Phipps the grocer's. I saw him, in an apron, cutting Goshen butter. 'I'll get my wages on Saturday,' he said. 'Mother hasn't tasted meat for a month.' The poor little woman was at home teaching the twins. She has written out questions and answers—all she knows, I fancy. Begins geography, grammar and, arithmetic, with talk about the wood of the table before them, the paper on the wall, and so on. I sat and listened to her awhile. 'I must make men of them as far as I can,' she said. 'But my knowledge goes such a very short way.'

"'The shorter the better!' growled Pajot. 'Thank God, I didn't marry a superior woman! My Fanny is more skillful in making pastry than in teaching, Mr. Gwilt.'

"At that praise, the little fool blushed and laughed all over with delight. Now, what is to be done for such impracticable people?"

The doctor's intolerance of women who attempted to write (or, indeed, to read anything beyond the despised magazines) was extreme. I remember an evening when he was invited to meet a club of noted women—literary or scientific; I forget, indeed, what was their specialty—collected from all parts of the country. Nothing could be more droll than the struggle between his natural courtesy to them as women, and the mad desire to crush, rout them utterly; while they, having for the most part acquired a newspaper notoriety, complacently ignored the stout man still unknown to fame, who glared at them from the corner with round, owlish eyes, and wide nostrils. He controlled his disgust, however, except for one outburst, when he declared the bust usually known as Clytie's to be not Clytie at all, but simply the sculptor's conception of perfect womanhood. "Here is every trait of the highest type," passing his finger over the cast; "love and sensibility linger in the lips; the maternal instinct looks from the eyes; while the forehead, broad and covered with hair, shows that the intellect is there—*veiled*."

After this bomb-shell, he retired.

In the cheap district in which he now lived, he met, too, another class of women—poor creatures who pick up a scanty subsistence on the outlying fields of literature: such as Mrs. Pyle, who edited a black-mailing sheet; or poor little Ann Parr, reporter of balls at the Academy; or that familiar black-visaged French countess, or German princess, who infests low-priced boarding-houses, and lives by begging-letters. All these women quickened his disgust of their species into horror; he was merciless to them; he took no thought of their broods of hungry children, their own starved bodies, the bravery with which, on the verge of ruin, they clung to decent if dishonest ways of living.

Caroline Herschel, George Sand, those poor literary tramps, it was all one. They were all women

who were out of their sphere, and he thanked God that his Fanny was not one of them. Yet, when the Virginian jostled against these poor, anxious creatures in newspaper-offices, he treated them with a fine courtesy, which must have startled them back into a consciousness of their womanhood.

For he came to newspaper-offices at last. Hunger has a sharp lash. It drove the poor scholar from one editorial room to another that winter, offering articles on abstruse subjects, and selling one at long intervals.

"Heavy as lead!" growled their friend Gwilt. "Yet that fellow has scholarship and force enough to weight a dozen newspapers. When I am king, I'll have a place for every man, and every man in his place!"

The stout man, wearing a thin, darned, yellow suit in the bitterest of December days, spectacles anxiously astride of his flat nose, and his round, gray eyes staring into dateless distance, became a familiar figure in the offices that winter. The young fellows sometimes gave him a job, and then pushed him aside impatiently. Their brisk touch-and-go ways puzzled and bewildered him. He took hours to make up a column of gleanings, or to put headlines to a bit of hot-pressed news.

"If," said Gwilt, "he is set to making an item about the bursting of a sewer, hang me if he doesn't begin with the aqueducts of the Etrurians, and step down through the ages from culvert to culvert to the present time!"

The doctor even hung about the newspaper-offices when he had ceased to earn a dollar in them. He was not proof against the peculiar fascination which the work there has for most men.

"It is something to be in the very centre of things," he said. "Every nation sends its message to you each night. You have your hand on a lever, and on the other end is the movement, the activity of the world."

In the mean while, his wife was not idle. She cooked the meals which Bob's wages bought, dropping salt tears over the poor scraps in the kitchen, and serving them in the dining-room with such jokes, and heartiness, and pretense of there being too much and too spare of everything, that the boys went out to their work with warm hearts, if empty stomachs. She scrubbed, and washed, and swept; she made calico wrappers for South Street shops at fifty cents apiece; she taught the twins every morning, trying to "make men of them;" she rolled her soft hair atop of her head, in the picturesque puffs which the doctor used to praise when he first courted her, and walked in kitchen and shop erect on her lofty boots, as into a queen's drawing-room. After she had knelt in the morning, hungry and weak, wringing her lean, chapped hands, and praying to God that their poverty and misery might humble her, and bring her in abasement to his feet, she would go out to give Bob his breakfast, and never failed to let fall a word or two about the Huguenot Pajôts, and their drop of royal blood. "It will do him good when he is sawing ham and weighing butter," she said.

One day Mr. Gwilt, in a stationery-shop, heard a familiar voice behind him, soliciting an advertisement from the proprietor.

"The paper I represent is edited by Mrs. Pyle. For a puff of half a column she charges—"

"Good Heavens, Pajot! Has it come to this?"

Gwilt seized him by the arm, and hurried him out.

"Surely you know what that woman is?"

"I know. But she pays me ten per cent., and —we must live, Mr. Gwilt. And we cannot take alms."

The doctor's bulky body shivered in his thin, flapping coat, as they walked up the street hurriedly, and took a car. His spectacles slipped down from his nose again and again; his eyes had a more vacant stare than usual. He began to talk to the conductor, when he asked for the fare, of the Celts and Druids, and a barrow which he had seen in the Orkneys.

"What does this mean?" asked Gwilt of Mrs. Pajot, when they had reached the house, and the doctor, still talking to himself, had gone up the stairs.

She did not ask what he had seen. "It is nothing—nothing! You only have imagined that Dr. Pajot is not himself. Why, if—if his mind fail us, what have we left?"

"Fail? Nonsense! It is a massive intellect. Sound. Such a brain as that is not to be shaken by even his great anxiety," said Gwilt. "Though," as he said afterward, "as for any use his brain is to his family, it might as well be off the hinges as not."

After a month or two there could be no doubt of the doctor's condition. His brain seemed to have fallen into a sleep, as far as the present was concerned, rather than to be actively insane. It turned in upon itself; he neither saw the bare house, nor his wife or children; the people and places of his books only were real to him. He followed Fanny all day, patient as a dog, maundering, very likely, about the Romans or Phœnicians.

"Yesterday I was Cleopatra, and to-day I am Christina of Sweden," she said, touching her black-calico dress, and trying to laugh, while the water stood in her eyes.

"It's a merciful device of the Almighty!" declared Gwilt. "Only what might be expected, too. He has great intellectual force. It has been driven from this side to that to find outlet. Never found it—writing is no expression for Pajot. He has been walled in upon himself, as I might say, and, when he looked outside, saw only this house and you, ma'am, a sight—not cheerful, to put it mildly. He has suffered more than I thought. I call it merciful in God, Mrs. Pajot, to let him go to sleep until he can waken to a happier day."

"A happier day!" cried Mrs. Pajot, sharply. She was ironing, and she fell upon her knees, and buried her head in the damp clothes, sobbing. The twins, who had never seen her cry before, stood by aghast.

"Let her alone," growled Gwilt; "It'll do her

good," walking to the window, and flattening his nose against the pane. When he turned again she was standing, ironing a shirt of the doctor's, pulling out the pleats carefully, with an effort at steely composure.

"I cannot send him to an asylum. He will never be cured," she said.

"God forbid you should! They are breeding-places of insanity! I know 'em! Do you think his mind will right itself sooner when he is here, with your love and care about him night and day, or in a prison, with the companionship of brutal Irish keepers? Don't give up heart! A little happiness and sunshine in the house, and he'll find himself again."

"Sunshine? When—?"

Gwilt opened his mouth once or twice to speak, and checked himself. He clapped on his hat, and buttoned his coat. "Don't you give up heart. That's all I say. You're a Church-woman and I'm a Methodist, but we both believe in the same God. He has some queer messengers, ma'am; and there's no knowing at what turn of the road you'll meet 'em."

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A week or two later I received a note from Mr. Gwilt, asking me to meet him "on business for a friend," at No. 1430 Pyne's Lane. No. 1430 proved to be one of those old, wide-roomed stone-houses, near Germantown—picturesque in cheery, open fireplaces, and leaky roofs, set in the middle of an acre of ground, wherein the proprietor may sink as much money and Christian grace as he can spare, in the vain hope of potatoes. This acre, however, was in grass, and a cow bestowed a motherly regard upon me from out of her shed as I went in. The house was furnished in but one or two rooms. I caught a glimpse of a chamber, comfortable and warm; on one side of the hall, and in the far background, a kitchen, with glowing range and glittering tins. Opposite to the chamber was a large room, where a great wood-fire, sunny windows, a wide easy-chair of leather, and Gwilt himself, with his ruddy face and bristling red hair, offered welcome. When I was seated before the fire I observed several cases of old books, which had an oddly-familiar aspect.

Mr. Gwilt made no attempt at ordinary conversation: he walked up and down nervously, bit his mustache, and finally, at the sound of steps on the porch, hurried out, and ushered in the whole Pajot family: the doctor, magnificently embellished with two widths of his wife's last silk dress, wrapped as a scarf about his neck; Mrs. Pajot, tiny, erect, bright-eyed as a sparrow; the twins; Bob last, with the cheesy smell of the shop about him.

The doctor drew a long, whistling breath: "Ah—h!" he cried, and walked straight to the books. Mr. Gwilt pushed a chair for him in front of them.

"Yes. There are your old friends, sir. Sit down. You have time to talk to them now.—Mrs. Pajot—"

But if he had prepared a speech, it was gone now: he ran his hand through his shock of sandy hair. "That messenger—that was to come with good news— Well, ma'am, there it is!" taking out of his pocket a thin scrap of a book, bound in gray paper, with black lettering on the back, and slapping it down on the table.

She took it up.

"*Familiar Lessons in Geography.*—F. PAJOT."

She opened it, and began to tremble all over. "I do not understand—"

"Of course you don't, or where would be my little surprise? The questions you wrote out for the twins—you recollect? I borrowed them. Well, these are part of them. There's another book, on grammar. Another, on arithmetic.—Three. Seventy-five cents each. Author's copyright, ten per cent."

"But they were such childish folly!" she cried.

"Perhaps," dryly. "I don't know about that. The Board of Education approve the plan; say it is just what they have wanted for years. At any rate the books are to be introduced into the public schools. We publishers know how to couch the eyes of educational boards, to make them see a good thing."

"'F. Pajot?'" staring at the back of the book. "*Me?* Oh, I'm sure the doctor will not like it at all."

Gwilt shrugged his shoulders.

"I don't know. I do know that your income is assured for years to come. I took the liberty of engaging this house and partly furnishing it—at your expense" (hastily). "The bills are all ready for your inspection. The doctor's books I bought in for you when they were sold at auction. But this little surprise, that was my own freak. I can't help a burst of tomfoolery, even at my age."

The first person to move or speak was Bob, who rammed his hand into his pocket and drew out the apron which he had hidden there when summoned from the shop. He dropped it by the strings into the fire.

"I'll have an education now, mother."

Still she did not speak. The twins rushed out to see the cow.

"I bought her at a venture," said Gwilt. "I thought the fresh milk would bring back their round cheeks again. And there's another matter. I may as well settle the whole account at once. I have no doubt that your husband's health will soon be restored. Quiet and happiness will do much—"

"And enough to eat," interjected Bob.

"When his mind has regained its normal tone. Mrs. Pajot, I have the assurance that I can obtain a place for him as librarian of C—— University. He can live with his friends there," glancing at the doctor as he pored, with a blessed calm, over a folio, his eyes rounded, and his nostrils distended.

She came up to Gwilt then and took his hand in both of hers. She meant, I suppose, to thank him; but she only gave a sob, and went out of the room. We never had seen before how little and weak she was. The high heels were quite worn

away from the old shoes, and the puffs of soft, brown hair were gone, and but a thin, gray wisp was left.

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The doctor's mind never recovered its tone; the place of librarian was soon filled by some other needy scholar. He lingered for several years, leading a gentle, happy life, in the old house in Germantown, worshiping Fanny to the last, and growing pugnacious with Gwilt, whenever they met, on the claims to notice of prehistoric man. He died suddenly a winter or two ago.

"Unrecognized!" his wife said, as she stood with Robert beside the coffin, laying her hand on the poor, bald forehead. "O my son! There seemed to be no place for him in the world!"

"Mother," said the young fellow, reverently, "if I had no other reason for believing in another world, it is enough to prove it to know that a man as great as my father has yet his work to do."

His power, and the work which he never did, remain as a splendid heritage for them all. Wife and children speak of him as one of the "master-minds of the world," and are the more vehement in their faith because they find no mention of him in "Dictionaries of Authors" or in newspapers.

They lived very comfortably for some years on the sale of Mrs. Pajot's little books. The oldest boy is now in business. The twins carry off every year the college prizes for scholarship or sculling, I forget which. Whatever it is, their happy mother regards them as the hope of the country.

She was always a little ashamed of the thin, gray books, with "F. Pajot" on the cover. The boys, too, when visiting their friends in Virginia, take pains to explain that "they were mere trifles, written with no thought of publication." "Mother," say they, "is one of the most domestic of women—not at all 'superior,' thank Heaven!"

"THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL."

ONE hundred years ago, on the 8th of May, 1777, at Drury Lane Theatre, occurred the first performance of "The School for Scandal," a comedy in five acts. A few words may not now be out of place about its time, its author, its first performance, its success in England, in America, and in other than English-speaking lands, its construction, its character, and its wit.

I.

THE time was most propitious for the appearance of a new comic writer. The works of Wycherley, Vanbrugh, Farquhar, and Congreve, were falling, or had already fallen, out of the list of acting plays. Evelina blushed at the dialogue of Congreve's "Love for Love," and was ashamed at the plot. Not even Sheridan himself could make Vanbrugh's "Relapse" presentable. Farquhar and Wycherley fared but little better, though "The Country Wife" of the latter, deodorized into something like decency by the skillful touch of Garrick, retained sufficient vitality to linger on the stage, under the name of "The Country Girl," until the end of the century. Few of the dramatists of the day were formidable rivals. The one man who might have been a competitor to be feared, a fellow-Irishman—for, as Latin comedy was imitated from the Greek, and as French comedy was modeled upon the Italian, so English comedy has in great part been written by Irishmen—the author of "The Good-natured Man," Oliver Goldsmith, had died in 1774. "She Stoops to Conquer," produced the year before, had scotched sentimental comedy, an imported French fashion, which was slowly strangling the life out of the comic muse: and although Sheridan, in "The Rivals," had done obeisance to this passing fancy by the introduction of those two most tedious persons, *Falkland* and *Julia*, he had already repented of his sins, and in "The School for Scandal" dealt it a final and fatal blow. Cumberland, the sole survivor of the school, had but little life left in him after the appearance of "The Critic," two years later; and no life is now left in his plays, which have hardly seen the light of the lamps these fifty years. Better luck has attended the more worthy work of George Colman, the elder, the author of "The Jealous Wife," and of David Garrick, the author of "High Life below Stairs," both of whom had also collaborated in "The Clandestine Marriage;" these three plays keep the stage to this day. But in 1777 both Colman and Garrick had ceased to write for the theatre. The coarse, vigorous, life-like satires of Samuel Foote, and the namby-pamby tragedies and wishy-washy comedies—"not translations only, taken from the French"—of Arthur Murphy, were alike beginning to pall upon play-goers. Among all these, and greater than any, appeared the author of "The School for Scandal."

II.

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN was then a young man of twenty-five. Four years earlier he had borne away from a throng of rivals the beautiful Miss Linley, the belle of Bath. Shortly before his marriage he had entered the Middle Temple, and therefore he was at least, nominally, a lawyer, like many another dramatist of his day and ours. In January, 1775, he had put forth his first effort as a dramatic author; Covent Garden Theatre had brought out his comedy of "The Rivals;" it met with a most stormy reception; but a little more, and it had been incontinently damned. Hastily revised, lightened and relieved by a change in the actor who played *Sir Lucius O'Trigger*, it was reproduced, with immediate success. Sheridan is often spoken of as an indolent man, even by his intimate associates; Moore quotes an amusing "Dedication to Idleness," written by Tickell, in his copy of this very play of "The Rivals." Perhaps he was naturally idle, but

the spur of necessity could always force him to a high speed of work. In the two and a half years which elapsed between the appearance of his first play and the production of "The School for Scandal," he brought out three other dramatic works. "St. Patrick's Day" was a farce, written for the benefit of Clinch, the successful performer of *Sir Lucius*. In November, 1775, "The Duenna" was produced, with music mostly by Linley, his father-in-law. Lord Byron considered this the best English opera, "far superior to that St. Giles lampoon, 'The Beggar's Opera.'" Gay's play had been performed sixty-three nights in its first winter, a run until then unprecedented, but Sheridan's "Duenna" was acted seventy-five times during the season. It drew such houses to Covent Garden as to suggest to Garrick the revival at Drury Lane, as a counter-attraction, of "The Discovery," a comedy, by Mrs. Frances Sheridan; this pitting of the mother against the son seemed in such bad taste to the elder Sheridan that he would not allow his daughters to see their mother's play.

Before the run of "The Duenna" was ended its author was negotiating with Garrick for the purchase, in conjunction with Linley and Dr. Ford, of his half of Drury Lane Theatre. Early in 1776 the sale was closed, and Richard Brinsley Sheridan succeeded David Garrick as the manager of old Drury. Much was anticipated from the first play of the author turned manager. But "The School for Scandal" was not ready, and could not be hurried; the new play was therefore only a hasty amendment of Vanbrugh's "Relapse" under the name of "The Trip to Scarborough." It was indeed but fair that Vanbrugh should have his turn, for the plot of "The Duenna" was suggested by an incident in "The Country Wife" of his fellow-dramatist of the Restoration period, Wycherley. Like "The Rivals," "The Trip to Scarborough" was at first a failure, although it afterward became more popular. At last "The School for Scandal" was announced, even before the whole play was in the hands of the actors. At the end of the hurriedly-finished rough draft of the fifth act, Moore found a "curious specimen of doxology, written hastily, in the handwriting of the respective parties:"

"*Finished at last, thank God!*
"R. B. SHERIDAN."

"*Amen!*
"W. HOPKINS" (the prompter).

III.

GARRICK had read the play, and he thought even more highly of it than, many years before, he had thought of Mrs. Sheridan's "Discovery." He aided the author with much practical advice, and volunteered to write the prologue, a form of composition for which his lively fancy and neat versification were particularly suited. Great expectations had been excited about the play, and they barely escaped disappointment—for on the night before the first performance, as Sheridan told the House of Commons many years later, "he was informed that it could not be performed, as a license was refused. It happened at this time there was the famous city contest for the office of chamberlain, between Wilkes and Hopkins. The latter had been charged with some practices similar to those of Moses, the Jew, in lending money to young men under age, and it was supposed that the character of the play was leveled at him, in order to injure him in his contest, in which he was supported by the ministerial interest. In the warmth of a contested election, the piece was represented as a factious and seditious opposition to a court candidate. He, however, went to Lord Hertford, then lord-chamberlain, who laughed at the affair and gave the license." Sheridan told Lord Byron that the next night, after the grand success of "The School for Scandal," he was knocked down and taken to the watch-house, for making a row in the street, and being found intoxicated by the watchmen.

Perhaps this was only a bit of Hibernian hyperbole, though a man's head might well reel under a triumph so overwhelming. There seems to have been hardly a dissenting voice. Merry—Della-Cruscan Merry, the future husband of Miss Brunton, who, under his name, was afterward the leading actress of America—did, it is true, object to the great scandal-scene. "Why do not the *dramatis personæ*," he said, "stop talking, and let the play go on?" The comedy was a success from the rising of the curtain, but it was the falling of the screen—although Garrick thought the actors stood a little too long without moving—which raised the audience to the highest degree of enthusiasm. Reynolds, the dramatist, relates that as he was passing about nine on this evening through the pit-passage "I heard such a tremendous noise over my head that, fearing the theatre was proceeding to fall about it, I ran for my life; but found the next morning that the noise did not arise from the falling of the house, but from the falling of the screen in the fourth act, so violent and tumultuous were the applause and laughter."

The singular success of the comedy seems to have been greatly aided by the unusual excellence of the acting. Charles Lamb says, "No piece was ever so completely cast in all its parts as this *manager's* comedy." The characters fitted the actors as though they had been measured for them; as, indeed, they had. Sheridan chose his performers, and modified his play, if needed, to suit their peculiarities, with the same shrewdness that he showed in all such matters. When reproached with not having written a love-scene for *Charles* and *Maria*, he said that it was because neither Mr. Smith nor Miss P. Hopkins (who played the parts) was an adept at stage love-making. King, the original *Lord Ogleby* in "The Clandestine Marriage"—a part written by Garrick for himself—was *Sir Peter*, and Mrs. Abington was *Lady Teazle*. No one was better suited than John Palmer, from whom Sheridan may well have derived some hints of *Joseph Surface:* Boaden relates a characteristic interview between him and the manager, when he returned to the theatre after an escapade. "My

dear Mr. Sheridan," began the actor, with clasped hands and penitent humility, "if you could but know what I feel at this moment *here!*" *laying one hand upon his heart.* Sheridan, with his usual quickness, stopped him at once: "Why, Jack, you forgot *I wrote it!*" Palmer declared that the manager's wit cost him something, "for I made him add three pounds per week to the salary I had before my desertion." The other actors were hardly inferior to King and Palmer. Parsons, afterward the original *Sir Fretful Plagiary*, was *Crabtree;* and Dodd, who has been called "the Prince of Pink Heels and Soul of Empty Eminence," was *Sir Benjamin Backbite.* The various characters fitted the actor who played them with the most exact nicety; and the result was a varied and harmonious performance of the whole comedy. The acting showed the smoothness, and the symmetry, and the due subordination of the parts to the whole, which is the highest, and, alas! the rarest of dramatic excellences. Walpole has noted that there were more parts better played in "The School for Scandal" than he almost ever remembered to have seen in any other play; and Charles Lamb thought it "some compensation for growing old, to have seen 'The School for Scandal' in its glory."

IV.

THE success thus achieved at the first performance has never failed to attend the comedy in England wherever and whenever it may have been played any time these hundred years. And yet it has had to undergo trials, and submit to tribulations, which a play less robust and less sure of its own merits might well be willing to avoid. It has survived the whim of John Kemble—the great Kemble, "the noblest Roman of them all," "Black Jack," as George Frederick Cooke used to call him—it has survived his whim of playing the airy and careless *Charles.* It has survived the mangling wrought upon it by another tragedian, Macready, who, early accustomed to enact the heavy villains of the stage, took a fancy to the part of *Joseph*, and, not finding it as prominent as he liked, sought to rectify this defect by boldly cutting down the other characters; and thus with the excision of the scandal-scene, the picture-scene, and several other scenes, "The School for Scandal," reduced to three acts, was played as an after-piece, with Macready, very imperfect in the words of the part, as *Joseph*, dressed in the black coat and trousers of the nineteenth century. It has survived being bedecked and bedizened out of all reason at the Prince of Wales Theatre, London. And, above all, it has survived a long run at the Vaudeville Theatre, where, for four hundred and four consecutive performances, it was most abominably acted.

And yet, in the midst of the mediocrity of these last two performances, two parts were well played—*Backbite* at the Prince of Wales, and *Joseph* at the Vaudeville. So many are the good parts of the play, that adequate acting of the whole is hardly to be looked for, but there have been many fine performances of individual parts. Miss Farren—afterward the Countess of Derby—succeeded Mrs. Abington as *Lady Teazle*, and was in turn replaced by Miss Pope. For years, Farren in England, and Placide in America, were the representative *Sir Peters.* Placide's clear-cut, chiseled, intaglio-like portrait was followed by the less vigorous and perhaps even a little vague, tapestry-like outline of Blake; and to both of these Mr. John Gilbert is a worthy successor, although his *Sir Peter* is hardly the equal of his richly-colored *Sir Anthony Absolute.* In Lewis, in Charles Kemble, in Elliston, and in Mr. Lester Wallack, *Charles* has found excellent representatives. But, taken as a whole, no subsequent cast has probably equaled the first.

The original success of "The School for Scandal" was beyond all question. It was done twenty times till the end of the season, and the next year sixty-five. It drew better houses than any other piece; indeed, it killed all competition. Dr. Johnson recommended Sheridan for membership in the club, as the author of the best modern comedy. Lord Byron in like manner called it the best comedy. Garrick's opinion of it has been noted: he was proud of the success of his successor both as author and manager; and when one of his many flatterers said that, though this piece was very good, still it was but one piece, and asked what would become of the theatre, now the Atlas that propped the stage had left his station, Garrick retorted quickly that, if that were the case, he had found another Hercules to succeed to the office. Cumberland was the only one dissatisfied. It is related that he took his children to see it, and when they screamed with delight their irritable father pinched them, exclaiming: "What are you laughing at, my dear little folks? You should not laugh, my angels, there is nothing to laugh at;" adding in an undertone, "Keep still, you little dunces!" When this was reported to Sheridan, he said: "It was ungrateful of Cumberland to have been displeased with his children for laughing at my comedy, for, when I went to see his tragedy, I laughed from beginning to end." But even Cumberland, in his memoirs, when defending his own use of a screen in "The West-Indian," took occasion to praise "The School for Scandal." "I could name one now living," said he, "who has made such happy use of his screen in a comedy of the very first merit, that if Aristotle himself had written a whole chapter professedly against screens, and Jerry Collier had edited it, with notes and illustrations, I would not have placed *Lady Teazle* out of ear-shot to have saved their ears from the pillory." Sir Walter Scott found in "The School for Scandal" the gentlemanlike ease of Farquhar united to the wit of Congreve. Hazlitt held it to be "the most finished and faultless comedy we have." The verdict of the public had not changed as Scott and Hazlitt had come to the front, and Garrick and Johnson had slowly faded away; it did not change when Scott and Hazlitt in their turn departed; it has not changed since. But a few months ago, a critic of an unusual breadth of culture, and gifted with great liking for the stage—Mr. Henry James,

Jr.—referred to the "old comedies," so called, only to declare that, "for real intellectual effort, the literary atmosphere and tone of society, there has long been nothing like 'The School for Scandal.' It has been played in every English-speaking quarter of the globe, and has helped English wit and taste to make a figure where they would otherwise, perhaps, have failed to excite observation."

V.

AFTER its first great success, "The School for Scandal" was not long in crossing to America; and its usual luck followed it to these shores. Mr. Ireland, in his "Records of the New York Stage," notes what was probably its first performance in this city, on the evening of December 16, 1785, and on that occasion the comedy was cast to the full strength of the best company which had been then seen in America. Its success was instant and emphatic, and from that day to this it has never ceased to hold a first place among acting plays. It became at once the standard by which other successful plays were to be measured. Comedies were announced as "equal to 'The School for Scandal,' or to any play of the century, 'The School for Scandal' not excepted." This sort of odorous comparison continued to obtain well into this century, and when some indiscreet admirer likened Mrs. Mowatt's "Fashion" to Sheridan's comedy, Edgar Poe took occasion to point out that the general tone of "Fashion" was adopted from "The School for Scandal," to which, however, it bore, he said, just such affinity as the shell of the locust to the locust that tenants it, "as the spectrum of a Congreve rocket to the Congreve rocket itself." It does not, however, need a cruel critic to show us how unfair it was to compare Mrs. Mowatt's pretty but pretentious play with the Congreve rockets and the Congreve wit of Sheridan's masterpiece. That "The School for Scandal" was the favorite play of Washington, who was fond of the theatre, has been recorded by Mrs. Whitelock, the sister of Sarah Siddons and of John Kemble, and for a time the leading tragic actress of America. And in one point in particular are these last-century performances in this country of especial interest to the student of American dramatic literature. On April 16, 1786, was first acted in this city "The Contrast," a comedy in five acts, by Royal Tyler, afterward Chief-Justice of Vermont. It was the first American play performed on the public stage by professional comedians. It contained in *Jonathan*, acted by Wignell, the first of stage Yankees, and the precursor, therefore, of *Asa Trenchard*, *Colonel Mulberry Sellers*, and *Judge Bardwell Slote*. Perhaps a short extract from the play, which was published in 1790, will show its connection with "The School for Scandal." *Jonathan*, green and innocent, and holding the theatre to be the "devil's drawing-room," gets into it, however, in the belief that he is going to see a conjurer:

Jenny. Did you see the man with his tricks?

Jonathan. Why, I vow, as I was looking out for him, they lifted up a great green cloth and let us look right into the next neighbor's house. Have you a good many houses in New York made in that 'ere way?

Jenny. Not many. But did you see the family?

Jonathan. Yes, swamp it, I seed the family.

Jenny. Well, and how did you like them?

Jonathan. Why, I vow, they were pretty much like other families; there was a poor, good-natured curse of a husband, and a sad rantipole of a wife.

Jenny. But did you see no other folks?

Jonathan. Yes; there was one youngster, they called him Mr. Joseph; he talked as sober and as pious as a minister; but like some ministers that I know, he was a sly tike in his heart, for all that; he was going to ask a young woman to spark it with him, and—the Lord have mercy on my soul—she was another man's wife!

VI.

NOR has the success of "The School for Scandal" been confined to English-speaking lands. It rapidly crossed the Channel, capturing the stage and captivating the critics of France. Its texture was quite strong enough to bear betraying into a foreign tongue. Its solidity of situation, its compact and easily comprehensible plot, and its ceaseless play of wit—"a sort of El Dorado of wit," as Moore calls it, "where the precious metal is thrown about by all classes as carelessly as if they had not the least idea of its value"—these were all qualities sure to commend it to the Parisian public. In 1788 the auction and screen scenes were introduced into a little piece called "Les Deux Neveux." The next year a translation in French by M. Delille, with the permission, apparently, of Sheridan himself, was published in London. Besides the utilization of certain episodes in "Les Portraits de Famille," "Les Deux Cousins," and "Valsain et Florville"—all mentioned by Moore—a stage adaptation of the whole play by Cheron was produced at the Théâtre Français; it was called "Le Tartuffe des Mœurs." Fifty years ago, another version, "L'École du Scandale," by two melodramatic writers, Crosnier and Jouslin de la Salle, was acted at the Porte St.-Martin Theatre, with the pathetic Madame Dorval as *Milady Tizlé*. Another adaptation, somewhat condensed, has been brought out this year at the same theatre, the Porte St.-Martin. A series of international *matinées* was given there, and "The School for Scandal," with a few scenes from "Macbeth," upheld the honor of our dramatic literature. This latest performance gave M. Sarcey—the critic of the *Temps*, and the foremost writer in France on theatrical subjects—an opportunity for a most interesting appreciation of the play. He considers it one of the best of the second class, which, as in his view the first class would contain few plays but those of Shakespeare and Molière, is high praise. He ranks "The School for Scandal" with "Le Mariage de Figaro," and institutes the comparison of Sheridan with Beaumarchais, which M. Taine had already attempted. But M. Sarcey holds a more just as well as a more favorable opinion of "The School for Scandal" than M. Taine.

An earlier French critic, Villemain, who edited a close translation of the play for the series of for-

eign masterpieces, declared it to be one of the most amusing and most wittily-comic plays which can anywhere be seen, and he hit upon one of its undoubted merits when he pointed out that its "wit is so radically comic that it can be translated, which, as all know, is the most perilous trial for wit possible."

The Germans were not behind the French in the enjoyment of "The School for Scandal." Schröder, the actor and author, went from Vienna to England —no small journey a hundred years ago—expressly for the purpose of seeing it acted. He understood English well, and attended every performance of the piece while he was in England. On his return to Vienna, he produced an adaptation—for it is such, and not a translation, though the spirit of the original is well preserved—which has held the German stage ever since. Macready records himself as having seen in Venice an Italian version of the play—that by Carpani, probably—which could hardly have followed the original as closely as was to be desired, but the strength of the situations and the contrast of the characters would always carry the piece through in any language and in spite of any alterations. There are doubtless versions of "The School for Scandal"—translations or adaptations—in many other languages. It may be noted that the *Athenæum* has recently announced the due celebration of the hundredth anniversary of its original performance by the production of a Dutch version at the Hague.

VII.

A Dr. Watkins, who, in 1816, published an unnecessary biography of Sheridan, saw fit to insinuate therein that Sheridan was not the real author of "The School for Scandal," but that it was the composition of a young lady, daughter of a merchant in Thames Street, who had left it with Sheridan for his judgment as a manager, "soon after which the fair writer, who was then in a state of decline, went to Bristol Hot-Wells, where she died."

Pope well knew the type to which this Dr. Watkins belonged ("with him most authors steal their works or buy: Garth did not write his own 'Dispensary'"); and the story which Pope, as if by anticipation, crippled, Moore readily brought to ground by the publication of the earlier and inchoate suggestions from which Sheridan finally formed the finished play. With the evidence of these growing and gathering fragments before us, we can trace the inception of the idea, and the slow accretion by which it got rounded at last into its present complex symmetry. Moore fills page after page of his "Life of Sheridan" with extracts from the notes and drafts of two distinct plays — one containing the machinery of the scandalous college, to have been called possibly "The Slanderers," and the other setting before us the *Teazles* and the *Surfaces*. This latter was, perhaps, the two-act comedy which Sheridan announced to Mr. Linley, in 1775, as being in preparation for the stage. The gradual amalgamation of these two distinct plots, the growth of the happy thought of using the malevolent tittle-tattle of the first play as a background to set off the intrigues of the second, can be clearly traced in the extracts given by Moore. In the eyes of some small critics this revelation of Sheridan's laborious method of working, this exhibition of the chips of his workshop, has had a lowering effect on their opinion of Sheridan's ability. It is, perhaps, his own fault, for he affected laziness, and sought the reputation of an off-hand wit. But "The School for Scandal" is obviously not a spontaneous improvisation. It is not labored, for its author had the art to conceal art, but its symmetrical smoothness and perfect polish cost great labor. It did not spring full armed from the brain of Jove. Jove was a god, and mere mortals must cudgel their poor brains long years to bring forth wisdom. No masterpiece was ever dashed off hurriedly. The power of hard work and the willingness to take pains are among the attributes of highest genius. Balzac had them: he spent the whole of one long winter night on a single sentence. So had Sheridan: he told Ridgway, to whom he had sold the copyright of this very play, and who asked for the manuscript again and again in vain, that he had been for nineteen years endeavoring to satisfy himself with the style of "The School for Scandal," but had not yet succeeded. A diamond of the first water, like this, is worth careful cutting—and even the chips are of value. Those given to the world by Moore are curious in themselves, independent of their use in disproving the charge of literary larceny preferred by Dr. Watkins.

Since the publication of these extracts, those who seek to discredit Sheridan's originality have shifted their ground, and content themselves with drawing attention to the singular similarity of *Joseph* and *Charles* to *Tom Jones* and *Blifil*. They also remark upon the likeness of the scandal-scene to the satirical episode of "Le Misanthrope," and on the likeness of *Joseph Surface* to *Tartuffe*. M. Taine, who seems sometimes to speak slightingly of Sheridan, puts this accusation into most effective shape: "Sheridan took two characters from Fielding, *Blifil* and *Tom Jones*, two plays of Molière, 'Le Misanthrope' and 'Tartuffe,' and from his puissant materials, condensed with admirable cleverness, he has constructed the most brilliant firework imaginable."

A glance at the play itself will show this to be a most exaggerated statement. The use of Molière and Fielding is far slighter than alleged, and at most to what does it all amount? But little more than the outline and faint coloring of two characters and of a very few incidents. While the play could not exist without them, they are far from the most important. *Lady Teazle* and *Sir Peter*, the screen-scene and the auction-scene—these are what made the success of "The School for Scandal," and not what he may have derived from Fielding and Molière. Nor is this borrowing at all as extensive as it may seem. *Joseph* is a hypocrite—so is *Tartuffe*, so is *Blifil*; but there are hypocrites and hypocrites, and the resemblance can scarcely be stretched much farther. The rather rustic and—if the word may be risked—vulgar *Tom Jones* is as unlike as may be to

that light and easy gentleman *Charles*. Yet it seems probable that Sheridan found in "Tom Jones" the first idea of the contrasted brothers of "The School for Scandal." Boaden has even seen the embryonic suggestion of the fall of the screen in the dropping of the rug in *Molly Seagrim's* room, discovering the philosopher *Square*. Now, Sheridan had a marvelous power of assimilation. He extended a ready welcome to all floating seeds of thought, and in his fertile brain they would speedily spring up, bringing forth the best they could. But to evolve from the petty discomfiture of *Square* the almost unequaled effect of the screen-scene—to see in the one the germs of the other—were a task worthy even of Sheridan's quick eye.[1] The indebtedness to Molière is even less than to Fielding. We may put on one side Sheridan's ignorance of French—for, in Colley Cibber's "Non-Juror," or in Bickerstaff's "Hypocrite," he could find Molière's *Tartuffe*, and the scandal-loving *Celimène* of "Le Misanthrope" he might trace in Wycherley's "Plain-Dealer." If Sheridan borrowed from Molière—an indictment difficult of proof—he was only following in the footsteps of his father, whose sole play, "Captain O'Blunder," is based on "Monsieur de Pourceaugnac." But Sheridan's indebtedness to Molière is barely visible. It is almost as slight, indeed, as the borrowing from "The School for Scandal" of which Madame de Girardin was guilty for her fine comedy, "Lady Tartuffe." In any case, Sheridan's indebtedness is less to "Le Misanthrope" than to "Tartuffe"—and even here there is little resemblance beyond the generic likeness of all hypocrites. This resemblance, such as it is, the French adapters of "The School for Scandal" chose to emphasize by calling their version, as has already been noted, the "Tartuffe des Mœurs."

Although Sheridan is in general original in incident, he unhesitatingly made use of any happy phrases or effective locutions which struck his fancy in the course of his readings. He willingly distilled the perfume from a predecessor's flower, or cut and set the gem an earlier writer may have brought to light. Witty himself, he could boldly conquer and annex the wit of others, sure to increase its value by his orderly government. *Sir Peter Teazle* does not hesitate to say, "A character dead at every word, I suppose!" because, for instance, there is in Pope's "Rape of the Lock"—

> "At every word a reputation dies."

In like manner, the suggestion of the much-admired song in "The School for Scandal" is to be found in Sir John Suckling's play, "The Goblins." This can perhaps be justified on the ground that the rich can borrow with impunity; or, deeming wit his patrimony, Sheridan may have felt that, taking it, he was but come into his own again; as Molière said, "Je prends mon bien où je le trouve." In the preface to "The Rivals," however, Sheridan has chosen to meet the charge of plagiarism. "Faded ideas," he said, "float in the fancy like half-forgotten dreams, and the imagination in its fullest enjoyments becomes suspicious of its offspring, and doubts whether it has created or adopted." It is a curious coincidence that this very passage is quoted by Burgoyne to explain his accidental adoption, in "The Heiress," of an image of Ariosto's and Rousseau's, which Byron did not scruple to use again in his monody on Sheridan himself:

> "Sighing that Nature formed but one such man,
> And broke the die—in moulding Sheridan."

VIII.

In "The School for Scandal" the construction, the ordering of the scenes, the development of the elaborate plot, is much better than in the comedies of any of Sheridan's contemporaries. A play in those days need not reveal a complete and self-contained plot. Great laxity of episode was not only permitted, but almost praised; and that Sheridan, with a subject which lent itself so readily to digression, should have limited himself as he did, shows his exact appreciation of the source of dramatic effect. But it must be confessed that the construction of "The School for Scandal," when measured by our modern standards, seems a little loose—a little diffuse, perhaps. It shows the welding of the two distinct plots. There can hardly be seen in it the ruling of a dominant idea, subordinating all the parts to the effect of the whole. But, although the two original motives have been united mechanically, although they have not flowed and fused together in the hot spurt of homogeneous inspiration, the joining has been so carefully concealed, and the whole structure has been overlaid with so much wit, that few people after seeing the play would care to complain. The wit is ceaseless; and wit like Sheridan's would cover sins of construction far greater than those of "The School for Scandal." It is "steeped in the very brine of conceit, and sparkles like salt in the fire."

In his conception of character Sheridan is a wit rather than a humorist. He creates character by a distinctly intellectual process; he does not bring it forth out of the depths, as it were, of his own being. His humor—fine and dry as it is—is the humor of the wit. He has little or none of the rich and juicy, nay, almost oily humor of Falstaff, for instance. His wit is the wit of common-sense, like Jerrold's or Sydney Smith's; it is not wit informed with imagination, like Shakespeare's wit. But this is only to say again that Sheridan is not one of the few world-wide and all-embracing geniuses. He is one of those almost equally few who in their own line, limited though it may be, are unsurpassed. It has been said that poets—among whom dramatists are entitled to stand—may be divided into three classes: those who can say one thing in one way—these are the great majority; those who can say one thing in many ways—even these are far fewer than they would

[1] It is to be remarked that, in spite of Fielding's comparative failure as a dramatist, his great novel had already furnished Colman with the idea of his "Jealous Wife." In France, where the novel was a great favorite, two consecutive five-act comedies had been cut out of it for the Comédie Française, besides a ballet for the Opéra. Let us imagine, if haply we can, "Tomes Jones" (*sic!*) as a ballet!

be generally reckoned; and those who can say many things in many ways—these are the chosen few, the scant half-dozen who hold the highest peak of Parnassus. In the front rank of the second class stands Sheridan. The thing he has to say is wit—and of this in all its forms he is master. His wit in general has a metallic smartness and a crystalline coldness; it rarely lifts us from the real to the ideal; and yet the whole comedy is in one sense, at least, idealized; it bears, in fact, the resemblance to real life that a well-cut diamond has to a drop of water.

Yet, the play is not wholly cold. Sheridan's wit could be genial as well as icy—of which there could be no better proof than the success with which he has enlisted our sympathies for the characters of his comedy. *Sir Peter Teazle* is an old fool, who has married a young wife; but we are all glad when we see a prospect of his future happiness. *Lady Teazle* is flighty and foolish; and yet we cannot help but like her. *Charles* we all wish well; and as for *Joseph*, we feel from the first so sure of his ultimate discomfiture, that we are ready to let him off with the light punishment of exposure. There are, it is true, here and there blemishes to be detected on the general surface, an occasional hardness of feeling, an apparent lack, at times, of taste and delicacy—for instance, the bloodthirsty way in which the scandal-mongers pounce upon their prey, the almost brutal expression by *Lady Teazle* of her willingness to be a widow, the ironical speech of *Charles* after the fall of the screen; but these are perhaps more the fault of the age than of the author. That Sheridan's wit ran away here with him is greatly to be regretted. That in the course of his constant polishing of the play he should not have seen these blots, is only another instance of the blindness with which an author is at times afflicted when he has dwelt long on one work.

IX.

THE great defect of "The School for Scandal"—the one thing which shows the difference between a comic writer of the type of Sheridan and a great dramatist like Shakespeare—is the unvarying wit of the characters. And not only are the characters all witty, but they all talk alike. Their wit is Sheridan's wit, which is very good wit indeed; but it is Sheridan's own, and not *Sir Peter Teazle's*, or *Backbite's*, or *Careless's*, or *Lady Sneerwell's*. It is one man in his time playing many parts. It is the one voice always: though the hands be the hands of Esau, the voice is the voice of Jacob. And this quick wit and ready repartee is not confined to the ladies and gentlemen; the master is no better off than the man, and *Careless* airs the same wit as *Charles*. As Sheridan said in "The Critic," he was "not for making slavish distinctions in a free country, and giving all the fine language to the upper sort of people." Now, no doubt the characters do all talk too well; the comedy would be far less entertaining if they did not. The stage is not life, and it is not meant to be; it has certain conventions on the acceptance of which hangs its existence; a mere transcript of ordinary talk would be insufferable. We meet bores enough in the world—let the theatre, at least, be free from them; and, therefore, condensation is necessary, and selection and a heightening and brightening of talk. No doubt Sheridan pushed this license to its utmost limit—at times even beyond it—but in consequence his comedy, if a little less artistic in the reading, is far more lively in the acting. It has been said that in Shakespeare we find not the language we would use in the situations, but the language we should wish to use—that we should talk so if we could. We cannot all of us be as witty as the characters of "The School for Scandal," but who of us would not if he could?

Wit of this kind is not to be had without labor. Because Sheridan sometimes borrowed, it does not follow that he was incapable of originating; or, because he always prepared when possible, that he was incapable of impromptu. But he believed in doing his best on all occasions. If caught unawares, his natural wit was ready; if, however, he had time for preparation, he spared no pains. He grudged no labor. He was willing to heat and hammer again and again—to file, and polish, and adjust, and oil, until the delicate machinery ran smoothly, and to the satisfaction even of his fastidious eye. As he himself said in two lines of "Clio's Protest," published in 1771—a couplet often credited to Rogers—

> "You write with ease, to show your breeding,
> But easy writing's curst hard reading."

"The School for Scandal" was not easy writing then, and it is not hard reading now. Not content with a wealth of wit alone—for he did hold with the old maxim which says that jests, like salt, should be used sparingly; he salted with a lavish hand, and his plays have perhaps been preserved to us by this Attic salt—he sought the utmost refinement of language. An accomplished speaker himself, he smoothed every sentence till it ran trippingly on the tongue. His dialogue is easy to speak as his songs are easy to sing. To add in any way to the lustre and brilliance of the slightest sentence of "The School for Scandal," to burnish a bit of dialogue, or brighten a soliloquy, could never cost Sheridan, lazy though he was, too much labor. "This kind of writing," as M. Taine says, "artificial and condensed as the satires of La Bruyère, is like a cut vial, into which the author has distilled, without reservation, all his reflections, his reading, his understanding." That this is true of Sheridan is obvious. In "The School for Scandal" he has done the best he could; he put into it all he had in him; it is the complete expression of his genius; beyond it he could not go.

Michael Kelly, hearing that Sheridan had told the queen he had a new comedy in preparation, said to him, "You will never write again. You are afraid to write." "I am afraid?" asked Sheridan; "and of whom?" And Kelly retorted quickly, "You are afraid of the author of 'The School for Scandal.'"

FORTY TO TWENTY.

A DRAWING-ROOM DRAMA.

TEARS in your eyes!—and why? Because you find
That he you love is mortal, after all?
Dear, silly coz, what else did you expect?
You met the man, and, though you said no word,
Your eyes were eloquent, and warmly spoke
The electric language of the universe.
You thought him brilliant—ay, he's truly so:
Brilliant enough to know, ere many days,
What spell the magic of his genius cast
Upon a bright but untrained country-girl.
Your fresh, frank ways, your eager earnestness,
Were revelations to the sated lion.
He looked on you as on a *nouveauté*,
A creature quite unlike the simp'ring dolls
Whose fans he flutters as he talks sweet lies.
You innocently touched his weakest point—
And that, as in most men, is vanity.
'Tis writ in books, 'tis said by wagging tongues,
That women are the weaker vessels, coz.
Our love of approbation is so great,
We'd sell our birthright for a mess of it.
Whene'er potential "he" pours in our ears
The honey kept on tap for our poor sex,
We melt as wax before the burning sun;
And, being born thus weak, fulfilling fate.
We're called to task if we walk not a crack—
Held up to scorn, make we but one mistake,
And fall from earthly heaven to earthly hell!
(By heaven, of course, I mean society,
And woman's hell comes when it turns its back.)
Man, coz, the stronger vessel, being strong,
Jumps, cracks, and wanders at his own sweet will
In zigzag paths where morals can't keep straight;
He's not responsible if his poor head
Is turned by winsome glance and luring speech—
Being strong, you see he cannot help himself!
It makes a deal of difference in this world
Whether you're born a man or woman, coz.
You've been taught from your birth that it takes two
To make a bargain. When it comes to sex,
But one's required—
It takes but one, and woman is that one!
So has it been since chaos settled down
Into the muddy mush that we call earth.
Man ever is an Adam, woman Eve:
He asks to taste the apple in her hand,
And, when he's eaten it and is arraigned,
Exclaims, "Behold, the woman gave it me!"
Not manly, think you, to thus shirk results?
You call him coward for betraying Eve?
You say such reasoning would never hold
In any book of logic? True enough:
But when you've longer lived you'll surely learn,
Though logic's fact, fact is not logic, coz!
And you'll be in your grave, as well as I,
Before Society revolves around
An axis of right reason.
Weeping still?
You fancy, coz, yours is the only heart
That has been trifled with? You long for death?
You think the sun will never shine again?—
That life will taste of naught but Dead-Sea fruit?
Now look at me: I'm envied by the world
Because I'm handsome, rich, endowed with wit,
And tact enough to know just what to say
And when to say it. My *salon* is thronged
With genius and with beauty, coz, because
I've sense enough to listen to the men—
Acting as whip to each one's hobby-horse—
And art enough to advertise the charms
Of my own sex, whatever be their kind.
Because of this, some call me politic;
But all admit that I am popular—
And you, 'mong others, wish to wear my shoes.
Why, silly coz, I'd gladly change with you,
To lose the memory of earlier days.
At your age I loved madly—loved with all
The passion of a soul that loves but once.
I thought my love returned: his vows, at least,
Were warm enough to melt a colder heart
Than Nature gave to me. The man was born
Below my sphere; but genius knows no rank,
And I placed him above, beyond the herd
Of titled nobodies with addled brains.
I lived for this one man—for him alone;
We plighted troth; my parents threatened then
To cast me off, to disinherit me!
"Defy our will, and you may beg for bread
Ere we will give heed to your misery!"
Said they who brought me into this kind world.
I loved, and so was ready to brave all.
Not so the hero of my one romance:
His face grew pallid, and his speech confused;
He kissed me hastily—said he'd return
To claim me. How think you, coz, he claimed me?
He wrote a cold, brief note, in which he said
That he was far too proud a man to wed
In opposition to my family.
His grief had forced him to the Continent;
He hoped I might be happy, and then signed
Himself "sincerely" mine, etc.
None born with strong *physiques* e'er die of love;
I did not even faint, or go to bed
Raving with fever, as girls do in books.
I sent back that man's note without remark;
Assured my parents their will should be mine;
Was taken to their arms, and soon betrothed
To the old lord whose name I've so long borne.

He, to reward me for my sacrifice,
Died after our most placid honeymoon,
Leaving me mistress of his large estates.
Then passed away my parents, blessing me
For reaping the reward obedience
So filial merited. Restless, distraught,
I wandered to and fro for three long years,
Seeking to dull the pain about my heart
By change of scene and new acquaintances.
One day, 'mid Roman ruins, I came upon
The man I once adored. He dared to speak:
Begged me to take him to my heart again,
Now that death had broken down the barriers.
The devil in me got the upper hand;
I lashed the craven creature with my tongue,
And sent him cringing from me.
"Never more
Let me behold your face!" were my last words.
Full well have they been heeded. Then I came
Back to my native land, took up the game
Society demanded I should play,
And faithfully I've played it, though alone
I've held the cards, no partner aiding me.
Such is my story. Without love or child—
The only longings of a woman's heart—
I'm pointed out as Fortune's favorite.
Perhaps I am!
Come, cousin, dry your tears.
Your wound's skin-deep. Mine penetrated far;
And yet I'm not what people call a wreck.
You'll have no appetite; you'll lie awake;
You'll sigh, and sadly smile at merry jests.
This will endure for possibly a month,
During which time I promise to disclose
The true proportions of the demigod
You've worshiped at the altar of your dreams.
I'll prove to you, despite the charm of heads,
That in the game of life the hearts are trumps.
Is it agreed? Then look up while I bathe
Your eyes in cooling spray. Now you are like
Your dear old self.
I'm hungry. Let us dine.

COLLECTANEA.

SEWARD'S COLLEGE ADVENTURE.

We find in the recently-published autobiography of William H. Seward an account of an early escapade that we believe is not generally familiar to the public. Seward's college-life had passed profitably and pleasantly save for one drawback. He could not bring his expenditures within the limits of the somewhat narrow parental allowance. His attire, though quite up to the standard of Goshen Academy, was far below that of the more advanced Union College. Harry Seward, of Union, went through very much the same experiences as did Arthur Pendennis, of Oxbridge. The master of the sartorial art on the Mohawk was quite as ready to give credit to students of good expectations as was his professional brother on the Camisis; and, like him, in due time presented his "little bill." Then came the crisis. This happened in the closing days of 1818, when Harry had gone half-way through his senior year, with no small credit among his fellow-students. He was a shining light in the Adelphi Literary Society, where he had demonstrated that Mr. De Witt Clinton's Erie Canal, already begun, "was an impossibility, and that, even if it should be successfully constructed, it would financially ruin the State;" and had, moreover, been elected a member of the mysterious Phi Beta Kappa.

His father peremptorily refused to pay the tailor's bill, which amounted to almost a hundred dollars. As the result of this "financial misunderstanding," writes Mr. Seward, "on the 1st of January, 1819, without notice to him or any one else, I left Union College, and proceeded by stage-coach to New York with a classmate who was going to take charge of an academy in Georgia." They were detained in New York for some days, and then took passage on a schooner for Savannah. The academy of which his friend was to be the principal was soon to be opened at Eatonton, in the interior. They set out thither by stage-coach; but, stopping at Augusta, his friend found a more eligible situation, and gave Seward a recommendation to the trustees at Eatonton. Seward proceeded by stage as far it went, and then hired a gig. His purse was running low, and he had to make the last thirty miles on foot. Reaching Eatonton, he found that Union Academy was at a new settlement ten miles farther on. After paying for lodging and breakfast he had left just nine shillings and sixpence, "York currency." He laid out a dollar for a necktie so constructed that it would conceal his soiled linen, and, with only eighteen cents in his pocket, walked on. At night he came to a log-cottage, unfinished, and yet without windows, where he was welcomed by a handsome and refined lady. Her husband was Dr. Ellis, who had recently immigrated from Central New York; and, what was better, he was one of the trustees of the new academy. In the morning the doctor summoned a meeting of the five trustees. The president was Major Alexander, a planter; another member was Mr. Turner, the State Treasurer. After a few questions, the candidate was informed that he might retire, and the trustees would consider the application. In a few minutes he was recalled. Mr. Turner drew himself up to his full height of six feet, and thus addressed the slender stripling: "Mr. Seward, the Trustees of Union Academy have examined you with a view to ascertain whether you are qualified to assume charge of the new institution which they have founded. They have desisted from that examination because they have found that you are better able to examine them

than they are to examine you. The trustees desire to employ you, but they fear that they are unable to make you such a proposition as your abilities deserve." He went on to say that the institution was a new one, and its success not certain. The best they could now offer was eight hundred dollars a year, he to board at such of their houses as he might choose, for which he should pay a hundred dollars a year. It would take six weeks to finish the building; during that time he should be the guest of the board, and should have a horse and carriage to travel about and see the country. To such a proposition there could be but one reply. When the other trustees had taken their leave, good Dr. Ellis said to him: "I am going to say something to which, if you prefer, you need not reply. In your absence, the trustees asked how old you were. I answered that I thought you were about twenty. They replied that this seemed very young for such an enterprise." Seward frankly replied that he was only seventeen. "Well," replied the doctor, "we'll leave them to find that out."

His father had in the mean while discovered that his son had sailed for Savannah. He wrote to Mr. Richardson, the president of a bank there, who learned the whereabouts of the truant. Riding over to Eatonton one day, Seward found a package of letters, among which was one from his father, who urged him to return, and directed him to draw upon Mr. Richardson for a hundred dollars for that purpose. He drew the money, replenished his wardrobe, and for a few weeks enjoyed himself greatly. The trustees were all eager to have the genial young Northerner for a guest, and he was cordially welcomed wherever he chose to ride. He wrote home, and, by way of setting forth his good prospects, inclosed a newspaper in which was a glowing advertisement, signed by the trustees, stating that "Mr. William H. Seward, a gentleman of talents, educated at Union College," had been appointed Principal of the Union Academy, and that applications for admission would now be received. As quickly as the mail could go and come, Major Alexander was astonished by a letter from the irate elder Seward. He had seen, he wrote, a newspaper advertisement, in which Major Alexander announces the employment of William H. Seward; and he lost no time in letting him know what sort of a person the new principal was. He was a much-indulged son, who had disgracefully absconded from Union College, plunging his parents in shame and grief. And now Major Alexander, and all whom it concerned, were warned that, if they continued to harbor the delinquent, they would be prosecuted with the utmost rigor of the law. "Now," said the major, "I don't believe you left your home and the college without good cause. I shall keep this matter to myself. If you choose to go home, we shall be sorry. If you choose to remain, your father may prosecute me as soon as he pleases." Seward had also a letter from his sister, saying that his mother was in great distress. He laid the matter before his patrons. He would write to a young gentleman at Union College well fitted to take his place, and would stay till he came; and the trustees had announced themselves fully satisfied. The academy was duly opened; the young man came, and was approved; and, after some three months of teaching, says Seward, "I took leave of my spirited and generous patrons and affectionate scholars with sentiments of affection and sadness such as I have seldom since experienced."

BIRD-TEMPER.

ANY one who feels interest enough in birds to watch them closely, becomes acquainted with many of their tricks and ways which show peculiarities of disposition and temperament. They act at times as if deliberating on some course, or have an uncertain air; are absent-minded, or alert; they are sedate, or flighty, as the case may be; they have their jealousies, their outbursts of temper, their fits of sulking; they manifest discontent, or satisfaction; they show themselves socially inclined, or the reverse; they bear abuse with meekness, or they promptly retaliate; they are equable, or subject to extremes; they are possessed with the simple joy of living, or they are out of tune with everything.

Even the weather, which has such influence over us, is not without its effect upon these feathered citizens. Nothing tries a bird's cheerfulness like a windy day. There are usually certain "spells" in April or May, when it would seem as if the wind was doing its utmost to make the world an uncomfortable place to live in. At such times the birds need commiseration; they seem utterly dismayed, and have a forlorn way of lighting on some high place and looking despairingly over the country—their dejection, their abject wretchedness apparent in their attitude, even if the cadence of their voices did not publish their discontent; they seem to just endure the days, suspending everything until the conditions are favorable, uttering peevish protests against the weather, and in a hopeless way trying to rearrange their plumage after a too aggravating blast has tossed the feathers about. More than once I have observed some of the smaller birds in a state of depression from no other apparent cause: a little olive-backed vireo, attempting to sing under such circumstances—because the song was in him—was suppressed by the wind, and flew away with cries so out of accord with his wonted sweetness that he hardly seemed the same bird; and a sparrow has been seen to try one tree after another, and then settle down as if hope were at an end, and give utterance at intervals to a dry-throated, prolonged chirp, till the monotony and plaintiveness became almost unbearable.

In a rain-storm, what a difference there is in the ways a cat-bird and a robin have of taking things! The first will sit in the most care-for-nothing attitude in some open place, and receive the pelting as if he enjoyed it; but cock-robin stands moping about, looking as if somebody had injured him, and persists in a homesick complaining. He is affected by the

skyey influences, and appears to feel it if the sun is out of sight, and, from a vivacious, companionable bird, becomes a croaker; and in those doleful moods, those fits of the megrims when he is under the weather, his melancholy becomes infectious — it is more penetrating than the damp, and has the same depressing effect as a leaky roof or a smoky fireplace. In his fits of anger, the robin is sharp and decisive; and the cat-bird rails like a vixen, heaping epithet upon epithet, taunting, mocking, and reviling, and sure to have the last word, whoever is the victim.

For absolutely uncontrollable temper, frightful if it was not so absurd, no bird can go beyond the female golden-robin; her mate is fiery enough, but cowers before her fury. A pair of them selected as a place for their nest the lowest branch of an elm so near the house that the family could see the whole process of building; and all of one lowery day they made a business of watching the proceedings—throwing out narrow strips of cloth, which the male bird would immediately carry up to his companion. The work of placing these, filling them into the web which was already fashioned of hempen twine, was all done by her, until, in an unlucky moment, while she was absent, he took the liberty of tucking in a few strands himself; but no sooner had she returned than she discovered what he had been doing, and a more infuriated bird was never seen. She dashed at the nest and jerked out every shred he had put in, and threw them to the ground with such temper that the lookers-on laughed outright; then she flew down and began to pick them up, but in the excitement of her passion she caught her feet in the snarl she had herself made, and was tripped up and thrown over backward, and turned two or three somersaults before she cooled down enough to see where she was; while the culprit, who had fled at the first onslaught, sat still as a mouse high up in the tree, and let her rave. Another pair built in a silver-poplar in a door-yard, and, after their work was done, were off for a day, during which time a pair of kingbirds arrived and began to build on a branch underneath, and were well under way when the female golden-robin came back, and, seeing what was going on, began to storm violently at the luckless strangers, who hardly seemed at first to know what to make of it. They suspended operations, for they could do no less with such an attack; and finally, after receiving in silence all the abuse that this virago could pour upon them, as she flew from side to side and tore at their nest, they spread their wings and departed, never to return.

IN THE CONSERVATORY.

"But we *must* return! What *will* they say?
Yes, I know it's awful nice
In the window here, from the others away,
With a taste, now and then, of the ice,
And now and then of— Oh, you wretch!
It wasn't at all required
That you should illustrate thus with a sketch
The speech that of course you admired,
"No matter how naughty. There! you have spoiled
The 'classical Grecian knot'
In which you like my hair to be coiled,
And I really don't know what
Other mischief you haven't done! You're just
Real naughty! You squeeze like a vise!
Why can't you men take something on trust,
And be more dainty and nice?

"There! I'm ready, now. What! *just one more?*
Oh! aren't you a darling tease?
And love me so?—*One, two, three, four!*
There! come now, dearest, please!
I'm almost afraid of the parlor glare:
When they look at my lips, they'll see
The kisses upon them."—"*No, not there;*
But, sweet, in your eyes maybe."

MAKING A ROCKERY.

A ROCKERY, when placed in a proper position, is a lovely bit of cultivated wildness, a sort of premeditated *happening*, that adds much to the beauty of a rural residence. But a level plain of grass, or the centre of a flower-bed, is *not* a proper position. To be agreeable, it must have an air of having grown naturally out of its surroundings.

Most gardens or grounds, of any reasonable size, have some patch of *terra incognita*, so far as cultivation is concerned—some irregular, brambly corner, or uneven section, of which stones seem the natural product; and such a spot is just the place for a rockery. "For the idea which rock-work as well as water should suggest is, that it is natural to the spot; that it has either cropped up from the soil, or that it has been laid bare by some process of excavation which was necessary in the formation of the ground."

In this connection rises up the experience of a friend, the owner of a very pretty suburban place, who had, with considerable trouble, erected a mound of rocks and earth beneath her dining-room window, where no such excrescence could possibly be supposed to be indigenous to the soil; and while the green things on the structure were yet struggling desperately for a precarious existence, the friend decided to rent her place for the summer months. A very impressive personage, with India shawl and eyeglass, came to view the premises, and was exceedingly minute in her investigations. "That pile of stones," said she, waving a perfectly-gloved hand toward the view from the dining-room window, "will, of course, be removed?" "*Stones!*" stammered the discomfited proprietress; "why, that is my—my rockery!" "Ah!" murmured the lady of the eye-glass, as she peered through that invaluable magnifier, "*of course* it is! How very stupid of me, to be sure! But I am so wretchedly near-sighted, you know."

In getting up a rockery, a general idea, or plan, should first be perfected in the mind of the constructor, containing some approach to the size and form to be assumed by the completed edifice; as, without this, the rockery will be a hap-hazard collection of uncongenial stones and shells, looking like a

sort of Absalom's pillar, at which every passer-by has had his fling. The rocks should harmonize with the character of the surrounding country, and should be arranged as naturally as possible, forming a sort of outside crust filled in with earth, and with plenty of earth in all the crevices. The shape is a matter of taste; but an irregular outline is more natural and effective.

A very small rockery requires more care and judgment in its construction than a large one; and the first only is admissible in limited space. It should never, under any conditions, be made a central or prominent object, but is intended as something to be *happened* upon. A terraced edifice looks well, and affords particular advantages for the disposition of plants; the larger stones, as a general thing, should be placed at the base, but a large, rough fragment of granite makes a very artistic finish at the top for the support of a creeper of vivid green or blazing autumn scarlet.

In planting a rockery, all plants but low-growing ones and tufts of ferns should be avoided. Those of a stiff, upright nature are particularly undesirable; and simple, wild things are more generally adapted to this kind of cultivation. There is so much beauty in the partridge-vine, wood-ferns, trailing arbutus, hepatica, etc., that almost any piece of woodland will abundantly stock a very tasteful rockery; but Virginia creeper, with its rich October blushes; ivy, tradescantha, money-wort, and many others on the florist's list, are not to be objected to in addition. The Alpine family of plants seem made expressly for such purposes. They require plenty of soil for their wandering roots, and are best satisfied with a sandy loam. Perfect drainage and a reasonable amount of moisture are also necessary to their well-being.

But, with these requirements answered, the following delicate bloomers will make any rockery a thing of beauty: *Æthionema cordifolium*, with silvery leaves and plenty of lovely pink flowers; *Acæna Novæ Zealandiæ*, which makes a perfect carpet of its leaves, through which crimson spikes of bloom shoot up with singular effect; *Dianthus Alpinus* and *Dianthus petræus*, both very pretty; *Erinus Alpinus*, with rose-purple flowers; *Gentiana verna*, *Myosotis rupicola*, *Saxifraga*, *Sedum*, and a host of others. The maiden-hair fern is lovely in a rockery; and a mingling of wild and cultivated ferns produces a charming variety.

But, ever since we read of the woman who covered her old rain-water barrel with morning-glory vines, and transformed it from an offensive necessity into a bit of æsthetical ornamentation, we have felt that no one need pine in vain for a rockery!

A RAFFLE FOR FREEDOM.

We translate from a German sketch of American travel the subjoined account of an incident alleged to have occurred on a Mississippi steamboat a short time before the war.

"I ascended the Mississippi," says the writer, "on a steamer on board of which were Judge J—— and General K——, of Pennsylvania, with both of whom I was slightly acquainted.

"'A hard set, these Natchez men,' said the captain, who met us on the cabin-stairs. 'There's some of them down in the saloon playing a high game. How men can be such fools, I could never see!'

"'Let's go down and look on awhile,' suggested the judge.

"In the saloon we found four men seated at a table, around which a crowd of spectators was gathered. The four were the 'heavy players.'

"The game was poker, and the money changed hands rapidly. We had not been looking on long, when one of the players, a middle-aged man, who I learned was a cotton-planter, bet his last dollar against the hand of one of his antagonists. The latter showed four kings, while he had only four queens. He was 'cleaned out,' and rose as though he were going to leave the table.

"'Are you broke, colonel?' asked one of the men.

"'Dead!' was the laconic reply.

"'Never mind; I'll lend you.'

"'No; I can make a raise, I reckon.—Here, Pomp!'

"'Here, massa!' responded an old negro, as he emerged from one corner of the saloon.

"'Bring that girl and her youngster here, that I bought in Natchez.—Wait a few minutes, gentlemen. I'll raise some money.'

"The old negro went on his errand and soon returned with the girl and her youngster. The 'girl' proved to be a stately mulatto woman about thirty-five years old. Her 'youngster' was a fine, intelligent-looking boy eleven or twelve years old, whose complexion showed him to be much more nearly allied to the white race than to the black.

"'Here, gentlemen,' said the planter, as they entered, 'you see this girl and her boy—two as fine niggers as you can find anywhere. I paid eight hundred dollars for them yesterday in Natchez. Who will give me six hundred for them?'

"'Will you sell them separate?' asked some one.'

"'No, can't do it; I promised not to. The girl swears she'll take her life if she's separated from her boy, and her old master said that he was sure she'd keep her word. But don't you all see that the girl is worth more money than I ask for both of them? Come, who'll give me six hundred for both?'

"The planter waited a moment for a reply, and then said:

"'Well, I must have some money. Come, what say you to a raffle—thirty chances at twenty dollars a chance? Out with your cash, gentlemen. The first on the list has the first throw!'

"This proposition created a decided stir among all present. The three players at the table led off by taking three chances each. Their example was followed by the spectators, and twenty chances were taken as rapidly as the planter could write down the names and take the money. Then there was a slight pause. The planter himself now took two chances, and he was followed by his three fellow-players,

who each took one chance more. Finally, three more chances were taken by the spectators, when the planter cried out:

"'Two chances still, gentlemen! Who will have them?'

"General K—— whispered something in Judge J——'s ear, and then went to the table and laid two ten-dollar gold-pieces on it.

"'Name, sir, please.'

"'Never mind the name. Put it down for the woman—"

"'Eh—what! for the girl herself?'

"'Yes, certainly; let's give her a chance.'

"'All right!' One for Ninette. And now—'

"'That's for the boy,' said Judge J——, quietly, as he laid twenty dollars on the table.

"'Good! bravo! bravo!' cried the planter and several of the by-standers. 'One for Tommy, which makes the thirty. Now, gentlemen, let's see whom luck favors.'

"The dice were brought and the throwing began. Each chance entitled the holder to three throws.

"Thirty-six was the highest thrown until the holder of the eleventh chance threw. He scored forty-two. Then a less number was thrown, until number twenty-one scored forty-nine.

"The excitement now became intense. Forty-nine was hard to beat; the highest throw possible being nine sixes—fifty-four.

"Again and again the dice rattled in the box, until it came to number twenty-nine.

"'Come, Ninette—it's your turn now!'

"As the poor woman came forward, her hands crossed and pressed convulsively against her breast, it was truly painful to witness her agitation.

"'Won't the gentleman that took the chance for me please throw?' she asked, in a low, tremulous tone.

"'No; let your boy throw,' replied the general; 'perhaps he would have more luck than I.'

"'Come, Tom,' said the planter.

"Tom came forward and picked up the box. The woman pressed her lips firmly together and clasped her hands as if in prayer. The boy trembled like an aspen-leaf, but shook the dice, and threw—three!

"For a moment he stared at the dice as though he could not believe his eyes, then he put down the box and stepped back pale and dejected.

"'Come, Tommy, throw again,' urged the planter.

"'It's no use, master; I couldn't throw forty-nine now.'

"'True, true! But you have your own chance. Throw that.'

"'Certainly,' said Judge J——, 'that one was your mother's. Now throw for yourself, on the chance I gave you. Have a stout heart, my boy, and may Heaven smile on you!'

"Again the boy returned to the table and took up the box. He pressed his lips together and did his best to control his trembling limbs. Not a sound was to be heard in the saloon but the rattling of the dice. For a moment every man seemed to hold his breath.

"He threw.

"'Two fives and a six—sixteen!' said the planter, putting down the number, while a murmur of satisfaction ran through the crowd.

"One of the by-standers gathered up the dice and put them in the box, and the boy threw again.

"'Two sixes and a five—seventeen!'

"The excitement now knew no bounds, and the 'bravos' resounded on every hand. The boy, as he took up the box to throw for the third and last time, was as nearly colorless as it was possible for him to be with his yellow skin.

"Out rolled the dice, and up came three sixes, which made fifty-one!

"'Tommy, my boy, I congratulate you!' cried the planter. 'You are your own and your mother's master!—Fill up the necessary papers, captain, and I will sign them. These gentlemen will be the witnesses!'

"I will not attempt to describe the scene that followed. In the general satisfaction, one of the roughest-looking men in the crowd proposed a subscription for the freed negroes. The proposition was received with such favor that in less than five minutes fifty dollars were collected."

A RUSTIC SCENE.

THE steep-roofed cottage with its yellow thatch
Stands underneath the tree. The open door
Cowers sloping next; and on the opposite side
The sheep-cote crouches. On the barn's rude wall
The ladder leans, and at its foot the herd
Lie basking. At the side a tawny load
Of fagots, and all round the farm-yard's floor.
Within a corner shines a shrubby pool,
A flock of ducks upon its bank, and one
Rippling the surface. At a basin, squared
Beside the well, a maiden busily
Washes a bowl, her crimson vest, and blue,
Coarse gown, illumined by the soft, mild sun.
The cart stands tilted, as if throwing up
Its arms for oil to lubricate its dry
And shrieking wheels. A broken skirt of fence
Forth struggles from the well, athwart the scene.
A daily landscape, yet a pleasant sight,
Nooked in the country's rustic loveliness;
Scorned by the haughty city, yet alive
With beauty and content. The robin here
Sings, and the garden breathes its taintless scents,
Albeit no lofty dwellings flaunt their pride,
Or prancing steeds whirl swift the flashing wheel.
The shower that foams along the stony street,
Through reeking slime, here sheds its glittering pearls
On blushing roses, deepening their bright tints
And sweetening more their odors; and the sun,
Though gleaming not on rows of gaudy fronts,
Glows on the violet and the lily—queens
Of a rich kingdom. Hail! sweet nook of peace!
Would I could pass my stormy life in thee!

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE spring exhibition of the Academy of Design has been very generally praised. Even those who question whether the display is intrinsically better than usual admit that it is more interesting, if for no other reason than because the pictures are more varied in subject, and that many new and promising hands are apparent. Young Americans who went to Munich and Paris to study, have sent back numerous canvases in which there is abundant evidence of earnest study, of bold design, and also—let us say—of the influence of their masters. These pictures are not only in many instances very good, but they are specially interesting because of their promise. We must beware, however, of assuming that promise will always attain fulfillment. It is often found that men who paint well so long as they are students, acting under the advice and guidance of their masters, will, when left to their own unaided resources, drift away from the standards set up for them, and fail to justify the expectation their early productions created.

While all are busy praising these pictures, and speculating upon the future of the young artists, a great deal is uttered about an American school of art, the formation of which is considered by so many persons as necessary ere we can take a recognized place among art-peoples. To our mind this theory is erroneous. We can see no reason why we should have a definite school of art, or that art-fame or art-culture would be enhanced thereby. What is a school of art, after all, but a limitation—a special method of painting, based either upon the example of some great master or upon the formulas of a clique or an academy? It is impossible for art to exist as a school without excluding something—without selecting a definite line in opposition to some other definite line—without affirming that there are boundaries within which painters must be intrenched, and formulas which all followers must obey. Assuredly a school of art must be fatal both to individualism and to catholicism—to hospitable breadth on the one hand, and mental independence on the other. To a certain extent schools of art are sure to exist. National characteristics, climate, influence of masters and leaders—these things inevitably separate schools of workers in every branch of effort, and give to their productions features and qualities which are held in common, and which are different in some degree from the features and qualities of work elsewhere. But these bonds of union are, after all, nothing more than limitations. If the artists of one country were capable of seeing and feeling as the artists of other countries do, schools would be impossible, because competent talent then would compass the power and expression of all schools. While national limitation and assured influences thus inevitably separate each national group of artists from other groups, there is no reason why this process should be artificially aided. On the other hand, it is better to encourage individualism. While an artist's knowledge should cover, as far as possible, the methods of all schools, his heart and instincts alone should guide his pencil. Let him look upon Nature with no foregone theories, with no formulas prescribed by others, but with his own unclouded eyes, anxious only to fill himself with the spirit of the scene he looks upon, to put himself into the heart of the mystery he is studying, and to reproduce it in all its many-sided completeness.

While the exhibition excites an unwonted interest because of the new names and the "new departures," the old favorite painters are not overlooked by those who have good perceptions and good judgment. Those who complain of the non-existence of an American school of art cannot deny that, while our artists have failed to formulate theories, they have been faithful to one great law of art—truthfulness. In the midst of vehement demands for more sensation, at a time when every eccentric caprice, every extravagant device, and every outburst of unregulated force, is applauded with infinite satisfaction, our artists, as a whole, have been steadfast to their convictions. They have loved to paint the quiet moods of Nature, to study the subtilties of atmosphere, the soft and vanishing tints of summer skies, the charm of sylvan glens and meadow-grasses; and nothing has tempted them from their chosen paths. They have been right; for, however much we may be temporarily stirred by the bold and dashing conceptions that more ambitious or more reckless men attempt, a simple poetic landscape, after the manner of our better painters, if hung upon the parlor or study wall, would so insinuate itself by means of its honest charms into the heart of its owner as to long outlive in his affections more pretentious efforts. The simple conscientiousness of the majority of our painters should be more generally acknowledged. They are not dazzled by successes won by meritorious means; they are not troubled nor confounded by dogmas of critics or schools; they evince no disposition to sacrifice their perceptions of right to fashion or popularity; they steadfastly insist upon painting things as they see them, and not as other people think they ought to see them—and these are all high and worthy principles.

Some of the best work of these painters is overwhelmed in a public collection by larger and more pronounced productions. It may be fairly questioned whether public galleries, as they are arranged, are favorable to simple and honest art. Men who are not firm in their convictions are apt to give their work salient and perhaps false characteristics, that will prevent their being lost in a crowd of competitors. The ideal gallery of the future will be one that will give every painting a place on the line, in a light perfectly adjusted, and separate by drapery or otherwise each picture from its surroundings, so that a painting may have every value of good light, and escape all injury from the juxtaposition of paintings in a differ-

ent key. If a work of art is of any real value, it has a right to be seen under proper conditions. When this is done, a painting, however tender in feeling, quiet in tone, or full of subtile quality, will address itself perfectly to every beholder. We know of no public gallery, at home or abroad, that is constructed on good æsthetic principles. In the best of them many pictures not only suffer, but every visitor is fatigued by the crowd and confusion of forms and colors. There is no restfulness, no separation of impressions, no opportunity to quietly possess one's self of the spirit and sentiment of a painting. Half a dozen good paintings, well hung, afford great pleasure; but a vast room overcrowded with all kinds of subjects soon exhausts the power of attention and appreciation, and sends the visitor away wearied and bored. Pictures would enjoy much higher estimation, and the pleasure of art-lovers be greatly enhanced, if collections generally were arranged in some such manner as we have suggested.

THE publication in book-form of Miss Constance Fenimore Woolson's poem, "Two Women," which attracted such wide attention upon its appearance in the JOURNAL last winter, makes the introduction here of an acute criticism, by one of our accomplished men of letters, timely and proper:

Criticism, as well as authorship, may neglect its opportunities; and to resist the impulse to speak, while its impressions are clear and fresh, of any sharply-marked or typical work which strongly arouses the critical sense, is generally to do double injustice. For the work that has this stimulating, provoking effect upon the analytical power of a thoughtful reader, is generally the one that most needs its exercise. It is not generally the really great product, without flaw—or so great that all flaws are forgotten; for before this the critical instinct passes away or becomes absorbed in satisfying appreciation. And it is just as seldom the utter failure—the hopelessly bad thing; before that, criticism seems needless and wasted. Almost always it is the work that is, so to speak, aggravatingly near to completeness; strength which has almost taken on the best finish or the greatest keenness—but not quite; power which has almost broken the bands, yet is made weak by those that are left; or workmanship that is all admirable except in some one spot—the palace of the Arabian stories which the genius finished in a night—all but one lattice, and over that men worked for years before it was like the rest. It is this kind of achievement which most makes a thoughtful reader desire to become, for the moment, a critic—which most stimulates a critic to speak of it while its effect is still fresh — of its promise and its wants; but, best of all, of the hope one gets from it that there is strength behind to do, in time, the missing part that the work of a single night has left unaccomplished.

It has not been often, of late, that anything has come into our literature distinct or strongly-marked enough to excite this kind of thought. But the past two months have brought into notice a poem which has provoked in us precisely the feeling we have tried to describe—the poem called "Two Women," by Miss Constance Fenimore Woolson; whose earlier work, by-the-way, in her "Lake-Country Sketches," stimulated exactly the same kind of criticism in a less degree.

It is safe to say that very few even of the most careless readers have read the poem without feeling in it a force and strength beyond the common, and wholly different from the common. It is equally safe to say that very few have not been struck by faults and crudenesses which they did not generally stop to define, but which were obviously present in such numbers as to have a distinct after-effect upon the whole. The sense of strength comes first; but it is not left unmingled.

This has been the poem's effect upon the general reader, we think. To the more thoughtful reader there has seemed something singular and far from the ordinary both in its merits and in its defects. One found himself questioning, for a moment only, "Is it a case where great natural strengths are hampered by insufficient culture (in the ordinary sense of 'culture')?" But the question was dismissed at once; the wants of the poem could not be so accounted for. Nor was it a lack of the melodic sense—though there were crude and unmelodious lines; nor pure force of thought producing carelessness in choice of phrase—as Browning's used to do until his carelessness ran away into contempt. If we inclined to paradox, we should be tempted to say that, rather than any of these things, the very talents, beliefs, and ways of thinking, that caused the great merits of the poem, caused also its faults.

Miss Woolson has the strong desire—the instinct—of the artist, to get at the humanity under the conventionalities, whatever they are; to show, indeed, how independent it is of all conventionalities; to make these so subordinate to it as to show that in the light of a great human purpose or passion every surrounding takes on a hue from it—even becomes informed with its spirit, and loses for the time a disagreeable or obtrusive identity, to become part and parcel of an absorbing *action*. She will prove to us that a sooty locomotive, and a squalid, smoky car, whirling on from a noisy, unattractive town, shall become to us such mere accessories to her purpose—shall be so filled and inspired with it—that all their coarser side shall be forgotten, and that they shall sweep a woman on to her waiting lover, leaving only the woman and her love in our minds. She will conquer environment and make it glow with her thought—as Hawthorne did with the bare walls of Puritan houses. In two or three of her "Lake-Country Sketches" she referred enthusiastically to the way in which Bret Harte's early stories had succeeded in this—how they had made the rough miners' camps do the true duty of poetry—"bring out the humanity."

It is this intense artistic instinct which gives Miss Woolson a power that we perhaps estimate too highly, yet on which we should not hesitate to base a prophecy, were one needed for her. It has enabled her to put into the light and detached work that she has thus far done a strength such as has not informed any woman's writing, that we remember in some years of American magazine literature; and a force and freshness that has belonged to but few men in that time. It is this trait that makes this first ambitious poem of hers a true poem, and that has made many eyes turn to her with renewed interest in possibilities which her former work suggested, and this has so strongly confirmed.

And having said this much—having registered our hearty belief in her powers, and in the likelihood of their fruition—it is with no spirit of carping, and with no coldness, that we go back to our opinion that it is an exaggerated or uncontrolled use of the method to which this very instinct leads, that is the source of Miss Woolson's faults in this poem, as well as (in less degree) in the prose we have had from her before.

Is it not possible that there may be an *insistance* on this very element, which may defeat its own aim? Is

it not possible to be so strongly convinced that the force of feeling and motive will cover up the awkward phrase, the prosaic allusion, as to grow careless of these to a fault? May it not easily be that in the rightly-founded contempt for conventionality, the unpicturesque background, the harsh contrast of color, may be referred to so often as to positively weaken the force of the strong leading figures? It is difficult to make this clear in words, and yet we think the meaning of the criticism may be felt even if thus vaguely put. Who that reads "Two Women" does not catch a touch of something like exaltation, when conductor, brakes, baskets, and shawls — all the more prosaic accessories that reality would have scattered about the strong action of the story — are brought into the current of the poem? Miss Woolson would have liked, one feels, to call "the Western city with the Roman name" Cincinnati, if the artist-part of her had not revolted; so strong is her conviction that poetry and art know no conventional laws, and that the realistic accessory needs only the artist's touch to be thoroughly informed with the beauty and force of his leading motive—or to throw forward that motive by its sharp contrast. She forgets that there are accessories essential and non-essential; and those which would be overwhelmed and lost sight of in the action, may best fare likewise in the telling. Look at Browning's earlier poems (before "The Ring-and-the-Book" period), and see the quick art-sense choose between the two kinds.

The melody of Miss Woolson's verse suffers, too, from the exaggeration of her healthy contempt for the conventionalities. She will not polish or elaborate, but will let her thought, where it spoke out strongly, stand in its first crude expression rather than risk weakening it by change. In a very great degree her principle is right; a carping fastidiousness in these things is undoubtedly among the sins of the time, and has robbed us of no little strength.

It is not easy for a sincere critic to point at faults without presenting himself in the character of a man who, when he sees anything exceptionally strong and full of promise, immediately begins to pry after its weaknesses and littlenesses. Yet, to our mind, it would be hard to give a more real token of admiration for all Miss Woolson's powers, than to show how keenly they aroused us to wonder what element it was that kept their expression from being wholly complete and strong. The suggestions made may be right or wrong; but there is too much of the artist in the author of the poem to regard candid criticism upon it as other than a tribute to its promise. If there is the true poet in Miss Woolson, advice is superfluous which tells her that no time, no care, no earnest thought or labor, is too much to spend in perfecting her work; and that every flaw upon it should be more carefully studied, more diligently guarded against, than if it disfigured only mediocrity.

VICTOR HUGO, as a politician, is a magnificent failure; and perhaps the most melancholy aspect of this fact is, that he will never learn it. It is sad to see the greatest of modern French poets and novelists, the founder of the Romantist school—him whom the grave and sage *Athenæum* pronounces to possess the poetic qualities of Tennyson, Browning, Swinburne, Morris, and Rossetti, combined—him who will be remembered in the next century as Voltaire is in this, become a laughing-stock and the butt of ridicule.

Why does not Victor Hugo let politics alone, and stick to his majestic verse and his dramatic fictions? Of what satire were the Parisians unconsciously guilty, when they elected this man, so great in his own sphere, so very ludicrous in that in which they have thrust him —a senator for life! Victor Hugo is wonderful at seventy-five. It is amazing how he retains his vigor of body and mind; how his rhetoric flashes with all its old fire and sparkle; and how, no matter what his extravagance and bombast, he never descends to dullness and vapidity. It is not less strange that he never can learn how to steer his course according to the weather-vanes of the political atmosphere. As a political speaker he is not only unpractical; he uses the broadest poetical license, and mistakes ideas for facts. He imagines the pictures which form themselves in his teeming fancy for the actual state of things, and, with the sublimest forgetfulness of truth, fits his imaginings to his assertions of what is. His political orations are indeed brilliant, epigrammatic, and often highly poetic; and he delights his radical adherents with his short, crisp periods, his scathing satire, and his sudden and sounding anathemas. Now and then he utters an aphorism full not only of poetry but of genius, as when he said, "To corrupt is the true victory of despots;" and again: "A republic is a nation which declares itself of age. The French people have arrived at their majority. To return to monarchy would be to revert to leading-strings;" and when he called Paris, "Babylon with the heroism of Saragossa." His advice to his countrymen, most often extravagant and unattainable, is sometimes good; as when he tells them to "extinguish the fatal clamors, to close the mouth of the dead, to decree oblivion, and deal out pardon and confidence." But he ever displays a lofty contempt of truth the moment he approaches the domain of history and fact. Especially in his hatred of kings is he reckless of things as they are. The confounding array of epigram, epithet, antithesis, and amazing flights of bombastic rhetoric, with which he overwhelmed "Napoleon le Petit," was also full of exaggerations and absolute falsehoods.

Victor Hugo recently made one of these characteristically eloquent and extravagant harangues in favor of amnesty to the Communists, full of his old bitterness toward the hereditary rulers of the earth; and in the course of it he uttered a sentiment which well illustrates his habit of audacious and reckless statement. He said: "Of what are kings thinking? Of war. Of what are peoples thinking? Of peace. The feverish agitation of governments has for its contrast and lesson the calmness of nations. Princes arm, nations love and unite." A mere glance over the European world shows that the exact converse of this is true. In Russia, it is well known that the czar clung to the last to the hope of peace, and has been driven to hostilities by the overwhelming rush and eagerness of the warlike spirit of his subjects. The sultan has been actually pushed into belligerency by the *softas* and Turkish people. It is as much as the Emperor of Austria can do to keep the Hungarians from

bathing their swords in Russian and Slavic blood. It looks as if the English were more eager for the fray than their rulers. The French have been kept in check again and again during the past seven years by Thiers and MacMahon. Victor Hugo speaks of "the bestial growl of war let loose seven years ago by two emperors;" but, though he was himself then in exile in Guernsey, he cannot be ignorant that Napoleon III. shrank from war as from a plague, and only went into it because the clamor of the French people for war was so threatening that he had to choose between it and revolution. It is apparent that it is the people in Europe who are clamorous, and decree the arming. Indeed, the interest of princes, in these days, seems to be not to fight and thus risk their crowns on the venture, but to keep the peace and attend to their home-troubles—which in no monarchical country are very light.

THE organization, in New York, of a society of influential ladies designed to encourage profitable industry among women, by furnishing instruction in art, needlework, decoration of pottery, etc., and for the establishment of a place for the exhibition and sale of products of women's labor in sculpture, painting, carving, lace-work, etc., is to be commended, provided one clause of the prospectus is strictly adhered to—which is, "to induce each artist to *master thoroughly* the details of one kind of decoration, and to try to make her work a *reputation of commercial value*." In truth, this provision is indispensable to any good from or any general popular sympathy with the movement. Men's work, in art and other things, has to stand upon its intrinsic merit, without dependence upon societies to bolster it up. With women it is perhaps necessary that there should be extraneous aids—organized methods for the encouragement of labor, and for securing patronage and appreciation; but unless the societies that attempt this rigidly insist upon thoroughness and excellence as a condition of their coöperation, they will do more harm than good. If they become the bolsterers of mediocrity, the zealous but indiscreet indorsers of half-trained skill, they will fill the country with masses of art-rubbish, and stimulate expectations that in the end will be sure to meet with bitter disappointment. Genuine art-talent suffers often for the want of money to procure masters; but this kind of talent usually overcomes the difficulties that beset it, and eventually makes its mark. It is in some instances aided by the generosity of patrons, but quite as often it works its way to knowledge and recognition by its own strength and persistence of purpose. People of discernment can often aid these struggling aspirants greatly; but in a society composed of persons of no special art-knowledge encouragement is only too apt to be seriously misplaced. One of the desirable things in this world is a society to suppress misleading enthusiasms—to warn people out of arts and pursuits for which they have no fitness. There is no more wretched life in the world than that of an unsuccessful artist—one who has taste and ambition, but little power, and who consequently is forever desperately struggling to maintain himself against wind and tide, as it were. There is nothing but suffering, bitterness of heart, starvation, for a man thus placed. All the æsthetic pursuits are overflowing with these unfortunates—with men and women who would fain write and cannot write, who would paint and cannot paint, who are crowded to the wall by better-equipped and more competent persons. The ladies of this new society should be sure, therefore, that they do not enlarge the number of wretched incompetents. It would be better for a few young women of talent to lose opportunity for its exercise, than for hosts of others to be drawn into professions which they are certain not to succeed in, and in which there is scant middle-ground upon which to stand. We hope for this new society every good fortune that wise and cautious management will justify.

THERE can only be one class of people who will not regret the disappearance of Otto von Bismarck from the public stage in Europe—his own enemies and those of Germany. The world and the nations become accustomed to a colossal figure in their politics, and when he vanishes, a bewilderment as of darkness and anarchy overtakes them. There were great men before Agamemnon, and there will be great Germans after Bismarck. He has not exhausted the soil for the growth of Teutonic intellect. But that his absence will create a void larger and harder to fill than any other political character of this century, there can be little doubt. All sorts of occult reasons are painfully sought for as the causes of his retirement; but why should we not take the simple one at our hand—that he is of flesh and blood, like lesser men, and is ill and weary, and needs and craves rest? Men with an influence as vast and a power as absolute have voluntarily sought repose from greatness many a time before him; and it is no wonder that Bismarck, who is far from having iron nerves, and is as sensitive as a child, should find honor and authority cloying upon him, while he is not only sick, but badgered by factious opposition; resisted by subordinates like Von Arnim and the war minister, and obstructed by the jealousies of states in his building up of the young empire. Not only is office unnecessary to his happiness, but he has more than once tried, within the past few years, to escape it, and retreat from the hurly-burly of Berlin to the peaceful vine and fig-tree of Varzin. Meanwhile, if the German Empire deserves to exist, it is strong enough to lose Bismarck, and need not depend on any one man, however colossal; and we may be sure that, as long as he lives, the empire will have the benefit of his great services at periods of dire necessity. Is is perhaps wise for a great man to retire before his fame and power have begun to decline. Bismarck, by so doing, may escape the wretched repinings of Dante and the self-reproaches of the fallen Wolsey.

New Books.

IN the autobiography of Harriet Martineau and the memoirs of Charles Kingsley,[1] published almost simultaneously, we have a very striking illustration of the two extreme and opposing forces of contemporary English thought. Miss Martineau was a peculiarly thorough-going type of the positive, practical, self-assertive, materialistic, revolutionary spirit which physical science is commonly accused of fostering; Charles Kingsley, almost as perfect a representative of that school of religious idealists which, accepting the same scientific facts that forced Miss Martineau into something very nearly akin to atheism, interprets them theologically, and even appropriates them as a new and extremely powerful reënforcement to the time-honored "Christian evidences." Darwinism itself, far from being a stumbling-block or offense to this school, finds in it some of its warmest advocates and supporters, and only when the region of final causes is reached, should the scientists venture upon it, do the theologians confront them as antagonists. This fact is more noteworthy in Kingsley's case than in that of most of those who nominally ranked themselves with him, because *he* understood what science really is. From his earliest youth he had strong predilection for natural history; and in after-life, notwithstanding the absorbing character of his clerical and literary pursuits, he found opportunities to prosecute his studies until there was probably no amateur of his time who was a better working naturalist, or who more fully understood and appreciated the facts, methods, and tendencies, of the physical sciences.

It is this aspect of his career—the fact that he early became a pioneer and leader of a school which has since become, if not dominant, at least highly influential in England—that it is most necessary to bear in mind in studying Kingsley's life; and, without giving it due weight, it is difficult either to understand or to justify the fame which he acquired. For, admirable as are some of his stories—"Hypatia," for example, and "Alton Locke"—and charming as are many of his verses, it can hardly be said that they were calculated on strictly literary grounds to secure their author a place among the foremost of his contemporaries; and already in Kingsley's lifetime, though he only reached the age of fifty-five, it was becoming hard to penetrate the secret of his great reputation. The key to the position, and the explanation of much that was baffling in Kingsley's character, is the fact that he was a liberalist in theology and a reformer in politics and society, and that his books, lectures, sermons, and (as now disclosed) even his private letters, were among the most efficient weapons wielded in a momentous struggle for freedom of opinion and for enlightened social methods. Readers of "Yeast" or of "Alton Locke" approved or criticised them not as "novels," but as embodiments and illustrations of "views" on subjects of the most vital and immediate importance; and even "Hypatia," the only one of his works with a primarily artistic purpose, was avowedly designed to harmonize the minds of its readers with certain conceptions of Biblical truth and Christian tradition —"to set forth Christianity as the only really democratic creed, and philosophy, above all, spiritualism, as the most exclusively aristocratic creed." Kingsley's works, in short, are to be estimated, not by literary standards, but as ethical and social doctrine; and their efficacy in this respect is sufficiently demonstrated by the great influence which they secured for him, and by the unquestioned good which they wrought in loosening some of the fetters of theological dogma, and in ameliorating the condition of the English poor.

Rightly assuming that Kingsley's aims, methods, and qualities as an author are adequately set forth in his published works, Mrs. Kingsley devotes her chief attention in the "Memoirs" to portraying Kingsley the man. Enough details concerning each book is given to enable us to understand the circumstances and feelings in which it originated and was produced, and there is, perhaps, a surfeit of letters showing the beneficial effects which the various books worked in individual cases; but the biographer's most loving care is bestowed upon exhibiting Kingsley in his several relations as son, husband, father, friend, and pastor. This is doubly a gain, because the published works speak for themselves, and must be estimated by another standard than that of personal affection, and because the picture of his private life and character is a singularly attractive one. In most cases it is true that "the best of a man is in his books;" but it may be unhesitatingly said of Kingsley that he was greater as a man than as an author. The story of his life, as here narrated with charming frankness and simplicity, is full of the noblest lessons and inspirations; and if it impairs our estimate of his intellectual calibre by showing how little of the genuine *thinker* there was in him, it will certainly enhance to a more than corresponding extent our affection and esteem.

It remains only to add a few details concerning the "Memoirs" itself. In its original form it consisted almost exclusively of letters by, to, and concerning Mr. Kingsley, which were "tied together," as the editor modestly says, "with a feeble thread of narrative." In the American abridgment, many of the letters having been omitted while others are curtailed in length, the narrative portion of the work assumes greater prominence, to the decided advantage of the whole. The abridged edition is in nearly all respects an improvement upon the original, being more convenient in size, more compact and congruous in material, more sustained in interest, and more easily consulted by those who wish to return to it for any special purpose. The volume is provided with a copious index, a good portrait of Mr. Kingsley, and a few useful woodcuts.

THOUGH it records one of the most heroic achievements in the noble annals of African discovery, Lieutenant Cameron's "Across Africa"[1] is, as a mere narrative, perhaps the least interesting of the numerous books that the subject has called forth. This is owing partly to the fact that, as he says in his preface, his aim in writing it was to furnish a guide by which his footsteps might be traced by those interested in the exploration of Africa, rather than to produce a thrilling personal narrative of adventure and travel; but in a still greater degree it is owing, as the book clearly shows, to the fact that the journey itself was singularly destitute of those episodes, and incidents, and perilous experiences which usually be-

[1] Charles Kingsley: His Letters and Memoirs of his Life. Edited by his Wife. Abridged from the London edition. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co. 8vo, pp. 502.

[1] Across Africa. By Verney Lovett Cameron, C. B., D. C. L. With numerous Illustrations. New York: Harper & Brothers. 8vo, pp. 508.

fall a traveler in a strange and savage land. Aside from the novelty of the appearance, customs, and modes of life of the different peoples met with, and the peculiar natural obstacles to be overcome, there was no more of "adventure," in the common acceptation of the term, in this journey across "the dark continent," than would be furnished by a tramp overland from New York to San Francisco. Lieutenant Cameron, though willing enough to forage when game was at hand, is evidently no sportsman, and he was even more determined than Livingstone to use only peaceful means in prosecuting his explorations. Rather than face the possibility of bloodshed, he allowed himself, at the very crisis of his expedition, to be diverted from his darling scheme of following the course of the Lualaba from the Manyuema country, by the insolent bravado of a native chief whose resistance he could doubtless have easily overcome; and in only two isolated instances is the ambling gait of the narrative broken—when a quarrel with some villagers provoked a harmless shower of arrows and a round of musketry; and when, in the very last stage of the journey, the caravan nearly perished by starvation. In short, those who go to the book in search of amusement simply will undoubtedly be disappointed; though they will find much valuable information concerning the physical geography of subtropical Africa, the manners and customs of the natives, and the methods under which the detestable traffic in slaves is conducted.

As to the geographical results achieved by Lieutenant Cameron, the most important are: his survey of the southern half of Lake Tanganyika; his discovery of the outlet of that lake, the Lukuga River, which flows westward and discharges into the Lualaba; and his conclusive *proof* that the Lualaba is not the head-waters of the Nile (as Livingstone believed to the last), by the discovery that Nyangwé, on the Lualaba, is nearly one hundred feet *lower* than Gondokoro on the Nile. Indeed, it may be said in general terms that the information gathered by Lieutenant Cameron renders it so extremely probable that the Lualaba is either the Congo or one of its main affluents, that, until it is either proved or disproved, this will unquestionably be accepted as a good "working hypothesis" by all future geographers and explorers. The excellent map accompanying the volume includes all Livingstone's later discoveries, and apparently supplies the "missing link" between the great lake-region of Central Africa and the only outlet which seems adequate to discharge it. Whether this missing link is apparent only, or real, will, we trust, be established by Stanley, who at last accounts seemed to be directing his steps toward the region in whose mysterious bosom the partially-revealed secret has so long been locked.

In his simple and unpretentious but truly fascinating narrative of the career of Thomas Edward, "the Scotch Naturalist,"[1] Mr. Smiles seems to prove that a naturalist, like a poet, *nascitur non fit*. Few social conditions could be regarded as less likely to produce such a taste than those from which Thomas Edward sprung, and it would be impossible to conceive of a combination of circumstances more discouraging to its gratification than that which confronted him during the whole period of his active life. His father was a poor hand-loom linen-weaver of Aberdeen, destitute of cultivation, and barely able to supply his family with the necessaries of life. Young Edward, owing chiefly to his unconquerable passion for "beasts," received even less schooling than was common in such a class, and at the age of six was earning his own living in a factory, whose hours of labor were from six in the morning to nine at night. At the age of nine he was apprenticed to a shoemaker, and this trade he pursued during his life, depending solely upon it for his own support, and, with the meagre earnings derived from it, raising in respectability a family of eleven children. For fifty years he seldom had a day's respite from the cobbler's bench; he scarcely knew what "a holiday" was, and at that time and place a day's labor meant twelve to fifteen hours' work. He never could spare the money to buy books, he had access to no libraries or collections, he enjoyed none of the advantages of cultivated society, and he had absolutely no means of becoming acquainted with the work of others in his own chosen fields of study. Of that recognition, sympathy, and generous aid which, to their honor be it spoken, scientific men are so ready to extend to each other, he never received so much as a hint; and the sole pecuniary benefit that his scientific pursuits ever brought him was that, on two or three occasions, the sacrifice of the accumulations and labor of years saved his family from the starvation and ruin with which his helplessness, produced by exposure and over-exertion, had threatened them.

It may well be asked in wonder how, under such circumstances, Edward found time (even taking the disposition for granted) to prosecute his observations of Nature, to win for himself a solid reputation if not fame, and to make extremely valuable contributions to several of the most important departments of natural history. The answer is that, while his days were spent in the work of a shoemaker, his nights were spent in the work of a naturalist. "On returning home from his work at night (nine o'clock), his usual course was to equip himself with his insect boxes and his bottles, his botanical book, and his gun; and to set out with his supper in his hand or stowed away in his pocket. The nearest spring furnished him with sufficient drink. So long as it was light he scoured the country, looking for moths, or beetles, or plants, or birds, or any living thing that came in his way. When it became so dark that he could no longer observe, he dropped down by the side of a bank, or a bush, or a tree, whichever came handiest, and there he dozed or slept until the light returned. Then he got up and again began his observations, which he continued until the time arrived when he had to return to his daily labor (six o'clock). It was no unusual circumstance for him—when he had wandered too far, and come upon some more than usually attractive spot—to strip himself of his gear, gun and all, which he would hide in some hole; and, thus lightened of everything except his specimens, take to his heels, and run at the top of his speed, in order to be at his work at the proper time." This mode of life he pursued, with scarcely the intermission of a day or a night, for many years, and, in fact, never gave it up until forced to do so by rheumatism and other ailments, brought on by exposure to the night air and to all kinds of weather. Edward, in short, became a naturalist by intelligent and industrious use of time which is usually devoted, we will not say to amusement, but to what is commonly considered the most necessary rest and recreation.

Mr. Smiles's narrative of this life is delightful, not so much from its literary merits, which are great, as from the fidelity and vividness with which it portrays a truly noble character and a deeply interesting and really impressive career. The story is told largely in Edward's own words, and has much of the charm of autobiography, and the entire work bears the stamp of his excep-

[1] Life of a Scotch Naturalist: Thomas Edward, Associate of the Linnæan Society. By Samuel Smiles. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers. 16mo, pp. 390.

tional personality. It is so unsatisfactory to leave the broken-down old hero still on his cobbler's bench (as he is on the last page of the book), that the reader will probably thank us for the information that one of the most agreeable results of Mr. Smiles's kindly work has been that Mr. Disraeli, at the special request of Queen Victoria, has bestowed a pension upon Edward which, though it comes too late to assist in his beloved scientific work, will enable him to complete the measure of his years in comfort and independence. The volume contains a number of beautiful illustrations, which were "a gratuitous labor of love" on the part of Mr. George Reid.

In his preface to the American edition of Mr. Walter Bagehot's "English Constitution,"[1] Professor Youmans has given such a comprehensive and adequate description of the work, that he has left little for the critic to do but to reproduce his words. He well observes that the treatise is very different in scope and character from similar works on our own Constitution, since it deals, not with technical interpretations of a legal instrument, but brings us to the direct consideration of the structure and practical working of English political institutions and social life; that the writer is not so much a partisan or an advocate as a cool, philosophical inquirer, with large knowledge, clear insight, independent opinions, and great freedom from the bias of what he terms that "territorial sectarianism called patriotism;" that the book is full of sagacious reflections on the springs of action in human nature, the exercise of power by individuals or political bodies, the adaptation of institutions to the qualities and circumstances of the different classes who live under them, and on numerous points of political philosophy, which are applicable everywhere, and have an interest for all students of political and social affairs; and that there is scarcely any other volume which it would be so useful for Americans to peruse before visiting England, because it will enable them to understand many things that at first perplex and disgust them in an old, historic country, where all that impresses is so different from what we are accustomed to here. He accords Mr. Bagehot deserved praise for the philosophic spirit in which he conceived his work, as well as for the scientific method and critical acumen with which he carried it out; and adds, what is strikingly true, that the book has a charming readableness that would not be suspected from its title or subject. In further description of the work, we need only say that, unlike Hallam's well-known treatise, it touches scarcely at all upon the *history* of the English Constitution, but aims solely to explain its structure and working at the period of writing (1865–'66). Mr. Bagehot exposes many misconceptions in the current ideas of the Constitution—points out with a precision, never before attained, the distinction between the *dignified* and the *useful* parts of the English Government; shows its relation to the habits, traditions, and culture, of the English people; and in an introduction to the second edition, written in 1872, deals with the changes of seven years, and the apparent political tendencies of the Reform Bill of 1867. The book has a special interest for us Americans, because the gravamen of the discussion falls upon the respective advantages and disadvantages of parliamentary or cabinet and presidential government, the choice between which, Mr. Bagehot thinks, is now substantially the only one open to civilized and free peoples. Whether we find his argument convincing or not, the searching criticism of the principles and methods of our governmental structure will certainly provoke thought; and it cannot but prove wholesome to learn how our institutions are regarded by an acute and trained thinker, who is thoroughly versed in affairs, well informed, and with as little mental bias as is possible to a man born and educated under certain political and social conditions. The vice of nearly all our political speculation and theorizing is that it is based on an entire ignorance of, or superficial acquaintance with, other forms of constitutional government; and a better book than Mr. Bagehot's for dissipating this ignorance and widening the intellectual horizon could hardly be imagined.

In addition to the ten chapters on the English Constitution, the volume contains an essay on the character of Lord Brougham, and another on the character of Sir Robert Peel, both of which have a keen personal interest, besides throwing much light on political changes in England since the beginning of the century.

Though a singularly skillful master of rhythm and rhyme, Mr. Robert Buchanan has several times expressed the opinion that even a poetic conception poetically treated can be more adequately expressed in prose than in verse; and it is not improbable that he intended his romance, "The Shadow of the Sword,"[1] to exemplify and illustrate this theory. For, in everything except external form the book is a poem—almost epical in scope, and charged throughout with a poet's passion, and imaginative ardor, and susceptibility to the beauties of Nature. The scene is laid in a little fishing-hamlet on the most sequestered and rugged portion of the Breton coast; the period is that of the later Napoleonic wars; and most of the personages introduced are such as we should naturally expect of the time and place. The leading character, indeed, is taken from life, as we are assured by Mr. Buchanan, and many of the extraordinary circumstances actually occurred as described in the text; but, in spite of its dramatic and striking delineations of character and its wonderfully beautiful descriptions of the impressive scenery and phenomena of the coast, the *motif* or inspiration of the story is not primarily artistic but moral. Rohan Gwenfern, the handsomest, strongest, and most daring young man of the village, has conceived such a horror of war, and, under the teaching of a wandering but enlightened schoolmaster, has become so convinced of its wickedness, that, rather than obey the Emperor's summons to the field, he not only becomes a social and political outcast, hunted like a wild animal from lair to lair, but actually kills an assailant in defense of his right not to acquiesce in legalized bloodshed. How much of Mr. Buchanan's horror is directed against war in general, and how much against Napoleon in particular, it would be difficult to say; but it is too intense not to be genuine, and there can be no doubt that he has attacked war at the point where the system is most vulnerable. Peace societies may pass pathetic resolutions, and diplomatists may urge the superior advantages of arbitration; but the vital spot of the nefarious system will be pierced by the vindication of the right of the individual to decide, each for himself, whether he will participate in his rulers' quarrels. When this right has been fully asserted and conceded, wars will no longer arise on frivolous points of etiquette and honor, but will represent real and essential differences between peoples. The impregnable position for a peace advocate to maintain is, that a cause for

[1] The English Constitution, and Other Political Essays. By Walter Bagehot. Latest revised edition. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo, pp. 468.

[1] The Shadow of the Sword. A Romance. By Robert Buchanan. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 8vo, pp. 178.

which people are not *willing* to risk property and life must be submitted to other issues than those of war.

No matter what may be thought of Mr. Buchanan's political ethics, however, there can be no questioning of the power and impressiveness of his romance. It would be hard to decide which is most deserving of praise, the fidelity of the character-sketches, the vividness of the local coloring, or the beauty and magnificence of the scenic descriptions; but it is certain that the book is one which will be read with the keenest interest, which will stir the emotions as they are seldom stirred, and which will not be forgotten as soon as laid aside.

NEARLY all the qualities which render a novel dear to the critic's heart are possessed in good measure by "Bessie Lang,"[1] the newest volume of the "Leisure-Hour Series." It is short; it is dramatic in conception and strong in its delineations of character; it is remarkably successful in all those accessories which give local color; and, though it exhibits a few of the immaturities of a first work, it is written in an admirably clear, simple, vivid, and effective style. Sentimental young ladies will, perhaps, object that the author has failed to make as much as she might of a peculiarly interesting and touching story; but "the judicious reader" will see that the great merit of the narrative lies in its simplicity and directness, and that our feelings are moved by it in the end as they could not be moved by a more deliberate and elaborate assault upon them. For all of literary pretense or affectation that the book contains, the story might really have been told, as it purports to be, by a bright-minded old dame who in fireside confidence pours into a sympathetic ear reminiscences of what must have been a great event in village-life, and which was unmistakably the crucial experience of her own. So strong is the impression of reality which it produces, and so clearly defined are the several characters, that one can hardly help feeling that the story must be a more or less faithful transcript from actual life—though it is actual life as seen by an artist, not by one who is enveloped in the dust of its struggles. Few stories so sorrowful are at the same time so pleasing as that of Bessie Lang; and, though it hinges upon a subject as perilous as any which society presents, it is as pure and wholesome as the air of that delightful English lake-country in which its scene is laid.

SINCE the publication of the first volume of Mr. Van Laun's "History of French Literature" the specialists in criticism have pointed out some more or less serious flaws in his work, but nothing that has been alleged impairs the validity of our previously-expressed opinion that the history would prove more serviceable both to the general reader and to the student of French literature than anything of the kind that has yet appeared in English. The second volume,[2] covering the period from the Renaissance to the close of the reign of Louis XIV., rather confirms our good impression, and is subject to few of the charges of imperfect or inexact knowledge that have been brought against its predecessor. Mr. Van Laun's special studies in the life and works of Molière have here been of great service to him, and he writes not only with more precision but with greater evidence of a consciousness of standing on firm ground. The volume is full of interest, for it covers the Augustan age of French literature, and comprises the most illustrious names in the literary annals of the seventeenth century—Corneille, Racine, Molière, Boileau, Pascal, Bossuet, Fénelon, Massillon, Descartes, Malesherbes, Madame de Sévigné, Saint-Simon, and many others. The personality of the writers and the social features of their times are portrayed as well as their works, and Mr. Van Laun has certainly acquired in no small measure the French art of rendering history as attractive as romance.

SUCH portions of the wondrous phenomena of electricity as can be made clear to the apprehension of boys and girls are expounded in a delightfully lucid and attractive manner in Professor Tyndall's "Lessons in Electricity."[1] Objections are often urged to science-teaching in schools on the score of the expensiveness of apparatus, and in preparing this little volume the author has undertaken to show what can be done in the way of discipline and instruction by experimental lessons involving the use of apparatus so simple and inexpensive as to be within everybody's reach. The judicious expenditure of three or four dollars, and the exercise of a little constructive ingenuity, will enable any teacher or parent to perform every experiment described in the volume; and it is certain that the lessons thus illustrated would prove far more fascinating to children than the familiar feats of parlor-magic or than any "games" that could be devised. Those who make trial of it will speedily realize that the little book is a valuable addition to the resources of family amusement and instruction.

ENCOURAGED, probably, by the new impulse given to Macaulay's popularity by the publication of his life and letters, Mr. G. Otto Trevelyan has taken the trouble to compile a stout volume of representative selections from his writings.[2] This concession to the flippancy, or haste, or preoccupation of modern readers, is rapidly attaining the force of custom; and, though it would seem well-nigh superfluous in the case of Macaulay, whose writings have penetrated alike to the palace and the hovel, there is probably a numerous class of persons whom the "Selections" will attract, and who could hardly be reached by the original works in any form. Besides these, there is a more respectable class of readers who, without being able to keep Macaulay's entire works at hand, would be glad now and then to refresh their memories with a reperusal of his more brilliant passages; so that, while it is difficult to see how the book can perform any very valuable function, it is not without what Mr. Trevelyan would doubtless consider an adequate vindication and excuse. As to its contents, the reader will find in it a great number of those picturesque and striking passages from the history and essays which would naturally be cited as examples of Macaulay's skill, and which in thinking of his works one inevitably calls to mind. Each selection is a complete episode, sometimes filling twenty or more pages, so that the matter is less mutilated than is common in such collections; and, taken as a whole, they cover the entire range of Macaulay's varied and versatile literary work. Neither his oratory nor his poetical achievements are ignored, and we have, as specimens of his poetry, "The Battle of Moncontour," "The Armada," "Ivry," the "Epitaph on a Jacobite," and "Virginia." The volume is issued in the rich style of the "Life and Letters," which alone would suffice to secure it many purchasers.

[1] Bessie Lang. By Alice Corkran. Leisure-Hour Series. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 16mo, pp. 298.

[2] History of French Literature. By Henri Van Laun. Vol. II. From the Renaissance to the End of the Reign of Louis XIV. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 8vo, pp. 392.

[1] Lessons in Electricity at the Royal Institution, 1875-'76. By John Tyndall, D. C. L., LL. D., F. R. S. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo, pp. 113.

[2] Selections from the Writings of Lord Macaulay. Edited, with Occasional Notes, by George Otto Trevelyan, M. P. New York: Harper & Brothers. 8vo, pp. 472.

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